



PUNCH

Vol. CXLI.

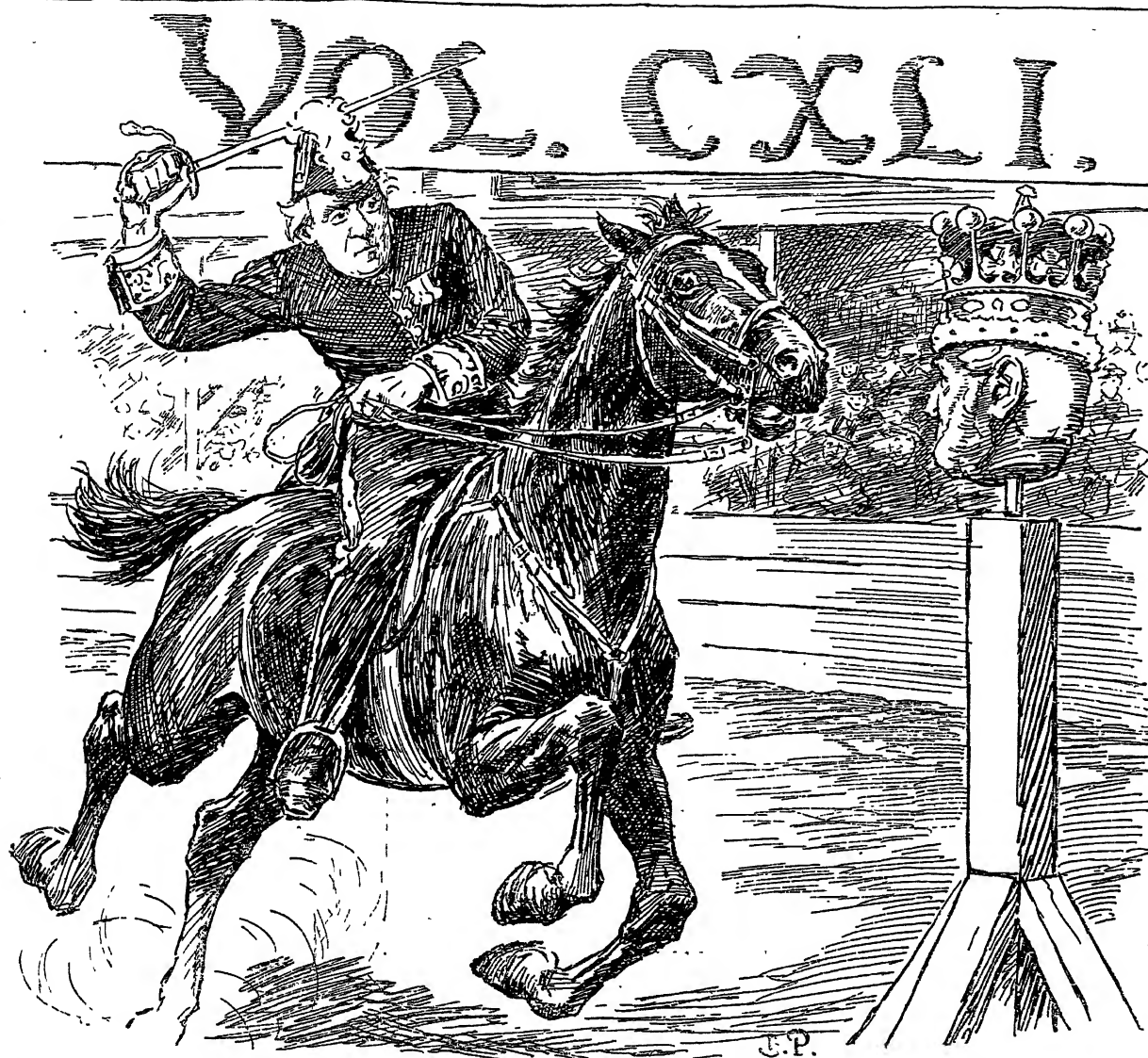
JULY—DECEMBER, 1911.



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"MR. JENKINS."

I LIKE to think of him as one who spent
His manhood in an atmosphere of schism,
Flouting the grim proprieties that went
To make the period of the prune and prison,
Who for conventions did not care a lira,
And frankly loathed the Mid-Victorian era.

'Twas in the days of crinolines and (worse)
Of crude embroidery and cruder painting;
When England's youth betook itself to verse
And maids were periodically fainting,
That Mr. Jenkins timed an apt arrival
To preach his famous drawing-room revival.

He did not waltz, he did not care for whist,
For pressing ferns or poking a panel,
And, fresh from Paris, naturally miss'd
The *joie de vivre* in vogue across the Channel,
So, as became his Continental schooling,
He taught mankind a livelier mode of fooling.

He took a table, set the players round,
Piped "hands below," that so the nimble shilling

Might pass unseen, a part the ladies found
A trifle bold, yet infinitely thrilling;
Each seeks the coin and, while the fingers fidget,
Our Mr. J. doth squeeze Clarissa's digit.

The game caught on: "Up, Jenkins" was the cry
In hall and cot, in vicarage and tavern;
Extreme Dissenters tried it on the sly,
And every smuggler played it in his cavern;
And thus it was that Jenkins earned his laurels
As one who 'd ruined Mid-Victorian morals.

* * * * *
He's dead and gone, yet, when the rafters reel
With shouts that bid the palm-locked line untether,
We (she and I) are horrified to feel
A ghostly grip that holds our hands together—
A fact observed by none, save me and Mabel—
'Tis Mr. Jenkins underneath the table!

How they encourage Art in India.

"The Scarlet Serenaders will shortly arrive in Naini Tal. Their entertainments are really wonderfully good and clever so one should miss seeing them."—*Naini Tal Gazette*.

CHARIVARIA.

The New York Herald, in reporting Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN's appearance in Court dress at the Coronation, remarked, "Mr. Morgan has as neat a calf as anybody." Why not? He, if anyone, can afford it.

The report that Mr. S. J. SOLOMON, R.A., was to paint the official picture of the Coronation turned out to be an under-statement, this distinguished artist having been actually commissioned to execute a drawing of the ceremony for *The Daily Mail*.

We are sorry to learn that a large number of Scotch visitors had their enjoyment of the Royal Progress entirely spoilt by knowledge of the fact that similar seats to those for which they had paid a guinea long before the event were sold for five shillings on the day itself. In every instance, when the fact became known, mortification set in.

A foreign representative remarked that the Royal Progress met with an even more hearty reception in South London than on the other side of the river. This is scarcely remarkable. The rich southern blood of the people across the water naturally makes them more excitable and demonstrative.

The memento-hunters were hard at work during the Coronation week. In the Borough Road there was a scramble for the flowers and plants with which the stands had been decorated, and in the West End some fortunate person secured the LORD MAYOR's gold watch.

We do not want a repetition here of the trouble in Morocco, and we think the police were wise to arrest a Pretender who was found walking down Park Lane with a large gilt crown on his head, copiously jewelled with glass.

The menu at the Royal Luncheon at the Guildhall was printed in English. We believe this innovation to be due to the fact that previous menus have been found to puzzle the French guests.

It is hoped to hold a Progress-of-Peace Exhibition next year at the Crystal Palace—wars permitting.

One of the chief functions on the occasion of the royal visit to Dublin will be, we are told, the Special Chapter of the Knights of St. Patrick, at which LORD SHAFFESBURY and LORD KITCHENER will be invested. This, we suppose, will be the Opening of a New

Chapter in the History of Ireland, of which we have often read.

Rumours of another appointment for Lord KITCHENER reach us. It is said to be due to his historic success against the Dervishes. His Lordship, according to our information, is to join the board of a well-known firm of Rout Furnishers.

LORD ROSEBURY has announced that he will not adopt his new title, the Earl of Midlothian, "for general use." He will use it merely on Sundays and Bank Holidays.

A laundry mark on a handkerchief, left behind after a burglary at a shop in Garrick Street, led to the arrest of the supposed criminal last week. This explains why shrewd burglars so seldom have their handkerchiefs washed, while some dispense with them altogether.

Playgoers in search of an absolute novelty are now going to see "The Girl Who Couldn't Lie."

Our congratulations to *The Daily News* for publishing at least two items of exclusive information concerning our Navy. KING GEORGE, we are told, has, in his time, not only swabbed the deck and fed the fire, but has also "furled the mast." Further, "our eight Dreadnoughts represent a total tonnage of 523,650," thus averaging over 65,000 tons apiece. Prodigious!—not to say, grateful and comforting.

"Two-year-old twins who fell from the second-floor window of a house in Hamburg were," *The Express* informs us, "uninjured." The fortunate couple will, we presume, adopt as their motto the paradox, "United we fall."

The Times has published a letter on "Losses of Sheep in Hunts." We can only imagine such losses to be due to the fact that many of our sportsmen suffer from short sight.

"We must bring religion into the realms of statesmanship," says Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. This should not be impossible. The CHANCELLOR has already succeeded in bringing politics into the purlieus of the pulpit.

The dangerous hat-pin again! According to the *Petit Parisien*, an Englishwoman riding home in a taxicab near the Place de l'Étoile, Paris, was stopped by a highwayman who asked for her purse. The Englishwoman in reply stabbed the man in the arm with a hat-pin, and then drove on.

POLYGLOT DRAMA.

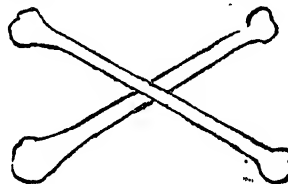
THE success of *Kismet* at the Garrick is regarded as partially due to its announcement in the following form (or something like it):—

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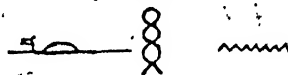
Other impending productions are about to be advertised in a similar way. For example:

吉 不 良

A Japanese farcical comedy by a well-known Nippon humorist.



(Pronunciation unknown.) A North-American Indian tragedy of a crude nature dealing, as its title implies, with a sanguinary family feud.



A musical comedy of the Ptolemaic period, or, "The Hieroglyphic Girl," has just been exhumed in the neighbourhood of the Nile. It includes a new prehistoric dance and the usual bathing scene, concluding with a waltz up the Pyramids.

"Marriage ceremonies performed.
Funeral orations."

Advt. in "*Seattle Post Intelligencer*."

POOR MARK ANTONY, knowing nothing of Seattle, had to prepare his own.

"One could write much more about 'The Critic' and its fortunes in the *Morning Post*: of the letters it provoked from 'A Friend to Charity,' 'A Despisers of Impertinent Old Ladies,' and others. Even more could be written about other things, and still the subject would remain unexhausted."

The Morning Post.

Probably—but the reader wouldn't.

"The plays chosen are Shaw's 'Man of Destiny' and Barrie's 'The Twelve Pound Cook.'—*Christian Commonwealth*."

MR. BARRIE's play must seem very old-fashioned to the modern housewife.

Assisted Emigration.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been asked to go to America. We are unable to ascertain from which side of the Atlantic the pressure has come.



NO SURRENDER—AT PRESENT.

FIRST PEER. "WHAT ABOUT THE WHITE FLAG?"

SECOND PEER. "WELL, I DARE SAY IT'LL COME TO THAT IN THE END; BUT WE MAY AS WELL LOOSE OFF THIS STUFF FIRST."



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Farmer (on motor-bus trip, viewing the Coronation stands). "MY! WHAT COWSHEDS THESE WOULD 'AVE MADE, BILL!"

THE CORONATION TROPHY.

(Addressed to one of the Despoilers of London.)

STAY, monster, stay! Remove thy horny hand
From this poor piece of memorable wood!
They told you, did they, to destroy my stand?
You just obeys your orders? Very good.

But one stout plank, amid the serried tiers,
A single section where a bard has sat,
Shall never fade into the voiceless years
Or sell for firewood. I must see to that.

When I remember how, before the day,
I sang its praises, telling all men where
I should behold the pomp, and heard them say,
"Yes, you will see it rather well from there;"

And how I sank a most stupendous sum
To purchase it, and all the weary hours
I waited for that glittering coach to come,
And longed for soft, soft valleys strewn with flowers;

And how I might not smoke, though very sweet
That boen had been, nor kick the man below,
But martyr-like endured it, when my feet
Sank into baleful slumbers, toe by toe;

And watched the crowd, the troops and the police
And wondered what a gryphon was and why;
And if KING GEORGE would note my trousers' crease
And pale, but not disloyal, gloves and tie,—

When I remember this, and much, much more,
Do you suppose, young man, that I could part
With that proud relic of a rite that's o'er?
Have it sent round this evening on a cart.

As I have sometimes seen large boating men,
In memory of their youth and god-like sport,
Hallowed to Isis, still preserve a den
Hung with the votive offering of a thwart,

So I shall have that baulk of timber nailed
Under the muted harp and laurel sprig,
And, when some fifty summer suns have paled
And boys above their wine are talking big,

"You boast," I'll say, "of triumphs with the bat,
Deeds on the river, or some larger shock?
Look at this bench on which your uncle sat
From half-past six till half-past three o'clock,

"He who was never wont to rise from dreams
Till mid-day, and who hates the vulgar mob,
Whom all processions tire to angry screams,
Who loves no seat except the sort that bob;—

"Bearing the fell fatigue and hunger's claw,
No softer roost than this, I say, he found,
And braved it gladly, for on this he saw
The golden pageant when KING GEORGE was crowned."
EVOE.

"He spoilt his card by taking four pulls on the first green."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

That would account for his seeing a stymie on the
second tee.

From South Nigerian General Orders :

"In the case of a Mess, the Mess President is responsible. The former
should be adequately cleaned at least once a fortnight, and the latter at
least three times a week."

The Mess President has resigned.

AT THE PLAY.

THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT
HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE judgment of those who attend a morning Dress Rehearsal is generally supposed to be very valuable, but actually it is of the least critical use in the world. Apart from the Press, who refrain from applause and reserve their censure for the papers, the audience consists largely of members of The Profession and personal friends of the actors. They have therefore either been trained in the same stage-traditions, good and bad, or else they love their favourites as much for their foibles as for their virtues. But at His Majesty's nothing mattered very much, for a Coronation spirit (unhindered by police and the fear of barriers) was abroad and nobody wanted to be critical even if he could.

The charm of this Gala Rehearsal was that it gave you the rare pleasure of seeing distinguished actors condescending to inferior parts. The identity of some, playing as mere supers and units of a crowd, was almost concealed under a veil of the finest humility. Thus, our new stage-knight, behaving just as if the honour about to be conferred upon him was quite a common thing among actor-managers, did nothing beyond getting his halberd mixed up with the halberd of another veteran.

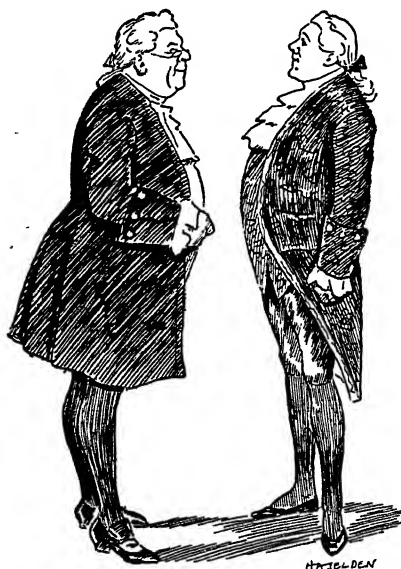
The programme was for all tastes—the lighter kind for choice. Miss ELLEN TERRY and Mrs. KENDAL were in rollicking mood in the letter episode from *The Merry Wives*. Here the rotundity of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, as *Falstaff*, was momentarily admitted on to the stage (without the author's connivance) for the purpose of rounding off the scene.

As *David Garrick*, Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM simulated intoxication (for moral purposes) with all his old verve and masterful ease; Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, careful not to be as funny as he could have been, was *Jones*; and Miss SYDNEY FAREBROTHER was a very perfect *Araminta*.

In the rostrum-scene from *Julius Caesar* (taken full-face instead of in profile), the crowd was so terribly true to life that it almost overwhelmed the chief actors. These Romans had been admirably stage-managed, but I confess to having found some difficulty in distinguishing between the noise of their anger and the noise of their approval,

and both must have been alike offensive to *Antony* (Sir HERBERT TREE) in his heroic struggle to make himself heard.

The clou of the entertainment was *The Critic*, which, in a modernised



Mr. BOURCHIER (*Puff*). "Will they know you with your moustache obliterated?"

Mr. HAWTREYS (*Sneer*). "One makes these sacrifices for a great cause."

version, with here and there a trace of SHERIDAN, made as good fun as one could wish for. Mr. BOURCHIER as *Puff* was on pleasant terms of familiarity with the whole of his cast,



A HARDER TASK THAN MARK ANTONY'S.
Sir HERBERT TREE dominates his crowd of Star Supers.

whom he addressed either by their personal names or, more fraternally, as "dear."

BEN JONSON, again, was barely recognisable in his *Vision of Delight*—a very firmament of theatrical stars of the first or second magnitude. I could grow lyrical on this theme, and Mr. HERBERT TRENCH actually did burst out into several "additional" lyrics. Excellent in themselves and sympathetically delivered, they were perhaps a little wasted upon the intelligence of an audience whose eyes were being feasted almost to the bulging-point. By a happy device, KING GEORGE was spared the gross flattery which BEN JONSON lavished on the King of his day, to whose benign influence he ascribed the birth of Spring; the diminutive figure of Cupid, King of Love, was introduced instead to receive credit as the prime mover in these vernal developments. At the close a great largesse of flowers and herbage was flung to the front rows; and for my share I received a rose or two in the midst of a heavy rain of moss and mould that did grave injury to my personal appearance.

All ended well with a superbly stalwart rendering of the National Anthem by Miss CLARA BUTT in a nice blue overall.

On The Night Itself the atmosphere of the House was more temperate. The entry of great actors was ignored, and applause, as is the habit on such occasions, was very rare. Yet the audience was appreciative in its own subdued way. Possibly *The Critic* lost most by the change of air, for its fun depended a good deal upon a recognition of the incongruous situations in which well-known actors found themselves. Our foreign guests could hardly be expected to know that Mr. DU MAURIER does not commonly simulate a hoary Governor of Tilbury Fort in an adjustable beard; that Mr. LORRAINE was not strictly in his natural element as a scene-shifter; that Miss MARIE TEMPEST does not often appear as the shadow of somebody else; that Mr. BEVERIDGE seldom plays in a speechless and purely ruminative part; that Mr. EDMUND PAYNE's methods are not usually such as one expects in the person of an Elizabethan lord-chancellor; or that the humour of Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS was not enjoying its customary scope in the limited opportunities offered to *The Left Bank of the Thames*. But it was a great night. O.S.

LIFE.

It was in the Saloon Bar of a more or less reputable hostelry off Leicester Square that he was thrust into my ken. He was a smallish, perky-looking individual, with an enormous mouth and a chin blue from the eternal shaving of what Nature had designed for a strong beard. A flat-rimmed bowler was crammed upon his head, and he was perched upon a high stool, pulling luxuriously at a tankard of bitter beer. There was a latent twinkle in his eye, and a grin lurking about the corners of his mouth that piqued my curiosity, and I wondered what on earth he could find to look so cheerful about.

He seemed to welcome my enquiring gaze and remarked waggishly that it would probably be a fine day if it didn't rain. There was something in the way he said it that made me think I must have met him somewhere else, but before I had time to remember properly he laughed, and for the life of me I couldn't help laughing too. Conversation flowed freely then, and soon he leant over to me and said confidentially in his quaint raucous voice:

"Sociable, that's wot I am. In the profess we 'ang together."

"The profess?" I said naively.

"Yes," he said; "I'm a clown, yer know, a pantomime clown."

It took me by surprise. So that was why I half-remembered him. And yet—this cheerful soul who was drinking and cracking jokes away from his native footlights, a clown. If ever a smile hid an aching heart it must be here, and I hoped my accents were broken enough as I murmured, "My poor fellow!" and took his hand in mine.

My friend seemed mystified, and I could see by the earnest way he looked at me that he was trying to find out whether I was being funny.

"Ullo," he said at length, "wot's the game, eh?"

I looked again. Poor chap, I thought, he keeps it up bravely. I almost had to blink away a tear.

"You can trust me," I said simply; "how is she—the little girl?"

"The little wot?" he almost gasped.

"Your little daughter, the dancer, you know—dying from pneumonia and all that." My voice broke at the edges.

"Daughter!"—his voice rose to an indignant shout—"why, I never 'ad a daughter, and never—"

"Then your wife, fading away with consumption and tossing this very minute upon a straw mattress? And yet you can drink beer?"

The clown set his mug down upon the counter and descended from his stool with a certain quiet dignity by which,



Little Girl (residing in suburb much visited of late by night-raiders). "MOTHER, WHY DON'T YOU PUT 'NO BURGLARS' ON THE GATE, WITH THE OTHER THINGS?"

in spite of the lamentable bowler, I could not fail to be impressed, and said:

"You seem to 'ave got 'old of the wrong man. I 'ave no children, and what is more, I 'ave no wife—"

"But the garret," I persisted, "the garret with the upturned packing-cases and candles guttering in ginger-beer bottles—"

"Sir," he said, "if yer wish ter know, I live at Tooting. At Upper Tooting. Upper Tooting may not be Park Lane, but it is, I 'ope, respectable for all that."

I could not disbelieve the man. For

a moment I gazed upon him sorrowfully. And then I said:

"It is rather quaint that the only real live clown I have ever met should be such a traitor to the traditions of his calling. A clown who can laugh and make jokes in private life, a clown who has no dying daughter, no ailing wife, no packing cases—bah!"

And so I left him.

JACK JOHNSON says he is now ready to fight anyone who wishes to meet him. Candidates are requested to line up outside the early doors.

A NEW ISSUE.

"Do you know anything about stamps?" asked my young friend Bobby. He has been having a week's holiday in honour of the Coronation and has been making a nuisance of himself because he saw it and I didn't. However, as I point out to him, I was at least alive at the Diamond Jubilee.

"Do I—what?"

"Know anything about stamps?"

"My dear Bobby," I said, "I know everything about everything."

"Coo—I bet you don't. You don't know what Tomlinson's average is this term."

"Ah, now you've just hit upon the one thing—"

"Well; it's thirty-eight."

"Batting or bowling?"

Bobby looked coldly at me.

"I was going to ask you about my stamp," he said; "but if you're going to be funny—"

"I'm not, I promise. This isn't my day for levity. Show me the stamp."

I collected stamps when I was Bobby's age. I suppose in those days I did know something about them, but they have altered since my time; with the result that I can now only judge them by the beauty or otherwise of the illustration. Sometimes I come across a letter stamped with the representation of a volcano or an iceberg or a couple of jaguars—whatever it may be, and I have sent it off eagerly to some youthful philatelist; to receive a week later such formal thanks as are generally reserved for the man who offers you a large Cabbage White for your butterfly collection.

"It's just got a lion or something on it, and a josses's head, and some other things," said Bobby, searching in his pocket. "Uncle Henry sent it to me."

The description seemed to apply to a good many stamps.

"Any words?"

"Wait a sec.," said Bobby, and he ran it to ground in his right-hand trouser pocket. "Here it is."

It could claim to be unused, and by so much the more valuable, but another week or two in Bobby's pocket might have invalidated its claim. However I had no doubt that I had never seen a stamp like it before.

"Who is the josses?" said Bobby.

"It's nobody I know," I said, looking at it closely, "unless—no—it isn't your Uncle William, is it?"

"It's got 'postage revenue' on it," Bobby pointed out. "So it must be Colonial, I should think, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, that shows it couldn't be

foreign. This looks like an African lion to me. I expect it's the new South African stamp. That's BOTH."

"I believe it's Australian," said Bobby. "It's just the colour of some of the Australian stamps."

"Sometimes you can tell by the gum. The gum from the Australian gum-tree tastes quite different from any other sort."

Bobby tasted it carefully. "It's just like ordinary gum," he said, when he had finished it.

We looked at it again, and then Bobby went and got an atlas. He turned to the map whereon the British possessions are marked red. There were an awful lot of them.

"You see, it might be any one of these little islands," I said. "After all, we're pretty sure it isn't one of the big colonies, because we've seen photographs of the premiers in all the illustrated papers, and this isn't really like any of them."

"I saw old FISHER in the procession—"

"No, no, Bobby, not again," I remonstrated.

He blushed and put the stamp back in his pocket.

"Anyhow," he said, "it's awfully decent of Uncle Henry, isn't it? I believe it's most beastly rare."

"Well, look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm lunching to-morrow with a man who's a great philatelist."

"Coo. What's that?"

"It means he collects stamps—and I'll ask him about yours. And I'll send you a line."

"Oh, I say, thanks awfully," said Bobby.

* * * *

My philatelist had never heard of it. No doubt I described it badly; my memories were a little vague for one thing, and for another I was probably wrong to have assumed that it went into Bobby's pocket the same smudgy colour as it came out. He was interested, however, in the gum test, and on my suggestion, made on the spur of the moment, that it was a mid-Victorian issue of one of the islands in the South Pacific, he proposed that it should be sent to him for examination. I wrote to Bobby to this effect and went into the post-office for a stamp.

"One?" said the lady.

"Only one," I admitted humbly.

She threw one at me. I picked it up and then gave a jump.

"Where did you get this from?" I cried. "Did Uncle Henry send you one, too?"

"Do you want another one?"

"Why, have you got any more?" I

asked excitedly. "What could you let me have a dozen for?"

"A shilling."

"Done," I said gladly, thinking how Bobby would like them for exchange. "Oh, and I want a penny stamp, please."

She threw another one of the same kind at me.

"I asked for a simple penny English stamp," I began sarcastically, "and you give me another of these rare Tasman—" Then it occurred to me quite suddenly that perhaps I was an ass.

"Tell me," I said, going hot and cold all over, "who is this gentleman?" and I indicated the top part of the stamp.

"That is the KING."

"Of England?"

"And Scotland and Ireland and Wales and—"

"Yes, yes. And who is this?"

"That's a lion."

"Just an ordinary lion? You're sure it's not meant for anybody particular?"

"Yes. Do you want another one?"

"No, thank you," I said sadly, and I took my stamp home with me. I put it on another envelope, and wrote another letter to Bobby.

"Dear Bobby," I wrote, "I am sending you a second one. It is not so beastly rare as we thought, and if I were you I should tell Uncle Henry all about the Coronation." A. A. M.

"With a joyous shout resounding;
Steed caparisoned, and bounding;
Flying flag; and booming cannon;
From the Thames unto the Shannon;
From St. Lawrence to the Clyde, ay,
Rivers of a Kingdom wide aye;
From all countries of an Empire;
City, hamlet, town of each shire."

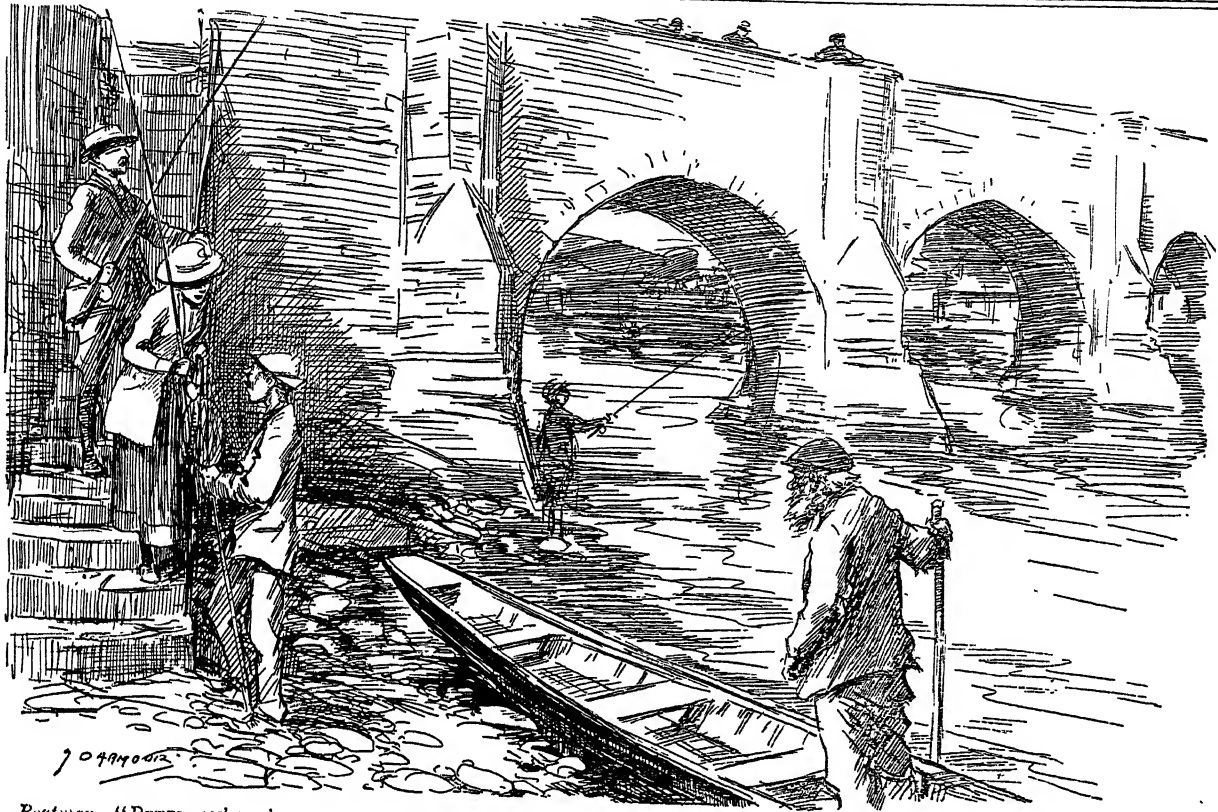
Bournemouth Visitor's Directory.

Very thoughtful of the Bournemouth authorities to extend the Post's Licence during the Coronation period.

From a Highland Railway Company's booklet:

"Standing at the north-west corner of the Castle, the view is one of surpassing charm. Under the eye is St. Andrew's Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace (Eden Court) and the Northern Infirmary by the river side; and beyond, in the same direction, the boat-shaped, isolated, oak-clad eminence of Tomnahurich, now converted into a cemetery, unsurpassed for adaptiveness and for beauty and extent of outlook in all directions. Immediately below Tomnahurich is a large public park and a new cemetery, both belonging to the Corporation. At a distance of a couple of miles is seen the District Lunatic Asylum."

Indeed, were it not for the absence of any kind of Workhouse or Prison, the view might claim to be the most beautiful in Europe.



Boatman. "PETER AN' ME 'LL NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE YE OUT FISHIN' TO-NIGHT, M'AM; BUT PETER'S NEPHEW WILL BE AFTHER TAKIN' YE AV YE LIKE?"

Lady. "WELL, I HOPE PETER'S NEPHEW IS CLEANER THAN PETER IS!"

Boatman. "HE IS, M'AM—HE'S YOUNGER."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE extraordinary circumstance of M. PADEREWSKI passing unnoticed through the crowd in Pall Mall during the Coronation Festivities has aroused widespread comment. We have received an interesting communication from the secretary of Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, extending to forty-eight folios of typewritten script, which may be thus briefly summarised. Mr. BAMBERGER, as is well known, is the son-in-law of that distinguished official, Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, formerly Colonial Secretary of the Solomon Islands, and, on the occasion of the Coronation procession, had arranged to witness the spectacle from a stand erected in front of Sir POMPEY's mansion in Piccadilly, together with his wife, Mrs. BAMBERGER (daughter of Sir POMPEY BOLDERO), and his three children, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN and HUMPERDINCK BAMBERGER (the grandchildren of Sir POMPEY BOLDERO).

* * * *

Starting from his hotel at an early hour, Mr. BAMBERGER and family made their way to the nearest tube station, but were recognised at the booking-office and subjected to the most

gratifying, if somewhat embarrassing, attentions. While in the lift enthusiastic admirers sought to pluck capillary souvenirs from the exuberant *chevelure* of the great virtuoso, and during his subterranean transit he signed his name in no fewer than thirty-nine birthday books. Mrs. BAMBERGER was repeatedly congratulated by fellow-passengers on the extraordinary beauty of her offspring, and sandwiches, bananas, chocolates and other comestibles were showered upon them in lavish profusion.

* * * *

Arriving at the house of his father-in-law (Sir POMPEY BOLDERO) at 7.30 A.M., Mr. BAMBERGER, his wife and children, at once proceeded to take up the seats allotted to them in the front row of the superbly decorated stand. This was the signal for an extraordinary demonstration on the part of the crowd, who shouted "Bravo," "Encore," "Bis," and other honorific exclamations for nearly twenty-five minutes. Sir POMPEY, who is a man of strong family feeling, was visibly affected, and in a brief but eloquent speech expressed his acknowledgments to the populace. In a manifesto subsequently issued to the press, he stated that if, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared,

the people were Cæsar, he at least was their only Pompey.

* * * *

We regret to learn, however, that the strain imposed upon Mr. BAMBERGER himself by this prolonged exhibition of popularity combined with the emotional tension caused in his own highly-strung temperament by the spectacle of the Procession, has led to a peripheral nerve-storm, having its seat in the capillary ganglia, which has obliged him to cancel all engagements for the next fortnight. Since the awful experience he underwent at the hands of the Terrorists of Timbuctoo, when he was kidnapped on the banks of Lake Chad and carried away on the back of a gorilla into the Mountains of the Moon for six weeks, Mr. BAMBERGER has been liable to occasional recurrences of this distressing malady. Sir POMPEY BOLDERO—who it can never be repeated too often, is Mr. BAMBERGER's only father-in-law—is unremitting in his attentions, and Mrs. BAMBERGER is a devoted nurse. Until complete convalescence sets in Mr. BAMBERGER's children will remain with their grand-aunt, Miss CORNELIA BOLDERO at her charming marine residence "Plinlimmon," Mulberry Road, Weston-super-Mare.



Proud Father. "WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT KIND OF SHEEP DO YOU KEEP ON THIS FARM?"
Land Agent (in the pupil's stage). "OH, ER—BIG—WOOLLY BEGGARS."

NOBODY FORGOTTEN.

(AN ECHO OF THE GREAT EVENT.)

Local Editor, to Reporter, everywhere:—"And mind you get the names of everybody who had anything to do with the proceedings. Names in full, and be careful about spelling. They'll all buy a copy."

Mr. Fitz-Masters, the Chairman, proved himself an ideal choice for that onerous post. Not only did he preside at every meeting of the general committee, but also at all the sub-committee meetings, and it is due in no small measure to his ability and tact that the day was such a signal success.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy and efficiency of Mr. Last, the hon.

sec. of the general committee, whose tact and resourcefulness were unflinching.

All praise is due to Mr. Farr, who assisted Mr. Last, and whose unruffled temper and skill in organisation did much to ensure the triumphs which we have all witnessed.

The training of the voices of the choir reflects the highest credit on Mr. Arthur Throstle, their indefatigable instructor. Rarely can sweeter music have been discoursed than that which rose obedient to his inspiring baton.

The organist, Mr. Soper, interpreted the difficult and intricate accompaniment with consummate skill, which, had it been elsewhere than in a sacred edifice, must indubitably have moved

the audience to vocal enthusiasm and loud plaudits.

The catering, which was in the capable hands of Host Bland, of the Crown Hotel, was in every way admirable, and ample justice was done to the many good things provided.

The flowers which decorated the banqueting-room were arranged by Mr. Dedham, the head gardener at The Court, and it would be impossible too highly to praise the taste with which his part of the labour of love was executed.

Among the Squire's gifts were 5 lbs. of tea (supplied by Messrs. Leadbetter), 10 lbs. of butter (supplied by the Manse Dairy Farm, Ltd.), and 60 loaves of bread (supplied by Mr. John Bush).

Mrs. Gallop presented each of the children with a Coronation medal with her own hands, and the thanks of the village cannot be too warmly accorded to her for this act of kindness and generosity.

Mrs. Lyon-Wagstaff, looking charming in mauve, kindly consented to distribute the prizes, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the cleverness with which she made each recipient feel that his award was beyond all the others in value.

The arrangements for the tea were in the efficient hands of Host Boker of the Shipley Arms, and nothing was left undone.

The decorations and illuminations on Messrs. Putt and Roller's Brewery reflect the highest credit on Mrs. Aubrey Putt, who cannot be too much complimented on the effectiveness and originality of the colour scheme.

The bonfire, it should be noted, would not have been half the grand spectacle that it was had it not been for the generosity of Mr. James Stunt, who gave 500 faggots, and the untiring and willing industry of Messrs. Block and Bullivant, who superintended the structure and themselves presented the tar and paraffin.

Nothing could exceed the punctuality with which, at ten o'clock precisely, Sir Henry Bower ignited the train which led to the bonfire, and caused the riotous flames to burst forth in a blaze of loyalty.

Commercial Candour in the East End.

"Try our Barking sausages."



THE CAPTURE OF WINDSOR CASTLE

BY THE BOY SCOUTS, JULY 4th.

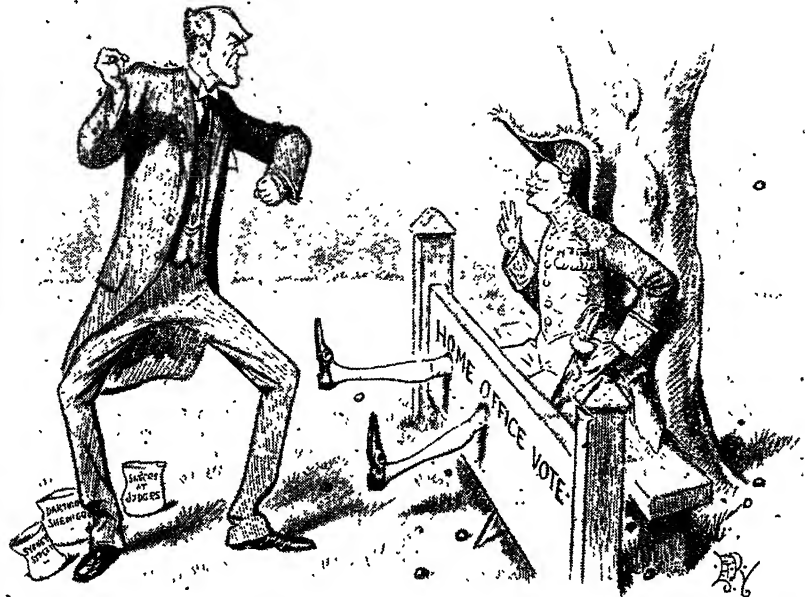
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.

—House resumes sittings after Coronation with grim consciousness that at length business is about to begin in earnest. On Wednesday the Lords take in hand the Veto Bill. Already heavy guns have been trained upon it. Amendments of which LANSDOWNE and LONDONDERRY have severally given notice will bring the two Houses to grips.

Meanwhile little entertainment provided in shape of hauling HOME SECRETARY over the coals. WINSOME WINSTON hasn't been committing fresh iniquity. LYTTTELTON harks back to old stories of Dartmoor shepherd, Tonypandy, and the Battle of Stepney. Scanty attendance and no disposition to grow excited over process of flogging dead horses. LYTTTELTON does his best. Shocked at CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's early reference to the gentle shepherd he accuses him of making "vulgar, inaccurate, unscrupulous statements." Falling upon WINSTON he sternly insisted on knowing what he was doing at Stepney at the time of the siege?



MILDEWED CHESTNUTS.

WINSTON. "My dear LYTTTELTON, you surely don't imagine that you hurt me by pelting me with these absurd little trifles! Your ammunition is out-of-date, and you can't shoot!!"



BALFLOVA AND LORDKIN.

Mr. BALFOUR and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD perform the "Danse de la Déclaration de Londres" at the Cannon Street Hotel.

"A photographer was there," he said, "and the HOME SECRETARY was there. We all know why the photographer was there, but do not quite know why the HOME SECRETARY was there."

Quick from Radical camp below Gangway came answer to the riddle, "Because the photographer was there."

When WINSTON found opportunity of replying he retorted that when PRINCE ARTHUR risked his valuable life in flying machine there was also a photographer at hand prepared to take a snapshot, reproduction of which would gratify contemporaries and inform posterity.

On this high level of badinage did the Mother of Parliaments disport herself on the eve of the greatest constitutional crisis of modern times.

Slackness of attendance, increasing with indifference to what was going on, nearly landed Government in awkward place. BANBURY chipping in moved to reduce by £500 salary of HOME SECRETARY. On a division Ministerial majority ran down to 32. Incident greeted with wild delight on Opposition benches.

Business done—Some votes got in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—New writ issued for Central Division of Kingston-upon-Hull for election of Member to serve in place of SEYMOUR KING unseated on petition. That a conclusion of the matter scarcely less regretted in Ministerial

ranks than in Unionist camp. A loyal party man, SEYMOUR KING was never disposed to deny that occasionally some good might come out of the Nazareth of the benches opposite. Able, courteous, unobtrusive, with far-reaching business experience, he through a long Parliamentary career won the guerdon of general esteem. He was the kind of man who forms the backbone of a Parliament as yet unwaged.

The few Members looking up as the motion was made were reminded that since they last met a notable thing has happened. ACLAND-HOOD, Unionist Whip over a period beyond which the memory of few in the present House goeth, has retired from the scene, and BALCARRES whips in his place. The Old 'un has withdrawn to the sanctuary of the House of Lords, where he will get a new view of Parliamentary proceedings.

His tumbling into the important office, so long held, was accidental. Served his time in the Army, smelling powder in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. Retiring ten years later he won a seat in his own county of Somerset and retained it ever since. First came under PRINCE ARTHUR'S notice in connection with proposal to exile the Guards to Gibraltar—one of ST. JOHN BRODRICK'S early efforts to reform and strengthen an army presently to be despatched to South Africa. As an old Guardsman he resented this undignified treatment of a crack regiment. He even went the length of dividing House, bringing down Ministerial majority in marked measure.

Three years later, again demonstrated his independence by protesting against action of War Office in, to quote his plain way of putting it, "asking REDVERS BULLER to re-write his despatch recording the attack on Spion Kop, putting in an account of what had not happened." REDVERS BULLER, being, as he significantly insisted, "a gentleman," declined.

Evidently a County Member who talked disrespectfully about his pastors and masters on Treasury Bench must be looked after. Before end of Session in which this last flare-up took place ACLAND-HOOD was made Vice-Chamberlain; two years later was called to important office of Chief Whip. Now has been further promoted to the obscurity of House of Lords, and a long familiar figure disappears from the Commons.

Business done.—All over by 4.40. Sitting literally collapsed owing to scanty attendance and less interest. Fine opportunity for LYNCH to practise his new style of debate. Actually not new. As old as time of ARISTOTLE walking to and fro in the Lyceum at Athens what time he expounded his philosophy. LYNCH concerned to throw out, on Second Reading, Bill dealing with pensions of Colonial Governors. Modern habit at Westminster is to face



The Squire (just returned from London). "BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOUR BAZAAR GO OFF?"

Cura'e. "OH, WE HAVEN'T HAD IT YET. BY SOME ERROR IT WAS FIXED FOR THE 22ND, AND THE VICAR VERY WISELY POSTPONED IT. HE WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT INTERFERE WITH THE CORONATION."

the Chair, stand still and talk. LYNCH, as he spoke, strolled up and down the empty bench below Gangway, whence he had risen. Eventually strayed so far from subject that, thrice warned by SPEAKER of the offence of irrelevancy, he was ordered to resume his seat, which he did, admitting to himself that at least he had had a healthful half-mile stroll.

"There should be no more entertaining match in the second round than GOR v. GOR, who is only half his age."—*Evening Standard.*

Lucky GOBERT. How the ladies must envy him.

"TREASURE ISLAND."

A LOVER breeze to the roses pleaded,
Failed and faltered, took heart and advanced;
Up over the peaches, unimpeded,
A great Red Admiral ducked and danced;
But the boy with the book saw not,
nor heeded,
Reading entranced—entranced!

He read, nor knew that the fat bees bumbled;
He woke no whit to the tea-bell's touch,
The brown pigeons that wheeled and tumbled,
(For how should a pirate reck of such?).
He read, and the flaming flower-beds crumbled,
At tap of the sea-cook's crutch!
And lo, there leapt for him dolphins running
The peacock seas of the buccaneer,
Lone, savage reefs where the seals lay sunning,
The curve of canvas, the creak of gear;
For ever the Master's wondrous cunning
Lent him of wizard lea!

* * * * *

But lost are the garden days of leisure,
Lost with their wide-eyed ten-year-old,
Yet if you'd move to a bygone measure,
Or shape your heart to an ancient mould,
Maroons and schooners and buried treasure
Wrought on a page of gold,—
Then take the book in the dingy binding,
Still the magic comes, bearded, great,
And swaggering files of sea-thieves winding
Back, with their ruffling cut-throat gait,
Reclaim an hour when we first went finding
Pieces of Eight—of Eight.

"With wonted sonority Big Ben boomed one. There was nothing in or around Palace Yard approaching in gravity the face of the clock, except perhaps the river, rolling steadily to the sea, tawny and dignified."

For synopsis of previous chapters see *The Daily Telegraph* during Coronation week. You can start this story now.

A GALA PERFORMANCE OF THE
FUTURE.

KING HENRY VIII.

KING HENRY VIII. *Sir Barnes Dor-*
*mer.*CARDINAL CAMPEIUS *Sir Creasewell*
*Baggs, O.M.*CAPUCIUS, Ambass-
ador from the EM-
PEROR CHARLES V. *Sir Charles Kes-*
*wick.*CRANMER ... *Sir Maryon Bad-*
*deley.*DUKE OF NORFOLK *Sir Julius Gaga.*DUKE OF BUCKING-
HAM ... *Sir George Gay.*DUKE OF SUFFOLK *Sir Tichborne*
*Little.*EARL OF SURREY ... *Sir Anthony*
*Harty.*LORD CHAMBERLAIN *Sir Mulberry*
*Bushe.*LORD CHANCELLOR *Sir James Le-*
*verett.*GARDINER, Bishop of *Sir Hunter Tuf-*
Winchester ... *ton.*BISHOP OF LINCOLN *Sir Shandon*
*Gaffney.*LORD ABERGAVENNY *Sir Dion Pullar.*LORD SANDS ... *Sir Durham*
*Maple.*SIR HENRY GUILD-
FORD ... *Sir Shulbrede*
*Goring.*SIR THOMAS LOVELL *Sir Thomas Tabb-*
*Lloyd.*SIR ANTHONY DENNY *Sir Margate*
*Whiteley.*SIR NICHOLAS VAUX *Sir Ivory Smiles.*QUEEN KATHARINE *Lady Baddeley.*ANNE BULLEN ... *Lady Pott-*
*Greener.*AN OLD LADY ... *Lady Gaga.*

AND

CARDINAL WOLSEY *Mr. John Smith.*

THE SCHOOL FOR MOTLEY.

["It is pessimism which produces wit.
Optimism is nearly always dull."] *Wit.*WHEN I was a feather-brained stripling
And new to my frivolous Muse,I parodied AUSTIN and KIPLING
And floundered in CALVERLEY'S shoes.With hope as a tonic I primed my
internalsAnd sent in my stuff to the various
journals.Although the wet blanket of chronic
Rejection adhered to my form,I took the above-mentioned tonic
And managed to keep myself warm.My verses were light, but my spirits
were lighter;Some day, I kept saying, the sky would
get brighter.

Heavy-goer (at a late hour). "HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA WHAT THE TIME IS—HAVE YOU?"
Long-suffering Partner (seizing her opportunity). "OH, JUST ORDINARY VALSE-TIME."

Years passed, but my lot never varied,
And hope seemed to suffer a slump,
And life became empty and arid—

In short, I contracted the "hump."
Despair filled my heart, once so sanguine
and placid;
Thenceforward I wrote not with ink,
but with acid.

I put away laughter and pleasure,
I sought Fortune's arrows and slings,
And found what a wonderful treasure
Lies hid on the dark side of things;
For woe gave me wit, and my bile-begot
vapours
Procured me the ear of the humorous
papers.

And now, when prosperity chases
The frown from my forehead, I go
And scatter my cash at the races,
Or visit a music-hall show;

Restored to a decent depression, in-
stanter

I turn out a column of exquisite banter.

Sour grapes make the daintiest nectar;
I fill up a bumper each night

To banish the fatuous spectre
Of dull-witted joy from my sight,

And, sitting alone in a darkness Cim-
merian,

I drink to the toast, "A long life and
a weary 'un!"

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in *Reynolds'*
Newspaper :—

"Under Lord Lansdowne's scheme, three-
fourths or even three-fifths of the peers would
disappear from the House of Lords."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR should attend
the "Arithmetical Help" classes of
T.P.'s Weekly.

TOUJOURS À LA RusSE.

CORONATION guests may come and go, but the new Russian Ballet is here to stay. It made its daring *début* at Covent Garden on the very eve of the Great Day, when all good loyalists were warned to be in their beds betimes, so as to rise at 3 o'clock and wait ten hours in the places which most of those who were not frightened away by press and police could have reached with ease at the last moment.

Russian dancers at the Palace Theatre and elsewhere have made us familiar with figures of eight or so, but here with increased numbers there was scope for greater intricacy of design. Yet it was all done with the same

apparently un-studied and spontaneous ease concealing the art of it.

If Madame PAVLOVA's dances — the Butterfly, the Swan, the Dying Rose and even the Bacchanale — are the embodiment of a single idea for which the music seems to serve as a cursive commentary, here, in *Le Carnaval* of SCHUMANN, the dance is rather an interpretation of the music itself. And its fascination lies in the perfect accord of the dancers not only with the time, but with the intention, of the music. This, perhaps,

demanded more of technique than of imagination, for the music was Carnival-music, and the dancers had only to assume the dress and manner of the middle of the 19th century in order to become the very models from which the fancy of SCHUMANN had worked. Greater imagination was asked of the Moscow dancers who were recently interpreting the *Peer Gynt* suite; for, apart from the *Anitra* Mazurka, the music had first to be translated into the terms of another art.

I was greatly relieved by the economy shown in the use of those symbolic and artificial gestures which worry me to death in most ballets with a story. Almost every motive was illustrated by purely natural signs that made things much easier for my home-grown intelligence. I commend, on this and other phases of the Russians'

art, an admirable article in *The Times* of June 24. There you will learn what makes the difference between English and Russian methods. I am half afraid that in this matter of the ballet we Britons never, never, never will be Slavs. In *Le Carnaval*, and in *Prince Igor*, the achievement of individual dancers was merged in the effect of the *ensemble*, but the piquant and wayward charm of Madame ELSA WILL as *Columbine* remains clear in my memory. And I was glad to notice that she seemed to be enjoying everything quite as much as I did. Perhaps the most sensational moments came in the famous war-dance from BORODIN's opera of *Prince Igor*. I had never previously assisted at one

In this "tableau" Mme. KARSAVINA came very near indeed to the perfection of Madame PAVLOVA, but missed something of her effortless grace and the lovely motions of her dainty head.

We have been told to admire the severity of the background in *Le Carnaval*. Let me say at once that it is not comparable, as we are asked to believe, with the scenery of *Sumurun*, which was always beautiful when most severe. I accept the simplicity of the blue-purple hangings of the lower wall; but I frankly revolt at the vast beflowered frieze above it, which was unreasonably gross in design and coarse in execution. And surely this ante-chamber of the ball-room might have had a little more accommodation

for sitting-out; and looked rather less like a deserted marquee on the day after a Coronation Bazaar.

I ought perhaps to add that, at the second performance, I did not care very much for the intervals between the ballets; they lacked that brevity which should be the very soul of this part of the entertainment.

O. S.



Coach (on cycle). "HANG YOU, COX! YOU'LL BE INTO THE BANK. WHERE YOU'RE GOING!" WHY CAN'T YOU LOOK

of these orgies in the camp of the Polovtzi (even the name is not a household word with me), and I enjoyed the performance very much; but I am not sure whether, if I had been one of the Slav prisoners, like *Prince Igor*, and this entertainment had been offered me as a distraction, I should have regarded the proposal as very tactful, or derived much solace from an exhibition "in which," as my programme tells me, "is shown all the barbarous ferocity of the nomadic tribe."

Another thrill, and more exquisite, was produced in my veins by the airy exit of the *génie* in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. In this pretty *fantaisie à deux*, M. NJINSKY was really wonderful. If not of so classic a build as M. MORDKIN, he is more agile and various. Perhaps he is also too gratuitously acrobatic.

ated a B.A. in 1841. He was a first-class musician, and one of the best performers of his day on the lute. When Charles II. ascended the throne, Stradling was made Chaplain to Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London, and a D.D., in 1621."—*South Wales Daily News*.

Nothing like the lute for keeping a man young.

"The Bishop Elect of Ossory is no stranger to the southern diocese—in fact, we believe that Cork men may, in a sense, claim him as a native of their country."

Church of Ireland Gazette.

In another sense, however, he was actually born in India.

"The King and Queen yesterday afternoon gave a garden party at Buckingham Palace. There was a very large attendance of guests, of whom about 6,000 had been invited."

The Times.

The conduct of the others in pushing in without an invitation cannot be too strongly condemned.

REWARDS AND FAIRY TALES.

["Mr. Pierpont Morgan has presented the German Emperor with an autograph letter from Luther to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, which Mr. Morgan bought recently for £5,100.

The Emperor has conferred upon Mr. Morgan the First Class of the Order of the Red Eagle, adds Reuter."—*Daily Paper*.]

SINCE the above announcement a number of distinguished men have profited by the example of the illustrious American financier.

Thus, Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., has presented the Sultan of ZANZIBAR with an autograph letter from Sir PHILIP SIDNEY LEE to the late Vice-Chancellor BACON for which he recently refused £10,000 from a Chicago multi-millionaire. The SULTAN has conferred on Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE the Order of the Okapi (Third Class).

The proprietor of the *Revue du Beau Mond* has presented the King of SIAM with the MS. of an article by Sir HORACE MEWLETT, for which the distinguished contributor was paid at the rate of a guinea a line. The King of SIAM has been graciously pleased to bestow on the proprietor the Order of the Great Adult Plover's Egg (Fourth Class).

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has presented to KING PETER of Servia a priceless holograph letter from the Dartmoor Shepherd. KING PETER, who was much touched by this act of condescension, has decorated the HOME SECRETARY with the Order of the Golden Fleecio.

Mr. HALL CAINE has bestowed on the Maharajah of PATIATA a lithographed copy of a letter from himself to DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. The MAHARAJAH in return has conferred on the eminent novelist the First-Class Order of the Bombay Duck.

THE "INCLUSIVE TOUR-SEJOUR."

[The writer has just received the Programme, unsolicited, of an enterprising Touring Company.]

TRUE, it has a certain glamour;
Swiftly scanned, its pages show
Specious charms which might enamour

One whose wits were rather slow,
Not an intellectual person (I am pretty
bright, you know).

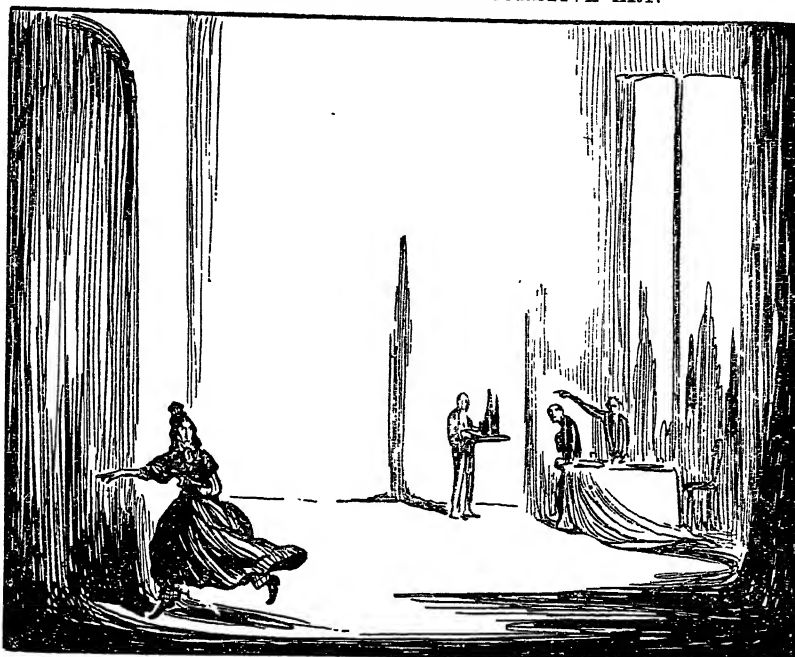
No, these Tours will hardly bear a
Close inspection. Thus, e.g.,

"Week in Beaulieu (Riviera),
At the Grand Hôtel Fifi;

Cost, in all, £5 5s. 0d. only. Very
shortest route by sea."

Good! But when one thinks it over
One's suspicions quickly wake.

RIVAL SCHOOLS OF STAGE DECORATIVE ART.



"CHARLIE'S AUNT" TREATED IN THE SEVERE METHOD OF MR. GORDON CRAIG.



"CHARLIE'S AUNT" TREATED IN THE VOLUPTUOUS METHOD OF COVENT GARDEN.

I. Our Tour begins at Dover,
Thither, therefore, we must make
Our laborious way by walking, till our
nether muscles ache.

II. We have, it seems, to travel
All the way without a crumb;
One might reasonably cavil
At such treatment of the tum.
Nor have we a lavish diet through the
trying days to come.

Petit déjeuner is little
To sustain a healthy man,
Yet you get no other victual
For a very lengthy span;

You must wait, in fact, till *dîner* (say
7.30) if you can.

III. We travel Third, since Second
Lies beyond the price's scope.

IV. No tips at all are reckoned;
Vain the *garçon's* grin of hope.

V. We pay to wash our faces (*vide*
memo. as to soap).

Why continue this recital?

For myself, I'll merely say
(Half in French, as in the title),

If to foreign parts I stray,
À Boulogne j'irai pour flâner sur la
plage (for half a day).

MILTON BEFORE THE DIVORCE COMMISSION.

[Mrs. MILTON's flight from her husband during their honeymoon, and the inspiring effect of that incident on the Poet's views with regard to Marriage and Divorce, are matters of history. By request of the President ("Milton! . . . England hath need of thee," was the form which his invitation took) the venerable Poet at considerable personal inconvenience attended the 793rd sitting of the Commission (whose Report is still awaited), and contributed the following testimony and advice.]

TWICE, Sirs, hath England called me in her need;
The former summons seemed an empty sound—
Mere murmuring of a pantheistic reed
In undrained corners of the Sonnet's ground.
But near my heart the present business lies;
And lest confusion on your counsels wait,
Or Truth go beggared from this blind assize
Of wrangling tongues, my views I here re-state.
Nay, Sirs, I will not sit. My Record stands;
And shall its Author meaner pose assume?
But throw the casements wide—my voice demands
An ampler circuit than this frowzy room.
My Record stands. Four tractates on Divorce,
On Wedlock proved a vain and tottering boon;
I wrote them, Sirs, with full Miltonic force
In the grey month miscalled my honeymoon.
And here, Sirs, I dispel the common bruit
Too long has vilified my stately name;
My wife (not I) first jarred the marriage-lute;
On her must fall the perdurable blame.
I paid her, Sirs, a presbyter's respect;
Rarely embraced her in the public street;
Sate where she sate, and when she strode erect
Pronounced approval of her sterling feet;
Incisive interest in her parents showed,
Her sepia drawings, womanly concerns;
And, exercising till my temper glowed,
Much wood I hewed and brimmed the water-urns.
A consort faithful, though in rule supreme;
My last infirmity, ambrosial food;
My first offence, to build the epic theme
And guide a lovelier Eve through solitude.
She thought me, Sirs, a little touched—yes, mad!
And, so opining, turned elsewhere her charms;
On a green youth (with ample verdure clad)
Bestowed her lips, her strange, ambiguous arms.
But Truth hath open aspect, free report,
And plain response to every earnest call;
Challenged, its punctual thunders soon retort;
Woo'd, its benignant whispers breathe through all.
I marvel, Sirs, you miss its instant sign
And cloak transparency with scrannel art.
Let contest cease, and silence weigh this line—
"My soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart."
Apart; as Stars, as husbands still must dwell
When wives and fellow-stars exhale from sight.
Marriage!—nay, render it dissoluble,
And grant Divorce full charter and free right.
But frame exceptions, Sirs. The common herd,
The verseless, vast, immeditative throng
(Who read Me not) are scarcely yet prepared
For th' linked sweetness Life should then prolong—
Lost Paradise at moderate cost Regained;
Benevolent wives displacing the acerb;
Bliss multiplied; variety maintained;
And Love free-branching as a Latin verb.

THE WALKING TOUR.

"THE lowing herd," began Joseph. He and Herbert were walking in a country lane and had just passed some cows.

"They weren't lowing," said Herbert.

"Not a low was heard, not a funeral note," said Joseph.

"That's simply silly," said Herbert. "You began by saying the cows were lowing, and when I pointed out that they weren't you just go and admit it; cave in like—like a stupid old cockchafer. Why can't you stand up for your opinions like a man and argue things out? I hate a chap who chucks up the sponge as soon as he's touched."

"I was only quoting," said Joseph.

"There you go again," laughed Herbert bitterly. "Quoting! Why, I'll bet anything you don't know where it comes from."

"Where what comes from?"

"Your blessed quotation."

"There were two," said Joseph.

"Well, let's take the first—the lowing herd' which wasn't lowing. Who wrote that?"

"KEATS," said Joseph patiently.

"Never heard of him. Don't believe there ever was such a person."

"KEATS," said Joseph, "is not Mrs. Harris."

"Who said he was?"

"You implied it. But I suppose you'll tell me next you never read *Nicholas Nickleby*."

"I'll tell it you now, and you can do what you like about it."

"Well, well," said Joseph, "we won't worry about *Nicholas Nickleby* just at present. But I'm going to tell you about KEATS."

"You're not."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I shan't listen."

"As you please. KEATS was a poet. He died young. SHELLEY wrote an ode to him. No, stop—I think it was BYRON. And the man who doesn't know about KEATS is more or less of a barbarian."

"Very well," said Herbert, "I'm a barbarian—more, mind you, not less, and I'm proud of it. But I know about your infernal lowing herd. It's the one bit of poetry I do know. 'The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.' There!"

"'Plods,'" said Joseph, "not 'winds.'"

"No," said Herbert firmly, "'plods' comes in the next line. 'The ploughman swiftly plods his homeward way.' Yah! Get out with you. You don't know your own silly quotations. Besides, it wasn't KEATS who wrote that."

"Who was it, then?"

"It was a chap called POPE."

"Ha, ha," laughed Joseph. "POPE, indeed! I tell you what it is: I didn't come on this walking tour in order to have you thrusting your superior airs down my throat all the time."

"And I," said Joseph, "don't mean to stick it any longer, either. Twenty miles a day seem like fifty when a fellow's throwing mouldy old quotations at you from morning to night—and throwing them all wrong, too. It isn't good enough. Besides," he added, "my heel's as sore as it can be, and my throat's as dry as a lime-burner's wig."

"Same here," said Joseph. "We'd better make the best of it. It's only another mile to Barton End."

Political Candour.

"The creation of 400 or 500 peers is a contingency that Liberals regard with perfect complacency."—*The Daily Chronicle*.



THE DAY AFTER.

THE OX ROASTED WHOLE PROVES TOO MUCH FOR OUR VILLAGE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Marriage of Barbara (CONSTABLE) was one of those rather unfortunate and worrying little affairs that seem to have been not infrequent in the days of the historical novel. *Barbara* was besieged with other royalists in a castle, to which a spy of the Parliamentarians gained access by her bedroom window. So when *Barbara's* uncle, who had a nice sense of the proprieties, found this out he insisted that the spy should first marry her, and then be shot. Which would have happened but for the fact that, as soon as the ceremony was finished, a surprise attack allowed *Barbara's* bridegroom to escape; with the result that she finds herself for the rest of the book married to a gentleman whom she hardly even knows by sight. This, however, has happened so often in fiction that not all the skill of Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE could give me anything like astonishment when *Barbara* subsequently falls in love with one *Rodman*, and when, torn between sentiment and duty, she discovers at the critical moment that her husband and lover are really—what there was obviously not the remotest chance, in a book of this kind, of their *not* being—the same person. True, the author endeavours to give an unexpected turn to his plot in the final chapters by introducing yet another character, exactly like *Barbara's* husband suitor in appearance, who seems to have been using this similarity for his own private ends. But the only result was to plunge me into a state of mental chaos as to which of the love-scenes had been with whom; and this hardly added to my enjoyment of the book,

though it naturally increased my sympathy with *Barbara* when she had to sort them out at the end.

Let the critics, lamenting the decadence of everything, remark dolefully, if they must, upon the lack nowadays of literary genius; at any rate it must be admitted that there is a consoling number of clever novelists left and that Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL is one of them. *Pot au Feu* (MURRAY) is a collection of short stories, of which the first three alone are negligible. These are, as it were, sighting shots, and by the end of them the author has got his eye in and hardly misses the bull again. His scenes are laid in three countries. At home in England he is comfortably amusing: in Switzerland he is very intelligent and naively delightful: in the East he is at his best, and his is a very engaging and humorous best. If you have seen Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ in *Kismet* and desire further exposition of that peculiarly easy, almost lazy, humour of the Orient, you may find what you are wanting in the last nine of Mr. PICKTHALL's stories, which are grouped under the general and characteristic heading of "In the Heat of the Sun." At the beginning of each of them it is impossible to foresee whether the climax will be one of tragedy or sudden laughter; and life, after all, is very much like that. The general impression left behind is that it does not much matter in the East whether the final event is happy or catastrophic, provided that some amusement is to be got out of the affair while it is happening. And if life, by any chance, is not like that in the East then it ought to be.

In *Mrs. Elmsley* (CONSTABLE) Mr. HECTOR MUNRO has given us a deeply interesting psychological study of

two women and a man, and incidentally a vivid impressionist sketch of the large manufacturing town in which they lived. As a Londoner I feel that *Mrs. Elmsley* and *Colin Liddel* and *Miss Colombotti* belong to a different race from that which talks the jargons of Chelsea and Mayfair, so that to find that the two first know and discuss NIETSCHE and MAETERLINCK and IBSEN and TURGENEV and MEREDITH and SHAW and all their works with understanding and familiarity comes upon me with something of a shock. I don't mean that Mr. MUNRO intended me to be affected in this way. It's just the result of my overweening Cockney conceit, which I must really take in hand some day—say when the Coronation season is over. But I mention the fact here to show how skillfully he has caught the atmosphere of the people he is describing. *Miss Colombotti* is in love with *Liddel*, who doesn't care for her "in that way," and does care very much indeed for the unhappily married *Mrs. Elmsley*, who for her part allows the interest which she at first takes in him and his commercial career to develop into a much stronger and more tender passion.

The people in Mr. MUNRO'S book, that is to say, are exactly like the rest of the world in what they say and want and do. And yet all the time they give me the feeling that they are different. That, I think, is the strong point of his story. He has put the local colour into their lives as well as into their surroundings—a far from easy task—with the result that they strike me as being quite unusually real human beings.

The course of true matrimony cannot be expected to be quite smooth, unless neither the bride nor the bridegroom has any near relatives to take or give offence. An old-established convention limits the difficulty to the single instance of the mother-in-law, but there

are also in real life fathers and brothers, and particularly sisters, to be considered. When the bridegroom is already up against his family, who, being English and "County," and therefore, according to Miss MAUD DIVER, Philistines, have no use for his artistic leanings and his philanderings with sticky paints and mystical canvases, the difficulty is likely to be very present and not to be minimized by the fact that the bride is a Hindoo with a strong racial and family pride of her own. In *Lilamani: A Study in Possibilities* (HUTCHINSON) there are so many forces opposed to the marriage of *Nevil Sinclair* and his Jewel of Delight as to make the practical onlooker question at the start whether all the love in the world can make it worth while. But he will content himself with the thought that, if they persist, the trouble of it is for them, while for him is the pleasure of studying the development of a remarkable situation in which no point of view is omitted to be considered and from which a very reasonable, probable and happy conclusion is reached. He may get a little tired of the artists and their art, and may wish that Miss DIVER had not spoilt her adequate style with so many affectations after the manner of "understanded" for "understood." Meanwhile, he is

bound to be intrigued always, and at times positively struck, with the authoress's insight. It is conceivable that he will find himself, after all, wishing that, in spite of the worry of it, it had fallen to his own lot to marry *Lilamani* and blow the expense.

The Broken Phial (CONSTABLE) may bestow a buffet upon those who expect Mr. PERCY WHITE to give them copious doses of wit and irony. For here he has abandoned his attitude of amusement at the world, and in consequence has made what—to my mind—is an ascension. I cannot say that his plot is either free from melodrama or distinguished for its originality, but far from condemning him as a melodramatist I thank the gods that he has deserted atmospheres which were inclined to be stuffy, and has given us a heroine who really lives and loves and suffers for her love. Mr. WHITE has never drawn a character at once so complex and so credible as *Joan Fairbairn*, but when we descend to the straightforward offensiveness of her uncle I find my belief taxed to its limits. Indeed among

all the disagreeable old Cressuses of fiction (one wonders, incidentally whether novelists are the most unmercenary people living or if very few of them have ever had rich relations) the prize for the finest collection of petty vices must be awarded to *Maurice Fairbairn*. And even after this super-autocratic incarnation of grumpiness had died in a paroxysm of rage, he managed to leave a legacy of perplexities. Mr. WHITE'S skill, however, is shown not so clearly in his construction of difficulties as in his recovery from them. His bunkers are crude enough, but his shots out of them are followed through with the effectiveness of an expert.



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

A CLIENT REFUSING TO PAY FOR HER PORTRAIT BECAUSE IT FLATTERS HER.

Whether readers of *The School of Love* (WERNER LAURIE) will like it or not depends largely upon their feelings towards the reformed rake, but I am convinced that my only chance to take a degree in such a school as this of Miss PRISCILLA CRAVEN'S would be by means of an *agrotat*. I sympathise with *Verity Marlowe*, the little American girl who married *Sir Burford Rees*, and never more keenly than when "they galloped off in full cry after the hounds." As *Sir Burford* was an M.F.H. this little incident may possibly have not passed without comment, but although he had been seeking trouble for some forty years he did not really find it until—on his wedding-day—he was cited as correspondent in a petition for divorce. Then *Verity* told him that he had acted "like any beast of the field," and he was called upon to perform prodigies of self-control and courage before he was forgiven. An aviating nobleman (who was killed) and a suffragette (who was mobbed) have been introduced to bring this sad old theme completely up to date; but I refuse to accept *Sir Burford* as a fair specimen of his class, and I am tantalised that the author should waste her considerable talent upon such a profitless subject.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that it was solely with a view to avoid hurting the feelings of the members of the Government who were present at the Coronation Service, that an alteration was made in the words of the Anthem:—

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks."

The Peers are grateful to Mr. HARDIE for his flattering reference to their best clothes. "Their robes," says the great Republican, "make one think of the Roman toga: a form of dress to which men will one day return." There is something, after all, in this forecast of KIRK'S. If women take to trousers, men, no doubt, will have to adopt some form of skirt to differentiate their sex.

Some interesting decorations in the City seem to have escaped the attention they deserved. In some parts there were heavy ropes of evergreens held up in the air by butterflies. The strain on the poor beasts' mouths must have been cruel. And in one street a number of trellis-work gates were suspended over the road, looking for all the world like a steeplechase course for acroplanes.

General NOCI, when he inspected a troop of Boy Scouts in Hyde Park, paid a pretty compliment to their versatility. He addressed them in the Japanese language.

There is something peculiarly appropriate in the gift to the nation of four air-cutters by Mr. BARBER.

Those persons who are booking seats for "The Green Elephant" under the impression that the piece is a sequel to "The Blue Bird" are courting disappointment.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE AS "HERO" is a head-line in *The Daily Chronicle*, and we are astonished that our contemporary, of all papers, should have inserted those ironical inverted commas.

Major MORRISON-BELL has done well in drawing attention to the fact that a greater scandal than the Plural Voting which Mr. ASQUITH seeks to remedy is

the Singular Voting whereby Ireland is so grossly over-represented in the House of Commons.

Sir EDWARD GREY was forced to acknowledge, in the debate on the Declaration of London, that our refusal to ratify the Declaration would cause great dissatisfaction among Continental Powers.

The Royal Commission on Coast

"OUR UGLY STAMPS.

BULGARIA FIRST, GREAT BRITAIN NOWHERE"

runs a heading in *The Observer*. This insinuation that our country does not excel in ugly stamps strikes us as being somewhat unpatriotic, and even unjustifiable.

Meanwhile the popular discontent increases. The latest grievance is to the effect that the POSTMASTER-

GENERAL is now giving us fewer words for our money. It has been discovered that on the new halfpenny stamp the word "halfpenny" appears as one word, and not, as before, as two.

The complaint that the stamps are insufficiently gummed on the back frankly pleases us, for we hope this means that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will not stick to them.

It transpires that Mr. MACKENNAL is only responsible for the frames. It seems incredible that anyone should have thought the engraved photographs worth framing.

A considerable number of London firemen have received orders to be present at the investiture of the Prince of WALES. Yet we understand that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech (if any) will not be of an inflammatory character.

"He is a lion—a lion.
Yes! He is better than that;
he is a hippopotamus."
So runs the Boy Scouts' chorus; and it is said that, for some occult reason, Lord HALDANE never hears it without wincing.

As the result of a recent regrettable fiasco, bridegrooms are now taking the precaution to get engaged to at least one of the bridesmaids in addition to the bride, so to ensure that a wedding shall take place in any event.

A by-law has been passed at Eastbourne rendering it penal to allow a dog to bark on the beach to the annoyance of the visitors. We understand that a meeting of barking dogs has already been held to consider the situation, and it was resolved that, if the obnoxious regulation be not at once rescinded, they should take to biting instead.



"WOT CHEER, ALF? YER LOOKIN' SICK; WOT IS IT?"
"WORK! NUFFINK BUT WORK, WORK, WORK, FROM MORNIN' TILL NIGHT."
"OW LONG 'AVE YER BEEN AT IT?"
"START TO-MORRER."

Erosion has reported that our island is growing in size yearly. A meeting of Little Englanders has, we hear, been summoned to consider the serious position thus disclosed.

A school of whales was stranded by the ebb-tide near Penzance the other day, and "some of the whales," *The Express* tells us, "were mutilated so terribly by souvenir hunters that the coastguards had to shoot them." It seems almost too good to be true to hope that the word "them" really refers to the souvenir hunters.

THE BUTLER'S £5.

(A True Story.)

We had been staying—the three of us—for a fortnight in Ireland, fishing, at Regan's. To-morrow was the last day and we were driving over to Rushtown to see the races when Captain O'Driscoll overtook us in his American buggy.

"Going to the races?" he asked as he slowed down for a moment. "So'm I. See you there." He clicked on, and then, stopping again, turned round to call out—"Don't forget Blackadder for the College Stakes. Dead cert. Put your shirts on," and was again off.

"All very well," said Glenister thoughtfully, "but where are our shirts? Speaking personally, my shirt is a return ticket to London and about eighteen shillings, which I shall need."

"Yes," said Bradley. "And I'm no better off, confound it!"

"You forget," said I, "that I have a five-pound note in my pocket intended as our joint tip to old Rice. Lucky we decided to put it aside."

"Yes," said Glenister, "but that's the butler's."

"Not till to-morrow," said I.

"No," said Bradley, "not till to-morrow."

"But hang it all," said Glenister, "where are we if we put it on this horse and the beggar loses? I know these dead certs. It won't be Rice's to-morrow, then, will it? To my mind it's his now, and we ought to respect his ownership. It was to make sure of his having it that we gave it to the Goat to keep." (I am the Goat.)

"Perfectly logical," I said. "But all the same here's a straight tip, and it's a sin not to use it. One doesn't often get them, and to start a whole menagerie of sophistries in return is the kind of ingratitude that providence doesn't soon forgive."

"Of course," said Bradley. "The Goat's right. And, after all, there's no sense in being so infernally conscientious. A gamble's a gamble, and old Rice would be almost as pleased to hear that we had put his fiver on a horse as to have it shoved into his hand."

Glenister laughed. "I say no more," he said. "You do what you like with the fiver. Personally, I shall have ten shillings on Blackadder to win, although why on earth we all swallow that soldier man's advice so unquestioningly I shall never understand."

"If the Goat will lend me two pounds," said Bradley, "I will back Blackadder for a pound both ways."

"The Goat won't," said I. "All that

the Goat proposes to do is to put the butler's fiver on to win."

This, later, I did, having found a bookmaker who was giving 10 to 1; and, true to Captain O'Driscoll's word, Blackadder romped in an easy winner.

I collected the eleven rustling five-pound notes and stowed them carefully away inside my coat, and in the late afternoon we drove back. Naturally we had a good deal to say about the racing, our fortunate meeting with O'Driscoll, and so forth. And then suddenly Glenister remarked, "I wonder what the old boy will do with it? Set up as a small tobacconist in Dublin, do you think?"

"What old boy?" I asked.

"Why, Rice, of course."

"You can't set up as a small tobacconist on five pounds," said Bradley. "At least, if you did, you'd be so small a tobacconist that your customers would want a microscope."

"Don't be an idiot," said Glenister. "He'll have fifty-five pounds, won't he?"

Bradley and I were silent. This was a proposition that needed thought.

"I don't see why he should have more than the fiver," I said at last. "It was all we were going to give him, wasn't it? You will admit that?"

"Certainly," said Glenister. "It was his, and you were keeping it for him, weren't you?"

"In a way I was," I said.

"Oh law!" groaned Bradley. "What a hair-splitter!"

"Very well, then," said Glenister. "You had Rice's five pounds and you gambled with it—in itself a jolly unprincipled thing to do, as it wasn't yours—poor devils are doing time all over the place for much less—and now, when your flutter turns up trumps, you deny him—who might have been your victim—the benefit! I call it downright mean—squalid, in fact."

"You make it sound all right," I said; "but there's a fallacy somewhere. To begin with, as I said before, it isn't the butler's own money till to-morrow. He hadn't earned it till the end of our visit. If it wasn't his it is ours, and we might do as we liked with it. We did, and the result is we have now enough to divide up into £16 13s. 4d. each, which I shall be pleased to give you directly we get back, while Rice has his fiver intact."

"Not for me," said Glenister. "I won five pounds with my own ten bob, and that's all I make out of Blackadder. I can't take your sixteen pounds odd, because it wasn't made on my money."

"Oh law!" groaned Bradley again.

"My dear Glenister, you're talking like

a Herbert Spencer sort of fellow. Then the Goat and I will have to take £25 each?"

"No," said Glenister, "you can't do that; because a third, at any rate, of the original fiver was mine, or, as I hold, the butler's, and he must have what that share made. You and the Goat can take the sixteen pounds odd each, but the butler must have the third and the original fiver besides. But I don't envy you your explanation to him."

"No," I said after a while, "either the butler must have all or none. I can see that."

"Dash the whole stupid business!" exclaimed Bradley. "Let him have it all. We'll be generous."

"It belongs to him," said Glenister. "There's no generosity in the matter. There's nothing but justice, or injustice."

"Very well," Bradley snapped out. "I'm tired of it. Next time I go to a race meeting I'll take care it's not with a blooming Socrates."

"Then that's settled," I said as cheerfully as I could. "Rice has the lot."

"The lot," said Glenister. "I'll admit it's enough, but there's no other course."

We rode the rest of the way in discontented silence.

Regan's groom met us at the stable yard and took the mare's head. He seemed to be unusually excited, and I wondered if he had learned that he too had backed a winner.

"I'm afraid you'll find the house a bit upset," he said to Glenister. "But the fact is there's been a little trouble while you were away. The butler's bolted. It seems he's been dishonest for a long time, and to-day he thought the game was up and ran."

We looked at each other and then a threefold sigh rent the air.

Bradley suddenly began to roll with laughter.

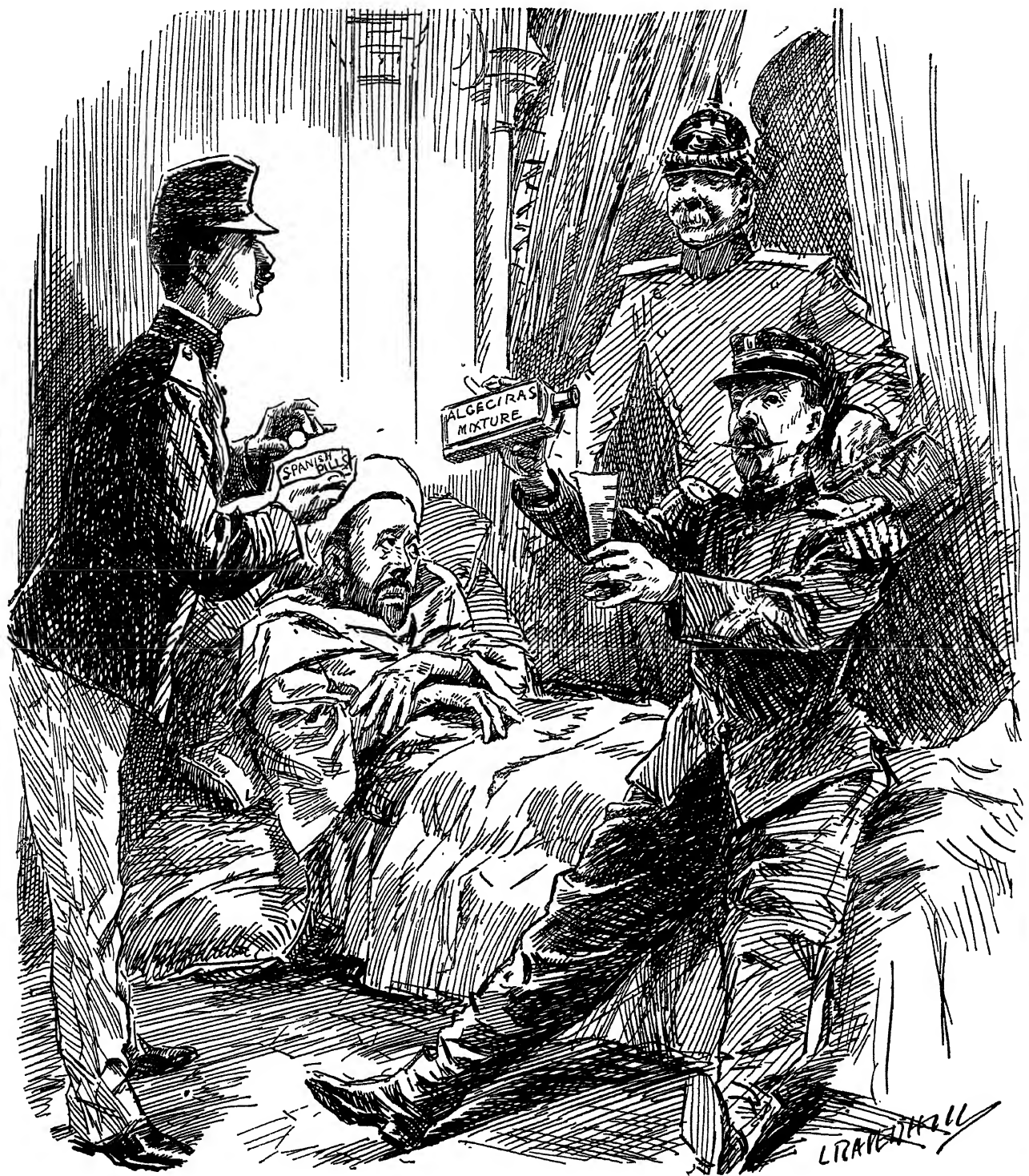
"I'll trouble you," said Glenister to me, "for sixteen pounds, thirteen and fourpence, and the third of a five-pound note."

Heroic deeds of self-sacrifice are being done every hour, unknown to the great mass of the people. But an echo occasionally reaches one's ears. For instance, a catalogue tells of—

"French Model Christening Robes, trimmed hand embroidery and real lace. Reduced regardless of cost from 59/6 to 9½ guineas."

"A settlement of Mughs on the northern coast of the Bay of Bengal find shark catching profitable."—*Commercial Intelligence*.

On the other hand, in the City there is a settlement of sharks which find mug-catching profitable.



PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

Sultan of Morocco. "HALLO! ANOTHER DOCTOR! HADN'T YOU BETTER HOLD A CONSULTATION?"

German Surgeon. "WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF CONSULTING THESE OTHER GENTLEMEN. I RATHER MEANT TO OPERATE ON MY OWN ACCOUNT. STILL, IF THERE'S A GENERAL FEELING IN FAVOUR OF A CONVERSAZIONE——"



Keeper. "DO YOU KNOW THIS WATER IS PRESERVED, SIR?"

Angler (of little experience, still awaiting a bite). "I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH IT!"

THE PERFECT CAVALIER.

Is there a joy so sweet, a job so pleasant
As this, to court the heavenly muse and sing,
And soar into the skies like some old pheasant,
And feel the brainpan slowly softening?
Is there a uniform to lick the laurel,
An instrument so lovely as the lyre,
A steed like Pegasus, or roan or sorrel,
To suit the seat's desire?

So have I often asked and said, "I think not,"
And seized the shell once more and tightly bound
The laurels on my bowler (with a pink knot),
And touched the well-known reins and scorned the
ground;
But lo! this blessed year of Coronation
The Truth (to whom I bow my best regards)
Constrains me to admit there's one vocation
That whacks the wandering bard's.

So many a time have I beheld this summer,
Star of a thousand stars, serene and slow,
Fairest of things on earth, the Life Guards' drummer
Banging his quaint concerns like billy-oh!
Princes and potentates and peers and column on
Column of splendid troops their palfreys sat;
He was unique; I don't suppose KING SOLOMON
Ever looked quite like that.

Ambassadors may thrill the vulgar's vitals;

Rajahs, who look like eagles on the pounce,
With rainbow-coloured turbans and with titles
That nobody in England can pronounce;
Lords of the fleet, and bishops in their pious copes—
These may amuse the mob; I've seen them all
(Some in the flesh, but mostly on the bioscopes),
And bowed not to their thrall.

They moved in solemn state with gilded trappings,
They felt the glory of the triumph-route,
They rode amongst a mighty people's clappings,
But some of them looked bored, and all were mute;
He only, with the windy tubes that follow,
Has satisfied all hopes, all human needs,
Servant at once of Ares and Apollo
And Castor, lord of steeds.

Long ere my infant lips their earliest verse made
(Oh happy days of yore!), he was my dream,
My idol, and the idol of my nurse-maid,
And still he strikes me as Creation's cream;
What is the sacred harp, how poor a legacy
Beside his drumsticks' soul-inspiring wag!
Yes, I would sell you, wings and all, O Pegase!
To mount that piebald nag.

EVOE.

Latest Modes for Men.

"Newcastle was agitated by the appearance of a harem shirt on Sunday evening."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

AT THE PLAY.

"POMANDER WALK."

FOR the Londoner, jaded with the rush and glare of a Coronation Season, there is an almost cloistral benediction in the atmosphere of *Pomander Walk*. Here the noise of the Great World (less noisy a hundred years ago) penetrates only in faint echoes, as when *Madame Lachesis* returns from



"Pomander Walk—where is it? Close at hand,
Down Chiswick way—half-way to Fairy-land."—*Extract from Prologue.*

On the left is seen a dem-né fairy.

Sir Peter Antrobus ... Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Lord Oford ... Mr. NORMAN FORBES.

matching a skein of silk, or *Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esquire*, ex-butler, discourages in heroic vein of his association with "H.R.H. the P. of W." and Mr. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, with whom he has come into contact in his unsuspected function of City Toastmaster. A prettier and fresher scene than this little secluded crescent of Georgian cottages, bordering the Thames at Chiswick, with their doors and windows and garden gates all practicable, could scarce be imagined.

But, if "the play's the thing" (and the tastes of present-day audiences lead one to doubt this), there is little enough in *Pomander Walk* to set one thinking. The plot is recognisable a mile away, and the thinness of some of the fun is confessed in the excessive use of oaths and nautical expletives. I understand that in the States, where it was taken in a lighter key, this little idyll went uproariously, but then any sort of British antiquity goes well over there; and, besides, they still harbour illusions in that most sentimental of countries. Still, for I hear that it went much better on the second night at the Playhouse, I shall believe that its charming scene and its pleasant affecta-

tion of old-world airs and graces will bring it popularity even here if it can only hold the town till the arrival of our country cousins.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE was, of course, in his native element as a retired Admiral, and worked at top pressure on the first night to make the fun go round. Miss WINIFRED EMERY was perhaps overmuch obsessed by her painful memories of the past and might well have assumed a gayer note if only for the sake of her daughter's prospects. Miss MARGERY MAUDE, who played that daughter as to the manner born, was very sweet and natural, though her French accent was a little desultory. And I think Mr. LOUIS PARKER erred in allowing her to lapse into the poetry of introspection. Speaking of her first affair of the heart she is made to say to her mother—

"I seemed suddenly to step out of childhood."

No young girl that I have ever met,

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

would have ever thought of expressing her feelings with such precocious self-analysis. Other characters, outside the family, were well played by Mr. REGINALD OWEN, who was an excellent boy-lover, with just the right amount (whether natural or assumed) of angular *gaucherie*; by Miss MAIDIE HOIE, who was quite funny as a designing widow; and by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE, a figure clean out of DICKENS, with his pompous assumption of social importance. It was greatly to the merit of the author that he refused the obvious chance of exposing before the neighbourhood the menial origin and humble occupation of this impostor. Mr. NORMAN FORBES, fresh from his beauty sleep as one of the sentinels in *The Critic*, played the never very grateful part of a male match-maker and took himself rather too seriously. It was not easy for us to believe that he had ever actually loved and ridden away.

Little Miss DIXON recited a pleasant prologue very charmingly, and then retired into obscurity as *Jane*, maid-of-all-work.

For the rest, there were several interesting characters who were both speechless and invisible. Such was *Sempronius*, the cat, of whom I only saw the effigy, before and after immersion in the Thames. Such, too, was *Dr. Johnson*, the speaking parrot, who, as the well-coached mouthpiece of her passion, contributed so much toward bringing *Miss Pennymint's* lover up to the scratch. Such, finally, was *Selina Brooke-Hoskyn*, who, though

hampered by an accouchement, was still of service (if we might judge from some one-sided dialogue) as a querulous critic of her husband's activities.

I must not conclude without a tribute to the Union Jack that hung from a flagstaff outside the Admiral's quarters. Even when the stage draught failed, this loyal emblem still flaunted in the breeze, thanks to a wire attached to its folds that lent it a fictitious air of animation. I wish I could say that, like *Sempronius* and the others, this attachment was invisible, but I cannot truthfully do so.

"ABOVE SUSPICION."

People who remember the splendid promises made by Mr. HERBERT TRENCH when he took up management at the Haymarket may well grow cynical over his latest method of encouraging English art. Even if, as I hesitate to believe, his ambitions have become purely commercial, I still cannot understand why he should have selected an adaptation of an ancient play of SARDOU's, based on a plot long known to everybody as having occurred both in history and recent drama. It is



FOUR BRAINS THAT REELED AS ONE.

Roberte de Boisemart Miss ALEXANDRA

De Mayran ... Mrs. CHARLES MAUDE.
De Boisemart ... Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Martial ... Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE.

the hallowed story of someone who has witnessed a crime but cannot, for fear of compromising a woman, give the evidence which should save an innocent man. Apart from an extremely clever piece of technique in the last Act there is no novelty or attraction in the play. Nor is there

anything French in it except the usual heavy catalogue of perplexing names and the usual travesty of justice familiar enough to the student of Gallic methods on or off the stage. As a rule in such plays there is at least a French maid who is a passable imitation of the real thing. But I never saw anything less French than the *Denise* of Miss AMY LAMBORN.

The clever mechanism of the Third Act, by which the criminal was trapped into self-exposure, appealed sharply to the intelligence but left the heart absolutely cold; for no one cared particularly about anybody's fate. Why should one be closely interested in the acquittal of an innocent man on whom one has never set eyes, who happens to be guiltless of the crime in question but is in another connection quite worth getting rid of?

We should have done poorly indeed without Mr. C. AUDREY SMITH, as President of the Court (with a private house conveniently attached to it). His appearance always brings an atmosphere of confidence. Mr. FRANCE made an attractive criminal. His sombre strength lay largely in the things he didn't say. Mr. CHARLES MAUDE, though he always took off and put on his cap at the right moment according to military etiquette, never quite persuaded me that he was a soldier; nor was I ever thoroughly harrowed by the embarrassments of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE as the wife whose virtue only remained "above suspicion" through an accident. There was not much saving humour in the play. Mr. LYALL SWEETIE, as a jurymen, had to sustain what there was of it; but his labours were strangely ineffective.

I look forward with curiosity to the next item in Mr. TRENCH's scheme for the redemption of British Drama. O. S.

MY DOUBLE.

OF all the souls of light
That love the pure and good
I am, without
A shade of doubt,
The most misunderstood.
My spirit weeps to write
The cause of all my trouble:
In some gay spark
Whose ways are dark
I have a dreadful double.

In vain I try to walk
In virtue's narrow ways,
Abjuring stalls
At music-halls,
And even SHAKESPEARE plays;



THE NEW PLEA.

Master (who believes that horse-racing is hurrying on the fall of the Empire). "COLEMAN, I PICKED UP A TURF GUIDE OUTSIDE THE COACH-HOUSE YESTERDAY."

Coachman. "YESTERDAY, SIR! THE VERY DAY AN AIRYPLANE PASSED OVER THE PLACE."

Yet foolish friends will talk
And hint they've seen me dally
Behind the scenes
With chorus queens
And ladies of the ballet.

In vain do I declare
That when they saw me ply
My heathen cleek
On Sunday week
Quite safe at church was I,
Politely handing there
In best churchwarden manner
The plate in which,
Though far from rich,
I'd dropped my modest tanner.

Since all the world's so sure
About the things I do

That even I
Can scarce deny
That what they say is true,
My brain grows insecure,
My reeling reason totters,
And I in time
Shall think that I'm
Indeed the prince of rotters.
And, as from day to day,
The scandal grows more black
Until it's vain
To try to gain
My reputation back,
Instead of turning grey
With all this toil and trouble,
Why should I not
Amend my lot
And really be my double?

THE HOUSE WARMING.

I.—WORK FOR ALL.

"WELL," said Dahlia, "what do you think of it?"

I knocked the ashes out of my after-breakfast pipe, arranged the cushions of my deck chair, and let my eyes wander lazily over the house and its surroundings. After a year of hotels and other people's houses, Dahlia and Archie had come into their own.

"I've no complaints," I said happily.

A vision of white-and-gold appeared in the doorway and glided over the lawn toward us—Myra with a jug.

"None at all," said Simpson, sitting up eagerly.

"But Thomas isn't quite satisfied with one of the bathrooms, I'm afraid. I heard him saying something in the passage about it this morning when I was inside."

"I asked if you'd gone to sleep in the bath," explained Thomas.

"I hadn't. It is practically impossible, Thomas, to go to sleep in a cold bath."

"Except, perhaps, for a Civil Servant," said Blair.

"Exactly. Of the practice in the Admiralty Thomas can tell us later on. For myself I was at the window looking at the beautiful view."

"Why can't you look at it from your own window instead of keeping people out of the bathroom?" grunted Thomas.

"Because the view from my room is an entirely different one."

"There is no stint in this house," Dahlia pointed out.

"No," said Simpson, jumping up excitedly.

Myra put the jug of cider down in front of us.

"There!" she said. "Please count it, and see that I haven't drunk any on the way."

"This is awfully nice of you, Myra. And a complete surprise to all of us except Simpson. Will you be out here again to-morrow about this time?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the extremely jolly sound of liquid falling from a height.

Just as it was coming to an end Archie appeared suddenly among us and dropped on the grass by the side of Dahlia. Simpson looked guiltily at the empty jug, and then leant down to his host.

"To-morrow!" he said in a stage whisper. "About the same time."

"I doubt it," said Archie.

"I know it for a fact," protested Simpson.

"I'm afraid Myra and Samuel made an assignation for this morning," said Dahlia.

"There's nothing in it, really," said Myra. "He's only trifling with me. He doesn't mean anything."

Simpson buried his confused head in his glass, and proceeded to change the subject.

"We all like your house, Archie," he said.

"We do," I agreed, "and we think it's very nice of you to ask us down to open it."

"It is rather," said Archie.

"We are determined, therefore, to do all we can to give the house a homey appearance. I did what I could for the bathroom this morning. I flatter myself that the taint of newness has now been dispelled."

"I was sure it was you," said Myra. "How do you get the water right up the walls?"

"Easily. Further, Archie, if you want any suggestions as to how to improve the place our ideas are at your disposal."

"For instance," said Thomas, "where do we play cricket?"

"By the way, you fellows," announced Simpson, "I've given up playing cricket."

We all looked at him in consternation.

"Do you mean you've given up *bowling*?" said Dahlia with wide-open eyes.

"Aren't you ever going to walk to the wickets again?" asked Blair.

"Aren't you ever going to walk back to the pavilion again?" asked Archie.

"What will Montgomeryshire say?" wondered Myra in tones of awe.

"May I have your belt and your sand-shoes?" I begged.

"It's the cider," said Thomas. "I knew he was overdoing it."

Simpson fixed his glasses firmly on his nose and looked round at us benignly.

"I've given it up for golf," he observed.

"Traitor," said everyone.

"And the Triangular Tournament next year," added Myra.

"You could make a jolly little course round here," went on the infatuated victim. "If you like, Archie, I'll—"

Archie stood up and made a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "at 11.30 to-morrow precisely I invite you to the paddock beyond the kitchen garden."

"Myra and I have an appointment," put in Simpson hastily.

"A net will be erected," Archie went on, ignoring him, "and Mr. Simpson will take his stand therein, while we all bowl at him—or, if any prefer it, at the wicket—for five minutes. He will then bowl at us for an hour, after which he will have another hour's smart fielding practice."

If he is still alive and still talks about golf, why then I won't say but what he mightn't be allowed to plan out a little course—or, at any rate, to do a little preliminary weeding."

"Good man," said Simpson.

"And if anybody else thinks he has given up cricket for ludo or croquet or oranges and lemons, then he can devote himself to planning out a little course for that too—or anyhow to removing a few plantains in preparation for it. In fact, ladies and gentlemen, all I want is for you to make yourselves as happy and as useful as you can."

"It's what you're here for," said Dahlia. A. A. M.

THE ART OF SOCIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

[Suggested by a recent announcement in the "Court and Society" column of *The Times*.]

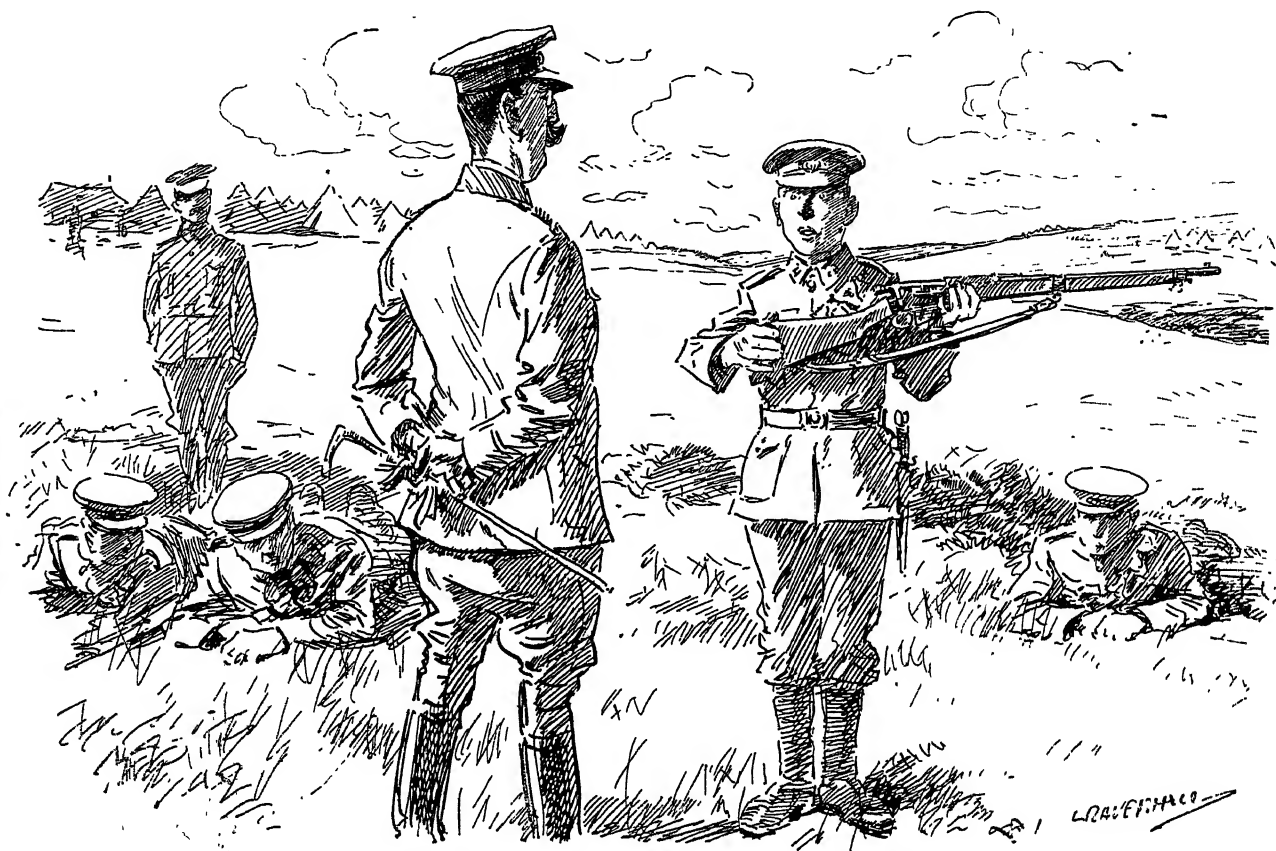
SIR PAUL BURNSMITH and Sir Peter and Lady Wragge gave an evening party on Friday at 141, Arlington Street, which was wittily described on the cards of invitation as a "Wragge-time." The description was apt, for everything connected with the entertainment was replete with Bohemian jocosity. The studio had been converted for the nonce into a *café chantant*, where a troupe of vivacious Greek *virtuosi* from Greek Street, Soho, discoursed appropriate music, while the area was charmingly illuminated with moderator lamps. During the evening there was a mock Russian ballet in which an exquisitely ridiculous burlesque of the Muscovite artists was given, Sir Paul Burnsmith impersonating the Premier Buffoon with extraordinary verve and agility. The entertainment concluded with a dance, in which all the guests took part, great hilarity being evoked by an "Angel Cake-walk," in which the angels, "after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS," were impersonated by Lady Wragge's three charming daughters, Trixie, Topsy, and Turvey. Among those present were the Cabinet and the Opposition Front Bench; Lady Betty Corker; Viscount and Viscountess Cashley St. Vitus; Baron Medulla; Lady Florence Owbridge; Sir Hector and Lady Condry; Lady Cara Cass; Mr. and Mrs. Eno Salter; Lady Magnesia Dinnesford; the Marchioness of Mull; Lord Harelip; Sir Uther and Lady Pupe; Miss Marie Tartini; and Archdeacon Tinkler.

MOTTO FOR TO-DAY: It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having exempt from faults, as the having tace to us.
East London Daily Dispatch.

This thought has cheered us in many a lonely hour.



INSTEAD OF JUST THE ORDINARY GARDEN PARTY, WHY NOT A GARDENING PARTY? THE GUESTS WOULD THEN FEEL THAT THEY WERE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL. OF COURSE THERE WOULD BE MISTAKES, BUT THESE COULD EASILY BE RECTIFIED BY THE PROPER GARDENERS AFTERWARDS.



Officer (at distance judging practice). "WELL, HAVE YOU LEARNT ANYTHING NEW TO-DAY?"

Private. "YES, SIR; IF YOU TAKES THE BOLT OUT OF YOUR RIFLE AND LOOKS THROUGH THE BARREL AND A MAN JUST FITS INSIDE HE'S THREE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY."

Officer. "AND WHAT IS THERE REMARKABLE ABOUT THAT?"

Private (after consideration). "NOTHIN', 'CEPT THAT I DIDN'T KNOW IT BEFORE."

THE TEST.

To saunter in with new and shining blade,
Ready to flick the boundaries by the dozen,
Musing of all the hundreds you have made,
And oh! that yonder sits your pretty cousin;
To take "two-leg" with supercilious mien,
As though 'twere almost *infra dig.* to do it;
To make hot fieldsmen stagger with the screen,
Until the bowler's arm comes nicely through it;
To turn a lordly gaze upon them all;
To mark mid-off discreetly going deeper;
To ease your wrists at an imagined ball;
To joke untrembling with the wicket-keeper;
To pat and prod the already perfect pitch
(Left newly gleaming from the recent roller);
To give your trousers their supremest hitch . . .
And then, at last, be ready for the bowler;
To do all this—and, in the end, to be
Outed at once for absolutely zero!
Here is the test of true philosophy,
This is the thing that tries the petted hero.

REDPOLL.

You least of linnets with your crimson crest
And rosy flush across a little breast
That holds—let one admirer now aver—
The cheerful heart of a philosopher,
Never a day beneath our changing sky
But sees your small form lightly flitting by,
Nor English common gay with gorse or broom
But hears you calling from some golden bloom;
And never, alas! a bird-shop in the land
But sets you, for a penny, in one's hand,
Although of window-starers, more's our shame,
Not one in fifty knows your jolly name.
And yet, fresh-torn from liberty and mate,
We find you cheerily settling to your fate;
Opening a seed-box in your prison cell
And drawing water from a mimic well.
But I, for one, still pay the ransom "brown"
To loose you, eager, to your breezy down;
And hail you, free or pent 'mid city stones,
The bonniest little birdlet England owns.

"It may not be so generally known that a belief prevails among seafaring men that the vessel whose name ends in A rests, also, under an evil spell."—*Manchester Courier.*

It can't rest under a worse one than that.

"Bardsley was clean bowled by a ball from Mr. Falcon from the pavilion which was well pitched up."—*The Times.*
It would need to be.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Welsh Dragon. "WELCOME TO YOUR PRINCEDOM!"

Prince of Wales (aside). "AS NICE A DRAGON AS I EVER HOPE TO MEET."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday July 3.—In an assembly somewhat enervated by irresolution, where opposition is hampered by tendency to let I dare not wait upon I would, there is something refreshingly breezy about WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. He is the Minstrel Boy of the House of Lords. To-night, as usual, he to the war is gone; in the ranks of death you'll find him. The ancestral sword fleshed on Bosworth Field he has girded on, and his wild harp (in the form of absolutely hopeless amendment of Veto Bill) he has slung behind him. Let others frame Amendments, move them with reckless audacity almost amounting to bluster and run away when time comes for division. DE BROKE has no sympathy with such tactics.

Moved amendment stipulating that no Bill twice rejected by the Peers shall receive Royal assent until it has been submitted to electors either at a general election or by referendum.

"This, my Lords," he proudly said, "is a root amendment."



"A ROOT AMENDMENT!"

LANSDOWNE thoroughly shocked at the irresponsible truculency of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Artlessly put forward as a recommendation, this phrase proved to be a fatal offence.

"A root amendment!" exclaimed LANSDOWNE with hands uplifted in horror. "We have passed the Second Reading of the Bill and cannot support changes that may be fairly described as going to its root."

DE BROKE, most loyal of privates in the Unionist army, incapable of understanding *nuances* of that kind. Not only insisted on taking division but vowed that if Amendment were rejected he would move to throw out Bill on Third Reading.

"*A moi!*" he cried, waving his sword toward back benches of Opposition camp.

Time was (before Budget Bill of 1909 was thrown out) when the appeal would have been answered by a couple of hundred lusty backwoods-men. A great deal has happened since then. To-night only seventeen responded to the battle-cry, the majority of ninety being swelled by BROKE's own camp friends and companions dear.

Business done.—Commons spent sitting in discussing Second Reading Naval Prize Bill, which proposes to enact principle of Declaration of London. Weighty debate followed on Amendment by BUTCHER, deferring passing of Bill until question be reported on by Commission of experts. Rumour of dissension in Ministerial ranks lent interest to division. In full House of 532 Members Amendment rejected by majority of 70. Bill forthwith read second time without division.

Announcement of figures notable for introduction of new form of oburgation presumably parliamentary since the SPEAKER offered no objection. Angry shouts of "Traitors! Traitors!" rose from Opposition benches. PREMIER regarded ominous demonstration with customary phlegm. GREY, who is younger and constitutionally more emotional, was observed to assure himself by furtive examination that his head was still on his shoulders, and Tower Hill, though approachable to-day by motor-bus, still afar off.

Wednesday.—Looked in just now to see how Constitution fared. No one regarding scene would imagine that it was in dire peril. COURTNEY on his legs addressing moderately full but slightly bored audience. Not in his highest mood of inspiration. Touch of melancholy in his voice foreboding unexpected development of principle of proportional representation by threatened influx of 500 new Peers. With delicate instinct discarded for the occasion the yellow waistcoat that in other days flashed contradiction on the House of Commons. In its place displays mediocre white garment any ordinary man might wear.

House being in Committee Woolsack tenantless. LORD CHANCELLOR, ungowned and bare of head, discovered on Ministerial bench. Grateful for absence of wig with which he habitually wrestles as if it were a local Liberal

claiming seat on Magisterial Bench. Mind ruffled by news just to hand confirming report that, as soon as Veto Bill is out of hand, possibly even next week, those pesky Radicals in t'other House will be on again with inconvenient questions about Borough and County Magistracy. Was himself a Radical once, and knows what that sort of fellow is capable of.

Near LORD CHANCELLOR sits JOHN MORLEY, exhausted with defiance of



"The yellow waistcoat that in other days flashed contradiction on the House of Commons," but was now "with delicate instinct discarded for the occasion."

(LORD COURTNEY OF PENWITH.)

overwhelming numerical force of Opposition. On other side of table is LANSDOWNE, alert, with wistful hope that COURTNEY's white waistcoat may imply a flag of truce, breaking the steadiness of the small but resolute band of Ministerialists. Everyone grieved to know that LEADER OF OPPOSITION not yet fully recovered from attack of illness that some weeks ago compelled withdrawal from the lists. Nevertheless, duty calling, he is back again at a post just now environed by circumstances of exceptional difficulty.

Most notable figure on historic stage is that of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. Never was seen in equally brief space of time such complete metamorphosis. Is this the fact that launched a hundred thousand Territorials and stormed the topmost heights of Aldershot? Is this the NAPOLEON B. HALDANE whose martial bearing suffused Treasury Bench in Commons with such warlike atmosphere that old soldiers as they passed him on the way, inward or outward, instinctively squared their shoulders

and murmured, "Left, right — left, right." Since he quitted the Commons seems to have lost a stone in weight. Limp lies the Napoleonic curl on his massive brow; faded is the light of battle in his eyes; inert the once military figure.

All of which, SARK says, comes of being a Viscount.

Business done. — LANSDOWNE'S amendment riddling Veto Bill carried by 253 votes against 46.

House of Commons, Thursday. — At Question-time series of conundrums put to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER with respect to Insurance Bill. Scene watched from distinguished 'Strangers' Gallery by swarthy visitor from the East, whose spotless white burnouse was through the sultry afternoon refreshing to the sight, a thing of envy to the heart.

With assistance of copy of Orders of the Day his Highness closely followed process of cross-examination. Particularly struck by question addressed by LOCKER-LAMPSON, who wanted to know "whether any calculations have been made to show that the reserve values of spinsters on marriage will, after accumulation during marriage, suffice for the re-insurance at original rates of widows who subsequently become employed persons?"

"Ha," murmured the visitor, the light of pleased recognition beaming in his lustrous brown eyes. "Have often heard of custom among this strange people of selling their wives at Smif Field, whither they conduct them with a rope round their neck. Been denied; but here is the principle proposed to be embodied in Act of Parliament. Spinsters evidently put up for sale in marriage market with reserve values privily fixed, as is custom in ordinary auction-room. Accumulation during marriage probably refers to family prospects. Not quite certain whether the children are also to be sold, the proceeds added to reserve value of their mothers whilst yet spinsters. But it is clear that, by far-seeing wisdom of Parliament, widows are to be provided for by process of re-insurance, which, prejudice apart, is better than tuttee. A little complicated perhaps for a foreigner. But illuminative as illustrating the minute, far-reaching care of British Parliament for daily needs in humblest domestic circles."

Business done. — In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Extract from a parent's letter:

"My child as got a weak place on her brains if you look that's the reason I have to keep her away from school to rest it."

If only we *could* look sometimes.

PROMISING BEGINNINGS.

WE understand that a suggestion has been recently made that a Central Bureau be established with a view to providing likely titles to distracted novelists. Not to be outdone in a cause—the encouragement of literature—which we have always made our own, we beg to announce our intention of going one better. It is not, we believe, so much the lack of titles that has deprived the public of that great wealth of unwritten novels which might even now have been upon our bookstalls, as the difficulty which the writer experiences of getting under way—the icy and forbidding aspect of the blank white sheet that stonily repels the pen.

We have pleasure therefore in giving below a first instalment, by Our Own Expert, of PROMISING BEGINNINGS.



Viscount MORLEY reflects on the question whether a life-long adherence to the principle of "Government of the People, for the People, by the People" is compatible with a blank refusal even to consider the proposal to consult them at every important juncture.

FOR AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

I am a plain, blunt man; and John my name. I have no trick of words. For I am ever more at home, as you shall see—else is my task ill done—with halberd and with musketoon and score of stout fellows at my back than cramped and cabined at the toil of the scrivener. But as it hath so happened that false rumour is abroad and the memory of my dear lord is like to suffer for it, and none remains but I to tell the truth of this my tale, I needs must make the best on 't. For I have played my part, albeit but an humble one, in great affairs; and yet plain John am I, and blunt at that.

It fell out, then, on a fair June morning that my lord rode forth—

FOR A MID-VICTORIAN ROMANCE.

That night in the cellars of the gentry through bin and bottle froze the ruddy

wine; and on the humble doorstep of the poor the morning's milk was solid in the can. For such a frost struck at the heart of this old England as even old Bill Widdicombe, who has lived below the Dell these fifty years, could not call to mind the match of.

And the first I heard of it—

FOR A FEUILLETON.

Lady Martha Stanley curled herself up on the sofa, impatiently flicking the ash off her cigarette with the point of her scarlet slipper.

"There is not a word of truth in it," she said coldly. "I didn't."

The Vicomte Cordon de Val smiled indulgently.

"Oh, yes, you did," he observed.

"I tell you I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"I never did."

"You did."

"Didn't."

"Did."

There was a long pause. The room resounded to the snap of his steel-grey eyes as he gazed intently at her.

"And what if I did?" she said at last.

He had conquered.

FOR A STORY, TO BE ENTITLED "FROM KAILYARD TO CABINET."

The whaups (*see Glossary*) were calling far and wide across the purple moor as Davie reached the brig (bridge) at the foot of the Lang Brae (long hill). There he paused and cast a last, sad, hungry look at the little clachan (*see Glossary*) far above, where—well he knew—a frail old woman in a doorway was watching, through her tears, the fast-retreating form of "her ain laddie." The whaups continued calling.

As he shook the drops from his plaidie (shawl), Davie then and there, in his own dour, stubborn way, registered a solemn vow that he would never cross that brig again, upon his homeward journey, till he could do so as a Cabinet Minister, in a private motor-car. Far other were the thoughts of his old mither (mother), who was trying to calculate, with her native thrift, the postage on his weekly washing. It is the way of the world. And still the whaups were calling.

The purpose of this tale is to show how Davie kept his vow; but through all the stirring scenes of his career he will not be allowed—if we can help it—to lose sight of the homely background of the little clachan, the mither at the wash-tub—and the calling of the whaups.

GLOSSARY.

Whaup: A moor-bird, frequenting the graves of martyrs.

Clachan: A sort of small village where it is raining and they burn peat.



Hogan. "I'LL NOT GO OUT. 'T WAS A THRIAL BALL."

Umpire. "BUT IT WASN'T THE FIRST BALL HE BOWLED YE."

Hogan. "BEGOB, 'T WAS THE FIRST OF THAT KIND."

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

Tuesday.—Last night I finished my novel, *Beauty's Ensign*. I remember reading somewhere that GEORGE SAND, if she finished a novel at 2 A.M., would begin another before she went to bed. I did not begin another novel, but I wrote a sonnet to Selene. The first line runs, "Eternal arbitress of Death and Life." I read it to Peter at breakfast. He said, "Very fine and large," and in the same breath went on to ask whether he mightn't have some marmalade which didn't taste of cocaine. Then he went off to the train humming a deplorable tune—I think from *The Caramel Girl*—and observing "that men must work and housemaids must sweep." This form of humour (?) is to me most repulsive—almost as repulsive as the need of interviewing the cook. From 10 to 11 I gave Lilith her lesson in English. I find that Peter habitually alludes to her as "my unfortunate daughter." When I asked him why, he said, "Because in deference to your wishes I allowed her to be christened Lilith Sieglinde. If she marries she will have to change her surname, Brandon; which is a jolly good name, and she will have to stick to her Christian names, which are Pagan and absurd." Could anything be more horribly *borne* than such a view!

Between 11 and 12.45 I wrote three sonnets on the Young Turks. The first was passable, the second moderate,

but the third was *wonderful*. I am sending them to THOMAS HARDY for his candid opinion.

Lunched off curried walnuts and a violet omelette. In the afternoon motored for two hours. Swift motion always excites my poetic impulse, and I improvised the greater part of a short ode to Mr. LANCHESTER, to the tune and metre of "Farewell, Manchester."

Peter came home to dinner in a good temper because he had "made a scoop," whatever that awful expression may mean. I read him my sonnets, and he said, "What's wrong with the Young Turks is that they want to spend too much money on Turkish Delight." Discouraged but persevering, I then read him my ode. His comment, "There's money in that," is the highest compliment he is capable of paying. Sang Lilith to sleep with a lullaby in the whole-tone scale. The dear child seemed feverish. Dictated to my secretary, Miss Pedder, from 10 till 12.

Wednesday.—Up with the lark and dictated to my Secretary from 6 to 8. Some lovely thoughts bubbled up in my brain. But I am strangely perplexed whether the following stanza is really my own, or whether I have read it somewhere:—

"Nature asks not whence or how,
Nature cares not why;
'Tis enough that Thou art Thou
And that I am I."

Alas! Peter struck a jarring note at breakfast, when he complained of the

bacon. I observed that the remedy was very simple, and, breaking into verse, continued:—

"He who begins the day on flesh of swine—
Is no true votary of the Muses Nine."

On which Peter retorted with this dreadful couplet:—

"She who abstains from the nutritious pig
Is certain to become a first-class prig."

I gave Peter a glance before which he visibly wilted and left the room. Can there be a greater tragedy than when a woman of genius links her life to that of an ordinary man? This has been a sad day. Peter, vulgar; Lilith, wilful and almost deserving chastisement for asserting that "putrid" was a better word than "unlovely"; Miss Pedder more than usually stupid. Thus she spelled amaranth with two "m's." But what can you expect of a girl cruelly burdened with the name of Amelia Pedder? I have decided to call her Miss Peveril during the rest of her engagement, and the determination has already raised my spirits.

(To be continued.)

"London, June 7.—The Cambridge tripos examinations having concluded the remaining days of the term are devoted to gaieties. The boat races commenced this evening, but the rowing generally hardly equals the previous year's. Pemkroke College for the first time is expected to gain premier position in amateur theatricals.—*Panama Star*."

We had had an idea that Pemkroke were going head of the footlights th's year.

"A HOME FROM HOME."

THE Booking Clerk was losing his temper—all the more quickly because Algernon, on the safe side of the wire grating, remained in an exasperating state of calm.

"I think I make myself clear," said Algernon. "You are advertising these towns, not I. I want two tickets for that place where a large red sun sets immediately behind two tall black pine trees. You must know where I mean. Such a symmetrical landscape!"

The Booking Clerk was silent.

"Come now," said Algernon. "I won't be hard on you. If you can't manage that, I don't mind going to the place with the bright yellow sea and blue fishing smacks."

The Booking Clerk handed him two tickets in desperation.

"Southsands-on-Sea," read Algernon.

I didn't know the spot myself. Algernon remembered he had been there, though never before by the Overland Route. On arrival I placed myself entirely in his hands. He showed me round the town with an almost proprietary air. In a place like this, he explained, it was possible, while working on a most economical plan, to have a holiday full of exciting and novel experiences. For instance, he said, here we should buy our dinner ourselves direct from the manufacturer to avoid the middleman's profit.

I called his attention to a "Family" Butcher's.

"Rupert," he said sorrowfully, "you mean well, but you are unreflective. This man is candid at the expense of his commercial instincts. He avows that he is a family man. Can we, in whom he has no domestic interest, expect to be treated as liberally by a man who admittedly has to support a number of little prospective butchers as by one who hasn't a care upon him? Why, every oddment of bone or alien piece of fat he can weigh with his customer's purchase means so much towards a provision for his family. I don't blame him, Rupert. Charity begins at home, of course. But let us also remember that."

I felt the weight of his words and we passed on.

I lost Algernon later in the day, but at nightfall we met again and he led me with an air of mystery to a dingy little hostelry which he had selected.

I arose early the next morning, but Algernon was late for breakfast. He came at last with a face full of misgiving. I ate my lukewarm bacon in resignation and silence and waited for his confidences. At last he spoke.

"Rupert," he said in an awed whisper, "have you ever met a Cyclist?"

I reflected a moment, then answered, "Yes—when I was young."

"What was he like, Rupert?"

"Normal, average—when away from his bicycle you wouldn't have known him from the rest of his kind."

"Extraordinary! Did he devote his life to good works, self-denial and so on?"

"Never, in my experience of him."

"Did he try to convert people to his cult—his way of thinking?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Anyhow, I'm glad I'm not a cyclist. I haven't the right stuff in me. Their hardships, their patient endurance and all that appal me."

I waited for enlightenment. It came.

"Rupert," he breathed, "this—this—is 'Good Accommodation for Cyclists.' Oh, Rupert," he said, his eyes filling with tears, "do you think a Cyclist ever meets accommodation that he considers really bad?"

I took him by the hand and led him out into the fresh air. He revived presently and spoke again.

"I see it all," he said, and pointed to a board which I had failed to notice the previous evening. I read the legend, "A Home from Home."

"A Home from Home," Algernon went on. "Think of that. What pathos! A home—yes—but strayed far, we can never know how far, from its abiding-place. And we in our thoughtless ignorance have been abusing it. This home has a past, perhaps in Brixton or Bayswater. Can't you think of its owner years ago saying to his wife, 'My love, the home is looking a bit run down; let us send it to some health-resort and see what that will do for it?' And they sent it here. It was wrong, Rupert, very wrong. Possibly they sinned in ignorance. This home, I feel convinced, wanted a more bracing atmosphere. Here it settled down and became what it is. The chairs, miles from their accustomed haunts, became depressed and the very mattress on my bed was thin and emaciated. You could feel every bone in it, Rupert. How was yours? There is one of life's tragedies here. Think of the owner visiting his home full of hope—and seeing it as it is. He didn't persevere. He deserted it cruelly and shamefully. Things went from bad to worse—no longer a home worthy of the name, merely"—he cast about in his mind for a suitable appellation—"merely a 'Good Accommodation for Cyclists.'"

Then I also understood, and for a time we were too moved for speech. Algernon broke the silence.

"I don't think I really care for the bright yellow sea and the blue fishing-smacks—in a place so full of

sad associations," he said. "I don't think the strangest colours would move me to enthusiasm after what I've suffered."

There was a pause.

"I should like to meet that Booking Clerk again," said Algernon thoughtfully.

"I believe he's 'At Home' every day from about 6 a.m. till midnight at Liverpool Street Station," I answered.

"Let us go and see," said Algernon.

INLAND GOLF.

I HATE the dreadful hollow, in the shade of the little wood,
Its lips in the grass above are bearded with flame-gold whin;
I have tried to forget the past, to play the shot as I should,
But echo there, however I put it, answers me, "In!"

For there in that ghastly pit long years ago I was found,
Playing the sad three-more, interring the sphere where it fell;
Mangled and flattened and hacked and dented deep in the ground,
My ball had the look that is joy to the loafer with balls to sell.

Down at the foot of the cliff, whose shadow makes dusk of the dawn,
Maddened I stood and muttered, making a friend of despair;
Then out I climbed while the wind that had tricked me began to fawn,
Politely removing the sand that had made a mat of my hair.

Why do they prate of the blessings of golf on an inland course
Where the "pretty" is but the plain, the "rough," prehensile hay,
That yields up the ball (if at all) to a reckless *tour de force*,
And mocks with rippling mirth your search in it day by day.

And the lost-ball madness flushes up in the 12-man's head,
When the breeze brings down the impatient, contemptuous "Fore!"
Till he gives it up at last and, dropping another instead,
Enviies those fortunate folk, the dead, who need golf no more.

Political Intelligence.

We understand that in consequence of the recent strain of public engagements in connection with the Coronation festivities, a pair for the rest of the season has been arranged between Master ANTHONY ASQUITH and Miss MEEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



HOSPITALITY AT HENLEY.

Chorus (to unfortunate swimmer). "Go AWAY! Go AWAY!"

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

Malta. It is no use appealing to us to champion you. The fact that you kept the regiment one hour and a half on parade is deplorable. Your excuse that the men were precious bad at "marching past" and that you were on the eve of the G.O.C.'s annual inspection will not lessen the gravity of the offence in the eyes of the "Court." It will, however, be in your favour that you allowed the canteen to be open for two hours extra after the men came off parade.

Last Joined (Chatham). An eye-glass is worn occasionally by very young and inexperienced officers; but we do not advise you to use one when you join the battalion.

"Sub," Plymouth. Indeed you are mistaken. A board of officers to condemn two "part worn" great coats is as important a military requirement as a court-martial for murder. The fact that your cab-fare from Trigantal cost the Government 18/6, and that the value of the coats totalled 4/8½, would not impress the House

Field Officer, R.A. (Abroad). The

following list may help you. No wonder you are perplexed to know when to wear your hats:—

Forage cap (gold-laced). *Military use:* Going to mess on guest nights. *Home use:* In the garden and to amuse the children.

Field-service cap (blue). *Military use:* Going to mess on rainy nights. *Home use:* At fancy balls.

Brown "Kitchener" helmet. *Military use:* Ordinary parades. *Home use:* At the photographer's—most becoming.

Brown slouch hat. *Military use:* On manoeuvres. *Home use:* To frighten the children when naughty.

Blue cap, with peak. *Military use:* With the frock-coat when visiting ships, etc., etc. *Home use:* At Salvation Army meetings.

White helmet, with fittings. *Military use:* On church parade and at D.C.M.'s. *Home use:* To interview the cook on Sunday morning.

Khaki field-service cap. *Military use:* When visiting sick in hospital, and can be worn at night when turning out the main guard.

[N.B.—It is not advisable on clear nights as you may be seen by higher authorities.] *Home use:* May be used as a tea cosy or a mat for vegetable dishes.

Straw hat pugaree and badge. *Military use:* When it is 92° in the shade. *Home use:* This hat with a little pale blue ribbon, a few forget-me-nots, and slightly tilted on the left side, will make a pretty summer hat for Madam.

Khaki peaked cap, with bronze badge. *Military use:* Anywhere and at any time. *Home use:* Presented to the garrison church it makes a neat "collection bag" when held by the peak.

"Mrs. — then sang the National Anthem, the large assembly, inspired by her full-throated rendering, who was decidedly sweet, joining in the loyal chorus, so to speak."

The Acton Express.

As it were, as one might say.

"For Sale.—Thirty Cross-bred Hens ready to lay three shillings and sixpence apiece."—*Advt. in "Natal Witness."*

This is really sporting of them, but—couldn't they make it four shillings?

ON SHOW.

"THERE seems to be quite a lot of marring done nowadays," I observed to Penelope at the reception.

"Yes, it does appear to be coming in again," she assented thoughtfully. "One has to do *something* now that rinking's gone out. Next year there'll be some new crazes started, and weddings will have become suburban."

"Personally," I said, "I like to see these old customs revived. When you and I were young——"

"Are you too hopelessly attached to the refreshments to take me to see the presents?" There was a touch of asperity in Penelope's voice which betrayed her sensitiveness on the subject of her age. She is still some months short of twenty-one.

We went into the library, which had been converted for the afternoon into a kind of silversmith's show-room. To me it is always rather a repellent spectacle, this profuse and barbaric display of gleaming spoil, representing, as it were, the "takings" of the performance. One seems to picture the bride and bridegroom saying: "We've not done so badly out of it, have we?" Penelope, however, appeared to be in her element among the loaded tables, for she examined each article, and the card attached thereto, with a laborious thoroughness and a critical, calculating expression, for all the world as if she were a dealer called in to give an estimate for the lot.

In front of her own present she came to a rather obvious halt. It was a silver inkpot, with a little clock inserted in the underneath side of the lid. I should never have guessed about the little clock if she hadn't lifted the lid to show me; and I noticed that when she passed on she left it open.

"But won't they find it disturbing," I asked her, "when they're writing an important letter to have the flight of time continually thrown in their faces? It would put me off my game entirely."

"This," replied Penelope, pointing dramatically to the bauble, "is a significant product of the Age of Bustle. People are apt to spend far more time than they can afford over useless correspondence. It ought to do a lot of good."

"Truth," I said in my best epigrammatic vein, "resides at the bottom of a well, Time at the top of an inkwell." Not discouraged by the reception of this *jeu d'esprit*, I continued rhetorically. "But where," I said, "is this passion for clocks to end? Are we always to be admonished of the fleeting minutes? Soon we shall be finding the hour

staring at us from the bottom of our teacups!"

"What did you give?"

I saw that it was useless to pursue the subject further, so I indicated the most imposing article on the table—a huge silver lamp that made the rest of the presents look insignificant. Penelope was suspicious enough, however, to examine the card, which effectually disposed of my pretensions. Meekly I led her to a tiny sweet-dish.

"Very pretty," she said, as her nose assumed its most scornful angle. "What's it for?"

"Ostensibly," I explained, "it's a coal-scuttle, but by pressing a secret spring you can convert it into a spare-bed. But it has no clock," I added cynically.

When I came upon Penelope again, she was standing once more in front of her inkpot, and once more lifting the lid, which some unfeeling person had closed down. A sombre individual in a semi-white waistcoat was regarding her with a carelessly watchful eye. I drew her aside.

"Do you see that man over there?" I whispered. "He's a detective, and he suspects you of designs on your own inkpot."

"Oh, how thrilling!" exclaimed Penelope. "Do steal something, just to liven him up a bit."

"Doesn't he play his part splendidly? See how interested he appears to be in the presents; and all the while he's wondering whether you'll go quietly or whether he'll have to call for assistance. And he's got quite ordinary boots on."

"Then how do you know he's a detective?"

"I've been to five weddings in the last fortnight, and he's appeared at every one of them; that's why his waistcoat is only semi-white now. We're quite old friends. He never stirs away from the presents, and I've asked him to keep a special eye on mine to-day, because it would be so awkward if anybody picked it up and accidentally pressed the secret spring. A spare bed would look a little out of place among all these things."

"Well, it's been a horridly dull afternoon," said Penelope, "and I do think you might be a sportsman and pinch something for me, if it's only an ice or some of those little pink cakes."

"But you've already had—— Oh well, you may as well get something for your money," I murmured, as I conveyed her back to the refreshments. "But I should have been very ill indeed if I'd tried to get my money's worth during the last fortnight."

"I doubt it," said Penelope. "I've given those things myself."

DEDUCTIONS ON THE LINKS.

To my mind nothing is more mentally stimulating than playing golf with a perfect stranger. From the somewhat inconsequent dialogues which are apt to occur on such occasions, one has considerable opportunity for making deductions as to the character and career of one's opponent. Moreover, it is perfectly immaterial whether the deductions so made are correct or not. Only the other day fate offered me facilities for exercising my reasoning powers on the person of an unknown gentleman with whom I fixed up a match. The results are appended. I should mention that the said gentleman was of a corpulent middle age.

PRELIMINARY DEDUCTION.

My opponent, while refusing to play for half-a-crown, is willing to stake sixpence on match. I deduce that he is of a parsimonious disposition and carefully examine his nose.

HOLE 1.

Opponent discusses weather. Not therefore of an original turn of mind. All square.

HOLE 2.

Deduce that there is a distinct originality about opponent's golf. Self 1 up.

HOLE 3.

Deduce opponent is a rabbit. Self 2 up.

HOLE 4.

Silence. Deem it tactful not to speak to opponent. Self 3 up.

HOLE 5.

I visit strange places. Opponent commends golf as an inculcator of patience. He has apparently not yet learnt that there is a time for speech and a time to refrain from speaking. Self 2 up.

HOLE 6.

Opponent breaks driver. Deduce that his remark on patience had a general and not a particular application. Self 3 up.

HOLE 7.

Opponent considers that in the long run half-crown balls are the cheapest. Confirms my preliminary deduction. Self 3 up.

HOLE 8.

Opponent tops new ball, which, after running 20 yards, sinks in pond beyond recovery. Deduce that in the short run half-crown balls are not always the cheapest. Self 4 up.

HOLE 9.

Opponent mentions his son. Deduce that he is or was married. Self 3 up.

HOLE 10.

Game delayed by two ladies, who argue on green. Opponent condemns female sex wholesale. Deduce that he is or has been unhappily married. Self 3 up. Hole halved in 11.

HOLE 11.

Opponent mentions his wife as not sharing his enthusiasm for golf. Deduce that she is unhappily married. Self 4 up.

HOLE 12.

Opponent complains of difficulty of getting matches on these links. Deduce that he is unpopular in club. Hole halved.

HOLE 13.

Opponent, after innumerable slashes in heather and visitation of three bunkers, arrives on green in 7 (so he says). Deduce that there is a reason for his unpopularity. Self 3 up.

HOLE 14.

My ball leaps into a Stygian pool. Quote "*Facilis descensus*," etc. From simulated look of comprehension on opponent's face deduce that he is not a Latin scholar. Self 2 up.

HOLE 15.

I miss six-inch putt. Opponent makes excuses for me in particularly offensive manner. I murmur, "*Qui m'excuse m'accuse*." Opponent obviously not a French scholar. Self 1 up.

HOLE 16.

Opponent jocularly remarks that he expects to relieve me of half-a-crown. Make the most lenient deduction possible, that he is blessed with a short memory. All square.

HOLE 17.

Too much occupied counting opponent's strokes to make deductions. All square.

HOLE 18.

I hole out a mashie shot and win match. Opponent ejaculates "'Elp.'" Deduce that moments of excitement disclose humility of origin.

EPILOGUE.

Learn from enquiries at Club house that opponent is third cousin to a backwood Peer. Suddenly remember he has omitted to pay me my sixpence. Left deducing.

The Passion for Music.

"Unofficial bank computations indicate that New York's loss this week has been 16,000,000 dollars (£3,200,000) cash on the payment for the new Government bonds."—*Standard*.



One of the ladies in the background (discussing the failings of a common acquaintance). "IF IT WERE ONLY CHLORAL, OR EVEN MORPHIA, BUT LAUDANUM, MY DEAR—LAUDANUM IS SO FRIGHTFULLY MIDDLE-CLASS."

THE HEAVY FANTASTIC.

ACCORDING TO *The Times* of July 4, Mme. PAVLOVA in *Le Cygne* "sends the spectator home to re-read

'Ruhig schwebend zart gesellig
Aber stolz und selbstgefällig
Wie sich Haupt und Schnabel regt—'
in *Faust's* vision of the swans," while in the *Bacchanale* she and M. MORDEKIN "evoke whole stanzas of *Atalanta*."

Patriotic theatre-goers will be glad to learn that it is not only foreign artistes who have this vivid power of literary suggestion.

Mr. Philip Pretious writes to us from The Gables, North Kensington, to say that he never sees Mr. HARRY

LAUDER or hears his bacchanalian ditties without being reminded of PINDAR's immortal remark, ἀριστον μὲν ἔδωκε. LITTLE TICH invariably sends him home to read the Autobiography of HERBERT SPENCER, and Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY evokes whole cantos of DANTE'S *Divina Commedia*.

On the other hand, Miss Phyllis Tyne writes to us to say that she never reads such notices as the above without being seized with a violent desire to re-read the poem in which the following couplet occurs:—

"Of all the torments that I most abhor
Heav'n guard me from the worst, the quoting
bore."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is only one page of *Flaws* (HUTCHINSON) to which I find myself taking any objection, and that is the title-page, because on this Miss JANE BARLOW adds to the name of her latest book the very inaccurate description "a novel." Whatever else *Flaws* may be—and it is many things at once unusual and charming—a novel it certainly is not. At first I thought that it was going to be one, when *Frances*, the superfluous and neglected daughter of the *Lathams*, having married to "disoblige" her family and been very decidedly cast off, returned to her childhood's home as a widow much richer than anyone in the neighbourhood had any idea of. The situation thus created appeared full of pleasant promise, and I was more than a little disappointed when all this turned out to be merely introductory to the use which *Frances*, deceased, ordered to be made of the wealth she left behind her. What was done with it was to build a kind of home, or rather collection of homes, called "The Half-Square," for reduced gentility. It is out of this foundation and the characters of its inmates that Miss BARLOW makes the chief part of her book; and the theme is one that suits her rambling, discursive style to a nicety. As a background we have a picture of middle-class Irish society, portrayed with a quiet humour that is always kindly, and never permits itself the least exaggeration towards the farcical. The reader who is out for sensation and a closely-knit plot might conceivably find *Flaws* disappointing; to a much larger number, especially to those who know the society of which it treats, the book will bring a store of lasting entertainment and pleasure.

If ever there was an English institution determined to survive the hostile attacks of its critics, that institution is Circuit. Members of Parliament, private individuals, and even the judges themselves, have tried from time to time to kill it, but still it flourishes, if a little subdued, nevertheless beloved of the Common Law Bar, marvelled at and possibly envied by the Chancery Bar, and treated with respect by a trustful public. That this last attitude is not more intelligent is due only to the fact that the institution has never attempted to justify or even explain itself to the lay mind, and it has remained for "A Western Circuit Tramp" (whose anonymity has not entirely defied the penetration of the Profession) to reveal its *raison d'être*, its practical use, and, more especially, its social constitution and humorous experiences. *Pie Powder* (MURRAY), being dust from the Law Courts, is by no means as dry as its title

would suggest, though the reader must be prepared for some technical matter by way of introduction. It is always entertaining and often droll, and the occasional verses are none the worse for being written (as I imagine) in the duller moments of Assize. It is eminently sane and corrective of the wild nonsense that is written about the law, and many a reader will suffer the agonies of disillusion with regard to the reputed innocence of criminals or even the romantic and heroic nature of their crimes. At the least the public may herein appreciate the sportsmanship of the Circuiteers, and, by way of recognition, will recover, it is hoped, from its present state of depression and return to the habit of litigation with something of its old vigour.

I could forgive or, at any rate, excuse Mr. HORACE NEWTE for unlawfully wounding and conspiring to subvert



North-Country Visitor (to friend, also North-Country). "COME ON, IT'S TOO QUIET HERE; WE'RE GETTING NO VALUE FOR OUR MONEY."
Friend. "NO VALUE? WHY, MAN, I CAN HEAR THREE BANDS AT ONCE!"

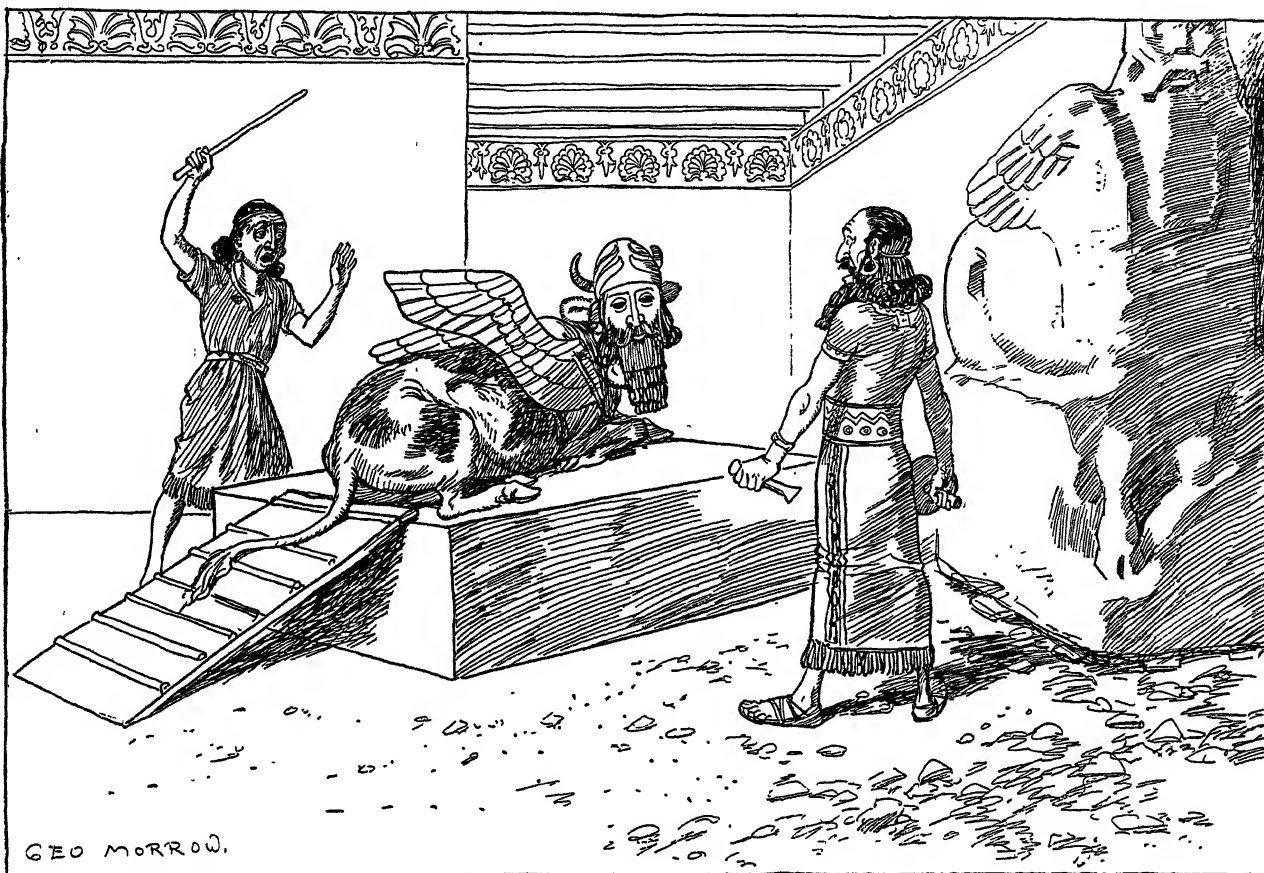
the King's English during the first half of *The Socialist Countess* (MILLS AND BOON), because he seemed to feel that he had a mission to fulfil on behalf of Tariff Reform and the Conservative Press. Not that I particularly sympathised with his sentiments, but I am always ready to make allowances for a seer in the heat of his inspiration. Later on, however, as the clarity of his vision seemed to fade whilst the obfuscation of his syntax was maintained, I began to feel less lenient. The plot of *The Socialist Countess* deals with the love of a daughter of the aristocracy for a talented young revolutionary of the lower classes, and the disillusionment she experiences when confronted by the low life of his relations, a theme which was utilized very recently by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM in his play, *Loaves and Fishes*. In reproducing a Mile End interior, and the conversation and manners of its inhabitants, the author has shown himself clever enough, but the only lesson I am able to draw in the end from what is apparently a polemical novel is that East is East, and West West, and that the two are incapable of meeting, except, I suppose, at Temple Bar. By the way, I ought to mention that in one place Mr. NEWTE has reproached a character for splitting an infinitive. I must remind him that the practice of hanging two or three harmless and loyal nominatives on almost every page (and in this year of all years!) is quite as treasonable an offence.

From an advt. in *The Sydney Daily Telegraph*:—

"Crystal Cut Glass Jug, with Electroplate £2 0 0
Less 20 per cent. 0 8 6

£1 13 6."

We doubt if even the generosity and large-mindedness of the division would quite console us for the thriftiness of the subtraction.



GEO MORROW.

AN ASSYRIAN SCULPTOR HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS MODEL.

CHARIVARIA.

It was a happy thought on the part of the PRINCE OF WALES to invite his parents to his Investiture as a return for the courtesy of being invited to their Coronation.

"I am a child of the House of Commons," confessed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE when he was entertained by the Press Gallery. Still, he must not keep on much longer using this as an excuse. He is getting a big boy by now.

An early English half-timbered dwelling house, dating from 1490, has been removed from Hawstead, Suffolk, and re-erected on the Marine Parade at Clacton-on-Sea. This experiment of prolonging the life of old houses by taking them to the sea-side will be watched with interest.

In New York, a contemporary tells us, a "woollen manufacturer" is suing his wife for a divorce on the ground that she frequently absents herself from him for whole days at a time to play cards. We must confess to a certain amount of sympathy for the wife. A woman's ideal is a man of

iron; a woollen manufacturer must be a peculiarly poor thing.

A correspondent asks: "Can an American be a J.P.?" Certainly. Take Mr. J. P. MORGAN.

We understand it was the hot weather more than anything else that caused the Government to consider the possibility of a compromise on the House of Lords question. The cruelty of thrusting 500 additional persons into a building with bare accommodation for the existing members became acutely apparent.

It has now been proved that the U.S. battleship *Maine* was not blown up by the Spaniards. As the belief that the contrary was the case was one of the causes of the Spanish-American war, fair-minded persons are of the opinion that either Cuba and the Philippines ought to be given back to their former owners, or else Spain ought to be allowed actually to blow up an American battleship.

It has been proposed that Morocco should be divided into four parts—a French zone, a Spanish zone, a

German zone, and a British zone. As a sop to MULAI HAFID the country would still be called Morocco.

A Clown's Grim Joke! Mr. JAMES DOUGHTY, who is in his ninety-third year, has married a lady of only twenty-four summers.

Our eye was caught, as we passed a tobacconist's shop the other day, by a "Motor Pipe." The idea strikes us as an excellent one. It is such a nuisance, especially in hot weather, to have to continue puffing in order to keep one's pipe alight, and we cannot all afford to engage a man to do it for us.

While we are not in favour of what is known as a "Continental Sunday," we approve of the action of the Colchester Town Council, who have declined to prohibit Sunday funerals.

"A procession will be formed in the Market-place, and those taking part will march to the Albert Hall, where a service will be held, the preacher being the Rev. R. M. Gautrey. The procession will consist of Rev. R. M. Gautrey."

Nottingham Evening Post.

Mr. GAUTREY seems to be the whole show.

THE HOUSE WARMING.

II.—A GALA PERFORMANCE.

THE sun came into my room early next morning and woke me up. It was followed immediately by a large blue-bottle which settled down to play with me. We adopted the usual formation, the blue-bottle keeping mostly to the back of the court whilst I waited at the net for a kill. After two sets I decided to change my tactics. I looked up at the ceiling and pretended I wasn't playing. The blue-bottle settled on my nose and walked up my forehead. "Heavens!" I cried, clapping my hand suddenly to my brow, "I've forgotten my tooth-brush!" This took it completely by surprise, and I removed its corpse into the candlestick.

Then Simpson came in with a golf club in his hand.

"Great Scott," he shouted, "you're not still in bed?"

"I am not. This is telepathic suggestion. You think I'm in bed; I appear to be in bed; in reality there is no bed here. Do go away—I haven't had a wink of sleep yet."

"But, man, look at the lovely morning!"

"Simpson," I said sternly, rolling up the sleeves of my pyjamas with great deliberation, "I have had one visitor already to-day. His corpse is now in the candlestick. It is an omen, Simpson."

"I thought you'd like to come outside with me, and I'd show you my swing."

"Yes, yes, I shall like to see that, but *after* breakfast, Simpson. I suppose one of the gardeners put it up for you? You must show me your box of soldiers and your tricycle horse, too. But run away now, there's a good boy."

"My golf-swing, idiot."

I sat up in bed and stared at him in sheer amazement. For a long time words wouldn't come to me. Simpson backed nervously to the door.

"I saw the Coronation," I said at last, and I dropped back on my pillow and went to sleep.

"* * * * *

"I feel very important," said Archie, coming on to the lawn where Myra and I were playing a quiet game of bowls with the croquet balls. "I've been paying the wages."

"Archie and I do hate it so," said Dahlia. "I'm luckier, because I only pay mine once a month."

"It would be much nicer if they did it for love," said Archie, "and just accepted a tie-pin occasionally. I never know what to say when I hand a man eighteen-and-six."

"Here's eighteen-and-six," I suggested, "and don't bite the half-sovereign, because it may be bad."

"You should shake his hand," said Myra, "and say, 'Thank you very much for the azaleas.'"

"Or you might wrap the money up in paper and leave it for him in one of the beds."

"And then you'd know whether he had made it properly."

"Well, you're all very helpful," said Archie. "Thank you extremely. Where are the others? It's a pity that they should be left out of this."

"Simpson disappeared after breakfast with his golf clubs. He is in high dudgeon—which is the surname of a small fish—because no one wanted to see his swing."

"Oh, but I do," said Dahlia eagerly. "Where is he?"

"We will track him down," announced Archie. "I will go to the stables, unchain the truffle-hounds, and show them one of his reversible cuffs."

We found Simpson in the pig-sty. I regret to say it—in the pig-sty. The third hole, as he was planning it out for Archie, necessitated the carrying of the farm buildings, which he described as a natural hazard. Unfortunately, his ball had fallen into a casual pig-sty. It had not yet been decided whether the ball could be picked out without penalty—the more pressing need being to find the blessed thing. So Simpson was in the pig-sty, searching.

"If you're looking for the old sow," I said, "there she is, just behind you."

"What's the local rule about loose pigs blown on to the course?" asked Archie.

"Oh, you fellows, there you are," said Simpson rapidly. "I'm getting on first-rate. This is the third hole, Archie. It will be rather good, I think; the green is just the other side of the pond. I can make a very sporting little course."

"We've come to see your swing, Samuel," said Myra. "Can you do it in there, or is it too crowded?"

"I'll come out. This ball's lost, I'm afraid."

"One of the little pigs will eat it," complained Archie, "and we shall have india-rubber crackling."

Simpson came out and proceeded to give his display. Fortunately the weather kept fine, the conditions indeed being all that could be desired. The sun shone brightly, and there was a slight breeze from the south which tempered the heat and in no way militated against the general enjoyment. The performance was divided into two

parts. The first part consisted of Mr. Simpson's swing *without* the ball, the second part being devoted to Mr. Simpson's swing *with* the ball.

"This is my swing," said Simpson.

He settled himself ostentatiously into his stance and placed his club-head stiffly on the ground three feet away from him.

"Middle," said Archie.

Simpson frowned and began to waggle his club. He waggled it carefully a dozen times.

"It's a very nice swing," said Myra at the end of the ninth movement, "but isn't it rather short?"

Simpson said nothing, but drew his club slowly and jerkily back, twisting his body and keeping his eye fixed on an imaginary ball until the back of his neck hid it from sight.

"You can see it better round this side now," suggested Archie.

"He'll split if he goes on," said Thomas anxiously.

"He's going to pick something up with his teeth in a moment," I warned Myra.

Then Simpson let himself go, finishing up in a very creditable knot indeed.

"That's quite good," said Dahlia. "Does it do as well when there's a ball?"

"Well, I miss it sometimes, of course."

"We all do that," said Thomas.

Thus encouraged, Simpson put down a ball and began to address it. It was apparent at once that the last address had been only his telegraphic one; this was the genuine affair. After what seemed to be four or five minutes there was a general feeling that some apology was necessary. Simpson recognised this himself.

"I'm a little nervous," he said.

"Not so nervous as the pigs are," said Archie.

Simpson finished his address and got on to his swing. He swung. He hit the ball. The ball, which seemed to have too much left-hand side on it, whizzed off and disappeared into the pond. It sank

Luckily the weather had held up till the last.

"Well, well," said Archie, "it's time for lunch. We have had a riotous morning. Let's all take it easy this afternoon."

A. A. M.

Yellow Journalism.

"The Geelong, about which some anxiety was aroused, owing to the vessel being some three days late, arrived to-day."

Very good; but *The South African News* has seen fit to give this paragraph the scare-heading, "Eaten by Sharks."



A WARM RECEPTION.

Sol. "WHAT A WELCOME! WORSE THAN WHAT I GET WHEN I STAY AWAY."

John Bull. "MY DEAR SIR, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THESE SCARE-LINES. I DON'T. THE MORE I SEE OF YOU THE BETTER PLEASED I AM."



Regular Customer (just entered). "STRONG SMELL OF PAINT HERE, WILLIAM!"

Waiter (coughing apologetically). "YESSIR—SOON PASS OFF, SIR—THEY'RE JUST GOING."

exhalation in which no alcoholic element was apparent.

There was strangeness, too, in certain signs of Biblical influence, shown both in the phraseology—"O perjured, that could not watch one hour!"—"I have no crown, but reproach for garment"—and also in the un-Greek recognition of moral sin and the need of repentance.

However, all this is mere criticism of the book. The putting on of the play at the Little Theatre was an extremely interesting experiment, though for more than one reason it is not likely to find its way into the bill of any house, little or large. Among the men, perhaps the finest single performance in declamation was Mr. BUNSTON's narrative of the fate of Ægeus. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was unrecognisable as the Greek Dionysus, but he was Mr. HEWLETT's, and his closing speech upon the limitations of the gods was given with great sense of beauty. Miss GRACE LANE, though a little noisy at times, was a sensitive *Ariadne*, and conveyed very perfectly, both in attitude and facial expression, her alternating absorption in the two loves, sacred and profane. *Theseus*, in the hands of Mr. CLAUDE KING (and not Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, as I thought at one time),

was the least satisfactory, until he warmed to his work. Finally, the movements of the Chorus in their *Parabasis* were taken straight off Greek vases.

The only real failure was in the suggestion of rhythmic cadence. Everybody seemed content to make the author's meaning intelligible and leave the music of his verse to take care of itself. It was pardonable that some of his rather cryptic measures should reach us in the shape of poetic prose, but there was no excuse for ignoring the beat of the anapaest. Our modern elocutionists have still to learn that there may be rhythmic design even in blank verse (Mr. HEWLETT, by the way, seems to prefer the iambic dimeter), and that its division into lines of a certain length is not a mere arbitrary arrangement for permitting us to distinguish between prose and poetry; and meanwhile there seems little hope for their rendering of the lovelier and more intricate measures of the Greeks. Their failure in this matter was the one disappointment in a very attractive performance, in regard to which I will be Greek enough not to play the part of Mrs. Grundy and raise any question of the proprieties.

O. S.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

II.

Friday.—This morning I had a most extraordinary letter, acknowledging and returning the MS. of my novel, *Beauty's Ensign*. It was dated from Regent Street, and ran thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your favour of the 13th inst., enclosing type-written manuscript of your novel, entitled *Beauty's Ensign*, on which you wish us to express a "candid opinion." This, we may inform you, is a request that in the whole course of the history of our firm has never been made to us yet, but in view of the long and generous patronage we have enjoyed for so many years from your husband and his family we have decided to accede to it with the best of our ability, and accordingly entrusted the MS. to our Mr. Jellicoe, who is a gentleman of pronounced literary tastes and a great reader. We enclose herewith Mr. Jellicoe's report, which we trust will meet with your satisfaction; and awaiting your further esteemed orders we are, Yours obediently,
[Encl.] THOMAS HARDY AND Co.



Smithson Junior (as the homily ends and the real business is about to start). "PLEASE, SIR, IS IT STERILISED?"

"Whether we consider the length of this novel or the breadth of its characterisation, it must be pronounced a remarkably piquant and lovely production. In the voluptuousness of its imagery it reminds one more of Miss MARIE CORELLI than any other writer with whom I am acquainted, and the language of the characters is extremely *recherché*. It must be admitted, however, that readers who are partial to happy endings will be pained by the distressing events of the last chapter, and I would humbly venture to suggest whether the conclusion could not be revised so as to reunite Lord Peto and Blandine. A special feature of the book are the all too brief gems of poetry with which the narrative is so richly interlarded. These strike me as being of remarkable if not unique ability."

HERBERT JELlicoe.

Why should Mr. THOMAS HARDY write in the first person plural, as if he were a king, and speak of his firm; and what on earth does he mean by the patronage he has enjoyed from Peter and Peter's family? And why, oh why should he hand over the M.S. of my novel to "our Mr. Jellicoe" and send me Mr. Jellicoe's extraordinary report, comparing me to MARIE CORELLI? Unluckily, as I had a headache this morning and did not come down to breakfast, I shall have to wait till the evening for such light as Peter can throw on the situation. The more I think of it the more puzzled I become. And in this racking suspense I have to order dinner and give Lilith her lesson. The child lends herself remarkably to decorative treatment, but I fear there is an ineradicable vein of banality in her nature. When I asked her the other day what she

liked most in the world she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Bacon juice," a remark worthy of Peter at his worst. Her great ambition is to be a circus rider, and she picks up all the worst tunes with astonishing ease. However, much may be done by environment and persuasion. Still, I admit that an unfaltering observance of the golden rule of Mrs. Goole, "Never correct, contradict or chastise a child," is at times difficult. Peter holds quite different views and, when I repeated this to him, said, "You'll change your mind some day. The golden rule of Peter Brandon is much better:

'To cure a naughty little nipper
Correct him freely with a slipper.'

However, I am bound to say he has never attempted to carry out this cruel precept at Lilith's expense, though there are moments when I almost wish—

In the afternoon I dictated aphorisms to Miss Peveril as an antidote to my impatience. One struck me as peculiarly happy: "The possession of a conscience is the worst infirmity of genius."

It is years since I so longed to see Peter as I did this afternoon. As soon as he had arrived I showed him the letter and demanded an explanation. I recalled the circumstances; how I had asked him if he knew Mr. THOMAS HARDY's address and how he said, "Of course I do," and undertook to fill it in and post the letter and package to him. Imagine my disgust when, instead of giving me a sensible answer, he went into fits of horrid, loud, snorting laughter. At last, when he had recovered himself sufficiently, he said in a faint voice: "Thomas Hardy is my saddler. I had just been sending him an order myself, and you never told me what you wanted to write to him about, or of course I should have never sent off the letter. But anyhow, the old man and 'our Mr. Jellicoe' have played up splendidly. You'll never get a better report from the real Simon Pure."

"The Prime Minister has appointed Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter to be his Private Secretary in the place of Mr. Meiklejohn."

The Prime Minister has appointed Mr. F. W. Leith Ross, of the Treasury, to be his Private Secretary in the place of Mr. Bonham Carter."
—*Morning Post*.

It must be more of a permanency than that before we apply.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Not many counties have as their first-change bowlers the two at the head of the county averages."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Not more than five or six, anyhow.



“CASABIANCA”;

OR, THE BOY WHO “STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.”

LORD LANSDOWNE (*observing the attitude of some of the Unionist Press*). “WELL, I’VE SAVED MY FACE; AND NOW PERHAPS I’D BETTER SAVE THE REST OF ME.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 10.—Reorganisation of Unionist Party been watched with keen interest from both political camps. One result has been to place STEEL-MAITLAND in charge of electoral affairs outside House. Expected of him that he shall rival the triumphs of CARNOT, Organiser of Victory in stormy days of French Revolution. Assurance on this head clinched by little incident in to-day's proceedings. What our young CARNOT (from Birmingham) has to face is the inconsiderate stability of Ministerial majority. Whilst—certainly as long as Veto Bill tarries on its way to the Statute-book—its phalanx remains unbroken in Commons, by-elections, whether in borough or county, fail to reduce it. This the more provoking as in accordance with regular custom a sweeping majority gained at a general election is invariably forthwith subjected to process of frittering away at by-elections.

Recognising this difficulty, our CARNOT in a flash of genius saw way of, at least apparently, redressing the balance. Though plural voting is for the nonce permitted at Parliamentary elections it is not possible to return two Members to represent a one-man constituency. But there is no rule against bringing in as a member of the minority a man who, alike in height and weight, shall be equal to any couple (bar one) on Ministerial side. A student of parliamentary history, CARNOT remembers how to House elected in 1874 came MAJOR O'GORMAN, a man of elephantine girth and pyramidal height, who, whilst holding only one seat in Ireland, occupied two below the Gangway in the House of Commons. As hapless Members on either side of him discovered, howsoever crowded the bench might be, the MAJOR always had his way. When he sat down he cleared space for two.

This House of Commons legend may have given CARNOT a tip. On the contrary the brilliant idea may have been entirely his own. However it be the result surpassed expectation. A vacancy occurring in the St. Augustine's division, owing to AKERS-DOUGLAS going to the Lords to keep up ACLAND-HOOD's drooping spirits, CARNOT searched Home Counties for their biggest man to stand as candidate for a safe seat. Found him in RONALD McNEILL.

Profound sensation when new Member, escorted by WALTER LONG and Lord BALCARRES, walked up floor of House to take the oath. There was in this emotion something akin to the keen delight a small boy feels on casually



A TITAN FROM KENT

Mr. RONALD McNEILL advances up the floor of the House to take the oath. Lest his unobtrusive appearance should escape the eye of the SPEAKER he was escorted by Mr. WALTER LONG and Lord BALCARRES.

encountering a giant crossing the village green, and being permitted to gaze upon him without preliminary payment of a penny at gateway of the show. Avoiding unnecessary tendency to contradiction, one may say that WALTER LONG is not short. The still svelt figure of BALCARRES rises to the full height of average man. Nevertheless, as they walked up the floor on either side of the new Member they recalled memories of Gulliver in Lilliput standing between His Majesty the Emperor and the Lord High Treasurer, watching the military manoeuvres outside the imperial capital.

The couple barred in an earlier sentence are, of course, the Bounding Brothers of Clackmannan and Orkney—EUGENE and CATHCART WASON. It is remarkable testimony to their consideration of others less favoured by generous nature that when they first entered the House they arranged to sit on opposite sides, CATHCART as a Liberal Unionist, EUGENE a Glad-

stonian Liberal. After cautiously making experiments and finding that their united weight disposed on one side of the Chamber did not affect its stability, CATHCART crossed over and permanently ranged himself under the Liberal flag. In view of possible consequences to a structure however firmly fashioned, they never occupy the same bench at the same time.

This afternoon, at the moment when the new Kentish Member slowly but surely, like a P. and O. liner in process of docking, surged towards the table, the Brethren were discovered seated one below the other at corner seats above the Gangway. No word passed between them. But it was pretty to see CATHCART turn round and gaze sadly in his brother's face, an eloquent glance responded to by a sickly smile.

So, as SARK puts it, does a prima donna of yesteryear look on from her box when a *débutante* of unquestionable supremacy steps on to the stage.

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Tuesday.—*Gazette*, published to-day, discloses subtle strategic movement by Lord ROSEBURY designed to hamper Government. If, after all, they are driven to make 500 new Peers difficulty will arise in providing titles. The more appropriated in advance the fewer will remain. Q.E.D. That ROSEBURY on promotion to new Earldom had assumed his county name, Midlothian, everybody knew. Turns out that he is not one new peer, but three. The additions gazetted are, Lord EPSOM of Epsom, in the county of Surrey; Viscount MENTMORE of Mentmore, in the county of Buckingham; and Earl of MIDLOTHIAN.

To one who wears the triple crown of Statesman, Orator and Author, a peerage more or less is naught. Anyhow the Ex-Premier, the Public Orator, the biographer of PITT and CHATHAM, will continue to be known by the people as Lord ROSEBURY.

CHARLES M'LAREN, an old Parliamentary Hand, will be welcomed back at Westminster as Lord ABERCONWAY. A picturesque title that has more in it than meets the eye. Dr. FARQUHARSON, *à propos* of a stage in his Access to Mountains Bill, once startled the House by the casual remark, "I own a mountain." Through M'LAREN'S Denbighshire estate runs a fine stretch of the Conway river. Hence Aberconway.

Sir JAMES LYLE MACKAY conceals a name honoured equally in India and at home under the sonorous title, Lord INCHCAPE OF STRATHNAVER.

The MEMBER FOR SARK (still with us in the Commons) says he has often heard of somebody being given an inch and taking an ell. Never of a man who, given an INCH, took a CAPE. So like these Scotchmen.

Business done.—Lords take Veto Bill in hand on Report Stage.

Thursday.—Every day when House of Commons meets there is a little scene unrecorded in the papers. Immediately after prayers SPEAKER calls on Private Business. Thereupon, from steps leading to Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, there emerges thin black line which, swiftly moving, fills back bench. These are the solicitors and agents concerned for Private Bills. As soon as they are disposed

of, the thin black line rises and glides forth as silently and as swiftly as it entered.

This afternoon the line was headed by a stately figure robed in jacket of daintily hued yellow glistening with silver braid. Loose white trousers garbed his legs. A plumed turban of spotless white was wound about his swarthy countenance. Seating himself at head of bench, he crossed one leg over the other with flexibility of limb suggesting that in other climes he is accustomed to sit cross-legged on a downy cushion.

Links in the thin black line regarded the stranger with puzzled countenances, not free from anxiety. What might this incursion portend? Was it fresh evidence of pernicious influence of Free Trade, which threw open all honest businesses to competition of foreigner? Was there nothing sacred to this



AN ECHO OF THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE.

"MY DEAR, SERPOSE NOW 'E WOS TO GO ON STRIKE SUDDENLY; WE'D NEVER GET 'OME."

Sapeur, not even the profession of parliamentary agent?

Hastily looking down list of Private Bills awaiting consideration they read: Chapel Whaley and District Gas Bill; Winchester Corporation (Electric Supply); Star Life Assurance Society Bill; Newcastle-upon-Tyne Corporation Bill; Saint Mary, Radcliffe, Rectory Bill; Merthyr Tydfil Corporation Water Bill. For which of these was the intruder retained? Considering his glittering adornment the Star Life seemed most appropriate. None liked to ask a question, being apprehensive that if answer were given the tongue might be unfamiliar.

Hurriedly withdrawing when private business was dispatched they found on consulting messenger in charge of the gallery that the stranger was none other than MULIK UMAR HYAT KHAN, from distant Ind, who, introduced by UNDER-SECRETARY FOR STATE FOR INDIA, had accidentally strayed on to wrong bench.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

NEARING THE END.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—People seem to think that the *sturm und drang* of this season are unmatched even in the memory of that insufferable creature, the oldest inhabitant. The fighting for dates, of itself, has been enough to turn one's hair grey, and has led to what politicians call strained relations in all quarters. Both as hostess and as guest your own poor Blanche has suffered. When people want you at twelve parties on the same night and simply *insist* on having you, what are you to do? Then Beryl and Babs and I always seem to hit on the same date for our big dances. We asked, of course, much about the same crowd, and while they only looked in at Beryl's and Babs' parties, they came

on to mine and stayed the rest of the night (I own I'd some special attractions in the shape of cocoanut shies and boat swings in the garden). B. and B. were simply furious. In old times I suppose this sort of thing would have ended in duels, but nowadays we content ourselves with saying a few things to each other—and then a few more things. Wee-Wee, with an eye to the future, had tried the previous dodge, and invited people last

October for June. But this didn't do either, for by the time June came she'd quarrelled with quite half of them and ceased to know them.

The popular dancing-man, as you may imagine, has been more than ever master of the situation and has used his power ruthlessly. Special inducements have been held out to him in the way of supper and wines, and he has also been allowed to smoke in the dancing-room and to say whatever he pleased to his débutante partners; and tell it not in Gath, my dear, but certain "new" hostesses have been enclosing big cheques with their invitations, in order to secure him. Indeed, I have it on the *best* authority that to be a well-known and popular dancing-man at parties this summer is almost as paying a thing as to be a Russian leaping about with a bow and arrow at the Magnificent.

While the streets were so crowded of an evening, "mobbing" was quite a little rage. We sent out cards with



HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Voice behind. "LEAVE IT, PLEASE! LEAVE IT!"

Player. "LEAVE IT BE HANGED! I DON'T PAY A THUNDERING BIG SUBSCRIPTION TO LEAVE IT."

"Come and dine and mob," and after dinner we covered up our pretty-pretties with dark mantles, and went on foot in a compact party into all the mobbiest parts. My dear, it was simply *squeaky*! Josiah, being a don'ter, disapproved, of course, but Norty and Billy and Piggy and Lulu took care of us, and we pushed among *ces autres* for all we were worth. Norty taught me to say, "Nah, then, oo are yer shovin' of?" when the crush got pretty bad, and I kept on saying it *à merveille*, till at last, outside some illuminated place of amusement—a bank, or a theatre, or the City Temple or something—I found myself engaged in a gentle and joyous passage-of-arms with a female, who replied to my "Nah, then, oo are yer shovin' of?" with a hard push and "Garn! Think the whole bloomin' show was meant for *you*? Me and my bloke has as bloomin' good right here as you and yours!" I was in a state of sheer joy. I'd got a thrill at last. Here I was, having a lovely little row with one of those delicious donah-creatures I've heard of. "Don't you interfere," I whispered to Norty. "This is *my* show." "Nonsense!" he said, trying to get me away. "Mayfair's no match

for Mile End." "Isn't it!" I whispered back. "Wait and see!" And then, my dearest, imagine my horrible disappointment when the "donah" and her "bloke" turned out to be Bosh and Wee-Wee!!—out, like ourselves, mobbing. That silly Wee-Wee actually had on the Tresyllan topazes under her cloak, and in a frantic squash in a place that Norty told me was Cornhill Wee-Wee's cloak was torn and her necklace stolen! Comes of going among the submerged tenth, you say? Well, I don't know, my Daphne. As Mr. BERNARD SHAW says, you never can tell. Mobbing's been very much done, and I *have* heard that Popsy Lady Ramsgate was seen the other night in the casino at Villedesjoie-sur-Mer wearing a necklace *frightfully* like Wee-Wee's!

Old Lady Humguffin's deafness is having what old-fashioned people call far-reaching results. For ages she's been in the enviable state of being able to say the most horribly disagreeable things and being *quite* beyond the reach of retort or contradiction. But as she's third cousin or first aunt once removed to almost everybody and is simply rolling she's always had plenty of callers, and people have perseveringly

shrieked at her down or along every possible contrivance for making the deaf hear. At last, however, she passed out of reach of everything but pencil and paper. At calling time she sat ready for the fray with a pile of slips of paper and a heap of pencils, and the conversation was carried on by means of one tongue and one or more pencils. As the poor old dear has always been simply *avid* of news (of the personal kind, with more than a dash of scandal for choice) and has been in the habit of saving the written slips, it follows that she'd a pretty inflammable and dangerous collection. And now it seems that her maid and butler have been regularly disposing of the conversation-slips to *West-End Whispers*. Half-a-score of libel suits are in the air, and old Humguffin has gone off to Harrogate for a cure!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Designed by famous architects, and decorated by celebrated artists, we can to-day form no impression of the dazzling magnificence amid which the splendid masters of the world performed their daily ablutions."—*Globe*.

The fact that the writer is tattooed is interesting but hardly relevant.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. W. L. COURTNEY is a writer of such varied activities that I have long ceased to be astonished at his appearance in any new aspect. His latest mood is that of the analyst of sentiment, and the book which it has produced is called *In Search of Egeria* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), to which the author adds as a sub-title, *Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton*. This explains the nature of the work in a few words better than I could do it for you in many. *Maurice*—whom his creator calls “a baffled and disconsolate Numa in perpetual search for his Egeria”—is really something of an English *Anatol*, an emotional philanderer. The book is a record of the various heart-adventures into which his temperament leads the hero, this same temperament being itself very skilfully exposed for the reader in the process. The episodes are not short stories, any more than the whole book is a novel in the accepted sense of the term; slight sketches, rather, of *Maurice* in his relations with his different loves, done in a manner which is really far more attractive than the matter of which they treat. A heavy-handed chronicler would certainly have made *Maurice* an unmitigated bore; it is no small tribute to the art of Mr. COURTNEY that one can follow the gentleman from fair to fair, the opera-singer, the rector's daughter, the poetess and the rest of them, with undiminished enjoyment. Finally, with a touch almost of malice, the author shows us *Maurice*, that epicure of emotions, married to a wholly commonplace and somewhat tyrannically inclined wife, whose name happens actually to be *Egeria*; and thus ends a pleasant and distinguished book, which the general public will probably avoid and the few find delightful.

Of *King Edward VII. as a Sportsman* (LONGMANS) I can think of nothing that is not good to say. It is a fine record of a fine series of achievements on moor and forest, on the sea, in the covert, in the jungle, and on the turf. Hardy, brave, unselfish, keen to excel and win, but generous-minded and philosophic in defeat, KING GEORGE's father had all the qualities of temperament without which the skill of hand and eye, which were also his, are of little account. If you have forgotten how completely he made himself one with the favourite national pursuits of his people, glance at the titles under the hundred-and-one plates and photographs in Mr. A. E. T. WATSON's welcome book—“Persimmon winning the Derby,” “Ambush II. over the last fence in the Grand National,” “*Britannia* racing at Cowes,” “The Prince of Wales in the Nepal

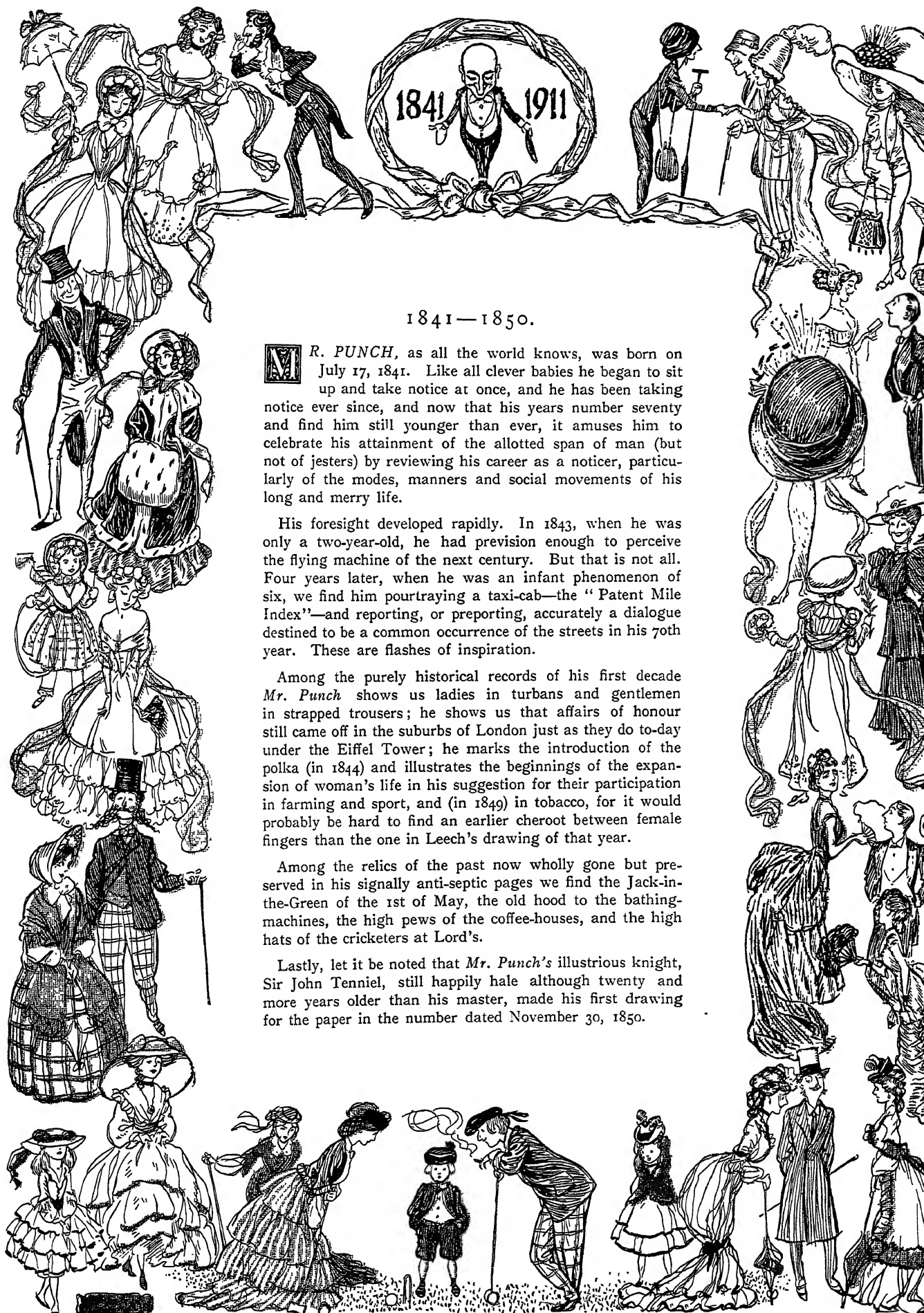
Terai chased by a wild elephant,” “The Prince's elephant charged by a tiger,” and so on through every chapter. It is a record that the most sporting and daring Englishman would be proud to equal. In 1896, when Persimmon won the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, and Thais the One Thousand Guineas, the stakes earned by his horses totalled over £26,000; and in 1900, when Diamond Jubilee carried off the Two Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes, the Derby, the Eclipse Stakes and the St. Leger, about £5,000 more—two very pretty dishes to set before a king; yet he was not of the kind to sit in his counting-house counting out his money. It was the sport that he cared for, and, though uneasy lies the head that owns a possible Derby winner, he enjoyed every moment of it all. And he never shirked his duty for his pleasure. He was a king first and a sportsman—a prince of sportsmen—afterwards, and we all loved him for it.



THE DULL DRESS OF MODERN MAN.

Nonsense Novels (LANE)—a burlesque by STEPHEN LEACOCK of the different types of magazine story—is a book to read either aloud or in solitude. It cannot be taken silently in company, for at regular intervals you will burst into a sudden laugh and feel called upon to explain yourself to your startled neighbours. You would, for instance, have to quote the bit where *Gertrude the Governess* arrived at the Earl's beautiful country seat and “passed through a phalanx of liveried servants drawn up seven deep, to each of whom she gave a sovereign. ‘Welcome,’ said the Countess, as she aided *Gertrude* to carry her trunk upstairs.” And the bit about *H Ezekiah Hayloft* looking for work in the cruel city of New York. “‘Can you write shorthand?’ they said. ‘No,’ said the boy in homespun, ‘but I can try.’” And how *Whangus McWhinus* waited for *Shamus McShamus* in the hollow of the Glen road and shot him through the bagpipes. At its best the delightful spontaneity of the humour of Mr. LEACOCK (who is a Professor of Political Economy at McGill University) gives one the impression that he dashes off this sort of thing in a moment of exuberance between his lectures. This impression is increased by the obvious fact that the author is not very critical of himself. There is genuine gold here on every page, but I do not feel quite sure that Mr. LEACOCK knows when he has come to it. But genius has suffered from this weakness before now. There was the case of WORDSWORTH, for example.

“Rosmead was perfectly happy. He loved this woman with a great and growling love.”—*People's Friend*.
How many wives know this sort of love.



1841—1850.

MR. PUNCH, as all the world knows, was born on July 17, 1841. Like all clever babies he began to sit up and take notice at once, and he has been taking notice ever since, and now that his years number seventy and find him still younger than ever, it amuses him to celebrate his attainment of the allotted span of man (but not of jesters) by reviewing his career as a noticer, particularly of the modes, manners and social movements of his long and merry life.

His foresight developed rapidly. In 1843, when he was only a two-year-old, he had prevision enough to perceive the flying machine of the next century. But that is not all. Four years later, when he was an infant phenomenon of six, we find him pourtraying a taxi-cab—the "Patent Mile Index"—and reporting, or preporting, accurately a dialogue destined to be a common occurrence of the streets in his 70th year. These are flashes of inspiration.

Among the purely historical records of his first decade *Mr. Punch* shows us ladies in turbans and gentlemen in strapped trousers; he shows us that affairs of honour still came off in the suburbs of London just as they do to-day under the Eiffel Tower; he marks the introduction of the polka (in 1844) and illustrates the beginnings of the expansion of woman's life in his suggestion for their participation in farming and sport, and (in 1849) in tobacco, for it would probably be hard to find an earlier cheroot between female fingers than the one in Leech's drawing of that year.

Among the relics of the past now wholly gone but preserved in his signally anti-septic pages we find the Jack-in-the-Green of the 1st of May, the old hood to the bathing-machines, the high pews of the coffee-houses, and the high hats of the cricketers at Lord's.

Lastly, let it be noted that *Mr. Punch's* illustrious knight, Sir John Tenniel, still happily hale although twenty and more years older than his master, made his first drawing for the paper in the number dated November 30, 1850.



PREPARATION.



DECORATION.

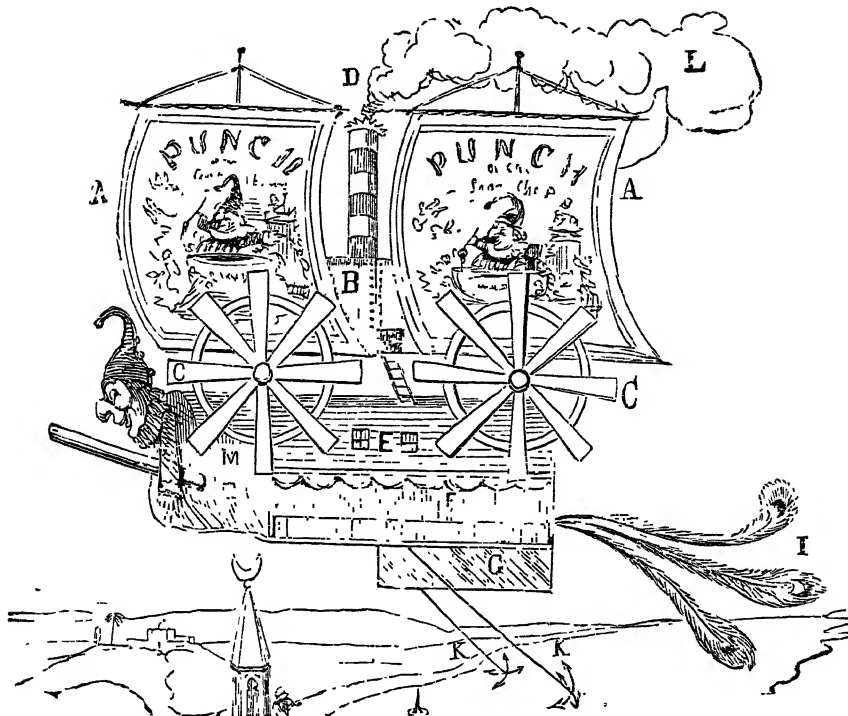


REALISATION.



TERMINATION.

THE EVENING PARTY.



INDIA IN TWO HOURS!!—PUNCH'S AERIAL COURIER, THE GULL!

- A. The main suspenders, of a peculiarly light nature, being entirely formed of numbers of PUNCH, coupling power with volatility.
- B. The engine-room, in which are contained the principal steam-works.
- C. The propellers, or fantail revolvers, making 1000 revolutions per minute, and fashioned like the sails of the windmill in common use.
- D. The chimney, for making a current of air in the fireplace, and carrying away the smoke.
- E. The saloon, provided with every comfort and luxury, from piano-fortes to bottled porter, fitted up to represent a castle in the air, with gossamer couches and cobweb tapestries.
- F. The promenade in fine weather, filled with company, and enlivened by a band.
- G. The ballast-box and wine-cellar. Arrangements have been made with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to buy all their heavy back stock, for ballast.
- H. The figure-head, being a colossal likeness of Mr. PUNCH.
- I. Three gigantic peacocks' feathers of sheet brass to act as a rudder, with immense power.
- K. Two grapnels, for the double purpose of assisting the descent of the courier and clutching hold of anything on the journey worth taking. It is calculated that a few statues, ships, and objects of art and value may be grabbed every voyage by these means, sufficient to pay for the fuel, which will be entirely formed of ancient inhabitants of Memphis, who burn beautifully.
- L. The smoke.
- M. Barracks for troops, and stores for ammunition.



"Ain't it prime, Bill, being out o' nights?" "I believe yer; specially when the Gov'nors don't know anything about it."



Enter Captain Percussion. "HERE I AM, OLD FELLOW—ALL RIGHT—SIX TO-MORROW MORNING—WIMBLEDON—BROUGHT THE BARKERS—COME TO KEEP YOU COMPANY AND SCRAPE SOME LINT IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS, AS IT'S YOUR FIRST DUEL."



FASHIONS FOR 1844.



FARMING FOR LADIES.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c., &c.

Snip. "THAT'S A SWEET THING FOR A WAISTCOAT, SIR, AND WOULD LOOK UNCOMMON WELL UPON YOU, SIR."

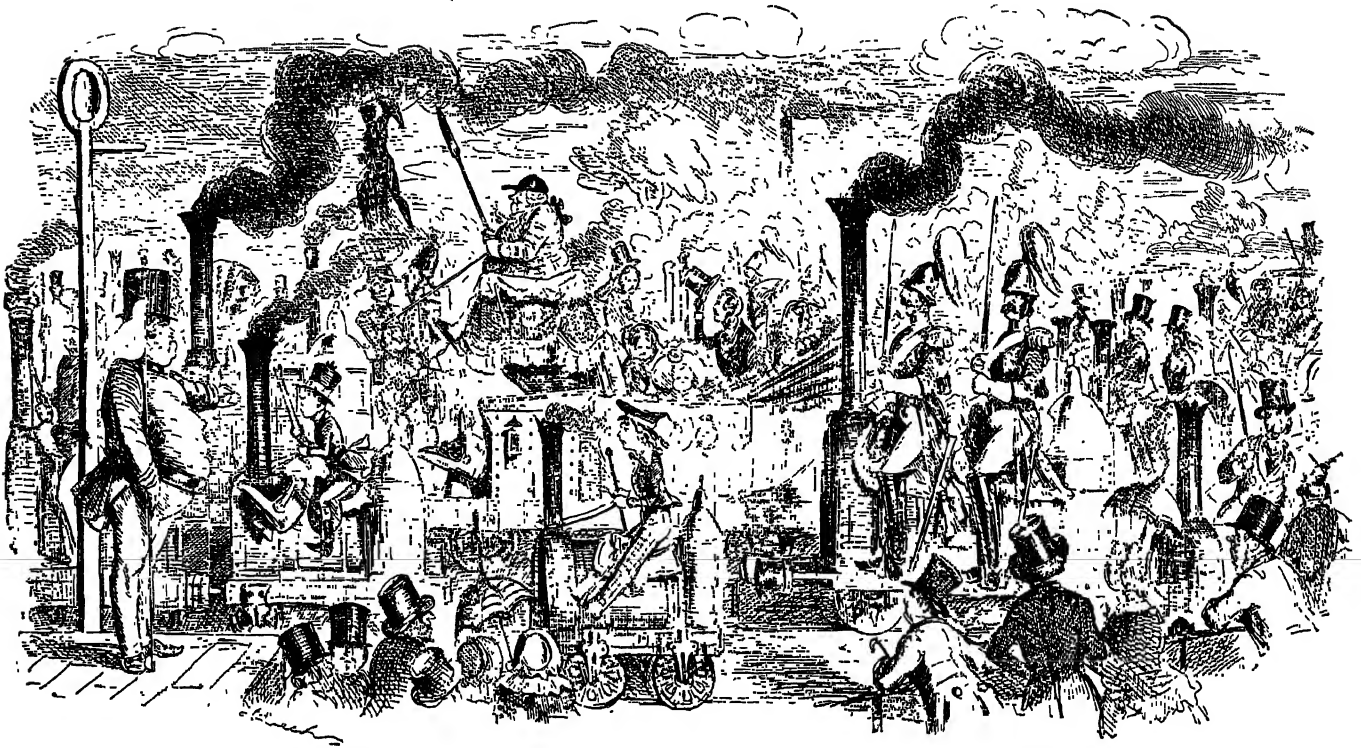


FASHIONS FOR 1845.

"A PIN FOR YOUR SCARF, SIR? HERE'S AN ARTICLE WE HAVE SOLD A GREAT MANY OF."



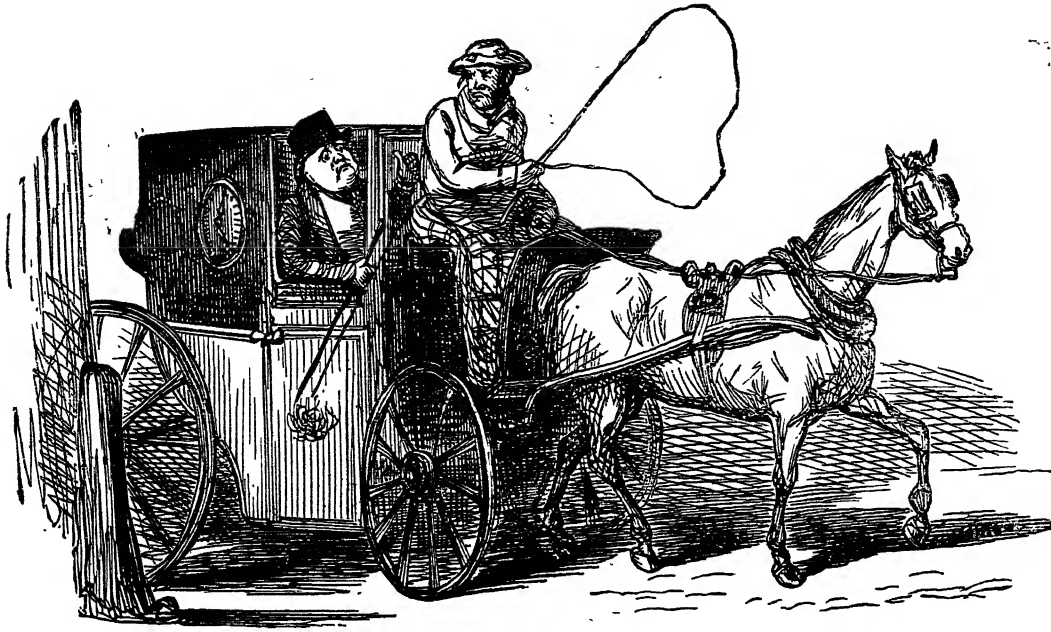
SPORTING FOR LADIES.



HYDE PARK AS IT WILL BE.



CONVERSAZIONE OF LADIES.



THE PATENT MILE INDEX CAB.

Fare. "HALLO, DRIVER! HERE! I HAVE ONLY GONE FROM ST. PAUL'S TO FLEET STREET, AND THE DIAL POINTS TO THREE MILES!"
Driver. "CAN'T HELP IT, SIR. YOU MUST PAY ACCORDIN'."



MAY DAY FOR THE SWEEPS IN 1847.

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY.

Time—Two in the morning.

Captain of the Beat. "OH! WE HAVE JUST LOOKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKERY AT THE BACK OF SLAUGHTER'S ALLEY IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR IT'S A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN—INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRUTAL AND SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!"



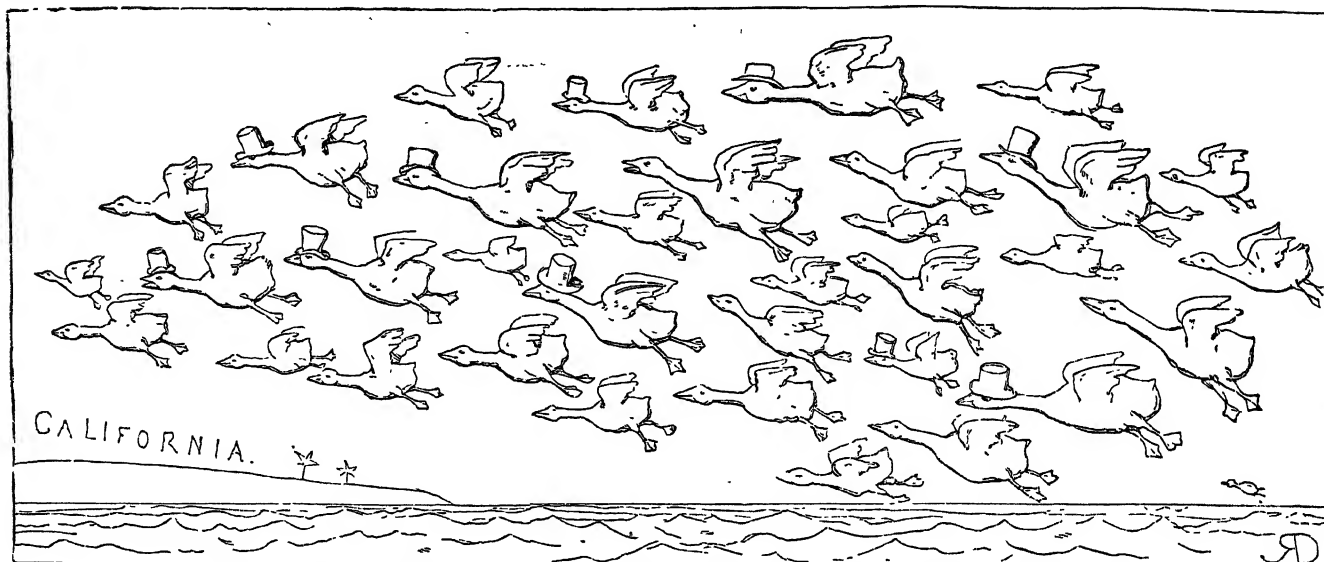
Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU IN CHARGE—WE MUST, INDEED."



AUTUMNAL FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

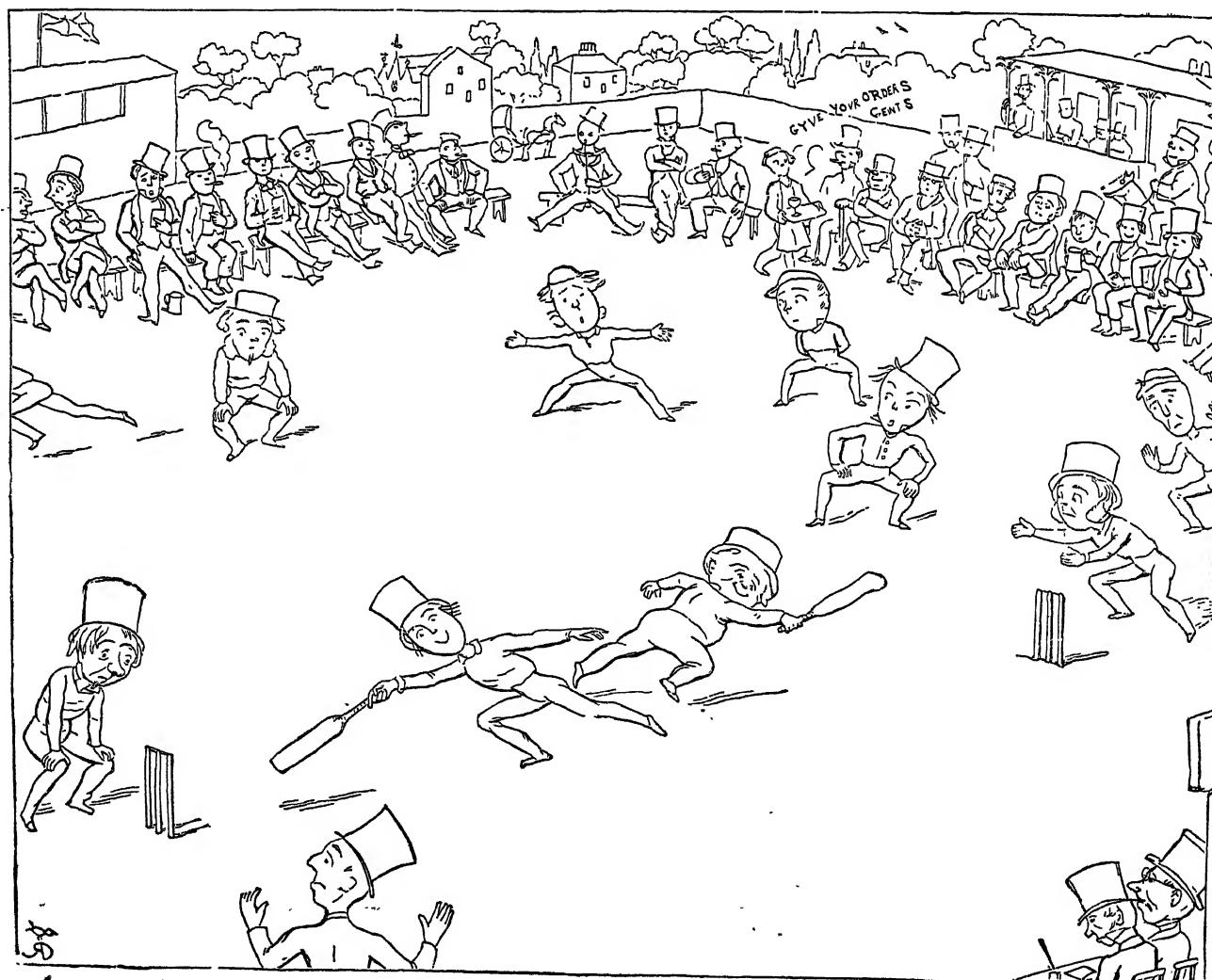


MERMAIDS AT PLAY.



YE WYLD GOOSE CHASE AFTER YE GOLDEN CALFE.

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS. OF YE ENGLYSHE IN 1849.



A. VIEW OF M^r LORDE hys CRYKET GROVND.



1851—1860.

WITH 1851 we find all the world flocking to the Great Exhibition, and the establishment of those cookery schools which were to revolutionise the British chop but have not too conspicuously done so. Gold, so recently attracting all the adventurers to California, had now glittered also in Australia, and a few bold ladies had gone into a bifurcated garment called the Bloomer (after the American innovator) just as, nearly sixty years later, their more intrepid granddaughters were to go into the Harem skirt—for not the least of the instructive lessons which *Mr. Punch's* seventieth birthday number inculcates is this, that there is nothing new under the sun and the rule of life is rhythm. Crinolines, however, which were flourishing in the fifties, have not yet returned, except on the stage.

In 1853 table-turning was imported from America and there arose also a fashion for baby-shows. The middle years were shadowed by the Crimean War, followed by the Indian Mutiny, but the trivial life goes on side by side with the tragic, and while the near and far East were under a cloud London was cultivating the famous Dundreary whiskers, named after a character in a play by one of *Mr. Punch's* later editors, Tom Taylor. These have not since sprouted again to embellish or conceal the male cheek, but the moustache, which was beginning to be worn as rival to the Dundreary adornment, is still in its reign.

Contemporary with the moustache movement was the birth of a controversy that still has power to divide friends—the great Shakspeare and Bacon problem, and in 1860 the world was as much interested in the fight between Sayers and Heenan as last year in that between Johnson and Jeffries. For nothing essential alters: the drama is the same; merely the actors drop away and are replaced by others.

In this decade came two more giants to *Mr. Punch's* side: Charles Keene in 1851 and George Du Maurier in 1860.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.



NEW FASHIONS.

YOU COULDN'T HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR—AND THEY'LL BE WORN A GREAT DEAL AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."



YOUNG ENGLAND.

"DOOCED GRATIFYING, AIN'T IT, CHARLES, TO SEE SA MUCH INDASTRY?"



TRADE DEPRESSION.

THE TRADESMAN AT THE WEST END IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND BREED POULTRY.



THEATRICAL DEPRESSION.

Manager. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—A—I MEAN RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE EXHIBITION OR CRYSTAL PALACE, I BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE OF OPENING MY THEATRE WILL NOT BE REPEATED; AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX-OFFICE."



PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.



PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM.



**WHAT THE "BRITISH" GRENADIER'S INEVITABLY
COMING TO.**

Some talk of ALEXANDER, and some of PERICLES,
Of HECTOR and LYSANDER, and such old Guys as these;
But of all the horrid objects, the wust, I do declare,
Is the Prusso-Russo-Belgo-Gallo-British Grenadier.



SPURIOUS IMITATION.

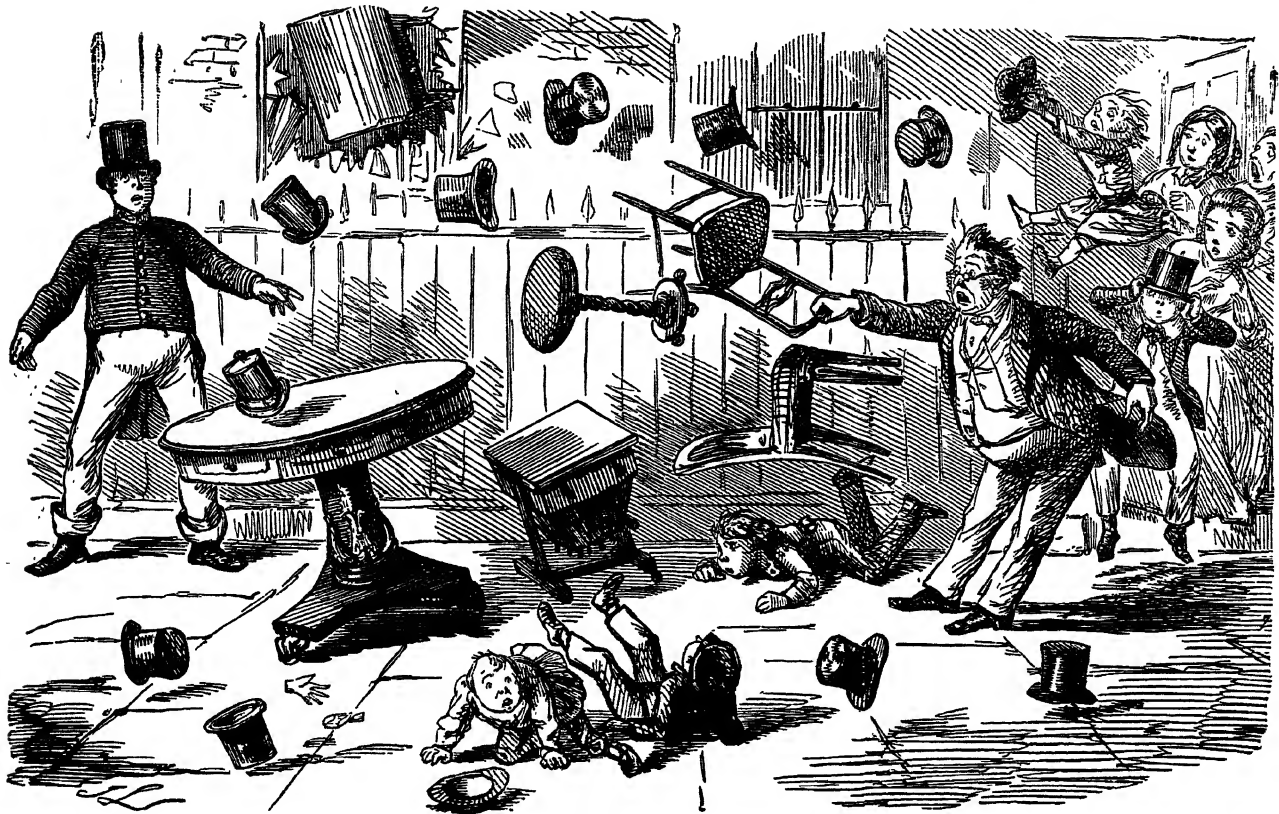
UNMITIGATED EFFRONTERY OF MESSRS. BROWN AND SMITH.



A DESIGN SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN BY
LADIES MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



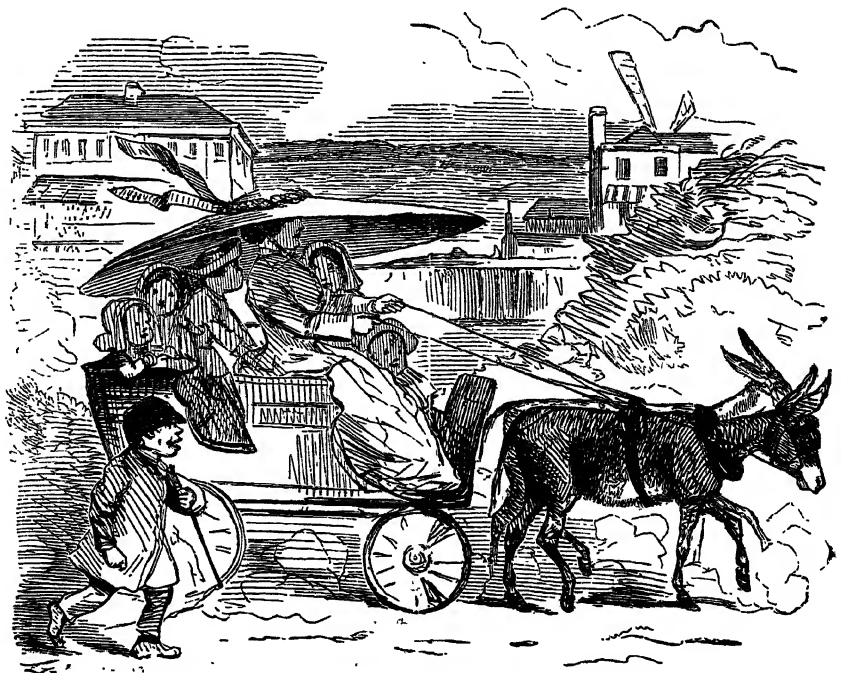
Flora. "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"
Emily. "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES.
WHEN HE GOES OUT OF TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE LIST, AS
HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE. ISN'T IT KIND?"



SINGULAR AND RATHER ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE-MOVING EXPERIMENT.



THE COLLAR MANIA.
NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT
FOR A GENT'S ALL-ROUNDER.



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.



Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"



THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINES A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE. (See page 53.)



THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING. THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE.



Alphonso. "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHERS A GREAT COMFORT, DON'T YOU, TOM?"

Tom. "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT 'EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED TO DRESS SO DOOSD EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"



First Boy. "WHAT DOES HE DO WITH ALL THEM WHISKERS?"

Second Boy. "WHY, WHEN 'E'S GOT ENOUGH OF 'EM, 'E CUTS 'EM OFF TO STUFF 'IS HEASY CHAIR WITH!"



"WHY, FWED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANCE!"



THE QUIET STREET.

A SKETCH FROM A "STUDY" WINDOW.



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady. "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"

Gentle Footman. "OH NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEASIDE, OR THE SERPENTINE AS IT MIGHT BE.



Admiring Friend: "WHY, FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"

Frank: "A-YA-AS. MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."



SWIMMING FOR LADIES.



Paterfamilias (who is stout and a Volunteer also). "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM COME HOME, I SEE!"
Family. "YEs, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER BUTT, AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"



1861—1870.

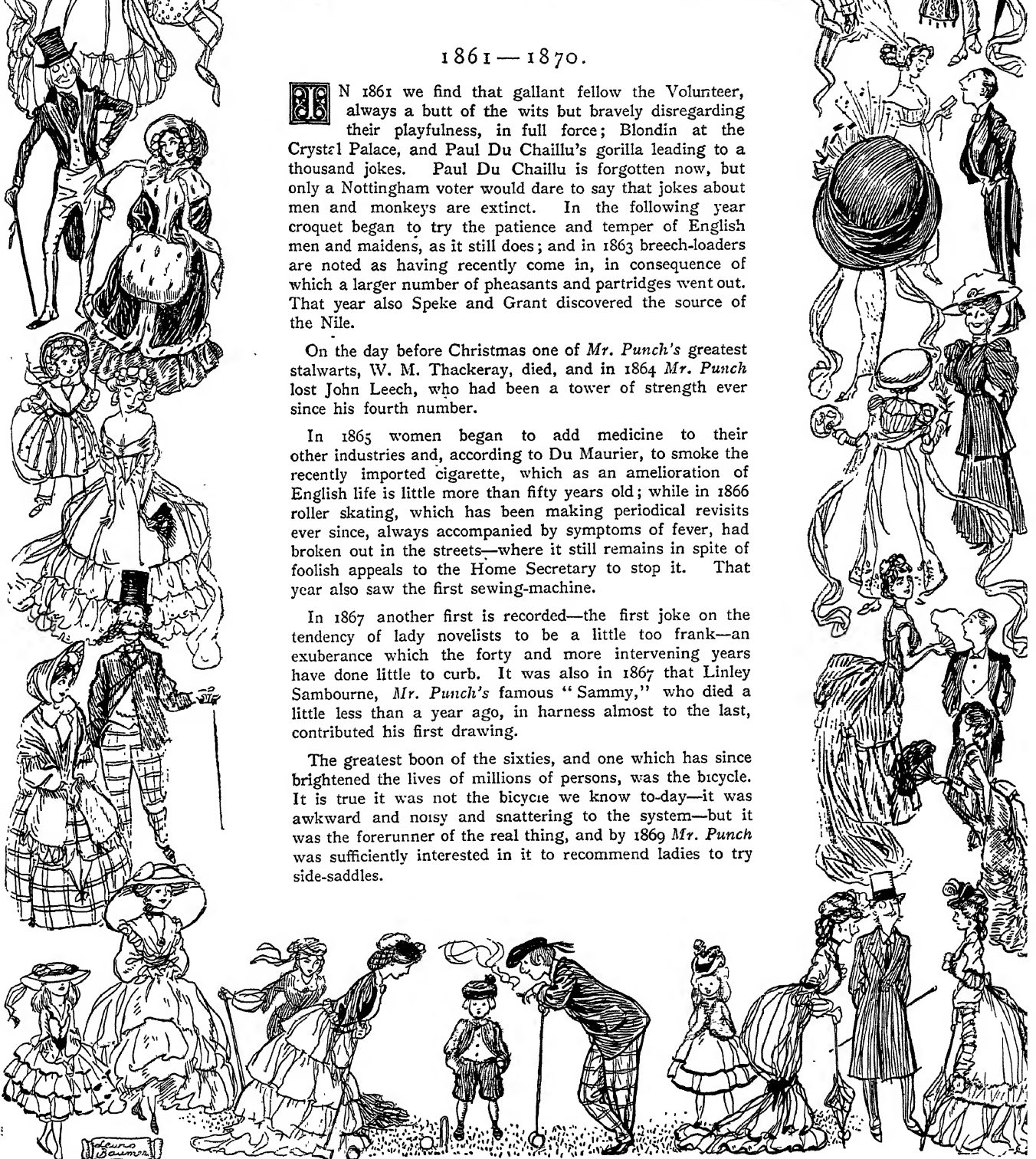
IN 1861 we find that gallant fellow the Volunteer, always a butt of the wits but bravely disregarding their playfulness, in full force; Blondin at the Crystal Palace, and Paul Du Chaillu's gorilla leading to a thousand jokes. Paul Du Chaillu is forgotten now, but only a Nottingham voter would dare to say that jokes about men and monkeys are extinct. In the following year croquet began to try the patience and temper of English men and maidens, as it still does; and in 1863 breech-loaders are noted as having recently come in, in consequence of which a larger number of pheasants and partridges went out. That year also Speke and Grant discovered the source of the Nile.

On the day before Christmas one of *Mr. Punch's* greatest stalwarts, W. M. Thackeray, died, and in 1864 *Mr. Punch* lost John Leech, who had been a tower of strength ever since his fourth number.

In 1865 women began to add medicine to their other industries and, according to Du Maurier, to smoke the recently imported cigarette, which as an amelioration of English life is little more than fifty years old; while in 1866 roller skating, which has been making periodical revisits ever since, always accompanied by symptoms of fever, had broken out in the streets—where it still remains in spite of foolish appeals to the Home Secretary to stop it. That year also saw the first sewing-machine.

In 1867 another first is recorded—the first joke on the tendency of lady novelists to be a little too frank—an exuberance which the forty and more intervening years have done little to curb. It was also in 1867 that Linley Sambourne, *Mr. Punch's* famous "Sammy," who died a little less than a year ago, in harness almost to the last, contributed his first drawing.

The greatest boon of the sixties, and one which has since brightened the lives of millions of persons, was the bicycle. It is true it was not the bicycle we know to-day—it was awkward and noisy and snattering to the system—but it was the forerunner of the real thing, and by 1869 *Mr. Punch* was sufficiently interested in it to recommend ladies to try side-saddles.





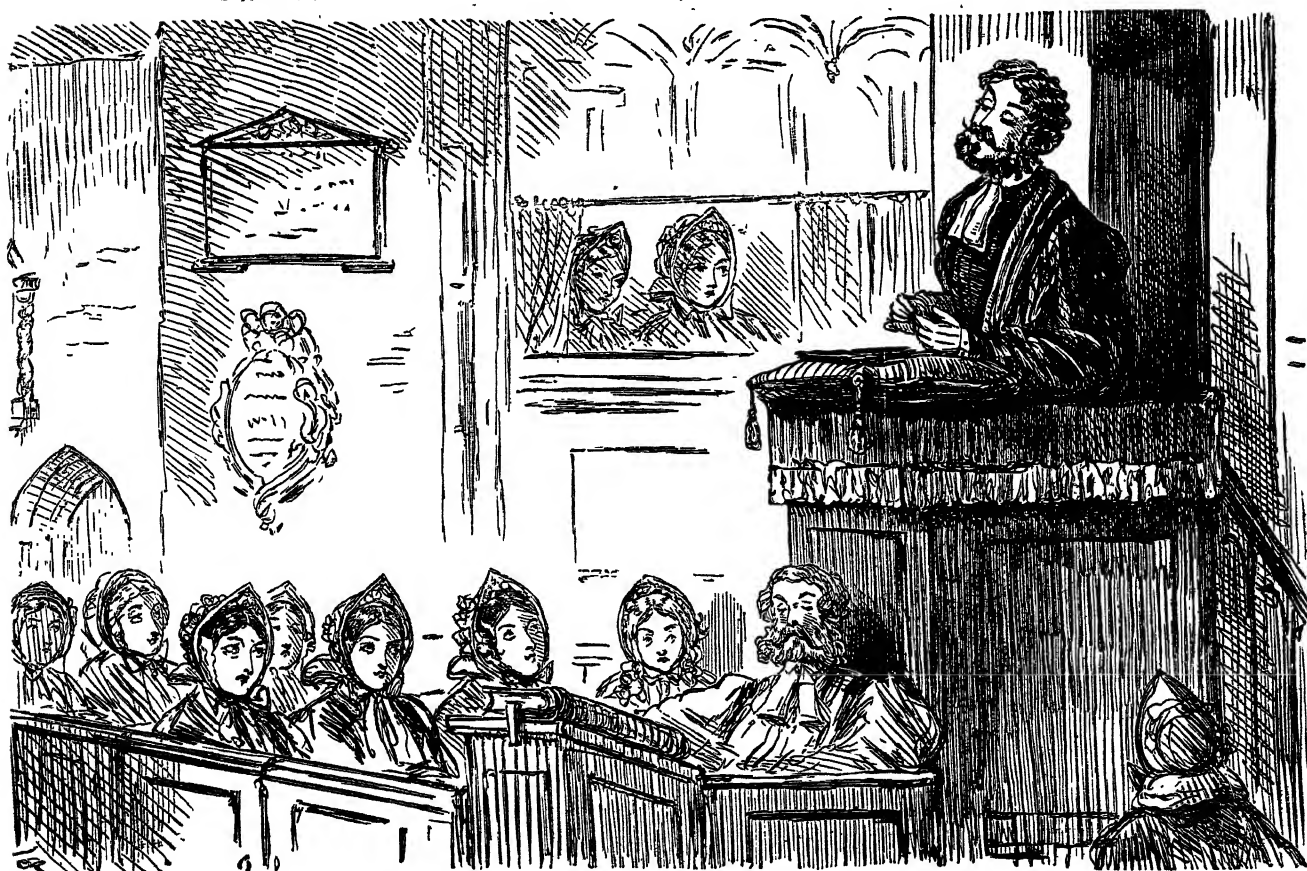
THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.
JONES AND FAMILY GO UNDER CANVAS.



A CROQUET MATCH.



THIS IS WHY CHARLES, WHO TOOK HIS TWO FAIR COUSINS TO SEE BLONDIN ON THE HIGH ROPE, DID NOT THINK IT BY ANY MEANS A "DISGUSTING EXHIBITION."



THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT PRESUME TO SAY WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG, — ONLY, IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO PREVAIL, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF CAPTAIN HEAVYSWELL?



Mamma (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?" Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS. WHEN I WAS A GAL, &c., &c."



AT SOTHERN'S PERFORMANCE OF DUNDREARY.

First Swell. "A-A-WAW! WAW! WAW! HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?"

Second Do. "WAW-WAW-WAW. NO FELLOW EVAW SAW SUCH A FELLOW. GWOSS CAWICATURE-WAW!"



Keeper (who has never seen a breech-loader). "I DON'T THINK WERRY MUCH OF 'IM; WHY HE'S BIN AND BROKE HIS GUN THA WERRY FUST SHOT!"



WE LEARN FROM AN OBSERVANT CORRESPONDENT, THAT "COAT-TAILS AND WALKING STICKS ARE WORN SHORT AT PRESENT BY THE MOST PRONOUNCED SWELLS AT THE CAMP AT SANDOWN."



THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR BY MACHINERY.



SPIRITUALISM.



SEWING MACHINES.

Drazer. "A MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION, INDEED, MUM, AND IT REALLY EXECUTES THE WORK SO EFFICIENTLY AND QUICKLY THAT, 'PON MY WORD, I THINK THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR THE LADIES TO DO NOW BUT TO *Improve their Intellects!*'"



GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE ROLLING SKATE.
LIVELY APPEARANCE OF REGENT STREET IN JUNE.



LADY-PHYSICIANS.

WHO IS THIS INTERESTING INVALID? IT IS YOUNG REGINALD DE BRACES, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN CATCHING A BAD COLD IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT SEND FOR THAT RISING PRACTITIONER, DR. ARABELLA BOLUS!



Stout Fashionable Party. "WHAT GUYS THEY MADE OF THEMSELVES IN THOSE DAYS, AUNT!"

Slim Old Ditto. "FASHION, MY DEAR! I SHOULD NOT WONDER BUT *We* SHALL BE LOOKED ON AS *Perfect Frights* IN FUTURE TIMES!!"



Old-fashioned Party (with old-fashioned prejudices). "AH! VERY CLEVER, I DARE SAY. BUT I SEE IT'S WRITTEN BY A LADY, AND I WANT A BOOK THAT MY Daughters MAY READ. GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE!"



"THE PERSON" IN PARLIAMENT. CHAIRING THE NEW MEMBER.



Aunt (slightly shocked). "WHY, CHILD, ALL YOUR CLOTHES ARE FALLING OFF!"
 Laura. "OH, DEAR, NO, AUNTY; IT'S THE FASHION!"



THE VELOCIPED SIDE-SADDLE.



Augusta. "O ADA, DEAR, WHAT A SWEET HEAD-DRESS! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

Ada. "IT'S QUITE NEW, DEAR. IT ONLY ARRIVED TO-DAY FROM PARIS IN A BALLOON, BY BALLOON-POST."



RETAIL TRADERS v. CO-OPERATIVE STORES.
JOHN THOMAS IS EMPHATICALLY ON THE SIDE OF THE FORMER.



1871—1880.

THE most remarkable events in English life in *Mr. Punch's* fourth decade were probably the popularisation of the bicycle, the invention of lawn tennis, and the introduction of the telephone. The bicycle was steadily gaining ground throughout the ten years, but lawn tennis was not played until 1874, and that questionable boon, the telephone, appeared in 1878, although it was long, of course, before every other house had passed under its tyranny, as now, when only those who have none or remember to leave the receiver off the rest know any peace of mind. As for lawn tennis, since 1874 it has reached its zenith and declined again.

In 1871 we first find the adjective "awful" entering upon an existence which it has not yet quitted, in spite of many successful rivals; in 1874 "quite" joined it as an indispensable part of smart speech; in 1876 the right people were expressing their thanks in the phrase, "Ta, awfully ta," while at the end of the period, in 1880, "utter" and "too too" began their brief but hectic reign.

In dress, crinolines had long gone, and the reaction was towards so tight a skirt that in 1876 sitting down was found to be as much an impossibility as running was in the hobble skirts of this and yester year.

Trade was now becoming a sanctioned resort for impoverished aristocrats, as it still is; and in 1877 a tendency to manliness in woman's dress that has steadily increased was noticed again, as it had been noticed in the forties by the keen eye of Leech, and has been noticed since; for all fads move in circles.

And so we reach 1880, when that famous movement began which gave *Mr. Punch* more opportunities for sustained ridicule than any other in his long life—the rise of the æsthetes, with their sunflowers and lilies, their languid enthusiasms and affected disdains.





THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

"A—AWFUL HOT, AIN'T IT?" "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)
 "A—AWFUL JOLLY FLOOR, AIN'T IT?" "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)
 "A—A—AWFUL JOLLY SAD ABOUT THE POOR DUCHESS, AIN'T IT?" "YES—QUITE TOO AWFUL—" (And so forth.)



THE DOLLY VARDEN FAREWELL KISS.

A DELIGHTFUL OPERATION, BUT A DIFFICULT ONE TO PERFORM SUCCESSFULLY.



Mrs. Brown (whose Daughter has just been performing admirably on the Piano-Forte). "DO your DAUGHTERS PLAY, MRS. JONES?"
 Mrs. Jones (whose four Daughters have only been listening). "No." Mrs. Brown. "SING?" Mrs. Jones. "No."
 Mrs. Brown. "PAINT IN WATER-COLOURS?" Mrs. Jones. "No. We GO IN FOR Beauty!"



A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgravian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "WHY, I RECOLLEX YER WHEN YER WOS LIVIN' IN THE REGENCY PARK!"



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Exquisite. "Quite a NICE BALL AT MRS. MILLEFLEURS', WASN'T IT?"
Male Ditto. "Very QUITE. INDEED, REALLY most QUITE!"



Old Servant. "THERE NOW, MISS ANNIE, WHAT DO YOU CALL that?"
Miss Annie. "WHAT DO I CALL what, ADAMS?"
Old Servant. "WHY, THAT BLACK VELVET THING YOU'VE GOT ON. I CALLS IT A Kicking-Strap!"



RINKOMANIA.

FRIENDS of the fleeting Skate, behold in this
A Rinkomaniac's dream of earthly bliss,
Sketched by the frantic pen of one who thinks
That Heaven is paved with everlasting rinks!

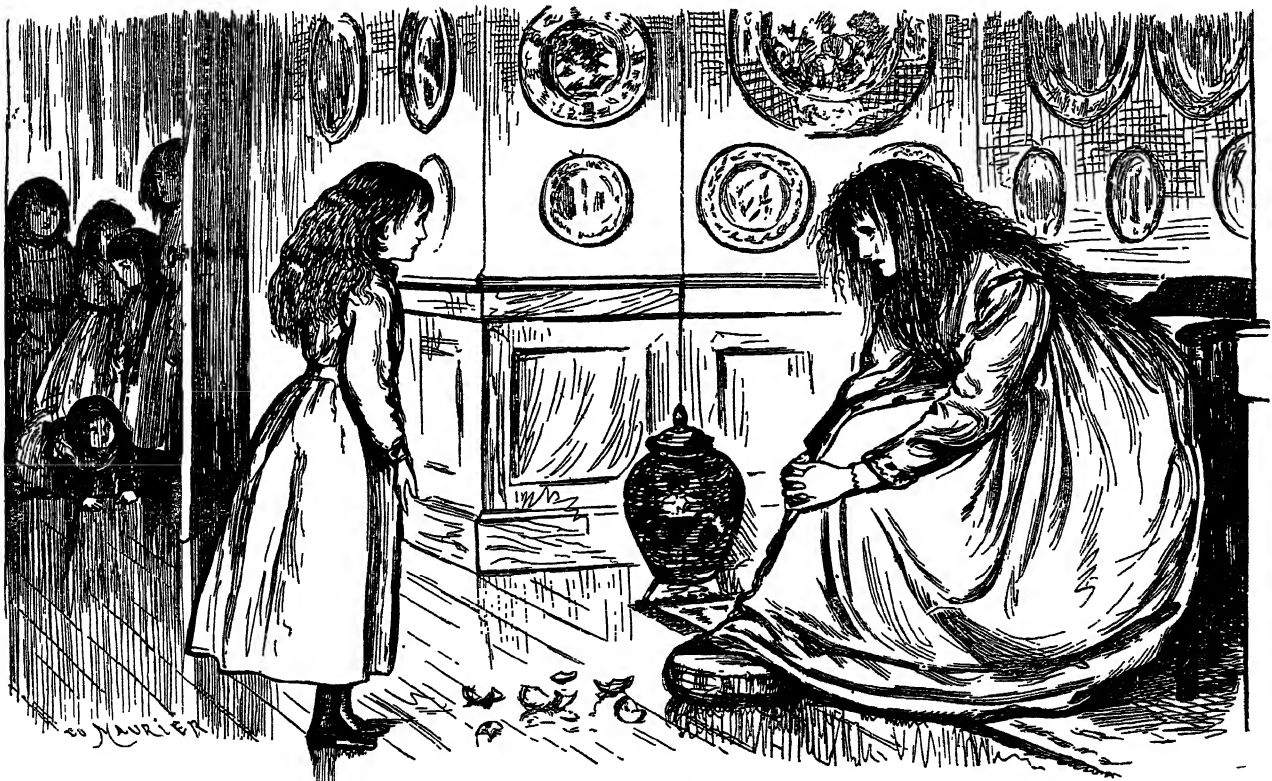
Where Cherubs sweep for ever and a day
Smooth tepid ice that never melts away,
While graceful, gay, good-natured Lovers blend
To endless tunes, in circles without end!



THE PILLION-BICYCLE.



STUDY OF A HORIZONTAL ARRANGEMENT IN TONED WHITE, PURPLE AND BROWN, ACCOMPANIED BY A VERTICAL SYMPHONY IN ORANGE, BLUE AND CRIMSON, MEETING A DIAGONAL DUET IN BLACK AND YELLOW.



May. "MAMMA! MAMMA! Don't go on like this, pray!!"
 Mamma (who has smashed a favourite pot). "WHAT HAVE I GOT LEFT TO LIVE FOR?"
 May. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT Me, MAMMA?"
 Mamma. "You, CHILD! You're NOT UNIQUE!! THERE ARE SIX OF YOU—A COMPLETE SET!!"



THE ANDROGYNÆCEUM CLUB.



Miss Maud. "HOW DO WE STAND?"

Captain Lovelace. "THEY ARE SIX TO OUR LOVE; AND 'LOVE' ALWAYS MEANS NOTHING, YOU KNOW."

Miss Maud. "ALWAYS?"



Ancient Lady. "LET ME DRIVE YOU, MISS SHARP. IT IS QUIET IN MY WAY, AND I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR WALKING HOME ALL ALONE!"

Modern Ditto. "OH, I DON'T MIND WALKING A BIT, THANKS! BESIDES, I WANT TO SMOKE!"



Distinguished Foreigner. "VOULEZ-VOUS ME FAIRE L'HONNEUR DE DANSER CETTE VALSE AVEC MOI, MIESS MATILDE?"
Miss Matilda (an accomplished Waltzer). "AVEC PLAISEER, MONSIEUR. QUELLE EST VOTER FORME—LE 'Lurch de Liverpool,' LE 'Dip de Boston,' OU LE 'Kick de Ratcliffe Highway?'"
 [We have feebly tried to represent the "Ratcliffe Highway Kick," which at present is only danced in the very best society, and confers a great air of distinction on the performers.]



(Honoured Guest at big Country-house is invited by affable Butler to walk through the Cellars.
Guest. "AH! HA! So you've BEEN LAYING IN THE FASHION/ABLE DRINK, I SEE! THE DOCTORS ARE ALL MAD ABOUT IT."
Affable Butler. "YEZZIR—LESS HACID, THEY SAY, IN GOOD M. ALT WISKEY THAN IN ANY FORM OF ALCO'OL. I'VE TOOK TO IT MYSELF, IN FACT, I MAY SAY I'VE QUITE GIVEN UP CHAMPAGNES, CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, AND 'OCKS!"



"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"



THE ARISTOCRACY TAKES TO TRADE.

Lord Plantagenet (to fair Customer, who has just given an enormous order for Sugar, Soap, and Pickles). "ANY other ARTICLE TO-DAY, MADAM?"

Fair Customer. "ER—WELL—A—I HEAR YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE, IS GOING TO GIVE A GARDEN PARTY AT FULHAM. ER—WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I WERE TO BEG OF HER GRACE, THROUGH YOU, THE FAVOUR OF AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS?"

Lord Plantagenet. "IT SHALL BE SEEN TO, MADAM!"



Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Verger. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF?" Verger. "TAKE THEIR 'ATS OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE Dean's young Ladies!"



Lady Customer. "MY LITTLE BOY WISHES FOR A NOAH'S ARK. HAVE YOU ONE?" Toyman. "NO, M'UM, NO. WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPING NOAH'S HARKS SINCE THE SCHOOL BOARDS CAME IN. THEY WAS CONSIDERED TOO DENOMINATIONAL, M'UM!"



THE TELEPHONE.

PLACE—Bedford Square. TIME—8 A.M.

Paterfamilias (waking up). "WHAT'S THE MATTER JEMIMA?"
Materfamilias. "IT'S DEAR CHARLEY GOT A DINNER-PARTY AT COLOMBO. THE SLINGSBY ROBINSONS ARE THERE, AND CHARLEY'S JUST PROPOSED OUR HEALTHS SO NICELY. LISTEN TO THE CHEERS!"
Paterfamilias. "WAIT A MINUTE, AND I'LL RETURN THANKS!"



At the Luncheon hour, Jellaby Postlethwaite enters a Pastrycook's and calls for a glass of Water, into which he puts a freshly-cut Lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof.

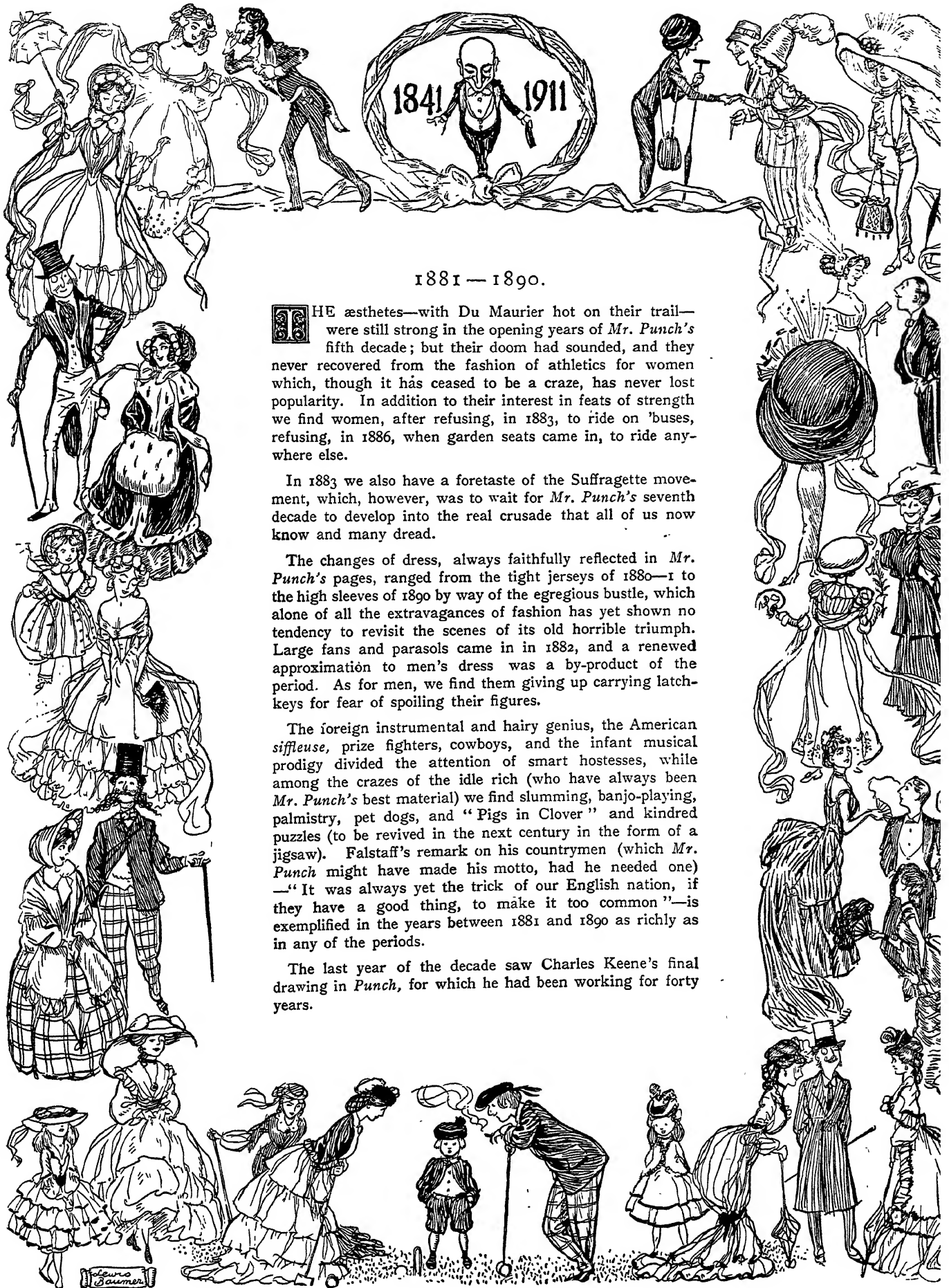
Waiter. "SHALL I BRING YOU ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?"

Jellaby Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO! I HAVE ALL I REQUIRE, AND SHALL SOON HAVE DONE!"



"IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELLE!"

THE SCENE DEPICTED ABOVE IS NOT SO TRAGIC AS ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS THAT BEST OF HUSBANDS, JONES, HELPING THE LOVELY MRS. J. TO DIVEST HERSELF OF HER JERSEY.



1881—1890.

THE æsthetes—with Du Maurier hot on their trail—were still strong in the opening years of *Mr. Punch's* fifth decade; but their doom had sounded, and they never recovered from the fashion of athletics for women which, though it has ceased to be a craze, has never lost popularity. In addition to their interest in feats of strength we find women, after refusing, in 1883, to ride on 'buses, refusing, in 1886, when garden seats came in, to ride anywhere else.

In 1883 we also have a foretaste of the Suffragette movement, which, however, was to wait for *Mr. Punch's* seventh decade to develop into the real crusade that all of us now know and many dread.

The changes of dress, always faithfully reflected in *Mr. Punch's* pages, ranged from the tight jerseys of 1880—to the high sleeves of 1890 by way of the egregious bustle, which alone of all the extravagances of fashion has yet shown no tendency to revisit the scenes of its old horrible triumph. Large fans and parasols came in in 1882, and a renewed approximation to men's dress was a by-product of the period. As for men, we find them giving up carrying latch-keys for fear of spoiling their figures.

The foreign instrumental and hairy genius, the American siffleuse, prize fighters, cowboys, and the infant musical prodigy divided the attention of smart hostesses, while among the crazes of the idle rich (who have always been *Mr. Punch's* best material) we find slumming, banjo-playing, palmistry, pet dogs, and "Pigs in Clover" and kindred puzzles (to be revived in the next century in the form of a jigsaw). Falstaff's remark on his countrymen (which *Mr. Punch* might have made his motto, had he needed one)—"It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common"—is exemplified in the years between 1881 and 1890 as richly as in any of the periods.

The last year of the decade saw Charles Keene's final drawing in *Punch*, for which he had been working for forty years.



POLO FOR THE PEOPLE.



POSTLETHWAITE ON "REFRACTION."

Grigsby. "HULLO, MY JELLABY, YOU HERE! COME AND TAKE A DIP IN THE BRINY, OLD MAN. I'M SURE YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WANTED IT!"

Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO. I NEVER BATHE. I ALWAYS SEE MYSELF SO DREADFULLY FORESHORTENED IN THE WATER, YOU KNOW!"

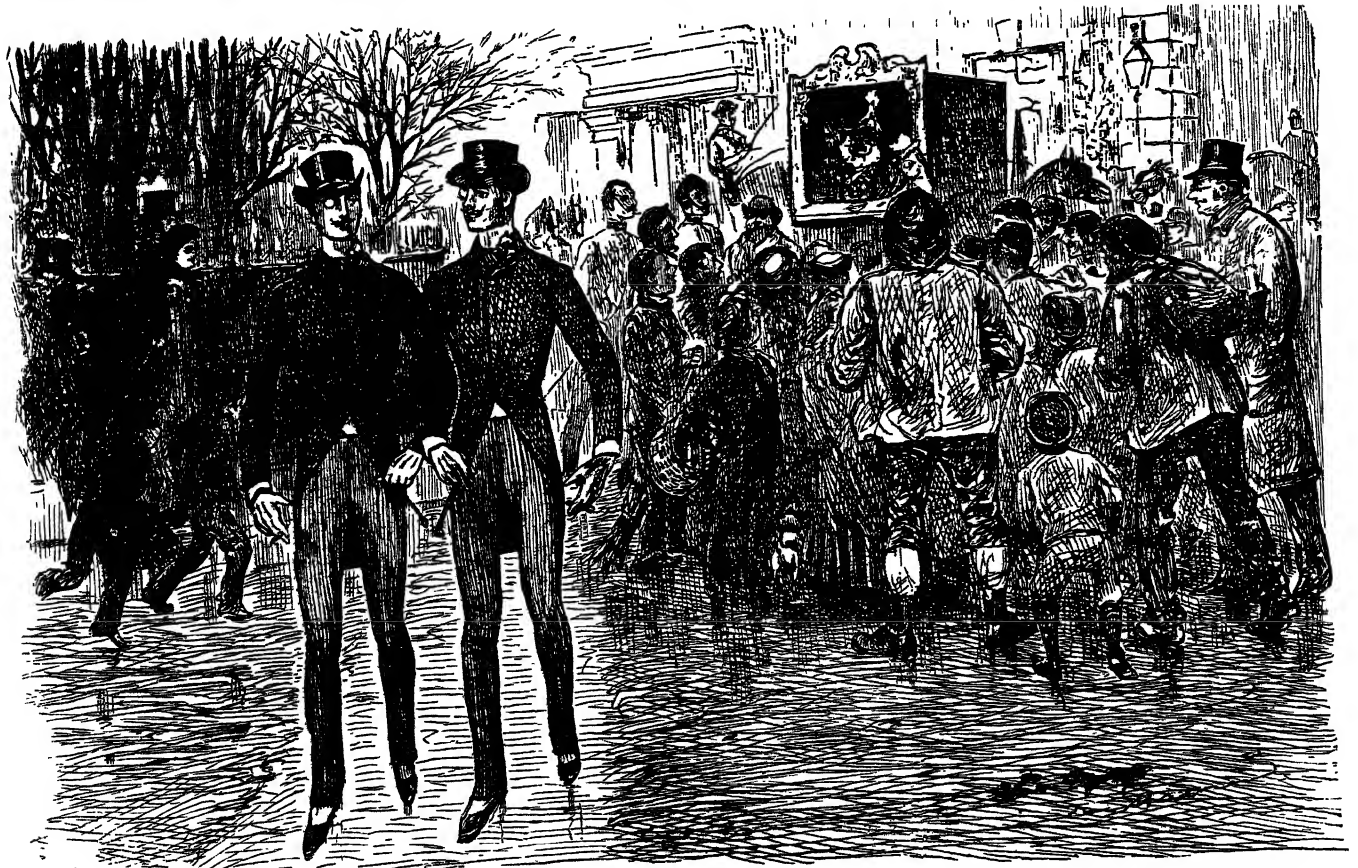


TANTALISING.



Snookson. " 'REVERSING' SEEMS TO BE GOING OUT OF FASHION.

Mrs. Vere de Vere. "IT NEVER CAME IN."



First Masher. "LET'S STOP AND LOOK AT PUNCH AND JUDY, OLD CHAPPIE! I'VE HEARD IT'S AS GOOD AS A PLAY!"
Second Masher. "I DESSAY IT IS, MY BRAVE BOY. BUT WE AIN'T DRESSED, YOU KNOW!"



A NEW TASTE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

She. "WHAT A FINE-LOOKING MAN MR. O'BRIEN IS!"

He. "H'M—HAH—RATHER ROUGH-HEWN, I THINK. CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THAT LOUD-LAUGHING, STRONG-VOICED, ROBUST KIND OF MAN. NOW THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING WOMAN HE'S TALKING TO!"

She. "WELL—ER—SOMEWHAT effeminate, you know. CONFESS I DON'T ADMIRE effeminate WOMEN!"

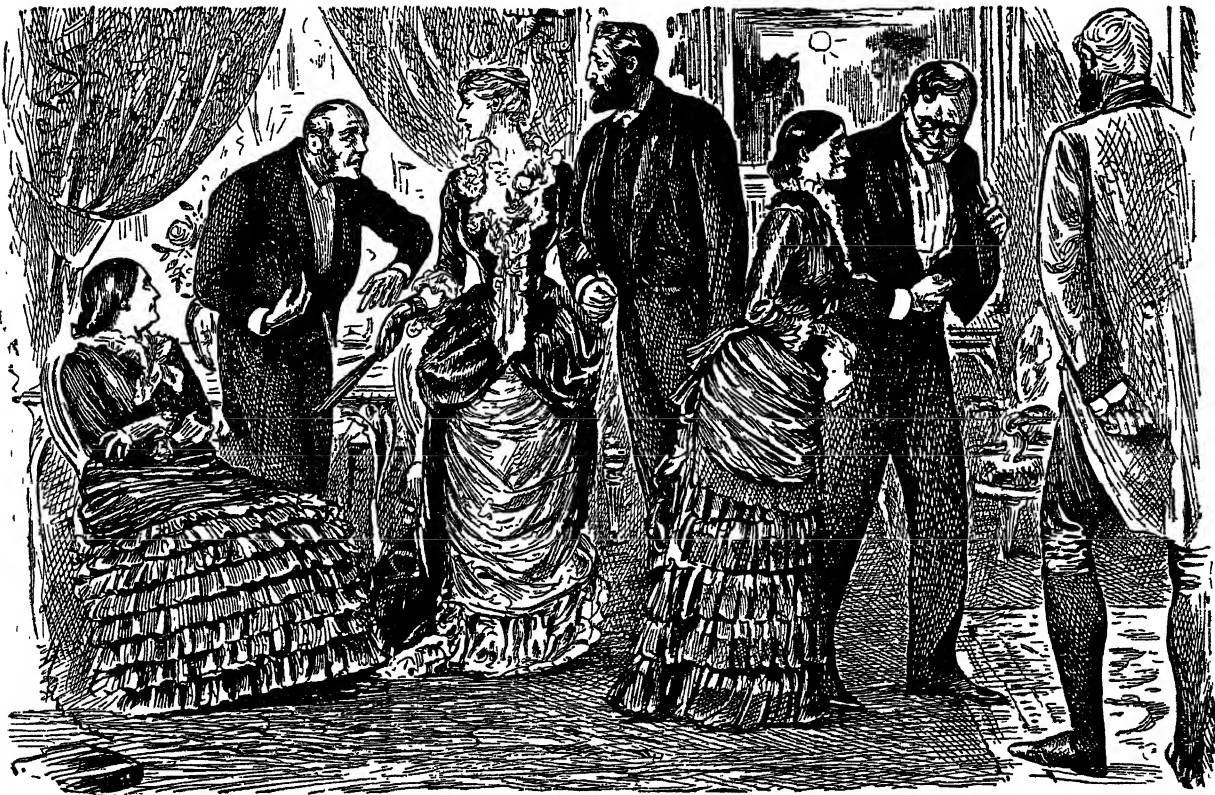


THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE ACTOR HAS IMPROVED OF LATE YEARS, BUT STILL LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED.

Walter Lissom (the *Jeune Premier* of the *Parthenon*). "I ASK YOU ALL, LADIES, HAS AN ACTOR EVER YET BEEN MADE A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, OR EVEN HAD THE REFUSAL OF A PEERAGE! Never!"
Chorus of adoring Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses. "Shame!"



THE GOLF STREAM.
FLOWS ALONG THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.



A NEW RUNG IN THE SOCIAL LADDER.

TODESON TAKES TO "SLUMMING," AND COMES ACROSS LADY CLARA ROBINSON (*née* VERE DE VERE) IN A FRIGHTFUL DEN NEAR BETHNAL GREEN. OH JOY! SHE ACTUALLY INVITES HIM TO DINE WITH SIR PETER AND HERSELF IN GROSVENOR SQUARE!

BUT, ALAS! INSTEAD OF RANK AND FASHION, IT IS ONLY TO MEET AN EAST END CURATE AND HIS WIFE, DEVOTED TO THE POOR; —AND MISS FULLALOVE (THE MATRON OF LADY CLARA'S HOME FOR JUVENILE THIEVES IN BERMONDSEY), WHOM HE HAS TO LEAD IN TO DINNER, AND WHO PERSISTS IN MISTAKING HIM FOR ONE OF THOSE RECLAIMED SPECIMENS OF THE "LOWER MIDDLE CLASS CRIMINAL." HER LADYSHIP IS SO FOND OF BEING KIND TO!

[Todeson thinks that "Slumming" doesn't pay, after all!]



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST; OR, THE STALKING OF GORGIUS MIDAS JUNIOR.

LADY MATCHAM AND HER DIANA PATIENTLY DRIVE THE QUARRY INTO THE DISCREET LITTLE SAGE-GREEN SATIN BOUDOIR, WHENCE, AS THEY FONDLY ANTICIPATE, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE. UNFORTUNATELY, WHO SHOULD BE LYING IN WAIT FOR HIM THERE BUT LADY CATCHAM AND HER CONSTANTIA!



SOCIETY'S NEW PET—THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

"AND HOW DID YOU AND MR. SOPLEY COME TO QUARREL, DEAR MISS DRAGON?"—"WELL, YOUR GRACE, IT WAS LIKE THIS: I WAS SITTING TO HIM IN A CESTUS FOR 'THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS,' WHEN SOMEONE CALLED AS WANTED TO SEE HIM MOST PARTICULAR; SO HE SAID, 'Don't you move, Miss Dragon, or you'll disturb the Cestus!'—'Very good, Sir!' I SAID, AND OFF HE WENT; AND WHEN HE CAME BACK IN AN HOUR AND A 'ARF OR SO, HE SAID, 'You've moved, Miss Dragon.'—'I 'aven't!' I SAID.—'You 'AVE!' HE SAID.—'I 'AVEN'T!' I SAID,—AND NO MORE I 'ADN'T, YOUR GRACE!—AND WITH THAT I OFF WITH HIS CESTUS, AND WISHED HIM GOOD MORNING, AN' NEVER BEEN NEAR HIM SINCE!"



THE LAST NEW FAD. A REACTION FROM ÆSTHETICS.

The Professor. "NOW, LADIES. STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, PLEASE!—AND DON'T TRY TO *Scratch*—'TAIN'T NO GOOD WITH THE GLOVES ON!"

M. le Professeur. "ALLONS, MADemoisELLE,—VIF LÀ! ROMPEZ—PARADE ET RIPOSTE EN QUARTE. BON! ENCORE UNE FOIS LA FEINTE DE SECONDE. HARDI! UNE, DEUSSE, TROISSE! FENDEZ-VOUS BIEN,—Parfait!"



1787.

"HERE'S A HOW-D'Y-DO!"

1887.

A CHAPTER ON THE EVOLUTION OF DEPORTMENT.



The Duchess of Beljambe. "THAT'S MY COSTUME FOR THE DANCE IN THE THIRD ACT—RATHER COLD IN THIS WEATHER—BUT IT'S FOR THE POOR, CROSSING-SWEEPERS' WIDOWS' HOME, YOU KNOW! ARE YOU COMING TO SEE US, CAPTAIN DE BOOTS?" *Gallant Hussar.* "HAW! HAW! I SHOULD THINK SO, DUCHESS—rather!—WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! BRING THE WHOLE REGIMENT! FETCH 'EM AWFULLY, THAT THIRD ACT WILL! HAW! HAW! HAW!"



"WELL, TA-TA, OLD MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE WAITING UP FOR ME, YOU KNOW!" "WHY, DON'T YOU CARRY A LATCH-KEY?" "CARRY A Latch-key! NOT I! A LATCH-KEY'D SPOIL any FELLER'S FIGURE!"



TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.
DRAGOON AND CURATE.

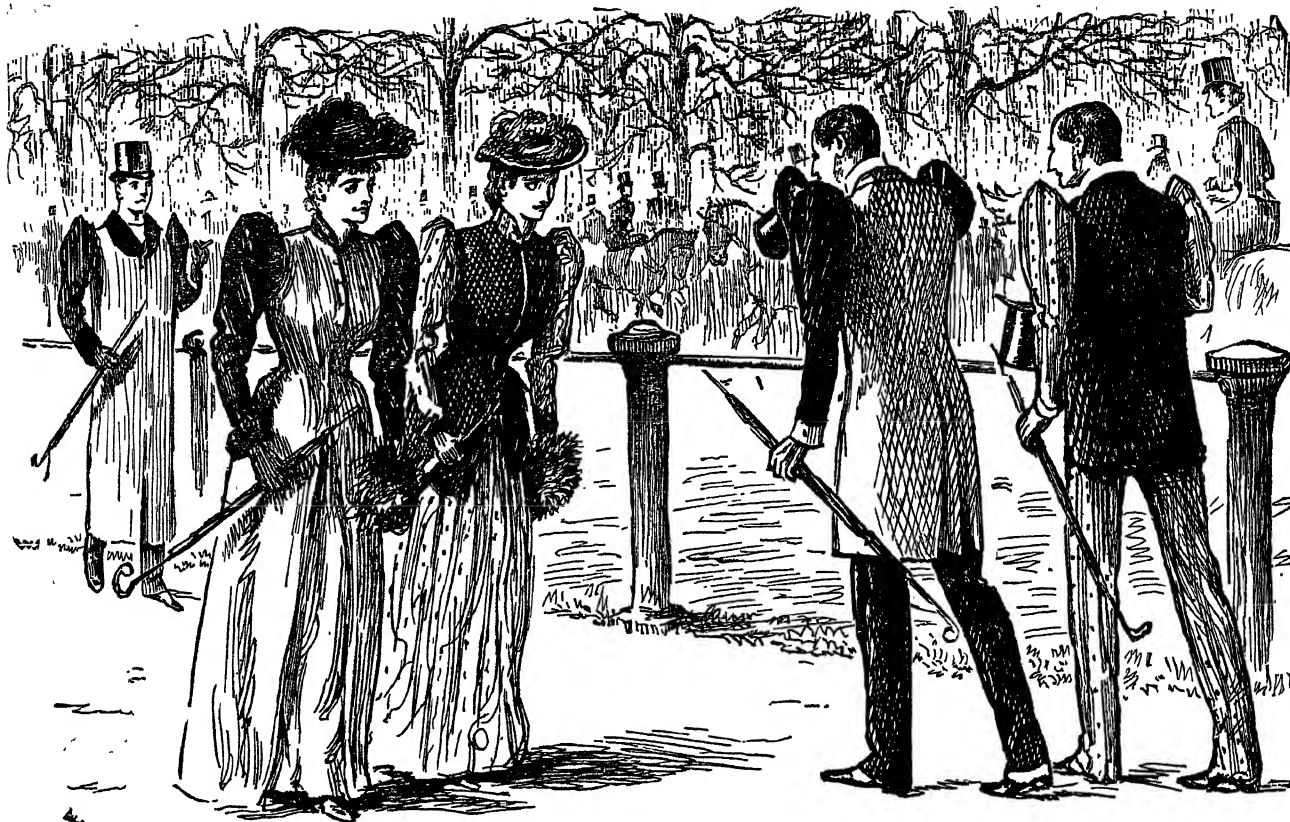


MRS. DUDLEY DE VERE STANLEY-MAINWARING AT HOME—GLOVES.
(SMALL AND EARLY.)



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

THIS IS NOT AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—IT IS MERELY "THE VALSE," AS WE HAVE LATELY SEEN IT DANCED AT SUBURBAN SUBSCRIPTION BALLS, &c.

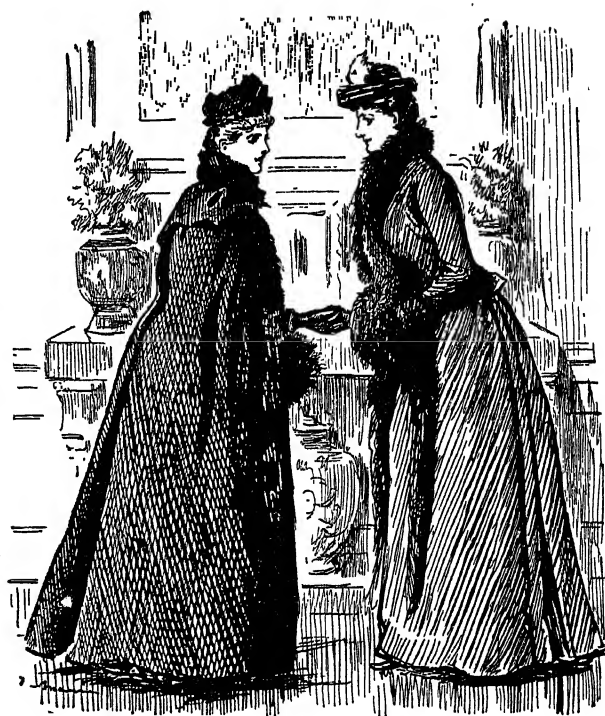


IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.



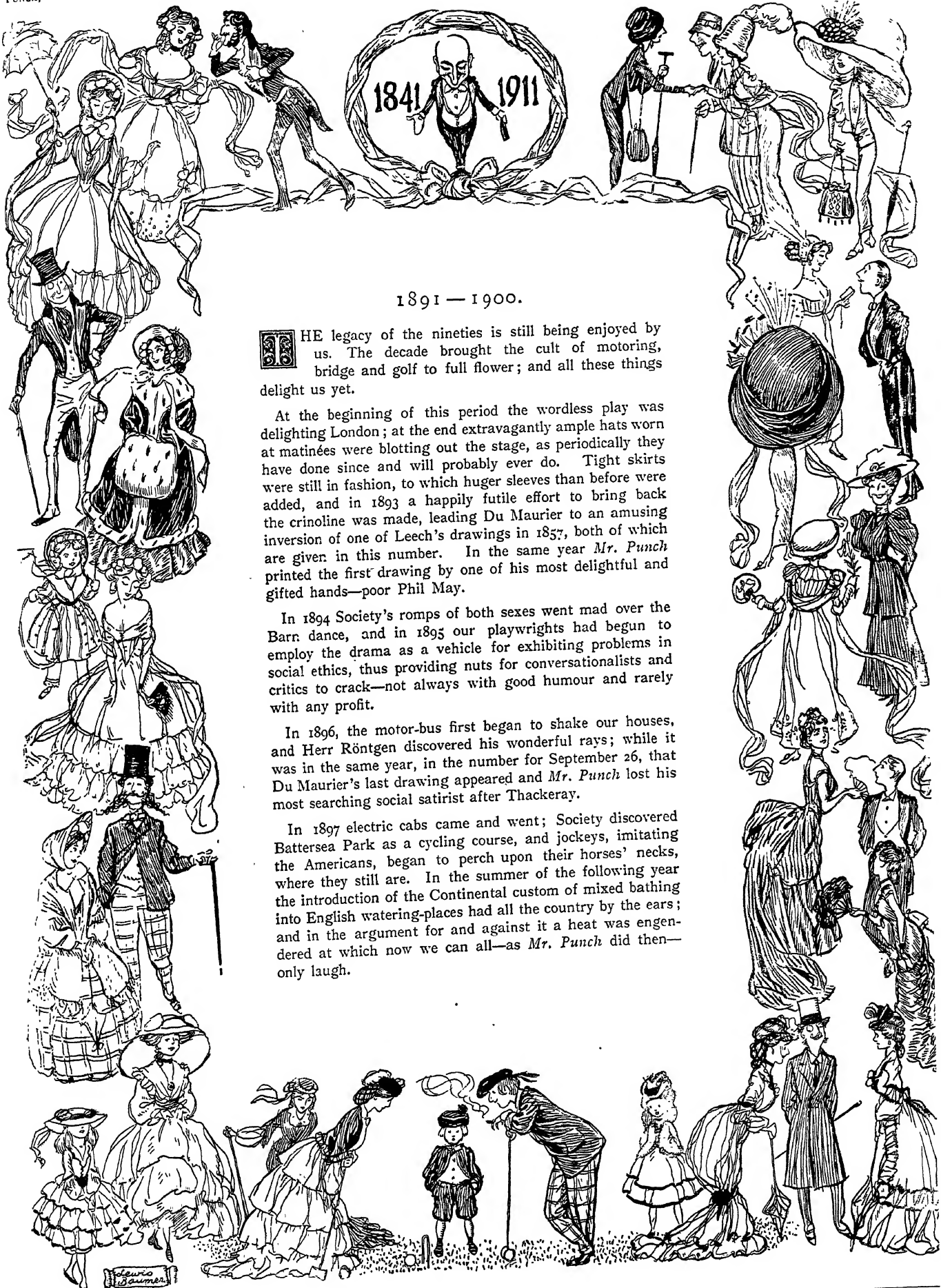
REFRESHMENTS IN VOGUE.

"QUININE OR ANTIPYRINE, MY LADY?"



TRUE FEMININE DELICACY OF FEELING.

Emily (who has called to take Lizzie to the great Murder Trial).
 "WHAT DEEP BLACK, DEAREST!"
 Lizzie. "YES. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ONLY DECENT, AS THE
 POOR WRETCH IS SURE TO BE FOUND GUILTY."
 Emily. "AH! I HEARD IT WAS EVEN BETTING WHICH WAY THE
 VERDICT WOULD GO, SO I ONLY PUT ON Half MOURNING!"



1891—1900.

THE legacy of the nineties is still being enjoyed by us. The decade brought the cult of motoring, bridge and golf to full flower; and all these things delight us yet.

At the beginning of this period the wordless play was delighting London; at the end extravagantly ample hats worn at matinées were blotting out the stage, as periodically they have done since and will probably ever do. Tight skirts were still in fashion, to which huger sleeves than before were added, and in 1893 a happily futile effort to bring back the crinoline was made, leading Du Maurier to an amusing inversion of one of Leech's drawings in 1857, both of which are given in this number. In the same year *Mr. Punch* printed the first drawing by one of his most delightful and gifted hands—poor Phil May.

In 1894 Society's romps of both sexes went mad over the Barn dance, and in 1895 our playwrights had begun to employ the drama as a vehicle for exhibiting problems in social ethics, thus providing nuts for conversationalists and critics to crack—not always with good humour and rarely with any profit.

In 1896, the motor-bus first began to shake our houses, and Herr Röntgen discovered his wonderful rays; while it was in the same year, in the number for September 26, that Du Maurier's last drawing appeared and *Mr. Punch* lost his most searching social satirist after Thackeray.

In 1897 electric cabs came and went; Society discovered Battersea Park as a cycling course, and jockeys, imitating the Americans, began to perch upon their horses' necks, where they still are. In the summer of the following year the introduction of the Continental custom of mixed bathing into English watering-places had all the country by the ears; and in the argument for and against it a heat was engendered at which now we can all—as *Mr. Punch* did then—only laugh.



"LIKE MY NEW FROCK, AUNT JANE?"
 "WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU'D GOT SKIRTS FOR YOUR SLEEVES,
 AND A SLEEVE FOR YOUR SKIRT!"

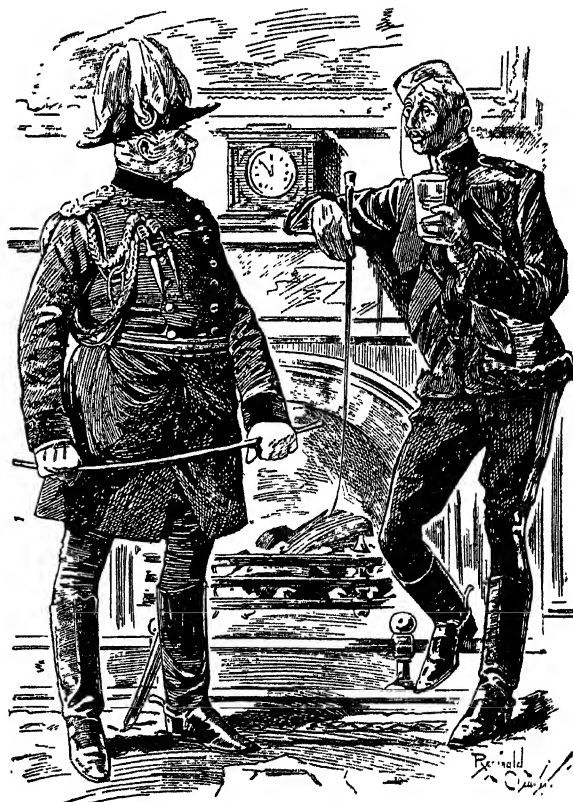


"A—GOT ANYTHING ON TO-NIGHT, LADY GODIVA?"
 "NOT MUCH, I'M GLAD TO SAY!"



IBSEN IN BRIXTON.

Mrs. Harris. "YES, WILLIAM, I'VE THOUGHT A DEAL ABOUT IT,
 AND I FIND I'M NOTHING BUT YOUR DOLL AND DICKY-BIRD, AND SO
 I'M GOING!"



MILITARY EDUCATION.

General. "WHAT IS THE MAIN USE OF CAVALRY IN MODERN WAR
 FARE?"
 Mr. de Bridoon. "WELL, I SUPPOSE TO GIVE TONE
 TO WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE A MERE VULGAR BRAWL!"



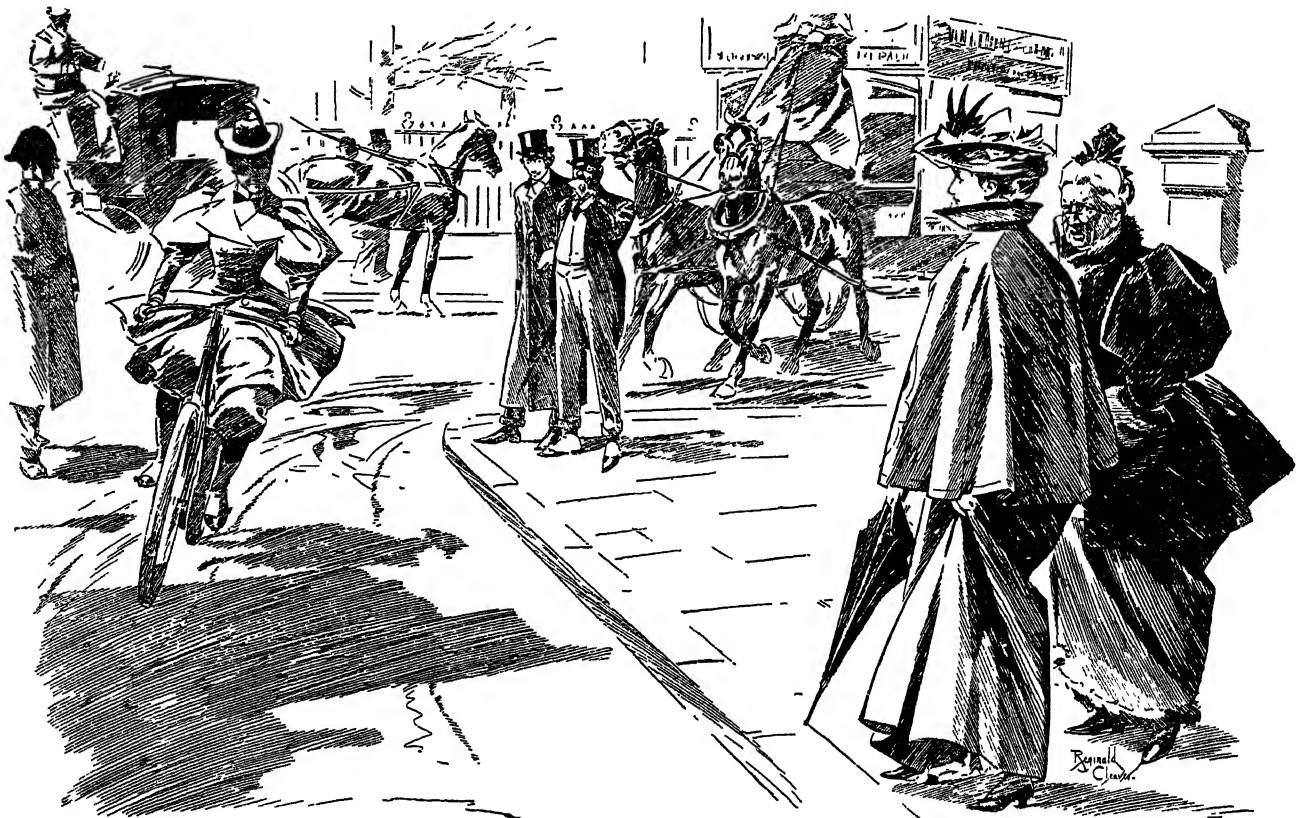
"THERE GO THE SPICER WILCOXES, MAMMA! I'M TOLD THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US. HADN'T WE BETTER CALL?"
 "CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR. IF THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US, THEY'RE NOT WORTH KNOWING. THE ONLY PEOPLE WORTH *Our* KNOWING ARE THE PEOPLE WHO *don't* WANT TO KNOW US!"



THE MISSES ROUNDABOUT THINK TIGHT' SKIRTS A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. WEASEL'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE. (See page 16.)



ROTTEN ROW. 10 A.M. DISPERSION OF THE POHTHITES, STRAWHATITES AND CAPMEN, AND TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF THE TOPHATITE, "IN QUITE 'CORRECT ATTIRE,' BY PARTICULAR DESIRE."



Daughter (enthusiastically). "OH, MAMMA! I *must* LEARN BICYCLING! SO DELIGHTFUL TO GO AT SUCH A PACE!"
Mamma (severely). "NO, THANK YOU, MY DEAR; YOU ARE *quite* FAST ENOUGH ALREADY!"



THE BARN DANCE.

Old Lady (from the Country). "IS YOUR AUNT JANE HERE TO-NIGHT, MATILDA?"

Matilda. "YES—THERE SHE IS—DANCING THE 'Pas de Quatre' WITH LITTLE MR. SIMPKINS!"

Old Lady. "OH—SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THE 'Pas de Quatre'! I THINK THAT THE 'Pas du Tout' WOULD BE MORE SUITABLE TO YOUR AUNT JANE!"

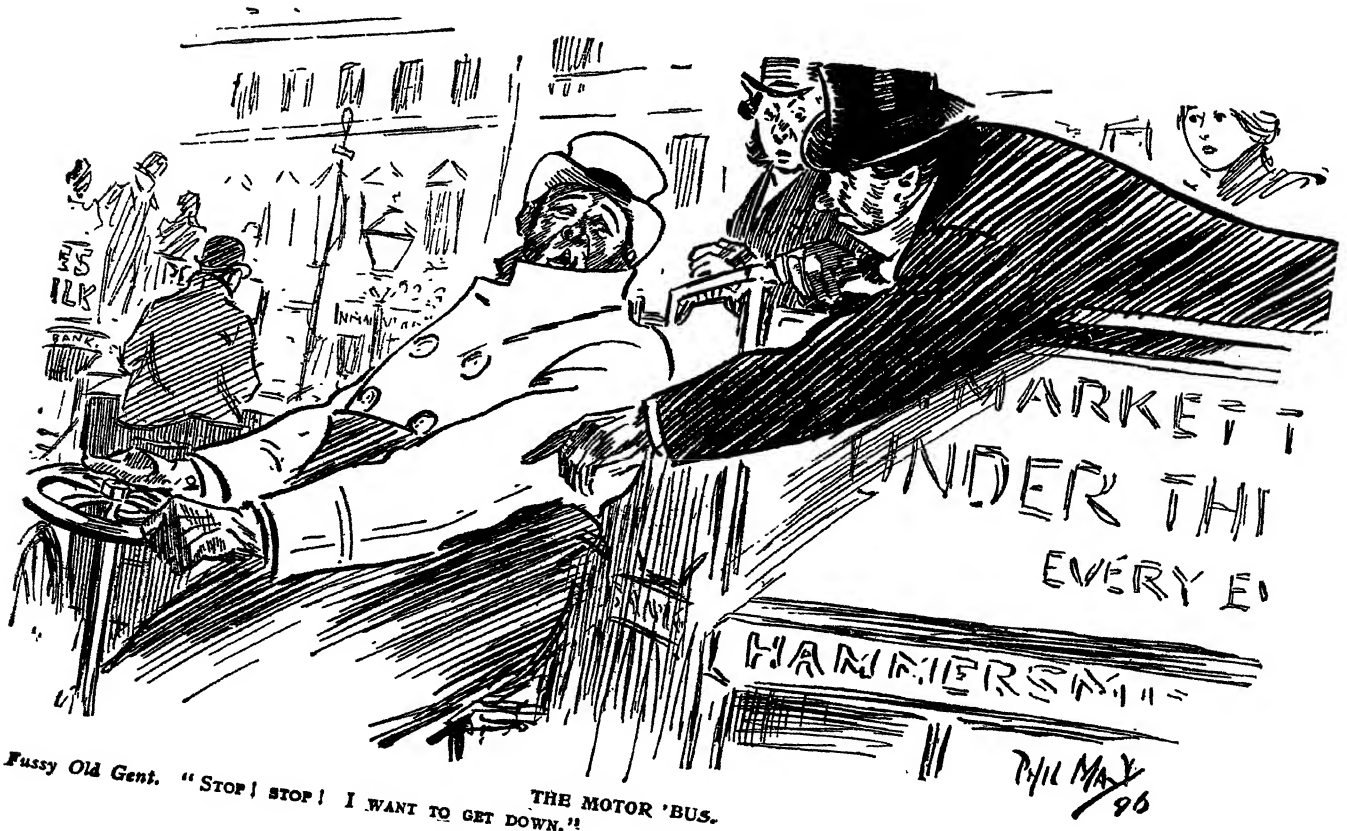


THE PROBLEM PLAY.

New Woman (with the hat). "NO! MY PRINCIPLE IS SIMPLY THIS—IF THERE'S A DEMAND FOR THESE PLAYS, IT MUST BE SUPPLIED!"

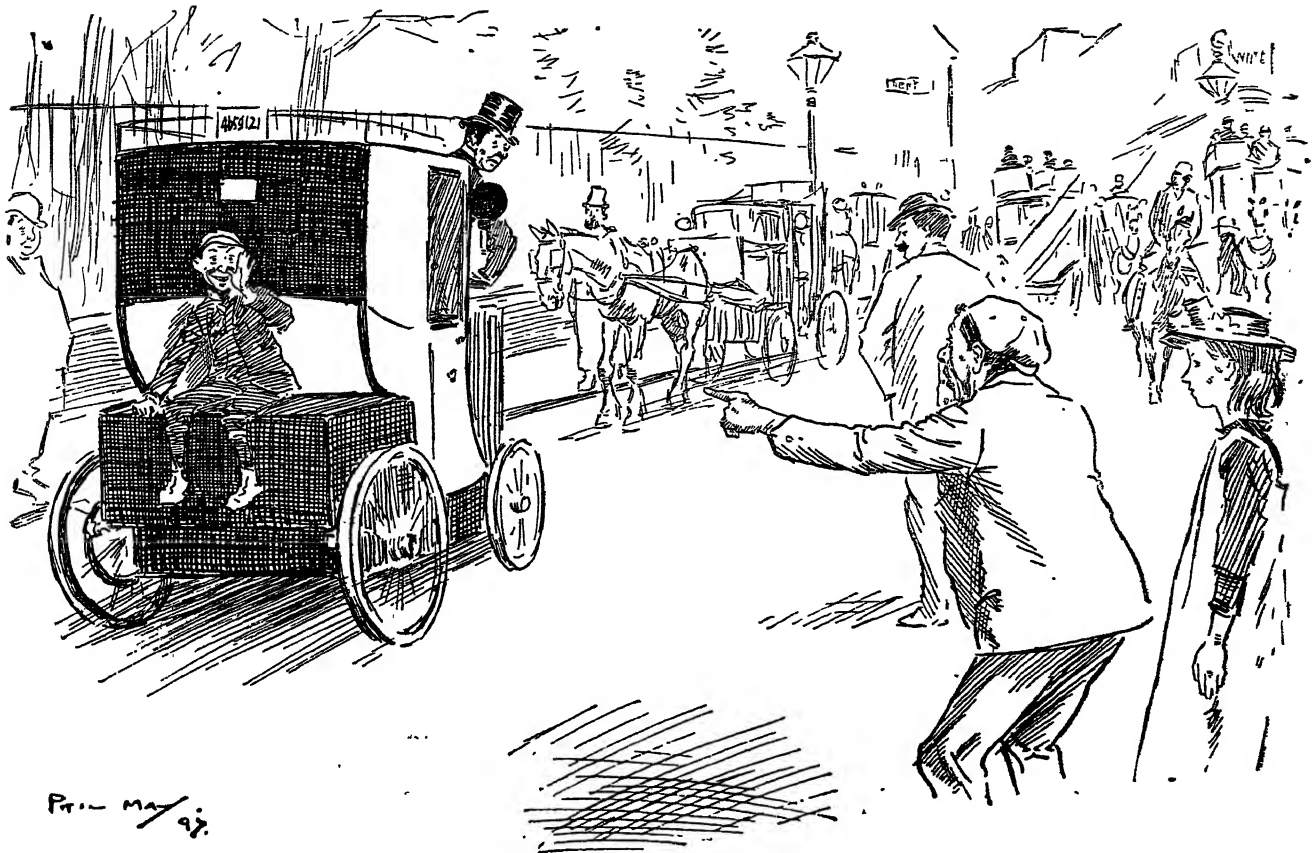
Woman not New (with the bonnet). "PRECISELY! JUST AS WITH THE BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN!"

[Scores.]



Fussy Old Gent. "STOP! STOP! I WANT TO GET DOWN."

Driver. "I CAN'T STOP THE BLOOMIN' THING!!"



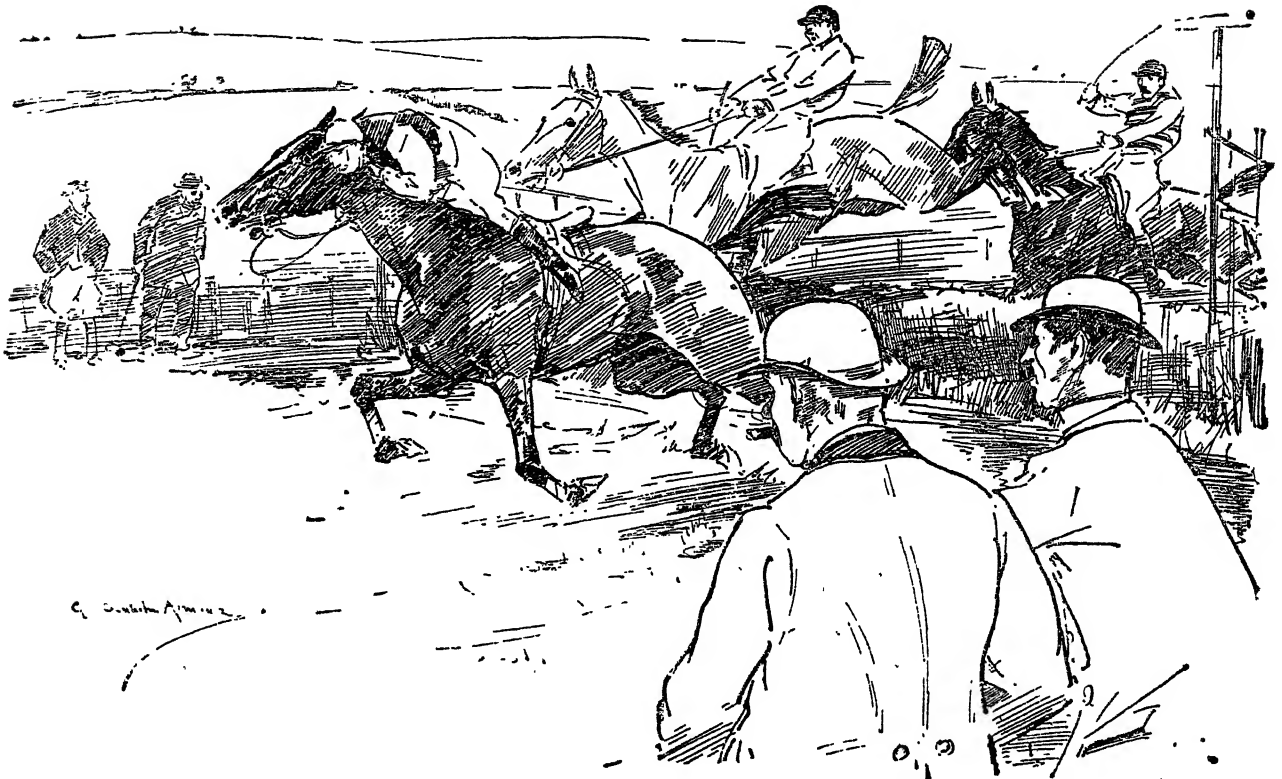
"Hi! WHIP BEHIND!"

"YAH! 'E AIN'T GOT NONE!"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

Ethel. "I HOPE BICYCLING WILL GO OUT OF FASHION BEFORE NEXT SEASON, I *do* HATE BICYCLING so!"
Maud. "So do I! BUT ONE *must*, you know!"



["I don't like the American style of sitting on the withers and leaning almost over the horse's ears, with a short, tight hold of the reins."—*Sporting Weekly*.]
 "IS THAT CHAP COMIN' OFF, OR IS HE TRYIN' THE NEW AMERICAN STYLE?"



TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT A HOUSE PARTY.

The Duchess (just arrived, rather late). "LORD AU-GUS-TUS!!"
 Lord Augustus (emerging suddenly from "Green Room"). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DUCHESS. DON'T BE 'HUFFY.' I'M IN THE
 TABLEAU, 'ART WINS THE HEART,' DON'TCHERKNOW. CELEBRATED PICTURE. CHAP PAINTING A VASE. HOW 'DO, LADY MAB?
 HOW 'DO, LADY GERTY? LIKE MY GET UP? JUST GOING ON, LOOK SHARP TO YOUR SEATS, OR YOU'LL MISS ME! TA, TA!"



Mrs. Snobson (who is doing a little slumming for the first time, and wishes to appear affable, but is at a loss to know how to commence conversation). "TOWN VERY EMPTY!"



Stout Lady. "EXCUSE ME, LADY GODOLPHIN, BUT I SHOULD SO LIKE TO MAKE SOME NOTES OF YOUR CHARMING COSTUME—MAY I?"
Lady Godolphin. "PARDON ME, BUT REALLY I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF—"
Stout Lady. "OH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND: I'M 'GIRLIE,' YOU KNOW—I DO THE FASHION ARTICLE FOR *Classy Bits*!"



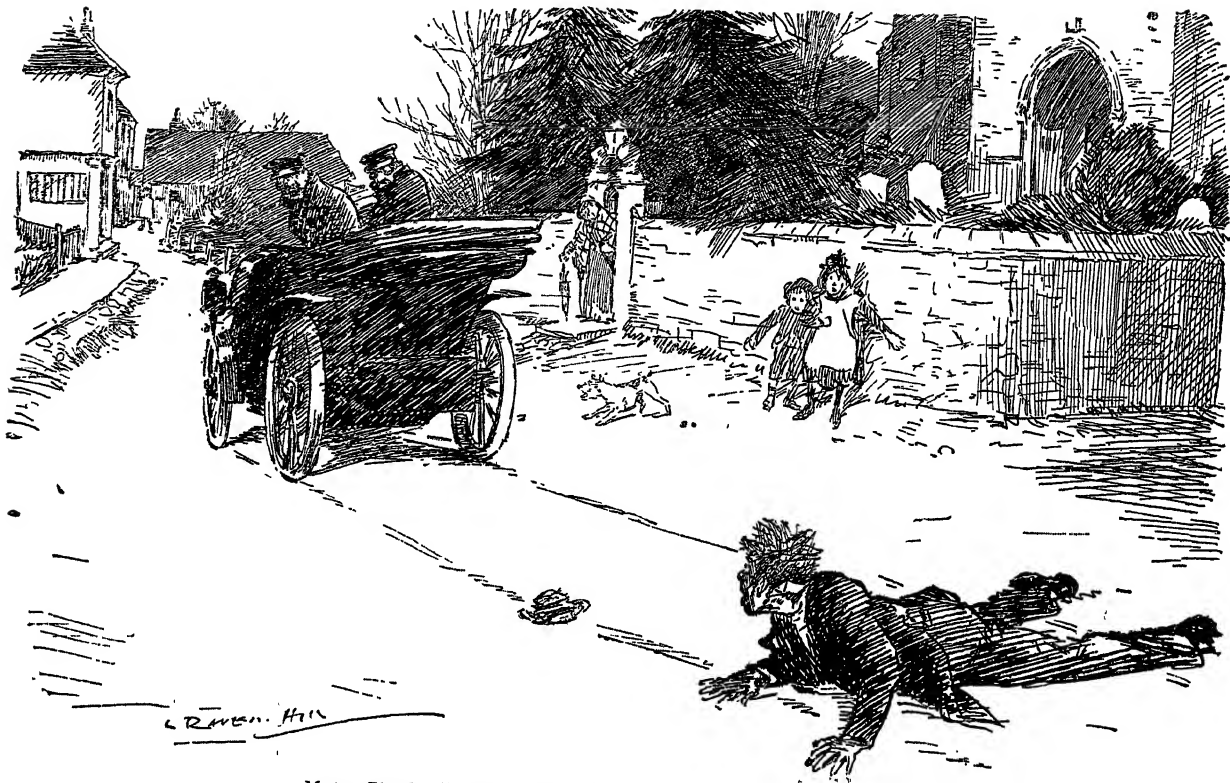
THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

INTERESTING RESULT ATTAINED, WITH AID OF RÖNTGEN RAYS, BY A FIRST-FLOOR LODGER WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING HIS SITTING-ROOM DOOR.



THE BATHING QUESTION.

MASTER TOMMY IS EMPHATICALLY OF THE OPINION THAT THE SEXES OUGHT NOT TO BATHE TOGETHER.

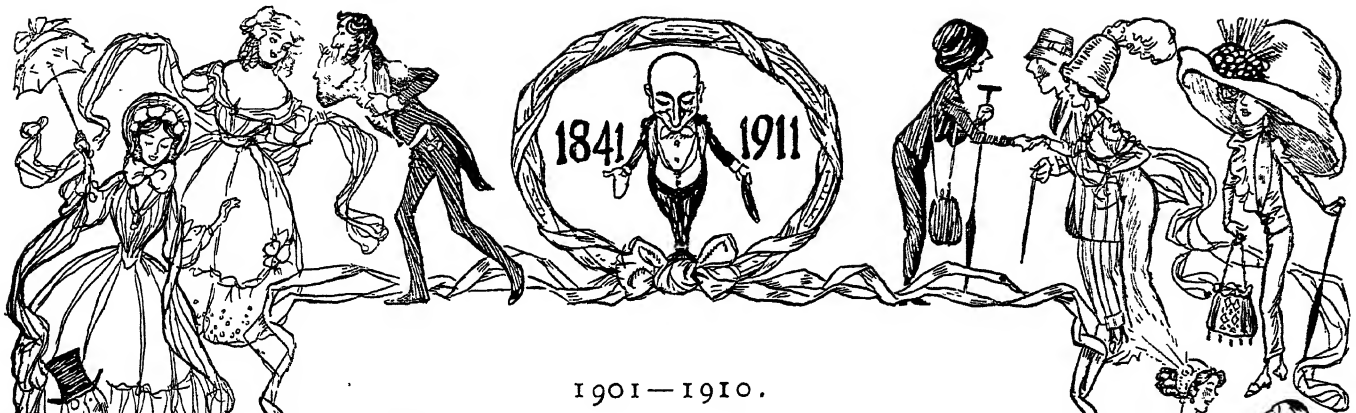


Motor Fiend. "WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY?"
Victim. "What! ARE YOU COMING BACK?"



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Exasperated Old Gentleman (to Lady in front of him). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT MY SEAT HAS COST ME TEN SHILLINGS, AND I WANT TO see. YOUR HAT—"
The Lady. "MY HAT HAS COST ME TEN GUINEAS, SIR, AND I WANT IT TO be seen!"



1901-1910.

AND so we are come to the last decade of the seven, when *Mr. Punch* and the world began the New Century. If the ten years had to be described swiftly they might be called, for England as a whole, the era of universal golf, of bridge and motoring, of suffragettes and flying. Golf, of course, had long been a fashion, but it was only now that not to play it put one outside the pale.

The period produced no inventions to benefit the world on the scale of the telephone, the bicycle and the camera; and giants were few in the land. London, however, owes to the ingenuity of these years her many tubes and more taxis.

The dawn of 1901 found England pulsating with ping-pong; while 1910 closed amid chatter as to the merits and demerits of the harem skirt. In 1901 the devastating rule of the imported *nouveau art* was powerful; in 1910 life-long intimacies were being shattered over the claims of Gauguin and Matisse to be considered masters.

Japan, the conquering, gave us Jiu-Jitsu in the early years of the century, and about the same time "rotten" and "ripping" became daily flowers of speech. Throughout the decade attempts by swimmers on the Channel were being made, but no one could equal Captain Webb's feat of 1875.

The crowded tubes led to the precarious necessity of strap-hanging, and by 1907 (as foreseen by *Mr. Punch* in the forties) the taxi was with us and the knell of the cab-horse had sounded, although a few hansoms and growlers still struggle on.

Ping-pong's fierce short vogue in the beginning of the decade was hardly shorter or fiercer than that of diablo in the middle, when there also set in that admirable fashion for pageants which fostered so much local patriotism and taught so much history.

And so *Mr. Punch* enters his eighth decade on July 27, 1911, and what that will bring forth, who knows? We can but wait and see.





Johnnie (to waiter). "AW—YOU'RE THE BOSS—HEAD WAITER, EH?" Waiter. "YESSIR."

Johnnie. "AH, WELL, JUST—AH—SEND UP TO YOUR orchestra chaps, AND TELL 'EM I REALLY CAN'T EAT MY DINNER TO *that* TUNE."



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Liz (to Emily). "MIND YER, IT'S ALL ROIGHT SO FUR AS IT GOES. ALL I SEZ IS, IT WANTS A FEVVER OR TWO, OR A BIT O' PLUSH SOMEWHARES, TO GIVE IT WHAT I CALL *stoyle*!"



Excited Young Lady. "FATHER, DIRECTLY THIS SET IS OVER GET INTRODUCED TO THE LITTLE MAN BY THE FIRE-PLACE, AND MAKE HIM COME TO OUR PARTY ON TUESDAY."

Her Father. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR, IF YOU WISH IT. BUT—ER—HE'S RATHER A SCRUBBY LITTLE PERSON, ISN'T HE?"

E. Y. L. "FATHER, DO YOU KNOW *who* HE IS? THEY TELL ME HE'S THE AMATEUR PING-PONG CHAMPION OF PECKHAM! I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL PLAY; BUT, IF YOU CAN GET HIM JUST TO LOOK IN, THAT WILL BE *something*!"

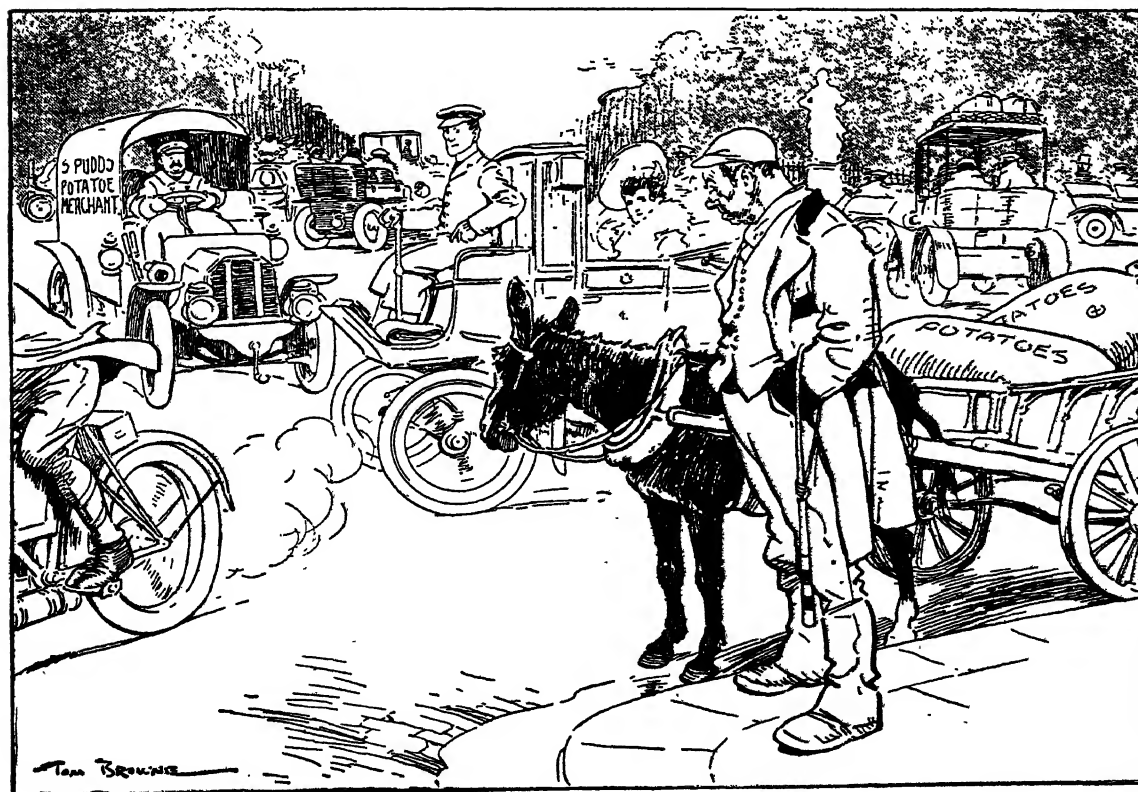


"ONLY TWO FEET AT THE WINDOW."

(Old Song adapted.)

Milkman (aghast, anxiously). "HULLO! WOT'S THAT?"

Old Woman. "HISH! OUR LODGER, JUST COME. OPEN-AIR CURE!"



CROWDED OUT.

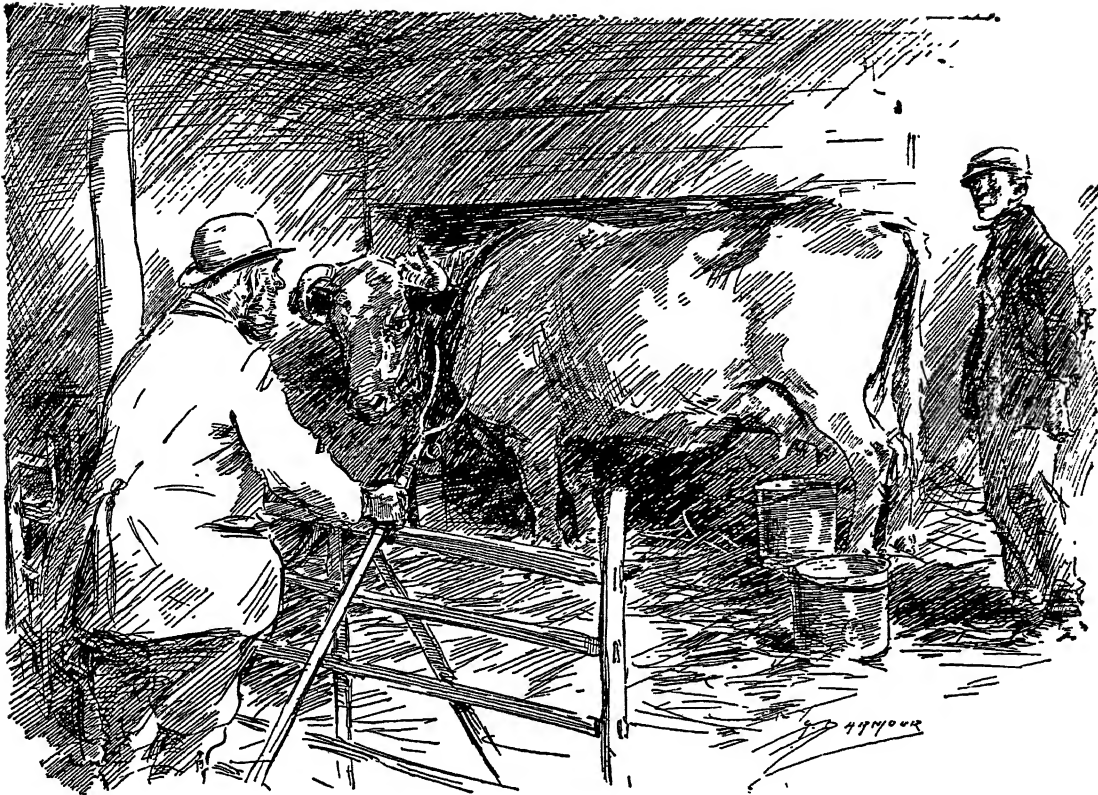
Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey). "OTHELLO, OTHELLO, your OCCUPATION 'LL SOON BE GONE!"



Jones (to his fair Partner, after their opponents have declared "Clubs"). "SHALL I PLAY TO 'CLUBS,' PARTNER?"
 Fair Partner (who has never played Bridge before). "OH, NO, PLEASE DON'T, MR. JONES. I'VE ONLY GOT TWO
 LITTLE ONES."



THE SUFFRAGETTE THAT KNEW JIU-JITSU.
 THE ARREST.



Old Farmer Worsell (who believes in the principle of "Back to the Land," and is experimenting with unemployed from London). "NOW THEN, YOUNG FELLER, 'OW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE WITH THAT THERE MILK?"
Young Feller. "I CAUNT 'ELP IT, GUV'NOR. I BIN WATCHIN' 'ER 'ARF AN HOUR, AND SHE AIN'T LAID ANY YIT!"



Straphanger (in first-class compartment, to first-class passenger). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, ANG ON TO THIS 'ERE STRAP A MINUTE; WILL YER, WHILE I GET A LIGHT?"



Vench. "DO YOU PAJ MUCH? I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D HELP US AT PIPELEY LATER ON."

Varlet. "MY DEAR LADY, I'M ABSOLUTELY BOOKED UP FOR THE SEASON. LET'S SEE. I'M OLIVER CROMWELL AT LAND'S END ON FRIDAY; TITUS OATES IN THE ISLE OF MAN ON THE 10TH; AND THEN ETHELRED THE UNREADY IN SHETLAND. SORRY. NO GO."



THE CARAVAN CRAZE.
SCENE IN A LONELY PART OF THE HIGHLANDS.



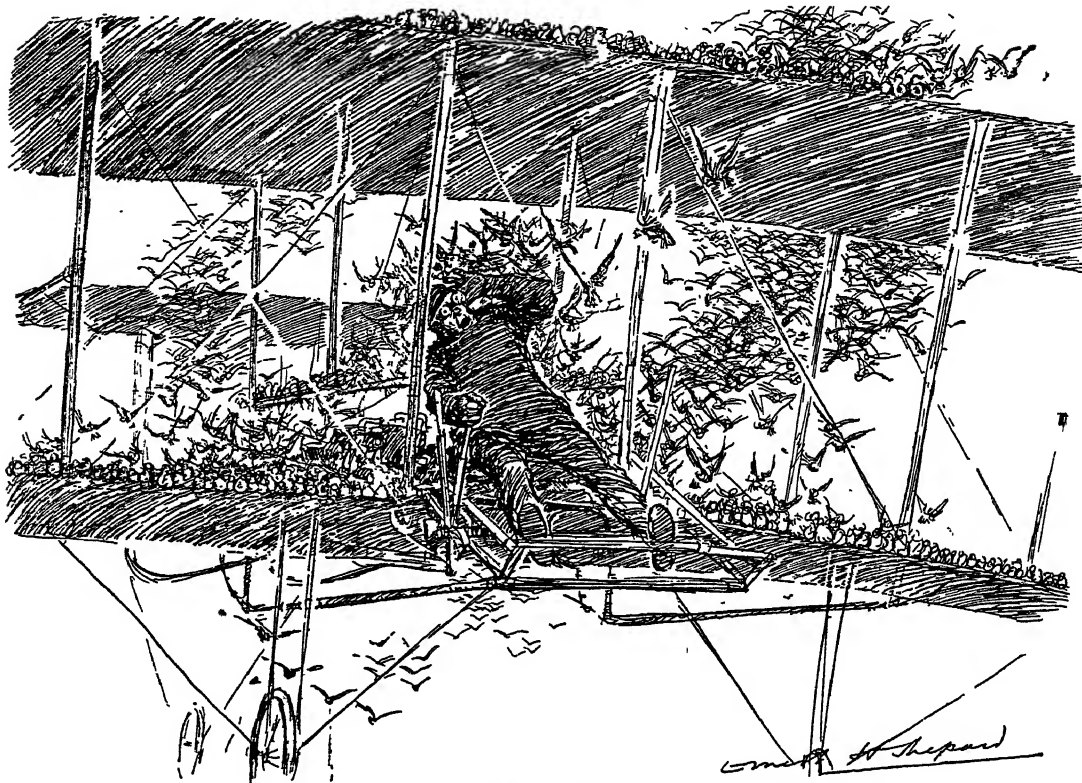
THE CHANNEL SWIMMING CRAZE.



OPENING DAY OF THE NEW WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.



THE DIABOLO CRAZE.



THE HAPPY CHANCE.

Chorus of Migrating Birds. "COME ON, BOYS, THIS SPECIAL'S GOING DUE SOUTH!"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE BUT DO NOT BELONG TO.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL DANCING.



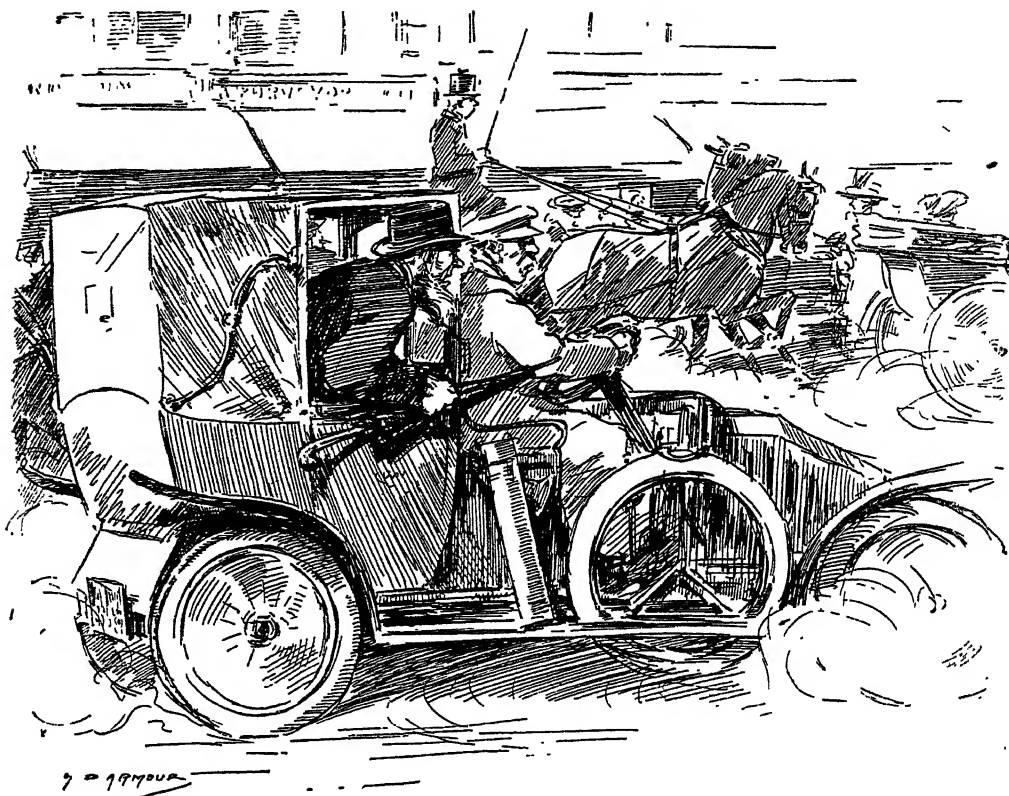
GEMS OF LANGUAGE.

Ethel. "Well, Gran, we've had a topping game. The other side were bally rotten at the start, but they bucked up no end, and we had a bit of a job to lay 'em out."

Di. "Oh, I don't know. I thought they were the most piffling crew of footlers I'd ever struck. We were simply all over 'em, and had 'em in the cart in no time."



STUDY SHOWING HOW ONLY THE WILLOWY TYPE IS LIKELY TO SURVIVE THE STRESS OF MODERN TRAFFIC.



BANG WENT TUPPENCE.

Frugal North Briton (his first experience of a taxi). "HERE, MAN, STOP! I HAE A WEAK HEART, I CANNA STAND THAT HANG'T WEE MACHINE O' YOURS MARKIN' UP THAE TUPPENCES."



THE METCHNIKOFF MOVEMENT.

Grand-Uncle (to Nephew who has dutifully come to enquire after his health). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY. NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE. YOU'VE JUST COME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. WE'RE HAVING A SOUR MILKERS' AT HOME."



THE NEW SKIRT AND THE POETRY OF MOTION.

Edith (breaking into a lop). "HURRY UP, MABEL; YOU'LL never catch the train if you keep on trying to run."



THE DAY OF THE SHORT MAN.



THE SEX QUESTION.
(A STUDY IN BOND STREET.)

To Mr. PUNCH

On His Three-Score-and-Tenth Birthday

July 17, 1911.

As high Athene, helmed and speared,
 From Zeus's cranium sprang to birth,
 So on a sudden you appeared,
 A finished masterpiece of mirth;
 Prodigious from your infant stages,
 Mature in wisdom as in art,
 At once you joined the roll of sages,
 A child in nothing but your heart.

You held a mirror up to life
 In whose reflection, clear and clean,
 The world and (what was more) his wife
 Might see themselves as they were seen;
 Gently you mocked the vogues and crazes
 By which the freaks of Fashion swore,
 And showed her newest-fangled phases
 Foolish as any gone before.

And not alone the instant hour
 You captured ere its spell was fled;
 You had the seer's peculiar dower,
 The gift of seeing on ahead;
 Through virgin woods untouched of axes
 You gazed as o'er an open plain:
 You saw that men would ride in taxis
 And voyage through the vast inane.

And, lest the moment's passing show
 Make us forget how Folly's game
 Moves with the wheeling cycle's flow
 And, changing still, is still the same,
 We sample here your tomes that slumber
 In light repose upon the shelf,
 And in his special Birthday number,
 Like history, *Punch* repeats himself,

And we, whom love and honour bind
 To keep the old traditions bright,
 Mediums of your informing mind,
 Fain to interpret you aright—
 This résumé of modes and manners
 Our hands have ordered, *Mr. P.*,
 And set it up, a string of banners,
 To mark your Radium Jubilee!

For now your years, three-score-and-ten,
 Fulfil (to take the Psalmist's view)
 The span assigned to common men,
 Though no such limits hamper *you*;
 So may you fare through countless ages
 As one on whom the stars have smiled,
 Still carrying high your head, a sage's,
 Your heart, the heart of just a child.

O. S.



CHARIVARIA.

Reuter informs us that part of the expedition which was got ready by the Persian Government to oppose the ex-Shah consisted of "500 reformed cavalry." Men, we take it, who no longer swear like troopers.

The L.C.C. statistics for 1909-10 show that the Council's cars carried 211,046,384 pennyfares, and 112,803,105 halfpenny fares. We presume that now that it has been demonstrated that the penny fares are more popular than the halfpenny ones, the latter will be abolished.

Fanny's First Play has now passed its 100th performance. Not a bad record for a first attempt.

Unemployed actors and actresses will be glad to hear that relief works on a vast scale are in preparation. In Professor REINHARDT's dramatic spectacle at Olympia work will be found for no fewer than 2,000 persons, while Mr. MARTIN HARVEY will have a stage crowd of 500 in his production of *Oedipus Rex*.

A large rattle-snake was reported to have escaped, the other day, from Bostock's Jungle, a reward of £25 being offered to any person returning it alive, and there was scarcely one of us who did not make a careful search in his salad before eating the same.

Some papers have no luck. In a paragraph of twelve lines concerning Captain ADRIAN JONES's statuette for the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, *The Evening Times* referred to it once as "The Quadragi," once as "The Quadrag," and only once as "The Quadriga."

"There is," says a contemporary, "a mysterious absence of common house-flies from London this summer." The refined house-flies are having it all their own way.

"Several anonymous contributions of buttons have been received," states the Parish Magazine of St. Paul's Church, Yarmouth, "and we are still wondering how to use these gifts as, from obvious reasons, they are unsuited

to the needs of the heathen." The donors ought certainly to have attached trousers to the buttons.

"MILK SHORTAGE."

RESULT OF THE DRY WEATHER.
We don't like the sound of this. It is not pleasant to think that, the more water there is, the more milk.

During the heat snap the following petulant notice appeared in *The*

The poet continues:—

"And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that
lined the Strand"

So the forest of Aldwych is evidently older than we had imagined.

"MR. WILLIAM ARCHER

RUN DOWN BY A WARSHIP,"

reports *The Daily Chronicle*. It was, it seems, an American warship, and presumably Mr. ARCHER had been criticising adversely an American play.

At the duel between M. HENRY BERNSTEIN and M. GUSTAVE TERY neither combatant was hit, but one of the photographers had a narrow escape from being shot. It is thought that as a result of this the Press may give the cold shoulder to duels, which will then die a natural death.

Two advertisements from *The Morning Post* of the 14th inst.:—

"Small Fox Terrier lost in Campden Hill. . . . Anyone returning same to Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, will be rewarded."

"White Kitten lost in vicinity of Campden Hill. . . . Anyone returning same to Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, will be rewarded." Surely this points to an elopement?

Some surprise is being expressed by ill-informed persons because the Universal Races Congress is not being held in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush.

Says *The Evening Times*, describing a certain cricket match:—"Strudwick and Hitch, the last man, struggled whole-heartedly for runs,

and most certainly pleased the crowd more than all the other spectators put together." We ourselves always regard the batting of spectators with indifference.

"On the first evening the hostess generally accompanies the ladies to their rooms to see if they have everything they require; if not, good-nights are said when they have reached the head of the staircase."—*Queen*.

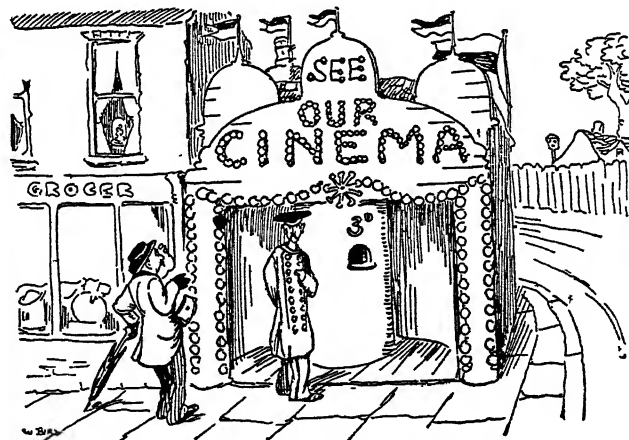
Hostess. "Have you everything you require?"

Guest. "No."

Hostess (at head of staircase). "Then good-night, dear."



IF YOU SHOULD SEE ANY LITTLE THING YOU WANT IN THAT PET OLD CURIOSITY SHOP OF YOURS, BUY IT NOW.



TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. NEIGHBOURHOODS CHARGE SO QUICKLY NOWADAYS.

British Weekly:—"Contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances, and cannot be printed, acknowledged, or returned."

Says the River "Thames in Mr. KIPLING's History Book:—

"I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,
And the giant tigers that stalked them down
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town."

It is good to think that nowadays the tigers, though still in Regent's Park, are so well looked after that Camden Town can sleep comfortably at nights.

A RUN ON THE ELIBANK.

[From the Post-bag of the Chief Ministerial Whip.]

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—Nobody who calls himself a Radical and a gentleman would for one moment think of pressing his own claim to a place among the 500; and naturally I have no desire for any reward but that of a good conscience. It is permissible, however, to call your attention to the overwhelming claims of Robert Bilton, who fought so strenuously, though without success, for the good cause in Birchester, East. My own hard-fought contest in a neighbouring division gave me the opportunity of observing his loyalty, his disinterestedness and his considerable wealth. He has, of course, no idea that I am writing to you on his behalf.

Yours faithfully, JOSEPH BULPER.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—I hope I am too true a Liberal to be suspected of any desire to advance my own claim to a place among the 500. But I have it on my heart to call your attention to the exceptional merits of Joseph Bulper, who fought so well, though without good fortune, to capture the Tory stronghold in Birchester, West. My own similar contest in a neighbouring constituency afforded me a chance of recognising his high character and generous temperament. Loyal, disinterested, and extremely affluent, he is the very type that you need for the purification of the House of Peers. I may add that I am writing without his knowledge.

Yours faithfully, ROBERT BILTON.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—Though at one time it seemed almost too absurdly good to be true, it looks, after all, as if your list of prospective Peers, among whom I have the honour of being included, may not have been made in vain. Most of the Unionist organs are playing magnificently into our hands. But I confess that I had a moment's disquietude on being shown by a Tory friend a letter that he had received from another Tory. It is so exceptionally intelligent that I quote it to you:—

"If the Peers," it says, "take the advice of the more hysterical Tory prints, they will be falling straight into the trap which the Radicals have laid for them, just as they fell when they threw out the Budget. 'No surrender! Be true to yourselves! *Noblesse oblige!*'—you know the silly jargon. They are inciting the Peers to bring permanent dishonour and ridicule on their Order, just for the sake of enjoying the credit of a little cheap courage. The House of Lords would never recover from the contempt into which it would be brought by this influx of 500 climbers from heaven knows where. And what will become of the reforms faintly adumbrated in the Preamble? Why should a Liberal Government trouble about the reconstruction of a House in which they would then have a majority? The Tories didn't when they had the chance.

"I am sick of all this slush about fighting in the last ditch. If you know that you have to bow to the inevitable, what is there so heroic about a last ditch? Why not do your bowing with a good grace in the last ditch but one?"

"So far the Peers have been scrupulously reasonable in their amendments, and history will so judge them. But I give nothing for their position in history or anywhere else if, for the sake of a tawdry exhibition of what is known as British grit, but would actually be nothing better than a childish impotent act of bravado, they brought eternal ridicule on their House and Order."

This letter, as I say, gave me a moment's disquietude, but I tell myself that it is only a rare case of wisdom

crying out among a multitude of fools. You will, I am sure, do your best to encourage the noisy jingoism of the Tory Press.

Yours, in the sanguine hope that the Peers will once more fall into our trap, THEOPHILUS GOLDBERG.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—It has been pointed out in the Tory Press that the list of new Peers to be created for the express purpose of passing the Parliament Bill through an unreformed Second Chamber will be greeted throughout the country with a howl of derision. I am prepared to face that music. The spirit of patriotism which animates me can perhaps best be expressed in the form of poetry; and I have pleasure in appending the following lines:—

There was a time when Liberal seers
Clamoured aloud for this *agendum*—
To take the hopeless House of Peers
And (as they put it) end or mend 'em;
Our stalwarts took a solemn oath
Thus to conclude a tedious matter,
To excavate the cankerous growth
And cure or kill—for choice, the latter.

But now we know a better way,
A milder, more polite solution;
"Let us beware, dear friends," we say,
"Of tampering with the Constitution;
The thing is really sound enough;
All this hereditary rot'll
Be stopped if we but pour new stuff
Into the ancient vintage bottle."

There may be risks we can't escape;
Wines from the backwood, old and crusted,
May ill combine with last year's grape,
The bottles may be rudely busted;
Yet count on me for this high end;
An altruist, devout and hearty,
My very blood, a fruity blend,
I'd sacrifice to serve my Party.

It is not for me to say whether there are signs of humour in the above; but, if you trace any, I trust that it will not be a bar to my inclusion in a list which must have caused you much merriment in the making.

Yours very truly, GRAHAM GRIMSHAW.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of even date in which you acknowledge my offer of £5,000 for a peerage. I note your suggestion that some guarantee should be given of my intention to vote straight on the Parliament Bill and so fulfil the purpose of my creation. I shall be happy to deposit with you certificates of stock to the value of £2,500 as security for my good faith.

Yours obediently, MADINGLEY GRILLSON.

DEAR SIR,—You have no doubt taken measures to secure that your new Peers shall vote straight on the Parliament Bill. But have you taken similar measures with regard to the Home Rule Bill, which is the real object of the present Constitutional changes? Have you ever sounded your prospective creations on this subject? Have you submitted your list for the approval of Mr. JOHN REDMOND? If not, there will be trouble. I write without any ulterior motive, being solely concerned that your list should be as perfect as possible (humanly speaking).

Yours faithfully, EBENEZER HOBBS.

P.S.—In my constituency, which by the way has always returned a Liberal by an overwhelming majority, my own soundness on Home Rule is a matter of universal remark.

Mr. Joshua Jabblercrombie presents compliments to the MASTER OF ELIBANK, and must say that in the present



A SPANISH DIVERSION.

FRANCE. "EXCUSE MY INTERRUPTING OUR DELIGHTFUL CONVERSATION; BUT MY YOUNG FRIEND HERE WANTS SMACKING."
 GERMANY. "CERTAINLY; FAR BE IT FROM ME TO MONOPOLISE YOUR ATTENTION."

[Another regrettable "Franco-Spanish incident" is reported from Alcazar.]



Umpire (whose favourite bowler has been knocked out of bounds). "YOU KNOW, YOUNG GENTLEMAN, THAT WASN'T A BALL TO HIT."
Batsman. "NO? I DESSAY YOU'RE RIGHT. IT DOES SEEM TO HAVE GIVEN A LOT OF TROUBLE."

congested state of the Coronet Market, he regards £5,000 as too high a figure for the Party Funds to demand as the charge for a Peerage. He proposes to await the promised slump in prices. Meanwhile he ventures to ask for information on one point. Are no Titles going to be given *gratis* for pure merit?

DEAR MURRAY,—As you know, I have not the faintest wish to become a peer. These new titles only impress the vulgar, cost you a lot of money at hotels, and make you the object of ridicule among your friends. But my wife the dearest of snobs, has worked so hard to make a nobleman of me that I cannot bear to have her disappointed. I appeal therefore to your well-known gallantry.

Yours sincerely, BERTRAM PETER-JONES.

[NOTE. In view of a recent legal decision it is perhaps well to say that none of the above names, except that of the MASTER OF ELIBANK, is taken from life.]

O. S.

THE SWEETS THAT CLOYED.

LOVE, so the experts have agreed, is blind;
 If that indeed be so, alas! for me
 Who have been forced by Fate, the cruel-kind,
 Reluctantly to see.

My hopeful heart, through some myopic days,
 Ere that stern oculist had made me whole,
 Deemed it had found, while sunning in your praise,
 In you a sister-soul.

Then voicing you my verse, O Dorothea,
 My proud heart harboured not the faintest doubt,
 Nor ever dreamed you had no least idea
 What it was all about.

And all seemed well until relentless Fate
 Constrained our footsteps to the R.A. show,
 To rush and chatter at the usual rate
 Through row on weary row.

You "loved *all* Art," and eagerly embarked
 Upon your task with conscientious bliss,
 Pencilled and catalogued, and duly marked
 "Things Auntie mustn't miss."

While I whose pen had won your cherished praise,
 Full sweet, though somewhat nebulous perhaps,
 Hung on your lips: whom would you grant the bays
 Amongst these painter chaps?

And thus you spake:—"Oh, *that's* sweet, isn't it?"
 "There's a sweet thing!" And still you would repeat—
 "Look, this is rather, *rather* a sweet bit;
 And that one, *that's just* sweet!"

And so with scores—pathetic, tragic, droll;
 I did my loyal best to deem you right,
 But that fond notion of a sister-soul
 Somehow, alas! took flight.

And now, though still you pour the once-loved meed
 To cheer my Muse, in the old generous streams,
 I feel as one whom Fate condemns to feed
 Solely on chocolate-creams.

"MALES FOR ST. KILDA."—*Aberdeen Evening Gazette.*

"There's a man wanted there!"

"The moralist may wonder whether Lord Rosebery might not have proved a more stable politician if he had not owned Derby winners."

The Star.

Is "stable" quite the *mot juste*?

THE HOUSE WARMING.

III.—UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

SOMETIMES I do a little work in the morning. Doctors are agreed now that an occasional spell of work in the mornings doesn't do me any harm. My announcement at breakfast that this was one of the mornings was greeted with a surprised enthusiasm which was most flattering. Archie offered me his own room where he does his thinking; Simpson offered me a nib; and Dahlia promised me a quiet time till lunch. I thanked them all and settled down to work.

But Dahlia didn't keep her promise. My first hour was peaceful, but after that I had inquiries by every post. Blair looked in to know where Myra was; Archie asked if I'd seen Dahlia anywhere; and when finally Thomas's head appeared in the doorway I decided that I had had enough of it.

"Oh, I say," began Thomas, "will you come and—but I suppose you're busy."

"Not too busy," I said, "to spare a word or two for an old friend," and I picked up the dictionary to throw at him. But he was gone before I could take aim.

"This is the end," I said to myself, and after five minutes more decided to give up work and seek refreshment and congenial conversation. To my surprise I found neither: Every room seemed to be empty, the tennis lawn was deserted, and Archie's cricket-bag and Simpson's golf-clubs rested peacefully in the hall. Something was going on. I went back to my work and decided to have the secret out at lunch.

"Now then," I said, when that blessed hour arrived, "tell me about it. You've deserted me all morning, but I'm not going to be left out."

"It's your fault for shutting yourself up."

"Duty," I said, slapping my chest—"duty," and I knocked my glass over with an elbow. "Oh, Dahlia, I'm horribly sorry. May I go and stand in the corner?"

"Let's talk very fast and pretend we didn't notice it," said Myra, helping me to mop. "Go on, Archie."

"Well, it's like this," said Archie. "A little while ago the Vicar called here."

"I don't see that that's any reason for keeping me in the background. I have met clergymen before and I know what to say to them."

"When I say a little while ago I mean about three weeks. We'd have asked you down for the night if we'd known you were so keen on clergymen. Well, as the result of that unfortunate

visit, the school treat takes place here this afternoon, and lorblessme if I hadn't forgotten all about it till this morning."

"You'll have to help, please," said Dahlia.

"Only don't spill anything," said Thomas.

They have a poor sense of humour in the Admiralty.

* * * * *
I took a baby in each hand and wandered off to look for bees. Their idea, not mine.

"The best bees are round here," I said, and I led them along to the front of the house. On the lawn was Myra, surrounded by about eight babies.

"Two more for your collection," I announced. "Very fine specimens. The word with them is bees."

"Aren't they darlings? Sit down, babies, and the pretty gentleman will tell us all a story."

"Meaning me?" I asked in surprise. Myra looked beseechingly at me as she arranged the children all round her. I sat down near them and tried to think.

"Once upon a time," I said, "there was a—a—there was a—was a—a bee."

Myra nodded approvingly. She seemed to like the story so far. I didn't. The great dearth of adventures that could happen to a bee was revealed to me in a flash. I saw that I had been hasty.

"At least," I went on, "he thought he was a bee, but as he grew up his friends felt that he was not really a bee at all, but a dear little rabbit. His fur was too long for a bee."

Myra shook her head at me and frowned. My story was getting too subtle for the infant mind. I determined to straighten it out finally.

"However," I added, "the old name stuck to him, and they all called him a bee. Now then I can get on. Where was I?"

But at this moment my story was interrupted.

"Come here," shouted Archie from the distance. "You're wanted."

"I'm sorry," I said, getting up quickly. "Will you finish the story for me? You'd better leave out the part where he stings the Shah of PERSIA. That's too exciting. Good-bye." And I hurried after Archie.

"Help Simpson with some of these races," said Archie. "He's getting himself into the dickens of a mess."

Simpson had started two races simultaneously: hence the trouble. In one of them the bigger boys had to race to a sack containing their boots, rescue their own pair, put them on, and race back to the starting-point. Good. In the other the smaller boys,

each armed with a paper containing a problem in arithmetic, had to run to their sisters, wait for the problem to be solved, and then run back with the answer. Excellent. Simpson at his most inventive. Unfortunately, when the bootless boys arrived at the turning post, they found nothing but a small problem in arithmetic awaiting them, while on the adjoining stretch of grass young mathematicians were trying, with the help of their sisters, to get into two pairs of boots at once.

"Hallo, there you are," said Simpson. "Do help me; I shall be mobbed in a moment. It's the mothers. They think the whole thing is a scheme for stealing their children's boots. Can't you start a race for them?"

"You never ought to go about without somebody. Where's Thomas?"

"He's playing rounders. He scored a rounder by himself just now from an overthrow. But we shall hear about it at dinner. Look here, there's a game called 'Twos and Threes.' Couldn't you start the mothers at that? You stand in twos, and whenever anyone stands in front of the two then the person behind the two runs away."

"Are you sure?"

"What do you mean?" said Simpson.

"It sounds too exciting like that. I can't believe it."

"Go on, there's a good chap. They'll know how to play all right."

"Oh, very well. Shall I ask them to take their boots off first or not?"

Twos and Threes was a great success.

I found that I had quite a *flair* for the game. I seemed to take to it naturally.

By the time our match was finished Simpson's little foot-wear trouble was over and he was organising a grand three-legged race.

"I think they are all enjoying it," said Dahlia.

"They love it," I said; "Thomas is perfectly happy making rounders."

"But I meant the children. Don't you think they love it too? The babies seem so happy with Myra."

"They're sweet," I agreed. "It was as much as I could do to tear myself away from them."

"I hope they all had enough to eat at tea."

"Allowing for a little natural shyness I think they did well. And I didn't spill anything. Altogether it has been rather a success."

Dahlia stood looking down at the children, young and old, playing in the field beneath her, and gave a sigh of happiness.

"Now," she said, "I feel the house is *really* warm."

A. A. M.



ON THE AEROPLANE ROUTE BETWEEN HENDON AND BROOKLANDS.

BEFORE THEIR TIME.

THE discovery by a modern oculist that the life-long eye trouble of Mr. PEPYS not only could have easily been put right by proper glasses but was the cause of serious obliquity of observation has already given historians profoundly to think. PEPYS's myopia made him inaccurate all through. In other words, it was not CHARLES II. and his Court that were wrong, but the diarist. His inability to see straight has brought lasting infamy on one of the purest periods of English history. NELL GWYNNE was really a devout Orange woman, all her sympathies being in Holland. LOUISE DE KEROUAILLE was a *réligeuse* of unusual attainments. CHARLES himself, although no doubt fond of female society, sought it entirely for moral and intellectual stimulus. PEPYS, however, having come upon the scene too early to be fitted with such spectacles as are now within the reach of every German clerk, saw wrong, and wrote wrong, and the gravest injustice has resulted.

Hard on this staggering revelation comes another, even more remarkable. HENRY VIII.'s idiosyncrasies, it has been ascertained, were due not to any depravity or self-will of his own encouragement, but wholly to suppressed chilblains, which, had they been taken in time by modern medical skill, would have quickly succumbed to treatment. HENRY VIII.'s musical

accomplishments are well known and have been illustrated at his lectures by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE. That distinguished antiquary has, it is rumoured, made this discovery, which will revolutionise the view, hitherto taken by most historians, of the character of that much-canvassed monarch. From a fragment of a diary kept by the King when a boy of fifteen, and now deciphered for the first time, it appears that his lessons on the spinet were a source of great discomfort to him during the winter months owing to the severe chilblains from which he suffered. Further discoveries point to the fact that, owing to the drastic treatment then in vogue, the chilblains were driven into his system, and in this suppressed or cryptic form continued to torment him at intervals throughout his life, the accesses of the complaint exactly coinciding with those harsh and homicidal acts for which he has been so generally condemned. In fact, adapting the much-quoted couplet of Mr. KIPLING, we may say:—

"Never the stings of chilblains in his finger joints awake,
But a wife is beheaded by Harry or a prisoner sent to the stake."

Had only the resources of modern medicine been available KING HENRY VIII., so the eminent musical antiquary persuasively argues, would not only have dispensed with repeated divorces, but would probably have been the first royal Mormon and hexagamist, and a

very charming one to boot, affable and considerate to all manner of folk.

Again, the American savant, Dr. Cyrus Earwaker, fired by the PEPYS revelations, has been making a study of SUETONIUS, and has discovered that that biographer, hitherto so respected, was suffering all his life, unknown to the rudimentary medical profession then available for Roman disorders, from chronic dyspepsia, which had the effect, unobserved in that dark age, but now known to be a common accompaniment, of so distorting his brain that no verity could emerge from it. The far-reaching consequences of such a malady will at once spring to the mind. It is, for example, chiefly upon the testimony of SUETONIUS that the world has based its low opinion of NERO. But, since SUETONIUS was doomed by his weakness to a life which may be described as one long terminological inexactitude, it follows that everything that he says about NERO is wrong. NERO, for instance (to take but one case), so far from fiddling while Rome burned, was so much of a virtuoso that he burned with impatience and irritation whenever Rome fiddled. Had SUETONIUS, Dr. Earwaker now tells us, merely taken a dose of Rügen salts every other morning, his dyspepsia would have vanished and his writings be authentic. But Rügen salts were then unknown; Dr. Earwaker was unknown; and the world has been misled.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

III.

Friday.—Amongst my letters this morning was one which I confess gave me a thrill of satisfaction. It ran thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—As a profound admirer of your poems, I should regard it as a sacred privilege to be allowed to make your acquaintance during my stay in the old country. Should you be visiting London during the next fortnight, I should be inexpressibly proud to call upon you then; otherwise I venture to suggest that I should run down by train to pay my respects to the most inspired British poetess.

Yours reverently,

MIRIAM STOOKER,
President of the Semiramis Club,
Chicago.

The letter was dated from an address in Jermyn Street and written in a picturesque handwriting. I have had many appreciative notices of my poems in the Press; but until to-day no one has crossed the Atlantic to see me. It was therefore with a certain amount of pride that I read the letter to Peter. To my amazement he abstained from any jocular or disparaging remarks, and simply said, "You can't let Miriam come all the way from London for an afternoon call. You must ask her to stop the night; then I can take a day off and give her a game of golf at Huntercombe." This was quite nice of Peter, but I couldn't help asking: "How can you possibly tell whether she can play golf, or would care to play with you?" "Play golf? I should just think——" Here Peter broke off unaccountably and then went on, "A girl with a name like that is sure to be able to hit a saucy bang from the tee. Anyhow, you send her a wire at once and say I'm dying to meet her: 'The thought of you, dear Miriam, excites me to delirium.'" So I wrote the telegram. Peter went off in high spirits, and I settled down to a studious morning, exhilarated by the anticipation of Miss Stooker's visit.

This was my morning for musical composition. Until lately I had thought of taking lessons in the technique of composition, but WAGNER's example, as recorded in his *Autobiography*, has proved them to be unnecessary. Teaching, text-books and exercises filled him with repulsion and disgust. For him "music was a spirit": for me, too, it shall be the same. My plan is very simple. I improvise at the pianoforte; the phonograph takes down my inspirations;

Miss Peveril subsequently reduces them to musical notation, and the composition is then sent to Mr. Basil Urquhart, Mus. Bac., to revise the MS. and prepare it for the printer. Just now I am engaged on six Miniatures entitled "Ecstasy," "Exaltation," "Equanimity," "Resignation," "Dejection," and "Despair." Mr. Urquhart tells me he thinks that M. Pommeloff would play them at one of his recitals if I paid him a hundred guineas; but Peter will not hear of it. As he put it, "I am still an agile old antelope, but I can't spring to that."

Just before lunch received a telegram from Miss Stooker: "Charmed to come to-morrow." In the afternoon practised cosmic gymnastics, ethical deep breathing, and gave Lilith her first lesson in esoteric arithmetic. On his return Peter immensely pleased to hear Miss Stooker is coming, and drank her health at dinner.

Saturday.—Too unsettled by the prospect of my visitor to do any great work this morning. Practised attitudes suitable to the reception of a distinguished stranger and composed a few deprecatory remarks. Had my hair done by Bateson in the Greek style with a pink fillet, and dressed Lilith in her white satin frock with Afghan sandals. I write this on the lawn where I am awaiting Miss Stooker.

7 P.M. This has indeed been a strange and perturbing experience. Our guest arrived in the motor, which fetched her from the station in time for lunch. She is a tall and striking-looking young woman with a rich contralto speaking voice and charming manners. Her mode of greeting me was quite original. Advancing across the lawn, she knelt down by my chair, seized my hand and kissed it, saying, "And this is the hand that wrote *Spindrift and Gossamer*. Oh joy unspeakable! To think that I should be allowed to gaze on the English Corinna." Her emotion drove all my rehearsed remarks out of my head and I could only utter some commonplace civilities. At that moment Lilith came running out, and Miss Stooker broke into a fresh outburst of admiration. "Angelic cherub! Doth not her brow bespeak intellect!" Then she quoted something that sounded like Greek, and I had to pretend that I understood it. To relieve the strain I suggested a turn round the garden before lunch. But her eulogies never ceased. It was a perfect carnival of panegyric, and more than once I found myself blushing at the exuberance of her praise. At lunch, however, I induced her to tell me something about herself, and my moral

temperature was at once lowered. She is a professional musician and has been studying at Vienna. She has been a pupil of Max Reger and of Ravel. She speaks French, German and Italian perfectly. She has composed an opera, to a libretto of her own, which has been accepted at Weimar. After lunch she wished to hear some of my music, but a wise instinct impelled me to decline, and I got her to play me her opera instead. The result was at once delightful and humiliating. She plays and sings divinely; her music is extraordinarily interesting; and the whole thing inspired me with a horrid misgiving. Am I a genius or a perfect fraud? This astonishing creature knows ten times as much as I do, and, what is worse, she can do the things splendidly that I have to get other people to help me to do indifferently.

(To be continued.)

BALLADE OF THE FOREST IN SUMMER.

FRA Cruachan tae Aberdeen

The hinds 'll move their calves soon
Up frae the bracken's bonnie green
To yon blue heights that float aboon;
Nae snaws the tops an' corries croon;
Craggs whaur the eagle lifts his kills
Blink i' the gowden efternoon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

The heather sleeps frae morn till e'en
Braw in her reed-an'-purple goon;
Sax weeks it wants or stags be clean
An' gang wi' thickenin' manes an' broun,
Waitin' the cauld October moon
When a' the roarin' brae-face fills—
Ye've heard yon wild, wanchancy tune?
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

Yet blaws a soupin' breeze an' keen;
We're wearit for it whiles in toun,
An' I wad be whaur I hae been
In Autumn's blast or heats o' June
Up on the quiet forest groun',
Friens wi' the sun, or shoor that chills,
Watchin' the beasts gang up an' doon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

ENVOY.

Mountains o' deer, ye ca' a loon
Frae streets an' sic-like stoury ills
Wi' thankfu' heart an' easy shoon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

A Little-noticed Feature of the Coronation.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops moved from the altar with the crown, and as the Archbishop placed it on the King's head all the peers and kings-of-arms raised their cornets with both hands and placed them on their heads."—*Natal Mercury*.



Nurs. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU SEND FOR THE DOCTOR AT ONCE? BABY HAS FALLEN OUT OF HIS COI, AND MISTRESS IS AFRAID HE WON'T GET OVER IT."

The Colonel (who has been relating some of his Indian experiences to a friend, and cannot at a moment's notice abandon the heroic vein). "TUT! TUT! TELL YOUR MISTRESS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT. WE TRESHAMS DON'T DIE AS EASILY AS THAT, YOU KNOW."

PULVERISING THE PEERS.

BY METAPHOR.

[From a torn manuscript picked up in Stonecutter Street, E.C., and evidently intended for a Radical contemporary.]

WHEN is the curtain going to fall on this intolerable farce? The first Act, we confess, was amusing enough, but surely LANSDOWNE and his wretched troupe of performing pierrots must realize that an audience however good-natured is apt to get out of hand.

This preposterous horde of besotted old gentlemen has been at the wickets long enough. Time and again the umpire has given them out, but with consummate insolence they refuse to go. A way must be found to make them go, and we are in a position to say that a way has been found.

The two recent elections have put Mr. ASQUITH in the position of two up. He and his team are playing the game of their lives. Their driving, approaching and putting are well-nigh perfect. LANSDOWNE and his horde of antiquated fozzlers can do nothing right

and have visited every bunker on the course. Let them beware of the bunker guarding the 18th green! The race is practically over. As we write, our gallant leader is stroking his men to victory. The crew behind him is full of confidence and row as one man. Three lengths behind, stroke in the new "Referendum" boat is attempting a final spurt, but the bloated lordlings are unable to respond and are already tasting the bitter cup of defeat. We poor, common, vulgar people can afford to smile at the tactics of these hereditary humbugs, but checkmate is not very far off now. Mr. ASQUITH has the game well in hand, and can at any moment convert his past pawns into as many queens as he deems sufficient.

The last hand in the rubber has been dealt. LANSDOWNE has declared "No trumps," but Mr. ASQUITH holds the four aces, and if these are not sufficient as many more as are required will be forthcoming.

The lords remind us of nothing so much as a lot of loutish children playing at "Last across." It is a

dangerous game, and the motor-car invariably claims its victim in the end.

In a Rugby match the spectators weary of too much kicking. The Parliament Bill has been kicked about long enough. Mr. ASQUITH has got the ball at last, and we shall be surprised if he does not ground it behind the posts this time. We feel assured that the try will be converted and . . .

"Some of the Nottingham visitors last week were so pleased with Trinity Church that they took away samples of the varnish on their clothes."

"Some of the recent visitors to Huntingdon were so pleased with one of the churches of the town that they took away samples of the varnish on their clothes."—*Hunts County News*.

It's a good joke, and we shall look forward to some more of it next week. Its possibilities have by no means been exhausted.

"RECORD AT EDINBURGH. The seismograph at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, recorded a slight earthquake shock."—*Scotsman*.

Congratulations. We hope the thermometer works all right too.



Sandy, the local fox-destroyer (enquiring about new tenant). "WHAT'S HE WHEN HE'S AT HOME?"

Gillie. "THEY TELL ME HE DOES NAETHING BUT HUNT FOXES; KEEPS SAXTY DOGS AND TWENTY HORSES FOR 'T."

Sandy. "LOSH ME! IT MAUN BE A FINE TRADE DOON THERE."

LINES TO A STATUE AT LEEDS.

EDWARD the Black Prince (and I do not wonder,
In this dark haunt of misery and gloom,
Where everything is black as skies that thunder,
And greatly needing your ancestral broom),
EDWARD, I say, look down upon my woes,
Stop pointing at the square with hand and toes,
And tell me why on earth they want to close
Their railway buffet-room.

Did you imagine when you fought at Crécy,
And gave the chivalry of France a shock,
And won those spurs that make you look so dressy,
Hewn out of silent stone by Mr. Brock,
That ever Englishman on English strand,
After the fights you fought, the deeds you planned,
Would feel so empty just about the band
At half-past four o'clock?

At half-past four A.M. There sits the trouble;
And ninety minutes ere my train is due,
And both my eyes fulfilled with Yorkshire rubble,
Watching the grey dawn brighten into blue.
On lingering feet the leaden moments run,
O'er the grim town another day's begun,
And, EDWARD, I should like a currant bun,
And cannot get it. Ugh!

Victor of Poitiers—born in 1330
(I get these items from a graven scroll)—

Could you have seen a bard, so faint and dirty,
Come from so far, so distant from his goal;
O flower of courtesy, O perfect knight,
Upholder of the People and their Right,
And not have helped him, say, with just a bite
Out of a breakfast-roll?

No; yet in 1911
So little is your life-work understood
That hapless wayfarers may shriek to heaven
For sandwiches, and do no earthly good.
Now, when the latest Prince who bears your name
Is called of Wales and feels his fathers' fame,
The country that you loved permits this shame;
Where, where is knightlihood?

When I survey your monumental figure
And feel the hollow where my own has shrunk,
Almost I fancy that you still have vigour,
That spirit breathes again behind your trunk.
Ah! if it did, I know that you would take
Out of your stone cuirass a Norman cake
Not other than the kind our railways bake
And hand me down a chunk.

EVOR.

Alpine Effort in High Life.

"Amongst those presented were:—Mrs. Bagwell, by the Duchess of St. Albans; Miss Bagwell, by her mother; Lady Butler (of Bamsa Castle), by Lady Dunsany; Mrs. Carden. They were tightly roped together."—*Colonel Chronicle*.

If this means ice-work, it must have been very refreshing during the hot spell.



WANTED—A WARRANT.

CHIEF MINISTERIAL WHIP. "I CAN RAISE THE CORONETS ALL RIGHT; BUT I CAN'T ANSWER FOR THE 'NORMAN BLOOD.'"

PRIME MINISTER. "NEVER MIND THE 'NORMAN BLOOD'; IT'S THE 'KIND HEARTS' AND THE 'SIMPLE FAITH' THAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT."



RETURN OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL.

(A Vision suggested by a visit to the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden.—M.M. Nijinsky-Winston, Lloyd-Georgewitch, and Ivan Redmonski receive their old love Mme. Karsavina-Vetoloptoff after rather a poor time elsewhere.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.
—Looking over volume of Parliamentary report a century old, read that on 10th April, 1811, "Lord Folkstone [*sic*] called the attention of the House to the scarcity of small change." If his Lordship were still with us, as happily the holder of his name (with an "e" added midway) is, he would find no ground for repetition of his complaint. Small change abounds. There are eighty-eight pieces, chiefly three-penny bits, represented in the questions addressed to-day to Ministers and painstakingly answered. With few exceptions a look in at the office of the Department concerned, and a couple of minutes' conversation with the Secretary or Head Clerk, would satisfy in full measure genuine desire for information. But if that course were adopted where would be the opportunity of getting for nothing the bold advertisement of newspaper report of the Question hour?

Ministers evade waste of valuable

time in various ways. EDWARD GREY habitually stays away, not to be disturbed in his task of framing valuable international treaties by knowledge



"HOBHOUSE, MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

that MCKINNON WOOD is being shot at in the Commons. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER regards with equal equanimity HOBHOUSE upright by the brass-bound box in attitude of what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Saint Sebastian transfixed by flight of interrogatory arrows.

For Ministers who personally stand the racket or others who have the work delegated to them, thing to do is to rattle out reply in quickest fashion, regardless of rhyme or reason or the absolute impossibility of audience following sequence of sentences. In this competition CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY triumphantly hold their place in the first flight. SEELY makes a promising third. But his practice is less extensive. Since NAPOLEON B. HALDANE went to the St. Helena of House of Lords, interest in War Office business distinctly declined. HOBHOUSE, Maid-of-all-Work on Treasury Bench, to whom most chiefs of departments when temporarily absent delegate the task of reading their answers, has the largest practice.

To-day, of eighty-eight questions on paper, he replied to twenty-one, chiefly addressed to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on minute details of Insurance Bill. Approaching the Table, bringing his sheaves with him in form of foolscap sheets closely type-written, he occasionally introduced diversion by accidentally mixing up his bundle, reading in answer to question addressed to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER reply type-written at the Board of Trade. But what would you? FINANCIAL SECRETARY has to get through his job in short as possible time by Westminster clock, and he does it.

No one can touch BIRRELL at his best. He is sole possessor of the secret of pronouncing in a breath six words as if they were one. It sounds something like this: "Resultful-enquiry-made-is—" Looks strange when it comes to be printed. Since outside Ireland the CHIEF SECRETARY'S answers are not reported, no practical difficulty arises and there is appreciable saving of time. BIRRELL has brought this modern parliamentary art to such perfection that before the Member who puts the question has resumed his seat he has raced through a couple of lines of reply. To the thirteen questions, most of them dealing with multiplicity of local points, addressed to him to-day, he reeled off full answers in seven minutes thirty-nine seconds.

Business done.—Insurance Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Initial difficulty with Statesmen and others promoted to the peerage is to find appropriate title. BYLES OF BRADFORD will be spared that trouble. With apt alliteration's artful aid, one has for considerable period in advance been provided for him.

Pretty to see how unconsciously his manner already merges into that of the Peer who boasts Norman Blood. Charming illustration afforded this afternoon. His Lordship—I mean Sir WILLIAM—is exercised in his mind by appointment of KITCHENER to government of Egypt. Nomination long talked of; has been officially confirmed; the news made text for comment in multifarious newspapers. Ordinary Member desiring to extract final confirmation from mouth of FOREIGN SECRETARY would have put the question forthright: "Is the statement put forward by the Press true or not?"

That form of interrogation, well enough for the common or garden

M.P., out of drawing, so to speak, with present and approximate position of BYLES OF BRADFORD. It obviously involves personal familiarity with penny newspapers. Is not free from suspicion of secret consultation with halfpenny oracles. Noble Lords and PRINCE ARTHUR don't read the papers. Nor does BYLES OF BRADFORD. Accordingly, when he feels it his duty to interpose he places on the paper notice "to ask the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if anyone has been designated to succeed the late Sir ELDON GORST in Egypt; and if the office of Consul-General is regarded by the Foreign Office as a civil or a military appointment?"

Strolling round the annexe to Westminster Abbey, which BANBURY aptly suggests should be retained in the service of the State as a vestibule of the

had been too much for both of them.

Business done.—Insurance Bill again in Committee, making progress sure but slow.

Friday.—Under date, 6th of April last, at the time when the Mansion House Committee appointed to select suitable site for London Memorial to KING EDWARD had been warned off St. James' Park and were forlornly looking elsewhere, the following entry appeared in this veracious chronicle:—

"That is no reason why a memorial which the nation desires to see erected to the honour of a great King should not find a place in the scenes he loved so well.

"Like Popkin in one of DIZZY'S early speeches, like General TROCHU at the siege of Paris, the MEMBER FOR SARK has his 'plan.' Why not

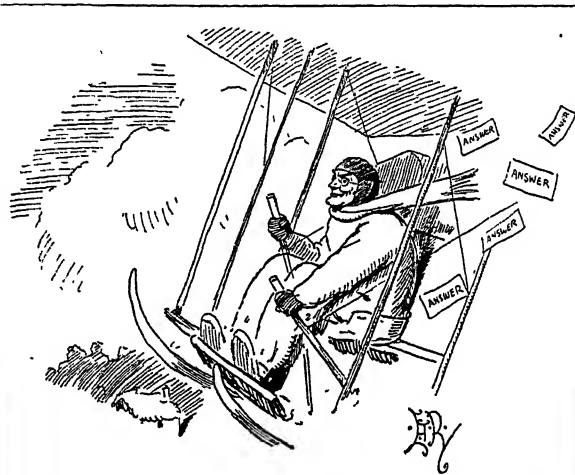
set the memorial up in the Green Park, in the broad thoroughfare at present uselessly confined to foot-passengers, and convert this into a carriage highway? The monument would be seen of all men, whilst a carriage drive connecting the foot of Constitution Hill with Piccadilly would be an immense boon to busy Londoners. FIRST COMMISSIONER and his colleagues on Memorial Committee might think this over."

They did with happy issue. Reported that, reassembling after three months' recess, they have decided to recommend as the best of all sites this particular spot. In submitting resolution to that effect LORD

MAYOR stated that the recommendation had the approval of the Government, that "His Majesty the KING would consider it an acceptable proposition, and Her Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA would also graciously approve."

SARK ventures to hope that the Committee will not stop halfway in acceptance of his suggestion. It would be a pity if opportunity were lost of utilising this splendid thoroughfare for public traffic, confined, of course, to the lighter class of vehicle.

Business done.—LORD CHANCELLOR was to have been called over the coals to-day in the matter of appointment of magistrates. His colleagues on Treasury Bench considerably thought it better he should not be subjected to the ordeal whilst battling with crisis in other House. Appeal made to Members in charge of Vote of Censure generously met. Rod temporarily retained in pickle, and sitting given up to Indian High Courts Bill.



FLYING THROUGH "QUESTIONS."
"No one can touch BIRRELL at his best."

House of Lords for the convenience of New Peers, B. of B. heard a rumour that something of the kind indicated in his question was to the fore. EDWARD GREY, by exception in his place to answer momentous enquiry in person, confirmed the report.

Standing now on safe ground, officially assured of facts of case, BYLES OF BRADFORD delivered weighty opinion upon its bearings.

"Would it not be better," he asked the FOREIGN SECRETARY, "to keep our soldiers to their proper jobs? Is not all the money we have spent in making a soldier of Lord KITCHENER running to waste?"

This last query was put with subtle but unmistakable indication of considering the problem from point of view of an expert examining a prize pig or a fatted calf. FOREIGN SECRETARY made feeble effort to explain away the New Consul-General. Impression left was that BYLES OF BRADFORD

HOT WEATHER DELICACIES.

A NICE CUP.—Dissolve an acid drop (or bull's-eye) in three or four gallons of drinking water. Add ice until the water is quite cold; then serve. This simple cup is a capital thing for children's parties, and is a great favourite with the little ones.

FROZEN RAREBIT.—Make some Welsh rarebits in the usual manner with toast and cheese. When nicely done, remove from oven, and place in refrigerator till ready. This dainty is just the thing for bachelor parties and informal gatherings where reporters are not present.

POTAGE POLAIRE.—Prepare some soup with stock, vegetables and seasoning. When ready, place in freezing machine until the thermometer, when immersed in the preparation, marks 32° (Fahrenheit), or thereabouts. Sprinkle with Chili pepper, and serve.

RED MULLET À LA BONNE FEMME.—Place a red mullet on a gridiron; hang it in a cool draughty place, and fan, until the fish has lost its unwholesome ruddy glow. It is then ready. The congratulations of the assembled gourmets will repay the housewife for the trouble involved in preparing this delicious *plat*.

JACKET POTATOES.—Cut some pieces of felt to fit each potato; sew up, and place under shower-bath until dinner-bell rings. Serve with cold chisel and salt to taste. This little known method of preparing the savoury tuber has only to be tried to be appreciated.

BATH OLIVERS CHAPPED.—Soak some Bath Olivers in running water for two or three minutes; partially dry and suspend in north-east wind for twenty-four hours. They should then be ready. Make a V-shaped depression in some cold cream, open doors and windows, and serve.

SWISS ROLL FARÇI.—Procure a dozen doughnuts, remove jam from such as contain any, and inject condensed milk; garnish with edelweiss and serve with wood-wind accompaniment. When your guests are ready, turn on electric fans, and begin.

CONSUMMÉ AU DÉPART.—Shred a cucumber, and stand in a bucket of cold water till ready. Strain, and serve in nearest Tube station. This simple preparation will make almost any dinner party go off.

The Descent to Man.

From an advt. of a circus:

"Teddy will talk, wrestle, and drink till he becomes intoxicated. The almost human intelligence shown by this Bear is beyond comprehension."



Archie. "I'VE BEEN TAKIN' A COURSE OF MEMORY-TRAININ'. IT'S A WONDERFUL SYSTEM—DOUBLED MY MEMORY-POWER IN A MONTH."

Friend. "REALLY. WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?"

Archie. "OH—ER—DASH IT, IT'S SLIPPED ME FOR THE MOMENT; BUT IT'S NEAR—ER—YOU KNOW—WHAT'S HIS NAME'S IN THINGUMMY STREET."

A CODE FROM PATAGONIA.

The Spectator in a learned review on Folklore incidentally quotes the Fuegian holophrase "mamihlapinatapai" as meaning "looking - at - each - other - hoping - that - either - will - offer - to - do - something - which - both - parties - desire - but - are - unwilling - to - do." Well, if the Fuegians are capable of expressing so compendiously a *nuance* like that, they have hitherto been strangely neglected in the spheres of politics and diplomacy. They ought to come over here and give lessons in St. Stephen's. We should also be obliged if the sachems of the Land of Fire would supply us with the *mot juste*

on the Morocco conversations—some little terse ejaculation to signify "If - you - French - and - Spanish - with - a - hornet's - nest - intermeddle - then - shall - we - frontier - compensation - want." And there is the W.S.P.U., too, who generally have a lot to say, and would like to squeeze a whole manifesto into a war-cry. Will some Fuegian pundit, therefore, oblige with a whoop to indicate "If - you - don't - agree - to - our - demands - directly - minute - we - will - stagger - humanity - and - don't - you - forget - it - by - some - outrageous - proceeding - which - we - have - not - at - the - moment - exactly - hit - upon?" We are rather tired of the hollow phrases at present in fashion.

THE WALKING TOUR.

"WHERE shall we finish to-day?" said Joseph as he inspected the customary dish of eggs and bacon.

"Well, we haven't even begun breakfast yet," said Herbert. "There's no hurry. Let's breakfast and smoke and think about it. And isn't this the worst bacon you ever put a fork into? When I think of the ripping bacon I get at home, all thin and streaky and delicious, it makes me want to cry."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow," said Joseph.

"Oh, bother your crowns of sorrow," said Herbert. "That's no excuse for the bacon."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow," continued Joseph, "is remembering happier bacon."

"Of all the futile remarks," protested Herbert, "that's about the most futile. However I don't want to start quarrelling. You'll do all that's wanted in that line before the day's done. Shove over the tea-pot, there's a good chap."

"It says that *The Green Man* at Oxtable is 'a hostelry noted for its good cheer'"—Joseph was reading from a guide-book.

"Yes, but it is also said that the rotten place we're breakfasting at was celebrated for its old-fashioned comfort. Think of the supper we had last night. Think of the beds. Think of this breakfast."

"Oh, eat your breakfast," said Joseph, "and don't talk so much about it. You seem to expect to find a Ritz or a Carlton in every village."

"Now that just shows how little you know about me. I've never been in the Ritz or the Carlton. The smart set's too smart for me. I daresay you like it; I don't. All I want is a decent bed and good food plainly cooked."

"This man," said Joseph, looking at the ceiling, "wants his beds plainly cooked."

"Yes," said Herbert, "and if you were plainly cooked too it might knock some of the nonsense out of you."

There was an interval of silent munching. Then Joseph began again:—

"I've been thinking about you," he said, "and I've been wondering how we ever came to start on this walking tour together."

"You've been wondering, have you?" said Herbert. "I'm simply lost in amazement. What in the world induced me to be such a consummate fool I can't make out."

"Induced!" said Joseph. "There was no inducement about it. Nature did it for you. Of course you may have helped a bit, but——"

"I suppose," said Herbert, "you know what you're doing. You're calling me a consummate fool."

"That's what you called yourself. I'm only agreeing with you; but it's difficult to satisfy some people."

"I don't want any of your agreements, and I can do without your satisfactions. If I am a fool, at any rate I don't try to pose as a genius. Some people like that kind of thing. I don't. A plain Englishman's good enough for me."

"Quite the contrary," said Joseph. "You were a grubby little boy, of course, but you're rather a handsome man. There's something about your forehead and eyes——"

"Now that," said Herbert, "is quite the silliest old joke in the world. And if I was a grubby little boy, what were you? A dandified little jackanapes with his hair parted in the middle. It's all parting now."

"Come, come," said Joseph, "we'll leave our hideous pasts and our disreputable presents alone. If we squabble like this we shall never get on with the tour, and then what would our friends say? Where shall we finish our walk to-day?"

"Oh, anywhere you like," said Herbert, "so long as we get away from this place."

Joseph dipped into the guide-book again.

"I vote for Oxtable," he said; "it's only fifteen miles, and we ought to have a light day to-day. 'Lightly come, and lightly go,' you know."

"Is that another rubbishy quotation?" said Herbert. "Because if it is I want you to understand that I'm not the man to knuckle under to a quotation. My boots are all right; my feet are in splendid condition, and I'm out to do twenty miles to-day. It's absurd to do anything less than twenty miles a day on a walking tour. Fifteen miles! Pooh!"

"You were keen enough to stop five miles short of this yesterday, anyhow," said Joseph viciously.

"Only because you kept on complaining about your big toe. I should be ashamed to have a toe like that."

"Don't you fling my toe in my face," said Joseph. "It's a better toe than any of yours even when it's got a blister on it."

"That's a mere gratuitous insult," said Herbert. "I'll back my toes against yours any day of the week, one down t'other come on. I'm going to walk twenty miles to-day."

"Why not start now? Walk two and a half miles out and two and a half back here. I'll wait for you, and then we can really start and do the fifteen to Oxtable."

"A nice genial companion I've got," said Herbert. "No, we'll start together, and, as you're feeling so feeble to day, we'll finish at Oxtable. But that's the last concession I'll make."

ON A SUPERABUNDANCE OF HAIRPINS.

WHEN little wintering birds do scour the woods

And cannot find the sweet accustomed grub,

Nor any veg. nor yet fruitarian foods

Wherewith to loose their note,

So then my pipe oft chokes within its stub

For lack of pins to prick the diphtheritic throat.

But now the months of plenty bring their store

To swell the song that speaks a grateful crop,

And I can smoke a pipe of purer bore,

With wreaths of fragrance crowned;

For lo! where buds and stricken vestas drop,

There do these handy little bifurcates abound.

In some, the lustier virtues make a show;

Others of dainty, sylph-like wriggles boast,

And all with daffodils and daisies grow

From earth's most secret fire;

Desired of girls, they grace the smoker most,

Whether he puffs a clay or sucks a juicy briar.

I often find them by a rustic seat,

Peeping from out the adjacent dust and stones,

Just where at dusk of evening lovers meet

And tenderly embrace;

Neaera, turning home for supper, moans

Her disarrayed locks and pats them into place.

So from the surplus stock of Summer's gift

I hope to keep unsullied one or two

For future use, and thus by dint of thrift

Tide o'er the time of dearth

When ceremonious winter lays taboo

On all the frolic rites that tend the hairpin's birth.

"To-morrow is the butchers' and bakers' holiday in Edinburgh. It should be understood that this holiday does not apply to drapery establishments."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Heavens, we quite thought it did.



Rising Junior. "NOW, MY GOOD SOUL, WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR BUSINESS OR TRADE?"
Dear Old Fraud (coolly). "THROWIN' CONFETTI AT WEDDIN'S, SIR."

CLOTHES AND THE ALTRUIST. BY CÆSAR'S WIFE'S HUSBAND.

As I always endeavour to point out in this column, it is not manners which maketh man, as old WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM so ungrammatically insisted, but clothes. I can prove it in an instant. Take the most perfect-mannered man you can think of—the very Bayard of daily life—strip him naked and put him in Society, and where is he? Of what use are his wonderful man-making manners then? None. No, manners are all very well, all very necessary and charming, no doubt; but there are two things against them. One is that they are no use until you are dressed; and the other is that they are gratuitous and therefore do not lead (as clothes do) to healthy competition.

* * * * *

One of the strangest things about men's clothes is that your little tailor can sometimes cut better than your swagger one. There is a curious and capricious chance in these matters. It is like genius in, let us say, literature or art. It often flowers in the least expected places, and its practitioners are not invariably important-looking or even clean. I do not for a moment wish to suggest that Mr. Thomas Snipling, of 2,001, High Holborn, is in so small a way of business as to be despicable. Far from it. But at the

first blush one would hardly expect that behind his modest shop-window lurked a sartorial artist of extraordinary gifts. Yet so it is. Mr. Snipling's three-guinea suits of Cheviot, Angora or Gamp tweeds are a marvel. My advice to every one of my readers this week—is to give Mr. Snipling a trial.

* * * * *

To some extent these remarks may be applied also to footwear. It is not always the dearest and classiest boots that are the best or that look the best. It is perfectly possible to find here and there a small but conscientious boot-maker whose results are equal to those of Bond Street, say, at a third of the cost. I have been asked—that is to say, I should like purely out of a passion for the good and the true—to recommend Mr. Arthur Bailey of 49^B, Cheapside, whose boots are not only dressy and attractive, but fit like anything, and confer upon the wearer dignity and charm. What I say then to my readers is, Make haste to visit Mr. Bailey and, if possible, do so between now and the next issue of this paper.

"Lady wishes to dispose of her genuine, old Pinxton Tea Set, which, by a curious coincidence, is purely in the suffrage colours."
Advt. in "Votes for Women."

Can the advertiser be Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD!

"Grammar School Sports.

The winners of the aggregate prizes at the Portsmouth Grammar School Sports to-day were as follows:—

1, Field (18pts.); 2, Hire (13pts.)
 High Jump.—W. Canfield, Yale, 1st, 5ft. 11½in.; A. C. Barker, Harvard, 2nd, 5ft. 10½in.

The case was adjourned.
 In the Edge Competition, M. Blood totals for the first two distances 48 and 50."

Portsmouth Evening News.

A busy day for the young scholars.

In the plan of the Universities and Public Schools Athletic Club which has reached us, we observe an enclosure devoted to a "Football Pitch." No space, however, has been assigned for a Cricket Links, a Covered Aviation Court, a Skittles Tank, a Circular Archery Track, a Chess Alley, a Clock Croquet Green, a Snooker Bath, a Lacrosse Dedans, a Deer-Stalking Pavilion, a Pelota Salon, a Hockey Range, or a Water-Polo Rink. These are grave omissions.

Military Correspondence.

"BATTERY COMMANDER." You ask what you ought to do when the baggage of an attached Territorial officer on mobilization is found to consist of a case of champagne and two large boxes labelled with the name of a well-known firm of picnic caterers. The answer is: Grin, and share it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I NEVER read a story I agreed with less and enjoyed more than *The Glory of Clementina Wing* (JOHN LANE). I could not bring myself to love the unkempt artist who smoked cheap cigarettes and wore a smudge of paint on her cheek, notwithstanding all the magnificent qualities of which Mr. W. J. LOCKE informed me she was undoubtedly possessed. Still less could I believe that this *Clementina* could on occasion burst out of ugliness and disarray into instant beauty and fine feathers of the latest mode, thereby defeating in the struggle for a man's soul an expert, almost professional, seductress. For myself, I was completely charmed with the latter and lent her all my sympathy from the first: and so would the author himself have done but for his set purpose of glorifying *Miss Wing*. Thus much for our disagreement. As to the joy of it, I have only to say that the book is in the author's easiest and most brilliant vein, and that he has excelled himself in his *Dr. Quixtus*, a good man driven to disgust by a heavy dose of human treachery and so setting out in search of a course of conduct vicious and diabolical enough whereby to avenge himself on a vile and deceitful world. I leave you to find out for yourself (and that only by reading the whole story) how the searcher fares, hinting merely that you will be often and always surprised into irresistible laughter, and will make the unusual and pleasurable discovery that a confirmed optimist can speak with a sharp tongue from the clearest insight.

I discovered (and I think it was rather clever of me because the acknowledgment is in small print and at the bottom of a page) that Mr. MAX PEMBERTON is grateful to various journals for permission to reproduce the stories which are collected in *The Summer Book*; and I wish to add my gratitude not only to the editors but also to the author. Presumably this book gets its title because it is suitable for consumption in hot weather; at any rate I read it from cover to cover (excluding Messrs. MILLS AND BOON's copious advertisements) under a broiling sun and did not even stop for so little as a tea-interval. Mr. PEMBERTON is not a member of the short-story, but nevertheless he is sufficiently inventive and original to give his readers an attractive run for their money. I beg those who begin with the first tale, and fail to like it, to believe that it is infinitely the worst of the collection. Mr. JACOBS might have succeeded in the difficult task of making fun out of drunkenness, but in Mr. PEMBERTON's hands "The Trip to Jerusalem" is an absurdity and a vulgar one. "Joie-de-Loup" and "The Nigger" are, however, specimens of the author's skill when he is at the very top of his game. The one shows an intimate knowledge of a child's mind, and

the other introduces us to a most dashing amateur detective (feminine). It must, perhaps, be pardoned to such an enthusiastic motorist as Mr. PEMBERTON that on page 22 *Dr. Seagrove* drove to the Manor Gardens in a dog-cart, and that on the following page we read, "Seagrove sprang out of his car anyhow."

I think we may fairly assume that Mr. RANDAL CHARLTON, the author of *The Bewildered Bride* (EVELEIGH NASH), knows and admires his MEREDITH. Certainly there is internal evidence to this effect. "In the High Court of Life the action brought by Bosoms against Business makes the most vivacious suit in a dull cause list" was what *Mr. Hillary St. Ann* (note the name!) scribbled in his common-place book *à propos* of the love affairs of his cousin *Harry* and *Amy Meadows*. For further proof, we have the pair eloping, with *Hillary's* assistance, and detained at a wayside inn, where they are mothered by the sentimentally-minded proprietress, one *Mrs. Blunt*—surely a distant connection of the deathless *Berry*. To tell what further happens at this same inn would be to give away the secret of the book; but it may safely be said that it is sufficiently startling to explain the title. As a matter of fact, *Amy* was perhaps not so much bewildered as angry, and I can't say I blame her. Mr. CHARLTON, in his preface, wants me to believe that the story is one of actual happenings; which indeed it very well may be. What is much more important is that it is brightly and dramatically told, despite the somewhat sententious



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

A FARMER COMPLETELY SATISFIED WITH THE WEATHER.

aphorisms of *Hillary*. A graver defect of taste is the obviously deliberate gusto with which the author accentuates the more Elizabethan episodes in his not always quite pleasant plot. As the parent wrote to the Board-School teacher on the subject of anatomy, "It isn't necessary—and besides it's rude!"

Reader, you have spells of boredom,
Dismal blanks when all is blue,
Times when, could you but afford 'em,
You 'd give pounds for something new.
That's your case. If you admit it,
CHAPMAN (not to mention HALL)
Has a remedy to fit it,
Clever, brisk, original.
Service yarns—that's what the cure is—
Mixed with humour, spiced with wit;
Taken sitting. MAJOR DRURY'S
Long Bow and Broad Arrow's it.

"The King has been pleased to grant a salute of fifteen guns to Maharaja Sri Sri Sri Sri Sri Sir Ugyen Wangchuk of Bhutan as a hereditary distinction."—*Daily Mail*.

One of the men we shall not introduce to our friends.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now denied that a new House of Lords is to be built. To suit modern requirements it was to have been capable of indefinite expansion, the scheme being similar to that used by the makers of a certain well-known expanding book-case.

In the natural confusion of ideas which resulted from strong party feeling, the title "Dictator" (the sole property of Mr. JOHN REDMOND) was flung in the face of Mr. H. H. ASQUITH. The PREMIER wishes it to be understood that the letters "H. H." do not stand for "His Highness."

It seems regrettable that, owing to a certain pearl of Radical speech not having reached the ears of the SPEAKER during Tuesday's scene, the House is still without a ruling as to whether the expression "Insolent Swine" is in order. Members must really speak more distinctly.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's cautionary speech was received at first in Germany with the question: "For whom is the Minister's warning intended?" A couple or so of guesses and they got the answer right.

One would have thought that, when M. BEAUMONT reached Brooklands from Brighton, his troubles would have been at an end. But no. "Several ladies," a reporter tells us, "tried to kiss the intrepid airman."

Not the least remarkable result of the great air race was the fact that in their descriptions of the event all the rival newspapers had to acknowledge the existence of our bright little contemporary, *The Daily Mail*.

"In consequence of the continued hot weather the present run of *The Girl who couldn't lie* will end at the Criterion to-night." It seems a pity that the telling of the truth should prove to be such an exertion.

Now that the Tubes have established themselves as the coolest places in the hot weather, one at least of these lines, we hear, is about to run amusement trains, with a view to enable persons to spend the whole day in comfort. Light refreshments will be obtainable

and a music-hall performance—including a wonderful acrobatic display by artistes on the straps—will also be provided.

An orchestral society, consisting of medical men, has been founded in Berlin. Many doctors, it is not generally realised, are skilful players on the bronchial catarrh.

We note the appearance of "Every-body's Pocket Guide." This should be particularly useful to those ladies who have a difficulty in finding their pockets.

The Observer declares that Mr. ROBERT B. PORTER's book on the Republican States of South America, now appearing at the Hippodrome, has for its object "the promotion of

novelty which it is supposed to be. He declares that one may be seen in a picture which he owns, painted fifty years ago. On the other hand this may merely prove that the post-impressionists are not the novelty which they are supposed to be.

The suggestion made at the meeting of the Royal Sanitary Congress that an admirable cure for ill-health would be a weekly spell of twenty-four hours in bed leads an Irishman to suggest that this is not enough. Twenty-four hours in bed twice a day is the prescription he would like to see.

A number of Persian actors are now appearing at the Hippodrome. In the words of the ex-SHAH, "Now is the time to act!"

Hair made from silk is the latest invention of fashion, *The Hairdressers' Weekly Journal* informs us. Wool, of course, has been worn by many persons for years past.



"WOT'S UP, MATE?"

"I WENT IN BATHING AND 'AD MY CLOTHES PINCHED; BUT LUCKILY I'D KEPT MY 'AT ON, AND MY RETURN TICKET WAS IN THE 'AT-BAND."

loser relations between Great Britain and the ten nations," and we are left wondering whether the relations should be "closer" or "looser."

One of the founders of the "Millionaires' Theatre," in New York, states that the plutocrats are prepared to keep the theatre going even at a loss in order to provide unsensational drama. The announcement has created a sensation.

The Morning Post, under its new editor, is evidently going in for a new departure, namely a matrimonial agency. The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of our go-ahead contemporary:—"Lady recommends Excellent Vegetarian Cook-Housekeeper wanting small family. . ."

A gentleman writes to *The Mail* to point out that a blue rose is not the

Lest, wetted through,
We'd ceased to care
For Cupid's brew
And Fancy Fair!

Still hath it dower
When life's askew,
A gentle power,
A kind ado,
For me and you
Who still may share
The rainbow view
Of Fancy Fair!

ENVOY.
Princess, anew
We'll wander there,
Where dreams are true
At Fancy Fair!

"For Sale.—Large Scales, Mandoline, and some Bricks."—*Evening Mail*.

A very happy combination; but the bricks should go to the audience.

HOW I GOT THERE.

[The following lines, which betray a mood of confident assurance not justified by the subsequent course of events, are alleged to have been picked up in the neighbourhood of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and would seem to have been composed on behalf of one of the prospective Peers on the day after the HALSBURY banquet.]

THOUGH Virtue's record, by itself,
Should have ensured a rich requital
Even without the ready pelf
That oils the *entrée* to a title;
Yet not to me alone the credit's due,
No, nor to ASQUITH, on whose soul it grated,
Being Prime Minister, to work a *coup*
That One Above dictated.

Nor he, by whose permissive nod
We live—an awful obligation—
Not REDMOND (J.), that puissant god,
Could have accomplished this creation;
'Tis not to him that (under Heaven) we owe
This largesse of hereditary lustres,
It is to Messrs. F. E. SMITH & Co.,
Those very useful thrusters!

The help of HALSBURY, too, I hymn;
No praise that I can here express 'll
Convey the valour, calm and grim,
That earned a dinner at the Cecil;
Where, having boomed his high old Tory pride,
They utilized that honorific function
To drench their chiefs (the same that he'd defied)
With streams of loyal unction.

I cannot, having missed the meal,
Judge if the roisterers showed a fair case
For thus protesting love and zeal
While kicking leaders down the staircase;
But this is sure—that, as I lightly go
To join the new creation's noble musters,
I raise my coronet to SMITH & Co.,
Those very perfect thrusters. O. S.

MOTOR AND SUPER-MOTOR.

[We are informed that motor-cars, after undergoing a slight modification, are now being used as the propelling power in house-boats.]

A HEROIC rescue was effected yesterday at John-o'-Groats. While signals were being sent to a ship in distress a hundred miles away the wireless telegraph broke down. A passing motorist with rare presence of mind hitched the band of the apparatus to the wheel of his car, re-started it, and a lifeboat was instantly communicated with. He declined to give his name or receive any thanks, stating that he had so often caused the death of innocent people that he owed some reparation.

In the smartest circles Spring-cleaning will be done next season by the help of the stud of motor-cars, moored out on the lawn, to drive the vacuum cleaners.

The omni-motor is regarded as the greatest triumph of the age. By touching different levers—to learn the names of which demands a long apprenticeship—the operator can make it cut hair, boil water, work a pianola, mangle shirts, turn a cinematograph, clean the chimneys, beat eggs or mow and roll a tennis lawn. In case of invasion it can be sunk and form a useful submarine, or have its tyres fully inflated and serve as a capable military airship.

"The programme was as follows:—Quartette, 'O hurl thee my baby.'"—*Natal Witness*.
Far better use the fire-escape.

CATCHING HER EYE.

WE had come to an end of dinner quite naturally at our end of the table. It had been a fearfully long one. The strain of keeping up an animated conversation for two solid hours was beginning to tell on my host, and his eyes brightened as he glanced at his wife at the other end of the table. She would get up in a minute, and he would be able to re-tell the story of how his sherry had been smuggled from the Imperial cellars at St. Petersburg—probably to more grateful listeners. Meanwhile, very light small-talk was what was wanted.

"When I was in Spain," he began, and then remembered the anecdote was too long.

"I must tell you an amusing story of how I tried to buy a blouse at the sales the other day," I said, seeing his difficulty, and half-way through bungled the point through over-curtailing it. Stories were no good. We must restrict ourselves to remarks.

"Are you going to Cowes?" I said recklessly, and caught my *vis-à-vis* looking at me curiously. Since the savoury she had confined herself to a sympathetic smile, and now affected mild amusement at the absurdity of chatter after her half-hour's earnest discussion on the Insurance Bill. But something had to be done.

"N-n-no, that is to say, yes," he replied quickly, "though I confess racing does not attract me. But I have a collection of model yachts. Dear me, yes. I must show it you. I-I rather want to see if——" He looked frowningly at his wife. He mustn't begin on any of his collections. The chief points of a hobby can't be run through between the picking up of gloves and the opening of a door. As far as I could make out, she was discussing the successful lighting of reception rooms, illustrated by diagrams on the back of her menu. A little sigh of disappointment escaped him, and in despair he began to offer me more grapes. "No, really," I said very firmly, and nearly added, "I never eat fruit at breakfast." Was it yesterday or a week ago that we had sat down to dine? There was a growing restlessness on his part after this, but pushing his chair back suddenly and creaking it—his eyes fixed on his wife with what would have been to me mesmeric force—had no effect whatever. Then he played a strong card. "My wife always says," he remarked very loudly and deliberately—"my wife always says—I was telling them, my dear, you always say that——"

It failed to reach her. He creaked again, this time almost ostentatiously, and even gave an extra flourish of his pocket-handkerchief in the unnecessary process of not blowing his nose. I felt sorry for him. She appeared to be short-sighted as well as deaf. My neighbour on the other side turned to me.

"Tell me some more of your experiences," he said. "I liked the story of your dancing with a waiter by mistake. I am much interested in sociology."

An idea came to me.

"I was bathing once," I said in my clearest and most bell-like tones—"it was in Devonshire and we were a large mixed party—and I had just got a new bathing-dress. It was a very pretty one, but I had never worn it before, and——"

I was aware of an eye flashing at me from the bottom of the table.

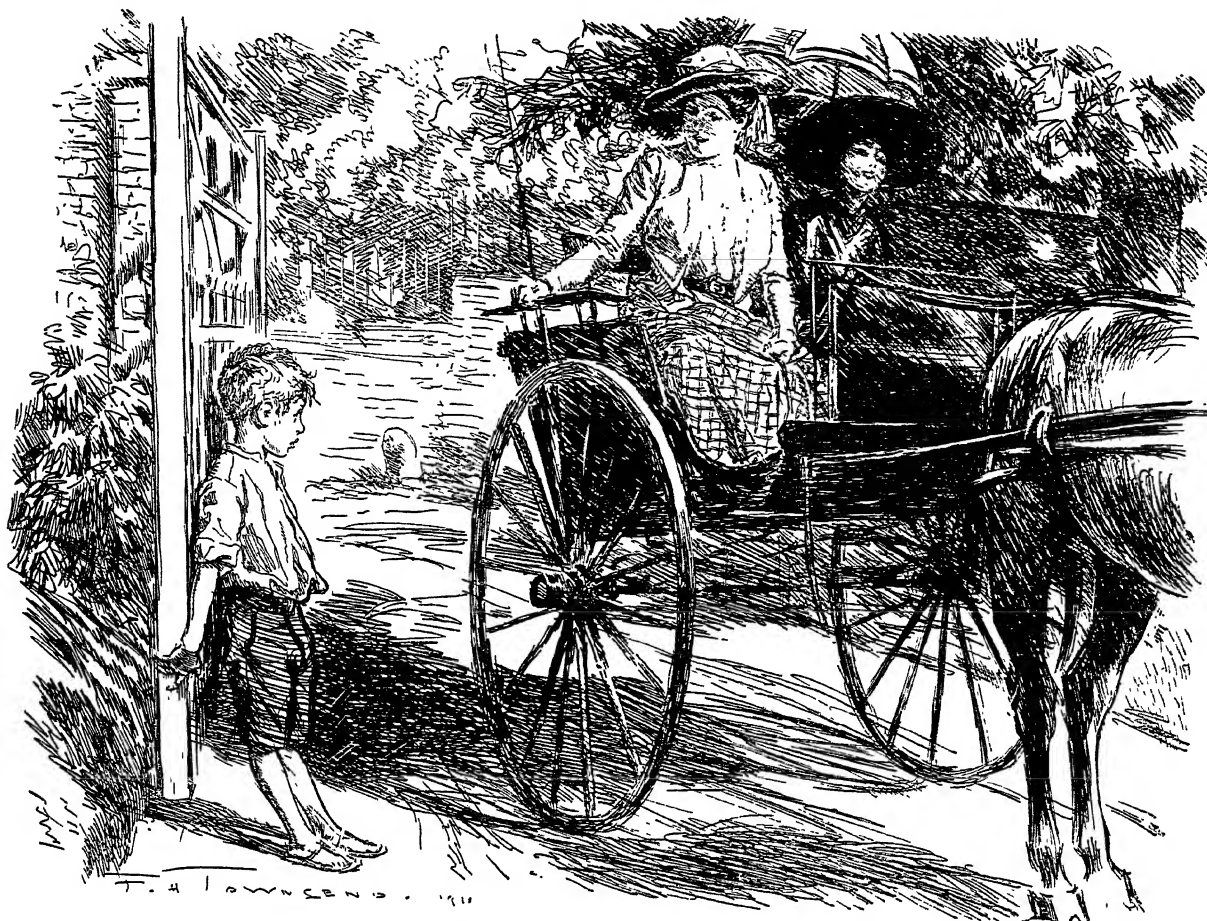
"Shall we leave them to smoke?" my hostess said sweetly as we all rose.

"A delightfully cool breeze was blowing . . . Several ladies, both Indian and European, were among the gusts."—*Said Gazette*.
It sounds more like a hurricane.



SOLID.

GERMANY. "DONNERWETTER! IT'S ROCK. I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE PAPER."



AN ABSORBING OCCUPATION.

Squire's Wife. "WEL, JACKY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR TWO OR THREE WEEKS. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THE TIME?"
Jocky (lodge-keeper's child). "'AVING DRINKS O' WATER."

DUSK OUT-OF-DOORS.

(A LITTLE REVERIE.)

Has it ever struck you, gentle reader,
 When the summer nights are warm
 (Deck-chairs underneath the dark old cedar,
 Moths about, and bats in form),
 What a boon it means to golden fancies,
 Faith and love and fond regret?
 How (conversely) trade in true romances
 Suffers if the season's wet?

Take myself: I stand, with my cigar lit,
 Near the rhododendron clumps;
 Odorous is the earth, the heaven's starlit,
 I am wearing evening pumps;
 Dreams of youth arise: I almost pardon
 Belle, the fair and fickle flirt;
 Should I even be here in the garden
 If the gravel walks were dirt?

No, I should be playing cards or (may be)
 Billiards at the "Rose and Crown"—
 "Very sorry, James, I've missed a baby
 Cannon and I've sent you down;
 Not my fault I couldn't find the jigger"—
 Now I stand stock-still and think

How superbly fair her angel figure
 Sometimes looked in salmon-pink.

I'm of course alone; but look at others:
 Down beside the gooseberry beds
 There are Mr. Jones and Miss Carruthers
 Putting very close their heads;
 Sweet young things; but, gracious! if the weather
 Hadn't been so fine this year,
 Could they have been thrown so oft together?
 No, it would have failed, I fear.

That's what does it: moonlight and the murmur
 Made by sympathetic trees;
 Nothing can compare for binding firmer
 Amatory knots with these:
 Comes a kind of feyness after dinner
 When Selene lords the night
 (I remember, I proposed at Pinner,
 Years ago, on such a night).

Nay, and even now, I am not certain;
 In this atmosphere of balm,
 Ringed about by night's bejewelled curtain,
 Listening to the streamlet's psalm,
 Possibly I too might come out stronger,
 Feel again love's passion-swirl,
 If the fine spell lasts a little longer,
 If I meet some lovely girl.

EVOE.

THE HOUSE WARMING.

IV.—A WORD IN SEASON.

"ARCHIE," said Blair, "what's that big empty room above the billiard-room for?"

"That," said Archie, "is where we hide the corpses of our guests. I sleep with the key under my pillow."

"This is rather sudden," said Simpson. "I'm not at all sure that I should have come if I had known that."

"Don't frighten them, dear; tell them the truth."

"Well, the truth is," said Archie, "that there was some idea of a little play-acting there occasionally. Hence the curtain-rod, the emergency exit and other devices."

"Then why haven't we done any? We came down here to open your house for you, and then you go and lock up the most important room of all, and sleep with the key under your pillow."

"It's too hot. But we'll do a little charade to-night if you like—just to air the place."

"Hooray," said Myra, "I know a lovely word."

Myra's little word was in two syllables and required three performers. Archie and I were kindly included in her company. Simpson threatened to follow with something immense and archaic, and Thomas also had something rather good up his sleeve, but I am not going to bother you with these. One word will be enough for you.

First Scene.

"Oh, good morning," said Myra. She had added a hat and a sunshade to her evening frock, and was supported by me in a gentlemen's lounge coat and boater for Henley wear.

"Good morning, Mum," said Archie, hitching up his apron and spreading his hands on the table in front of him.

"I just want this ribbon matched, please."

"Certainly, Mum. Won't your little boy—I beg pardon, the young gentleman, take a seat too? What colour did you want the ribbon, Mum?"

"The same colour as this," I said. "Idiot."

"Your grandfather is in a bit of a draught, I'm afraid, Mum. It always stimulates the flow of language. My grandfather was just the same. I'm afraid, Mum, we haven't any ribbon as you might say the same colour as this."

"If it's very near it will do."

"Now what colour would you call that?" wondered Archie, with his head on one side. "Kind of puce-like, I

should put it at. Puce-magenta, as we say in the trade. No; we're right out of puce-magenta."

"Show the lady what you have got," I said sternly.

"Well Mum, I'm right out of ribbon altogether. The fact is I'm more of an ironmonger really. The draper's is just the other side of the road. You wouldn't like a garden roller now? I can do you a nice garden-roller for two pound five, and that's simply giving it away."

"Oh, shall we have a nice roller?" said Myra eagerly.

"I'm not going to carry it home," I said.

"That's all right, Sir. My little lad will take it up on his bicycle. Two pounds five, mum, and sixpence for the mouse-trap the gentleman's been sitting on. Say three pounds."

Myra took out her purse.

Second Scene.

We were back in our ordinary clothes. "I wonder if they guessed that," said Archie.

"It was very easy," said Myra. "I should have thought they'd have seen it at once."

"But of course they're not a very clever lot," I explained. "That fellow with the spectacles—"

"Simpson, his name is," said Archie. "I know him well. He's a wonderful golfer."

"Well, he looks learned enough. I expect he knows all right. But the others—"

"Do you think he knew that we were supposed to be in a shop?"

"Surely! Why, I should think even—What's that man's name over there? No; that one next to the pretty lady—ah, yes, Thomas. Is that Thomas, the wonderful cueist, by the way? Really! Well, I should think even Thomas guessed that much."

"Don't you think perhaps we'd better do it over again to make sure?"

"Oh, no, it was perfectly obvious. Let's get on to the final scene."

"I'm afraid that will give it away rather," said Myra.

"I'm afraid so," agreed Archie.

"It always seems to me rather silly to do the whole word—it makes it so easy. But I suppose we'd better."

Third Scene.

We sat on camp-stools and looked up at the ceiling with our mouths open.

"E's late," said Archie.

"I don't believe 'e's coming, and I don't mind 'oo ears me sye so," said Myra. "So there."

"Ot work," I said, wiping my brow.

"Nar, not up there. Not 'ot. Nice and breezy like."

"But 'e's nearer the sun than wot we are, ain't 'e?"

"Ah, but 'e's not 'ot. Not up there."

"'Ere, there 'e is," cried Myra jumping up excitedly. "Over there. 'Ow naow, it's a bird. I declare I quite thought it was 'im. Silly of me."

There was silence for a little, and then Archie took a sandwich out of his pocket.

"Wunner wot they 'll invent next," he said, and munched stolidly.

* * * * *

"Well done," said Dahlia.

"Thomas and I have been trying to guess," said Simpson, "but the strain is terrific. My first idea was 'codfish,' but I suppose that's wrong. It's either 'silkworm' or 'wardrobe.' Thomas's suggestions have been 'submarine,' 'chimney' and 'mangel-wurzel.' He says he never saw anybody who had so much the whole air of a wurzel as Archie. The indefinable *élan* of the wurzel was there."

"Can't you really guess?" said Myra eagerly. "I don't know whether I want you to or not. Oh no, I don't want you to."

"Then I withdraw 'mangel-wurzel,'" said Simpson gallantly.

"I think I can guess," said Blair. "It's—"

"Whisper it," said Simpson. "I'm never going to know."

Blair whispered it.

"Yes," said Myra disappointedly, "that's it." A. A. M.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

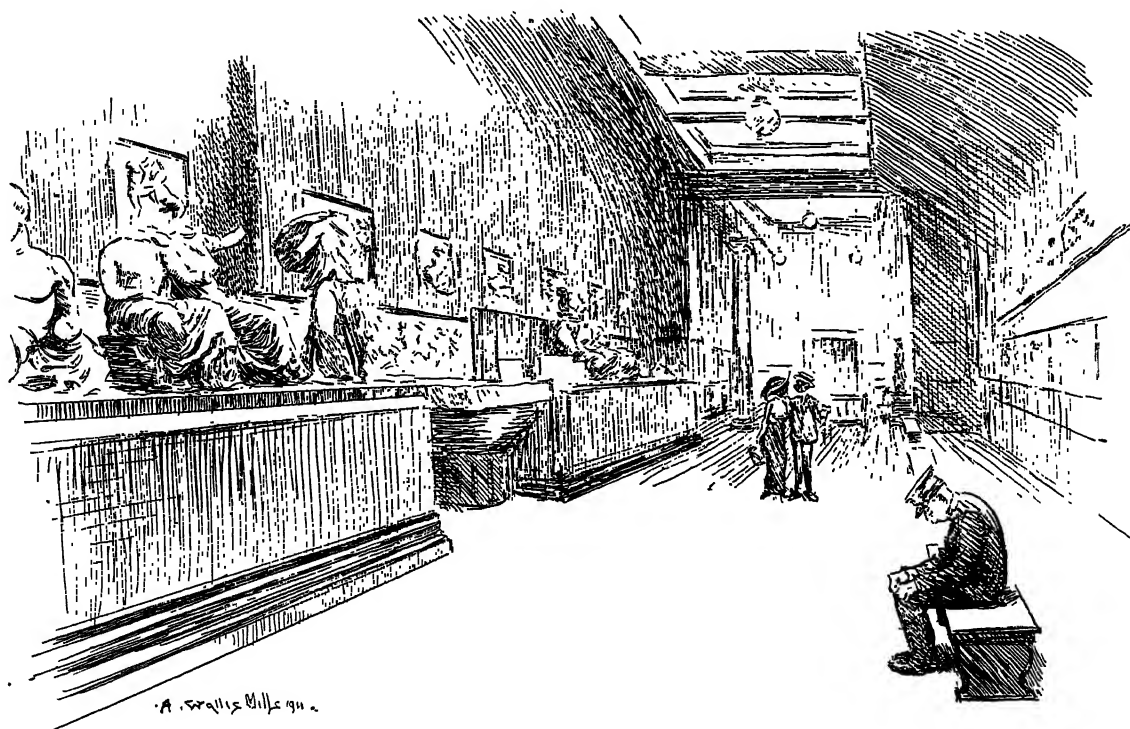
IV.

Sunday.—Another perturbing day. Peter was detained in town on Saturday and only got home just before dinner. It was a curious meal. Miss Stoker, after talking and playing music all the afternoon with me, suddenly developed into a full-blown Philistine, and the conversation at dinner took the form of a dialogue between her and Peter on golf and county cricket, on both of which subjects she seems to be an enthusiast and an expert. If it had been base-ball, which I believe is the American game, I could have understood it better, but whenever I tried to get her to talk about her native country she was uncommunicative and evasive. At last I couldn't help saying, "I'm afraid you're not a very loyal American," on which Peter calmly said, "No wonder, considering she's never been in the States." "Oh, Peter," exclaimed Miss Stoker, "you needn't have given me away so soon."

Then of course it all had to come out. Miss Miriam Stoker is the *alias*



MR. PUNCH'S ATTENTION HAVING BEEN CALLED TO THE ABOVE ENTICING NOTICES DISPLAYED IN SOME OF OUR LEADING STORES, HE WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THE CLOSE SIMILARITY OF CONDITIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE SAID STORES AT SALE TIME AND



IN THE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of Peter's cousin, Margaret Vivian, the female Admirable Crichton, of whom I had heard so much in former years, but had never seen her. She played cricket better than her brothers, went up to Girton with a scholarship, took a first in History, and then went off to Germany to study music. But why was it necessary to introduce her to me in the guise of an American authoress and under an assumed name? I hate practical jokes, and this seems to me one of the most unnecessary hoaxes I ever heard of. However, Peter made a clean breast of it after his cousin had gone to bed. He is trying in many ways, but at least no one can accuse him of a lack of candour, and on this occasion he quite surpassed himself.

"My dear Delicia," he began, "you are an attractive and engaging young person, and I don't in the least regret having married you. You have good looks, style and intelligence. But since the fatal day when that blithering fellow in *The Magnet* told you that you had creative genius and that it was your duty to cultivate the divine impulse you have threatened to develop into a prig and a bore. Your verses are passable, but I have calculated that they cost me exactly 5s. a line."

I reminded Peter with dignity that MILTON only received £5 for *Paradise Lost*, but he was ungenerous enough to retort that at least MILTON was not out of pocket on the transaction. He then went on to disparage my music and to criticise my theories of education, and wound up by saying: "The fact is you're not a woman of genius, otherwise I should never have dared to marry you. You're something much better, if you only would leave your mind alone. And the only way I could devise of converting you to my mode of thinking was to bring you up against the genuine article and let you see the difference. If I had asked Margaret here in the ordinary way you would have paid no attention to her. So I induced her to come as an admirer of your poetry, and just let things work themselves out. The result, so far as I can gather, has been excellent. You admit that you can't compete with Margaret, and the admission does credit to your sanity, as she is an invincible person."

Thus ended the longest speech I ever heard Peter make. I was inexpressibly wounded by his tone, but the worst of all was that most of what he said was true. So with an immense effort of self-restraint I said nothing. Visions of the dénouement of *The Doll's House* floated through my brain in the night, but next day it was Margaret who reconciled me to Peter's view.

My music I had already abandoned, but there remained my poetry. Yet when I asked her candid opinion of my sonnets she had no difficulty in proving by chapter and verse that they were three parts derivative. When I asked her in despair what consolation was left me, she fairly exploded: "Consolation! Why, you've got a delightful house, an indulgent husband and an adorable child. What more do you want?"

Margaret goes to-morrow, but she has promised to come again and give me lessons in counterpoint and golf. She says that the first regulates the emotions and the second is a cure for introspection. Anyhow, I mean to give her system a trial.

SHEPHERD FOR ENGLAND.

IN A TERRITORIAL CAMP.

My land, and ye who therein dwell
From coast to guarded coast,
Far be 't from me my toils to tell,
And farther still to boast;

But here from out these broiling tents
And a most droughty throat
I hope I may, at all events,
Just call on you to note

That, though my work be little worth,
My foot no longer fleet,
And one of—well, of generous girth
Does sorely feel the heat;

Despite this 80 in the shade,
At duty's call have I
Forsworn my flannel'd ease and laid
The airy blazer by.

I've belted there and strapped on here
This whole confounded kit,
This swathing, creaking mass of gear—
Phew! but just think of it!

Hark ye in sheltered homes, I've lost
More than mere blood this day;
But what know ye of fighting's cost
Who think but of the fray?

England, I have not bled for thee,
Though with all fervour fired;
That may or, haply, may not be,
But, oh! I have perspired!

"James Valentine was the first English pilot to arrive . . . By this time, 8.30 a.m., the whole frame of this part of the Harrogate Stray was black with faces."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.
"Black"! And Harrogate's bathing facilities and far-famed waters meet us at every turn.

"Tarrant l.b.w., b. Tarrant, 168."—*Globe*.

These long innings must be ended somehow, however desperate the means.

"A FRIEND."

I MET Reginald by chance in Jermyn Street and, accepting the invitation which he omitted to offer me, accompanied him up to his rooms.

I was soon to regret my good nature, however, for Reginald was in a state of the deepest dejection.

"Reginald," I said—in lighter mood I call him Reggie, but I saw at once that this was not a Reggie day—"Reginald, you are off colour. What is the nature of your trouble? Financial, physical, or social?"

I know Reginald's worldly ambitions and was not surprised therefore that at the last word he winced painfully, and pointed to a pile of weekly illustrated papers.

I snatched them up one after the other, and hastily scanned their pages, fearing I knew not what.

"I can't find anything," I said at length, "unless it's these portraits of you at various race-meetings. I don't say you look extraordinarily handsome in any—" But he cut me short.

"Don't you see, you ass?" he said. "Read the writing. 'The Hon. Craven Coward in the Enclosure with a friend!' 'General Waitingroom talking with a friend!' 'Sir Tiddley and Lady Winks and a friend.' That's what makes me so wild. Why must I always be 'a friend'? Why can't they say who I am? Ain't I as good as the Winkses? Or old Waitingroom? But I've got them this time," he went on, cooling down a little. "When I was at Goodwood I managed to get taken *absolutely alone*."

At that moment his man came in with the new *Twaddler*, hot from the press.

I looked over Reginald's shoulder as he turned the pages with trembling hands.

There he was, alone, as he had said, and wearing the self-satisfied smirk which said plainly enough: "Now you can withhold my rights no longer." Plainly enough to me, that is; for the photographer had unfortunately failed to interpret it correctly, and below was the legend:

"*Evidently a backer of Braxted.*"

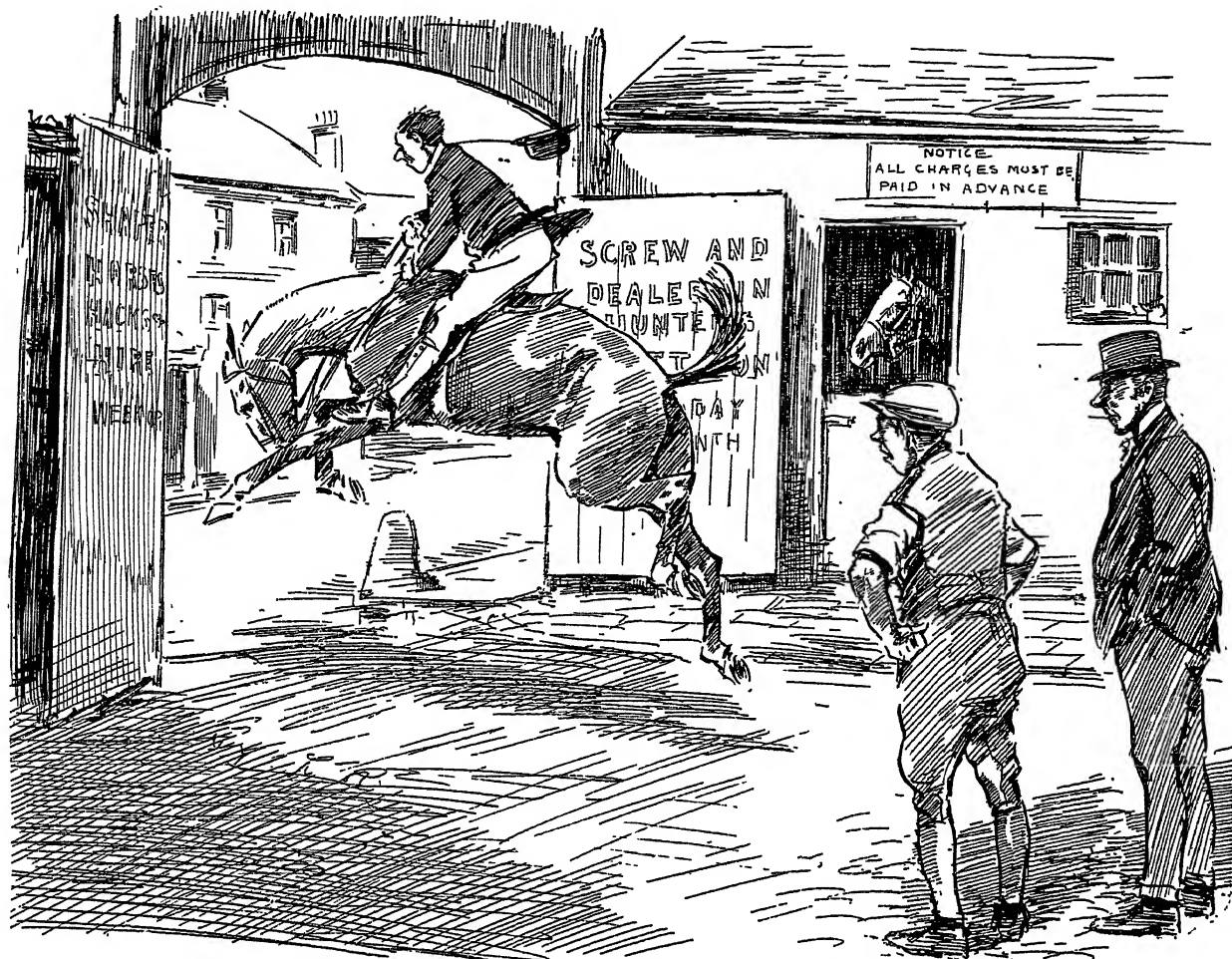
Reginald flung down the paper and kicked a footstool savagely, and I decided it would be more tactful to leave him with his trouble.

At the door curiosity overcame discretion, however.

"Did you back Braxted?" I asked.

A copy of *The Turf Guide* struck the lintel a quarter of an inch above my head, and I closed the door hastily.

Evidently he had not.



New Stable Lad. "THAT 'UN AIN'T 'ARDLY SAFE. I WONDER YOU KEEPS 'IM?"

Master. "BEST 'OSS WE'VE GOT; FIND 'IS WAY 'OME ALONE FROM ANYWHERE, 'E WILL. LIKE A DOG."

MUSIC AND MURDER.

[Suggested by a recent appreciation of "Scheherazade" by "R.C." in *The Daily Mail*.]

"ANOTHER prodigious success was achieved on Saturday night by the Circassian dancers at Covent Garden. Nothing more beautiful—nothing so beautiful, one may boldly assert—can ever have been seen on any stage since the world began. 'Mirza Schaffy' is the name of this soul-shaking ballet, in which all the splendours of the Georgian imagination are condensed in one short hour of delirious ecstasy. The scene, which is laid in the palace of Semangellina, the Empress of Tiflis, is a stupendous harmony of opalescent hues, and the action passes on the roof garden of a Caucasian Temple, honey-combed with oubliettes. Semangellina, who is in love with her Prime Minister, Prince Mirza Schaffy, resolves to test his devotion by ordering all the members of his family to immolate themselves by jumping down the oubliettes to slow music. When some of them refuse, the Empress summons her janis-

saries to execute the recalcitrants, and an appalling scene of carnage and horror ensues. Gigantic soldiers with enormous scimitars slay right and left, heads are mown off by scores, and the shrieks of the decapitated victims are echoed in the highest registers of the piccolos and oboes. The enormous effect of the scene proves to absolute demonstration that the ballet is to be ranked with the highest emanations of any other art, glyptic, pictorial or dramatic. But the chief æsthetic significance of the spectacle is to be found in the marvellous persuasiveness of the orchestra. An ancient poet taught us that music has power to soothe the savage breast. It has been reserved for the genius of Bobolinsky-Kluchnikoff to prove that the most repulsive and nauseating savagery can be rendered not only endurable but fascinating when associated with refined and sparkling orchestration. It is devoutly to be hoped that this novel and exhilarating illustration of the influence of music will not be overlooked by our native

composers in their quest for unexploited sensations. Music has too long been concerned with the glorification of insipidity. In future it will be its noble task to reconcile us to the delights of carnage and to lend a fresh savour to the extravagance of hæmatomania."

After describing Mr. BALFOUR'S rebuke to the HOME SECRETARY on the famous night of the uproar in the House, the *Scotsman* says: "Mr. Churchill winced in silence." This from a serious Scotch paper!

"It is understood that the marriage between Earl Percy and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox will be celebrated shortly after the 14th October, the closing day of the Spey rod fishing."

Aberdeen Journal.

Duty first!

"GARDINER.—On the 7th July, at White-thorn, Barton-road, Cambridge, the wife of Professor I. Stanley Gardiner, F.R.S. (*née Dr. Edith Willcock*), of a daughter."—*Standard*.

As we have always said of the lady doctor, *nascitur non fit*.



French Examiner (consulting list of candid des for linguistic honours). "QUEL EST VOTRE NUMÉRO?"
Cadet. "ER—MY NAME ISN'T KELLY, IT'S DICKSON!"

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

If you must be a traveller, be a *bona-fide* traveller. It will come in useful, you will find, on thirsty Sundays.

All roads lead to Rome. This, however, does not apply to railroads. Margate, therefore, is still open for consideration as a possible holiday resort.

Margate is not the only Queen of Watering Places. There are two hundred and thirty-one other queens. If you cannot make up your mind as to which you prefer, leave it to the Booking Clerk. He will submit a list of names and, while you are thinking the matter out, the people behind you will keep up the flow of conversation.

Having sufficiently stirred the Booking Clerk from his state of apathy, turn your attention to the porters. But wariness is essential with these, as they are not kept in cages.

When you have selected your carriage and sat in it, no one else has a right to get in without your permission. Let your expression of greeting to intruders leave no doubt as to this.

It is your prerogative to have a carriage to yourself. Though you cannot sit in ten seats at once, the fact of

other people sitting in them is an insult to you and to be resented as such.

The safest place in the carriage, in case of accidents, is on the rack. This is provided primarily for light articles. You may be light, but cannot, unless I am mistaken in you, be an article. For the convenience of the Company and your own comfort, it is advisable only to resort to the rack when there is going to be an accident.

If a fellow-passenger starts offering you papers, you might as well accept the first and save yourself trouble. He will make you read something before he has done with you.

Avoid friendships with guards. They cost a shilling a time. Also, any communications you desire to make to the driver should not be made by cord. This is even more expensive.

Do not throw bottles out on to the line. Keep them, during your journey, in the pockets in which you habitually carry them.

I once had the privilege of travelling in the same carriage with a honeymoon couple of the working class. With his left hand the bridegroom held the right hand of the bride. With his right he held the humorous paper he was reading at the time. His idea was, I

think, to combine business and pleasure.

When you go on your honeymoon, you will have not only to travel first-class, but also to buy two first-class tickets for the purpose. Knowing you as I do, I shall be heartily amused if a third-class ticket-holder insists on travelling in your carriage.

The worst part of quarrelling with a railway company is the feeling that the Company is never upset about it. I have written to my own pet company no fewer than five times to tell it that I am surprised at it, and still it goes on.

Return tickets are available for six months, a fact to be pointed out, with significant emphasis, to your hostess on arrival.

"Jones made his 103 out of 165 in ninety-five minutes, and did not give a chance. He hit one 66 and 13 4's."—*Evening News*.

The stroke which produced 66 was one of the most remarkable ever seen. It was not exactly a drive and not exactly a cut, but it did the fieldsman's business.

"Mr. J. B. Hammond, millionaire inventor of the typewriter, who is 73 years of age, has left New York on a twenty-seven years' cruise."—*Manchester Evening News*.

We shall look out for his account of it in *The Daily Mail*.



THE OLD TROJAN.

LORD LANSDOWNE. "DON'T LUG THAT INFERNAL MACHINE INTO THE CITADEL. THE THING'S FULL OF ENEMIES."

LORD HALSBURY. "I KNOW. THAT'S WHERE MY HEROISM COMES IN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

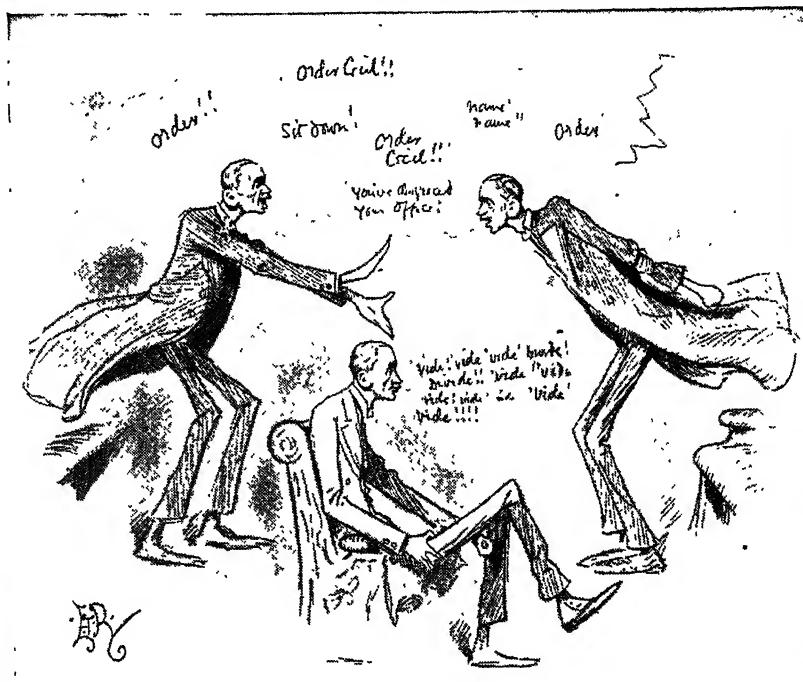
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 24.—Since the free fight on floor of House that disgraced the Session of 1893, nothing has equalled the tumult that filled the Chamber this afternoon. Nearest approach was when Liberals expected PRINCE ARTHUR, then Premier, personally to define his views on current stage of Tariff Reform question and with modesty habitually predominant in connection with this question he put up ALFRED LYTTELTON in his place. A mere squib compared with to-night's explosion.

That the outbreak was organised was obvious, is indeed not denied. Questions disposed of, Clerk read out First Order of Day. "Parliament Bill: Consideration of Lords' Amendments." PREMIER rose amid storm of cheering from his supporters. Taking up sheet of manuscript, placed on brass-bound box as he entered, he smoothed it out and, the cheers subsiding, began his speech. Instantly uprose from group behind Front Opposition Bench, on which PRINCE ARTHUR lolled with languorous air, cries of "Traitor! Traitor!" Shout taken up from front benches below Gangway. COUSIN HUGH in corner seat, pale to the lips, with blazing eyes and frail form shaken by tempestuous passion, led the rally. In vain the SPEAKER, who from first to last preserved unruffled mien, a dignified contrast to the turmoil on both sides, made earnest appeal for preservation of order.

It proved unavailing. WILL CROOKS rose to deliver brief lesson in deportment. Though he was highly qualified for mission, Opposition would have none of him. In locality where the waters come down from Lodore, WILLIAM'S voice might perhaps have been heard. Effort hopeless amid present din. McCULLAM SCOTT, endeavouring to take a hand, was literally bawled down. CHIOZZA MONEY flung himself on the counter (so to speak) to prove his genuineness. "A bad shilling!" shrieked a voice below Gangway opposite, and MONEY was contemptuously chucked back. SPEAKER'S attention called to ARCHER-SHEE, but in the uproar no consequences followed.

HUNT popped up and down like a parched pea in a frying-pan yelling, "Point of Order." EDWARD



THE CASTE OF "VIDE DI VIDE."
(A study of Lord HUGH CECIL *beside himself*.)

"Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."—*Tennyson.*

CARSON moved adjournment of debate. SPEAKER, ready at every turn, pointed out that debate had not yet been opened. F. E. SMITH waved both arms in eloquent though inaudible argument. All the while in corner seat below Gangway sat COUSIN HUGH, like the bird of evil omen perched on the bust of Pallas above the chamber door, forlornly croaking, "Vide, 'vide, 'vide."

Through it all the PREMIER stood by brass-bound box, getting in a sentence here and there in comparative lull in uproar. Proceedings, save in the matter of harmony, were something in way of an oratorio. A line was sung solo by the PREMIER. Then broke in the roar of chorus, with the voice of HUNT accompanying it in the part of the big bassoon. The tenor got off another bar of his solo, and the chorus almost literally swept him off his legs with roar of execration.

Most striking part of performance was that PREMIER absolutely ignored interruptions. Not that they failed in point. COUSIN HUGH varied his plaintive monody by remarking, "You have broken the Constitution." Later he contributed to amenities of occasion remark addressed to LEADER OF HOUSE, "You are absolutely unworthy of your position."

PREMIER took no more notice of him than if he were a fly settled on somebody else's nose. Went on whenever he found a chance, preserving strict sequence of his type-written sentences. For full forty minutes the struggle lasted—a hundred men against



"GENTLEMEN *v.* THE REST OF ENGLAND."

(A fixture which we trust will not be repeated.)

"Through it all the Premier stood by brass-bound box."

one. At last, with angry gesture, the PREMIER rolled up his manuscript and, facing round to his supporters, protested, "I am not going to degrade myself by further endeavouring to press arguments on people who are evidently resolved not to listen."

A fresh burst of cheering followed, Ministerialists leaping to their feet and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

"The question is," said the SPEAKER, "that the Lords' Amendments be now considered."

Promptly PRINCE ARTHUR rose, greeted by hearty cheers from excited throng to left of Chair. In ordinary familiar course of events now would have been the turn of the Ministerialists. Their chieftain had been howled down. In accordance with old practice they would give LEADER OF OPPOSITION a turn.

There came into operation pretty little action illustrative of the chivalry native to the House in its maddest moments. The PREMIER, foreseeing what would happen when PRINCE ARTHUR took the floor, had privily despatched the MASTER OF ELIBANK with injunction to his men to refrain from reprisals. For some minutes ELIBANK was seen fluttering round, dove-like, with olive leaf in his beak. Effect marvellous. PRINCE ARTHUR was listened to in silence, an unexpected reception he gratefully acknowledged.

But there were limits to fo bearance. When F. E. SMITH proposed to follow, storm broke forth again, not subsiding till, at the end of five minutes, he gave in and resumed his seat, having uttered no other audible phrase than "Mr. Speaker—"

Proceedings brought to abrupt end. The SPEAKER, acting under new Standing Order provided to meet cases of grave disorder, adjourned the House without Question put.

"Familiar with the petition, 'Save me from my friends,'" said SARK as we walked off together, "one might be inclined in cases such as this to cry aloud, 'Commend me to my enemies.' If the young lions in the Opposition den had been suborned by ASQUITH to get up this afternoon's performance they could not have more effectively earned their wage. It will not only strengthen the bonds between himself and his followers in the House and through the country, it will grievously damage the already stricken cause of the Peers. If these be the champions of that venerable institution, these the exponents of the principle of Law and Order, that shrewd person the Man in the Street will be inclined to say he is not taking any."

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Seemed when SPEAKER took Chair this afternoon that House, naturally shamefaced in remembrance of yesterday's proceedings, had relapsed into old humdrum manner. Benches only half filled. Questions on paper devoid of interest. Appearances however not for first time illusory. BIRRELL, rattling through answer of one of string of Irish questions, was suddenly interrupted by ringing cheer that rose and swelled with gathering force. Turning sharply round he perceived PREMIER entering from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.



DON'T KEIR HARDIE and the latest Socialist modes for Merthyr Tydfil.

Possibly Ministerialists might have been satisfied with this significant welcome had it not been for COUSIN HUGH. PRIME MINISTER sharply retorted to enquiry of RUPERT GWYNNE, "I refuse to answer insolent questions." This naturally shocked COUSIN HUGH'S severe idea of decencies of debate. Rising to call the SPEAKER'S attention to the bad language he was greeted by howl of execration from benches opposite. For some minutes he stood facing the music. When he attempted to speak there broke forth the cry which he himself yesterday employed to discomfiture of PRIME MINISTER.

"May I ask—" he shouted.

"Vide, 'vide,' 'vide!'" roared the Ministerialists.

In a rough-and-tumble scrimmage COUSIN HUGH does not seem to promise

much. But his courage is indomitable. Thrice he interposed, calling down upon his head a fresh storm of angry interruption. Incidentally BIRRELL continued to read out answers to the questions addressed to him on the paper. COUSIN HUGH rising to give voice to a fresh thought personal to the PREMIER, uproar broke out again and the CHIEF SECRETARY was fain to stand silent at the Table.

A more genial episode was appearance on scene of DON'T KEIR HARDIE. Either by happy accident or by acute prevision he had for this occasion possessed himself of a reach-me-down suit of white flannels, a touch of many colours being added by a gorgeous cummerbund. Whilst the row was in progress he, after manner of limited supply of supers on transpontine stage, trotted in and out. However high angry passion might have risen, as soon as Members caught sight of the white suit and the coy cummerbund, they burst into hilarious shout of laughter and ironical cheering.

Then COUSIN HUGH took another turn. A wild roar greeted him. It seemed as if we were coming to fisticuffs as in 1893, when from under the glass door leading from the Lobby there flashed a gleam of white with indication of a streak of rainbow. It was DON'T KEIR HARDIE and his cummerbund back again. Once more angry passion changed to burst of genuine merriment. In the end the SPEAKER put down COUSIN HUGH with sharp reproof and, the House getting into Committee of Supply, the excited multitude broke up and disappeared.

Business done.—India Budget expounded by UNDER-SECRETARY. Result wholesomely soporific.

Scandal at a Watering-place.

"MALVERN.—Furnished Residence; large lounge hall, three reception, eight bed rooms; beautiful grounds and charming, retired situation; cook and husband could be left."

The Birmingham Daily Post.

We are interested to know whether it is the lady of the house or her husband who is responsible for the above advertisement.

"Rain began to fall heavily at two o'clock, with the result that the garden party at Holyrood Palace in all probability will be cancelled. Betting—6 to 4 on Toggery."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

We should hardly estimate Toggery's chances so highly in such weather.

"George Duncan, of the Hangerhill Club, London, will make an eight weeks' tour in America during September."—*The Courier.*

Desperate time-savers these Hangerhill champions.



Mike (to alarm as it goes off). "I FOOLED YEZ THAT TIME. I WAS NOT ASLAPE AT ALL."

A GLOSSARY OF POLITICAL TERMS.

(For Use in a Crisis.)

LAST DITCH.—A receptacle for poor thinking and high falutin. Favourite death-place for advanced politicians who do not intend to die—at least, not there—and who, as a matter of fact, always survive misfortunes which have made strange ditch-fellows.

NO SURRENDER.—An expression much used by those who attempt to disguise a defeat by congratulating one another on their indomitable courage and to reveal their love for their leader by disregarding his advice and attempting to shatter his authority. After which they surrender with the rest.

CECIL.—(1) A place where Dukes and Smiths combine to banquet a former creator of judges who is not to be satisfied without a creation of Peers.

(2) A gentleman from Oxford University, noted for the amenity of his manners and the suavity of his language. An expert in the organisation of impromptu anger. Holding that silence is golden, he has shrieked down a Prime Minister and reduced a Speaker to impotence. Conscious, as he is, of his merits, he esteems lightly and denounces shrilly those who fail to share his exalted estimate of his own immaculate perfection.

CAD.—Term supposed by those who bravely use it under cover of uproar to be vividly descriptive of an English gentleman who happens to be Prime Minister.

TRAITOR.—A genial word conveying political disagreement. Has been howled out by many whose language (like the raven's answer) "little meaning, little relevancy, bore."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—(1) The last rampart of British liberty. (2) An effete assembly of arrogant people-crushers combined together for the destruction of freedom and capable of being checked and cured only by the duplication of their number.

"It was a red herring," said the Borough Councillor, "and now it has come home to roost."

ANOTHER BOOK THAT HAS HELPED.

WHEN editors my proffered poems scorn
(Always, of course, regretfully polite),
And lack of luck is moving me to mourn
The homing instincts of the things I write,
'Tis then that in my agony I look
For consolation to my favourite book.

KEATS cannot cure my tendency to mope,
Nor SHELLEY dissipate my anxious frown;
I cannot find resuscitated hope
In either of the Swans of Stratford town;
Nor is the volume RUDYARD's goodly tome
Of ballads (with the H's "not at home").

No! It is lettered in a golden tint
"The Works of Self," and folio number one
Displays my verses which appeared in print
Last summer in *The Little Sapleigh Sun*.
I note the cultured rhyme, the sparkling wit
Embodied in that jocund little fytte.

And once again I laugh at Fortune's kicks,
Once more I feel assured that now and then
My verse may yet be privileged to mix
With snappy pars about the Upper Ten;
And so return the volume to its shelf
With renovated confidence in Self.

Britain on the Qui Vive.

"3. Paragraph 56A. In line 2 after 'Sunday' for 'rice' and in line 3 after 'Thursday' for 'sago' substitute 'blanc-mange' in each case." *Army Orders.*

"In the story of 'Making the Crew' which follows, there are recited the experiences of many a college oarsman who has been famous at his alma water."—*Montreal Standard.*

What has ALMA TADEMA to say to this?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Among the tragediettas of the season now *in extremis* has been the social suicide of Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe. She's been *in* a long time, but she's *out* again now, and may knock and ring for the rest of her life without finding anyone to open the door.

She was a good bit of an outsider when the Flummerys first met her somewhere abroad, conceived a violent fancy for her, after their fashion, and took her up. Once taken up, she did the rest herself, and in a short time one met her *everywhere* that was *anywhere*. She got a big reputation as a *funny* woman and teller of *risqué* stories, and was in great request at dinners and suppers and country-house parties. I never thought her particularly witty—and Ray Rimington, who's by way of being a *bel esprit* himself, says in *his* opinion a woman has no more business to be a *wit* than to have a *beard* or a *deep voice*! However that may be, Mrs. Jimmy, finding lately that her wit was petering out and her stock of *risqué* stories was running low (Norty says they generally *did* run low!), has taken to practical joking (the *dernière ressource* of a played-out wit), and has now made her last joke, practical or otherwise, in *our* world.

This was how it happened. This summer the Dunstables have had a series of week-end parties at their place near Richmond, Riverside Court. I never could *stand* the Dunstables. The two old people are *awful*, the girls are tombstones, and young Luton is a prig of the first magnitude. They belong to the set dubbed by *nous autres* The Deadly-Dulls—fearful creatures, among whom are current such phrases as “the duties of our station”—“the proper bringing-up of children”—“the pleasures of domestic life,” and so on—and the week-end parties at Riverside Court have been of the hopelessly stodgy sort described by that wonderful old mid-Victorian word, *respectable*. To one of these week-end parties, however, in order, I suppose, to leaven the lump of respectability a little, they invited Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe, it being understood, of course, that no *risqué* stories would be tolerated, that she was to be, as SHAKESPEARE says, as amusing as the serpent but as harmless as the dove. A few days before going she was at a little supper at the Gardenia Club and had a wager with Giddy Tremayne (he's a relative of the Dunstables and a shaking of the head among them), that she would disappoint the old

Duchess of six of her expected guests (whom she, Mrs. Jimmy, happened to have heard of as being in the same week-end party), six female leaders of the Deadly-Dulls—six pillars of propriety—six monuments of all the domestic virtues—and would do it by means of the following anonymous letter, drawn up at the supper table amid yells of laughter:—“A Friend counsels you not to go to Riverside Court this week-end. *He* will be there, and danger is in the air.”

The wager was for a cool thousand—even. The six letters were sent. On Saturday Mrs. Jimmy went to Riverside Court, and Giddy, with the privilege of relationship, went uninvited “to see fair.” Three of the six leaders of the Deadly-Dulls and pillars of propriety weighed in all right and seemed to have nothing on their minds, but at dinner the old Duchess said, “Influenza seems to be coming out of its season. Poor dear So-and-so and So-and-so” (naming two of the absent leaders of the D-D.'s) “write to excuse themselves on the score of terrible colds, and dear So-and-so” (naming the third absentee—I don't write their names, leaving you to guess them, my dearest) “has been suddenly summoned to Scotland by the illness of an aunt.” Mrs. Jimmy and Giddy, no doubt, exchanged eloquent looks across the table, and next day they were stupid enough to have a dispute about how the wager should be settled, *on the lawn*—a dispute overheard by *someone* in an arbour they hadn't noticed—and, hey presto! the fat was in the fire in no time, and now Mrs. Jimmy's outside for ever. She quite deserves it. A snake in the grass, hitting below the belt in that way, is a danger to us all.

All the maharajahs who came over to coronate were darlings (they made such lovely bits of colour at one's parties!), but the darlingest of them all was the Ghezam of Pondypore, who has become a *great* friend of mine. I simply *love* his grave, gentle, graceful way, with just a teeny-weeny *souçon* of the Bengal tiger somewhere in the offing. I talked to him about TAMERLANE, and the Rig Vedas, and the Koran, and Buddhism and Brahmanism and all that sort of thing, and I'm sure he was *immensely* astonished at my knowledge of his country. Josiah was as rude to him as he dared to be, and always spoke of him to me as “that darkie!”

When the dear Ghezam left London he sent me a red rose, and a card to say his “devotion will last as long as the rose shall bloom.” Not a very long time, that, you say. Don't be too sure, my dear! Each petal of the red rose is a ruby, the dewdrops on it are

diamonds, and the leaves are emeralds. *Isn't* he a love? Babs and the rest of them were perfectly *sick* with envy the first time I wore it (as a corsage ornament). He has invited me to Pondypore as his guest for the Durbar, and *of course* I'm going. “You're *not* going,” said Josiah yesterday. “I certainly *am* going,” I replied. “I've promised Balaji.” “Who's Balaji, pray?” he demanded, quite *glaring* at me. “Well, the Ghezam, then,” I said. “Now look here, Blanche,” he said, “I don't often put my foot down, but I put it down now. I won't have you cavorting about India with this darkie that you call the Ghezam. Mind! I won't!” “Your point of view is just as narrow and as wrong as it can be,” I told him calmly. “Why don't you try to think *imperially*? Can't you see what *profound* policy it is, how *good* for our Indian Empire, that we Englishwomen should have an influence for good over the native princes?” “Stuffnonsense!” he cried. (That's an expression I've never been able to break him of, and he pronounces it as spelt above.) “If you want to see the Durbar, you shall see it, but without any Ghezams. We'll go together.”

We shall see. I've not the *least* intention of disappointing the Ghezam.

Beryl Clarges has set a new fashion in head ornaments, which she says she'll make even more popular than ospreys. She has imported a lot of live humming-birds to match different gowns. A slender gold chain attaches them by one leg to a jewelled headband, and they flutter about over the head in a simply sweet manner. Of course they don't live more than a few hours, but she has a fresh set for the next night. Those dreadful people of the Society for Interfering with Everybody are always after her, threatening proceedings, but Beryl's only answer to them is to add more humming-birds to her coiffure!

Dear Stella Clackmannan has been having Thursday *Thés Mélodiques* at Clackmannan House and has played and sung her own compositions to her friends (for their sins!) One Thursday Ninian follyott was among the crowd, and Stella gave us her new Song Cycle, *Ecstasies in Elfland*. Her little prize Pekingese was in his little beddy-bye in some corner and, just as Stella finished one of her *Ecstasies* (the dear thing's voice, *entre nous*, is quite past praying for!), little Peky-peky gave a sudden, piercingly shrill little howl. “Brava!” cried Ninny follyott innocently. “That was a simply rippin' high note you finished up with, Duchess—best I ever heard you do!”

Oh, my dearest, just a little story about Sir Croesus Lucre. He came of age, you know, a year or two ago, and has undergone abso'ute *torments*, poor boy, from being the *parti* of the moment. Lately he's sold off all his horses, his motors, and even his yacht, and has gone in entirely for flying, which he has taken up *avec fureur*. "You seem awfully stuck on 'planing, old boy," Norty said to him the other day. "I ain't stuck on it," was the rueful answer. "I *loathe* it—and it's spoilin' my digestion—but it's the only way of escape from—from—*them*, you know!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE DESERT OPTIMIST.

An exile, I would fain forget
That circumstance hath put me down
Quite close to places like Tibet,
But very far from London town.

And though the outlook's rather drear
I sometimes fancy I detect
A sort of Cockney atmosphere,
A Metropolitan effect.

Behind my chair in solemn state
The bearer and khansama stand,
Swart replicas of those who wait
In Piccadilly or the Strand.

My punkah brings a grateful wind
To cheeks climatically brown'd,
A fitful gust that calls to mind
The draughts about the Underground.

And though they spoil my morning rest
I like to lie awake and hark
To parrakeets whose notes suggest
Their captive kin in Regent's Park.

About my house the pigeons roost,
They perch upon the compound walls,
Own brothers to the friends who used
To flap me greeting from St. Paul's.

In yellow waves the dawn-mist drives
Across the paddy-field and jogs
The memory of one who strives
To reconstruct his London fogs.

And when I hear a bullock-cart
Go rumbling 'neath its harvest truss
The echo wakens in my heart
The music of the omnibus.

And thus it is I've learned to find
A remedy for things that irk;
My desert fades and with a kind
Of cinematographic jerk—

"Urbs errat ante oculos;"
Then, Fortune, send me where you list,
I care not, London holds me close,
An exile, yet an optimist.

"Concert party want funny comic singer for winter," &c.—*Evening News*.
So do we a'l.



Perspiring Customer. "PH-H-H! BRING ME SOMETHING COOL."

Waitress. "YES, SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE AN ICE?"

Perspiring Customer. "NO, NO; SOMETHING COOLER THAN THAT."

A PILLAR OF SOCIETY.

I MET him in the Tube. The movement of the train rolled us together and his bag of tools hit me. He damned the line, apologised to me, and we began to talk.

In response to my question he said he was full of work. Couldn't complain.

"Yes," he amplified, "we're wonderful busy this year. It's a record, that's what it is. First the Coronation; then the heat; and now all these strengthening jobs—fortifying, or whatever you call it."

"Fortifying?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "Buttressing walls and all that sort of thing. We're being sent for all over the place to do that. Sometimes it's a ceiling that's given way; sometimes a floor with a hole in it; but often enough it's the very house. In Kensington chiefly, and Bayswater; but other parts, too. We're at it all the time. It's a nepidemic, that's what it is."

"But," I said, "surely this is very odd. I can understand measles and influenza and things like that being

epidemic; but how can houses in different parts of London all begin suddenly to go wrong at the same time? That's surely very puzzling. What is your theory?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know much about these things, but they tell me it's Nijinsky."

"Nijinsky?"

"Yes, the Russian Dancer at Coving Garden. He's that nippy, they tell me, there was never anything like it. He jumps into the air, they tell me, and doesn't come down for a couple of blooming minutes. And all these Kensington and Bayswater people are trying to do the same. That's what I understand it is. I'm told that on still nights you can hear 'em crashing about in all directions. Dessay he comes down a bit lighter. But of course I haven't seen this Nijinsky myself. It's not in my line exactly. The O'GORMAN Brothers is what I fancy—good step-dancers with double heels. All the same, 'Long life to Nijinsky' is what I says. It's good enough for me to mend the damage he causes. That's where me and my mates come in! Good night."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ON the outside wrapper of *The Gift of the Gods* (HEINEMANN) the publishers have been at pains to inform me in large print that it is a new novel by the author of *On the Face of the Waters*. Well, speaking personally, and as a reader to whom the previous work and the literary reputation of Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL are things of moment, I should call the present volume not only a new novel, but a new and disconcerting experiment in style on the part of a writer from whom something very different is justly expected. I may be to blame, but certainly I myself could find in this ordinary and not very interesting tale of some dull people in the Outer Hebrides no trace of that distinction and charm for which Mrs. STEEL has before this made me her very grateful debtor. When, moreover, what I

did find was such a phrase as, "the woman who he had widowed," or "the stepping out of a new face," things repugnant to the ordinary decencies of proof reading, I felt that some expostulation was called for. The story itself is of one *Margaret Macdonald*, a widow whose husband, the laird of Westray, in the Islands, meets his death early in the book after a mysterious fashion that is never properly cleared up. *Macdonald* went over the cliff, one foggy night, to rescue the victims of a supposed wreck, and was never seen again; while the stranger whom the helpers pulled up at the end of the laird's rope lived on at Westray to become *Margaret's* lover and the hero of as much tale as the book contains. Its only real attraction

lies in its portrayal of village life in these unfamiliar parts; there is atmosphere here, but not enough else to save Mrs. STEEL's admirers from a sad disappointment.

Master Christopher (SMITH, ELDER)—you can see the old nurse in the background—is what lady society-journalists would call a "boy and girl" party. The too-old-at-forty characters in it count about as much as they do in an up-to-date newspaper office or a fashionable ballroom. And, as I always love Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE's mother-heroines, I feel a little aggrieved that in this book she kills off the one really charming specimen before the story proper begins. But the young people play quite a pretty comedy of love (with, in one case, a pathetic ending) in the fine old house which Christopher's plebeian father had bought with trade-won gold from its ancestral owner when he joined the other pigeons that flutter round the Stock Exchange. Christopher himself you will find a bit of a boor, but a good sort for all that; and his young sister, in a dove-like kind of way, is as lovable as I imagine their dead mother must have been. The exciting element in this little drama of

English country life is provided by his cousin, a flashy beauty from West Kensington, whose hard eyes had marked him as her legitimate prey. Both she and her fat and flabby mother are drawn with particular skill. I cannot say that the story grips me so much, for instance, as *Peter's Mother*. My pulse did not gallop nor my heart throb as I read it. But I liked it because the people in it are real and talk the language of life and not of fiction.

What gave for me some added interest to *The Sovereign Power* (MACMILLAN) was the thought that, a few years ago, it would have been regarded as a romance of the fantastically impossible type. JULES VERNE might have written it then, for boys to delight in; or, a little later and with rather more *finesse*, our own H. G. WELLS might have imagined the concluding chapters. Briefly, it is a novel of aviation that Mr. MARK LEE LUTHER has composed, in a



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.
1.—AN EXPERT IN STAMP-ADHESIVES PLANTING GUM-TREES IN THE GARDENS OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

brisk and entertaining style, uncomplicated by subtlety of any kind. The author has been content to rely for novelty upon the strange, half-understood machines that play a large part in the working out of his plot; his characters, it must be confessed, are anything but original. The American heiress, the exiled Prince, and the aged diplomat with the secrets of half the chancelleries of Europe at his withered finger-ends, are all of them puppets upon whom the dust of generations has begun to settle. However, flight in an aeroplane soon disperses this; and nothing could well be more thrilling, or, to all appearances, more realistic (I speak as a groundling) than the description of *Ann's* abduction by *Prince*

Rodoslav in one monoplane, and their pursuit and overhauling by her republican lover in another. That tells you the kind of book it is. The fact that it is both written and illustrated in America will prepare you for some unfamiliar grammar and several charming pictures of the nice-looking people whom they seem to draw so well over there. But I think author and artist might have agreed about the heroine's hotel in Venice; when one called it the Victoria it worried me a little to find the other depicting the lady as drinking in the view from the Danieli.

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"Scores of testimonials have been received. Among those who have benefitted by them are . . ."

Nothing is said as to the benefit derived by the proprietors; but we hope the others were well paid too.

Lord LANSDOWNE to the Cabinet:—

"Ye that have Peers, prepare to shed them now."

CHARIVARIA.

THERE has been some talk of the Germans ceding Togo (West Africa) to France. Many persons, however, would prefer to see France giving Germany Togo—if we may use an expression which was in vogue during the recent war between Russia and Japan.

It is so difficult to be funny without being vulgar that one feels sorry that it should be possible for a joke in excellent taste to have an unpleasant sequel. The Secretary of the Woolwich Radical Club has been summoned for using on note-paper a representation of a coronet cleft with a pickaxe without obtaining a licence for armorial bearings.

This is a world of compromise. The PRINCE OF WALES, we understand, was most anxious to attend the Durbar, but this was impossible. He has, however, been appointed to H.M.S. *Hindusian*.

A member of the House of Lords was dining at a cheap restaurant. He ordered a bottle of ginger beer. A label on it caught his eye:—"As supplied to the House of Lords." The nobleman's face lighted up. "Thank heavens," he cried, "we still have a little prestige left!"

To refute the allegation that women would only vote for the best-looking men, Sir WILLIAM LYNE, ex-Premier of New South Wales, declares that there are ugly men in the Commonwealth Parliament who have been sent there by women's votes. But this does not prove anything. The unsuccessful candidates may have been uglier still.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company is, we hear, not a little proud that one of its Directors should have been selected for the important post of British Consul-General in Egypt. The appointment is considered a well-earned tribute to the business-like way in which the affairs of the Company are managed.

The fifth annual report on the Aliens' Act draws attention to the fact that the percentage of aliens in our prisons

is now very small. It only remains for Englishmen to buck up and prove that they can themselves produce sufficient criminals to fill these places.

Our tube railways, which are well known to be the coolest places in hot weather, continue to make a bold bid for a share of the patronage which is bestowed on seaside resorts. During the recent sensational storm a portion of the Bakerloo tube was flooded, and many passengers were enabled to

How annoying, as the Scilly Islander remarked, to go for herrings and only to catch crans.

Munich would appear to be suffering from an epidemic of prudishness. In future no cats will be allowed to walk about in that city unclothed. It has been decreed that each of them must wear a collar.

Thousands of fish are said to have been killed in the Thames between Isleworth and Teddington by the heat. It has been suggested that the survivors should be supplied with sun-bonnets.

The innate dislike which many motor-cars show for bicycles is almost uncanny and reminds one of the never-ending dog-and-cat feud. While his chauffeur was starting the engine the other day, Mr. JUSTICE BRAY's motor car ran down the High Street incline at Guildford, and of its own accord demolished two bicycles before it was stopped.

The Begum of BHOPAL, while in Geneva, purchased some 4,000 Swiss watches. It is thought that she wanted to know the time.

"LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Sun rises 4.15 a.m., sets 7.57 p.m. (fifteen minutes later in Gloucestershire).—*The Citizen*.

People dissatisfied with the sun's limited performances elsewhere now know where to go.

"Alfred Peck Stevens, known as the Great Vance, was taken with a fatal seizure during his turn on Boxing Night, 1888, at the Sun Music Hall, Knightsbridge, and died at the side of the stage. He was forty-nine years of age. The price of *The Era* is 6d."

We should like to ask how much would *The Era* cost if the GREAT VANCE had died in the centre of the stage at the age of 77?

Overcrowding in India.

"A grand Mahogany Bedstead 9½' x 8' with posts and testers complete meant for Rajas and Zemindars. Can also accommodate 4 middle class people comfortably. Going for Rs. 500."—*The Statesman*.

"CASHIERS.—Young lady wanted, for desk and dissection."—*Daily Telegraph*. Will Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE please note?



Bookstall Clerk (after fifteen minutes). "WOULD YOU CARE TO BUY THAT BOOK, MADAM?"
Lady (absently). "OH, NO, THANKS. I'VE ALMOST FINISHED IT."

indulge in paddling. Arrangements for mixed bathing are in preparation.

According to a newspaper affiche:—"GERMANY DEMANDS LLOYD GEORGE'S DISMISSAL."

The idea is good, but we distrust the quarter from which it comes. We prefer to start these notions for ourselves.

"The herring fishings at Shetland and on the east coast of Scotland are," we read, "far from satisfactory. Last week's catch amounted in round figures only to some 65,000 crans."

NORTHWARD, HO!

LET us elope, my lyre (if still you keep
That sacred name with all but one string cracked),
For now my sweltering hand, that used to sweep
Your vocal chords, at last declines to act,
Unnerved by languors of the late July;
And this my basso, which was once so tough,
Can do no else but simply limply cry,
"Jam satis!"—meaning I have had enough.

Let us depart, my boots, for now I think
I hear the red bird call across the brae
Out of his heather-bed, superbly pink,
Saying: "He should be here next Saturday;"
And there the point-to-pointer, trusty brute,
Twitches in dreams to draw my desperate feet
To where his nose locates the winged loot
Hard-dying in the final patch of peat.

Let us begone, my heart, because I yearn
For the large freedom of the open moor,
For the great hills that flank the tawny burn
And scent of rain upon the pine-wood's floor;
For sweet bog-myrtle and the transient gleam
Of luncheon intervals where, couched at rest,
We tell our spoil and lap the local stream
Allayed with whiskey of the Highlands' best.

Let us away, and far; this tedious crew
Of HALSBURY-buccaneers, they turn me sick,
These men who make the Peerage-mongers do
Their revolution by arithmetic;
Who play at soldiers, run amok and romp,
Harmless against the enemy, while they throw
Dirt at their own side from the final swamp;—
Yonder the air is cleaner! Let us go!

O. S.

Suggestion for Evening Parties.

The latest game is to guess how many of the guests have had to pay postage on their invitation cards, owing to the insufficient adhesive properties of the new stamps.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as quoted in *London Opinion*:—

"Brief is the violence of love! In perhaps thirty-three per cent. passion settles down into a tranquil affection—which is ideal. In fifty per cent. it sinks into sheer indifference, and one becomes used to one's wife or one's husband as to one's other habits. And in the remaining sixteen per cent. it develops into dislike or detestation. Do you think my percentages are wrong, you who have been married a long time and know what the world is?"

We do. We should like to get another 1% in somewhere.

"As Romana Gienetto, a shoe worker, seized a 250-pound turtle by the tail to-day at a beach near Chelsea, the reptile spit out a large copper penny. The coin was minted in 1770 and marked with name of George III. of England. The turtle, which measures over two feet from head to tail, must be 141 years old at least."—*Kansas City Star*.

The guess at the age is accurate. Turtles, it is well known, refuse to swallow any coins save those of the current year.

"In particular, the misconstructions that had been based by a section of the London and Paris Press upon Mr. Lloyd George's Mansion House speech have been raised to the ground."—*Daily News*.

With the result that the spirits of the Germans are now elated to their lowest depths.

Newmarket First August Meeting (behind the Last Ditch). The Die-hard Stakes. Also ran: Lord ROSSLYN.

THE "GRAND GARDEN FÊTE"

THE Parish began it and the Vicar was very active in it. The Parish had decided that it couldn't do without a Church-Room. Other Parishes had Church-Rooms where the Parishioners could be improved by lectures, addresses, concerts, parish meetings, debates and so forth, and it was obviously absurd that our own Parish should continue in a position of inferiority through not having a Room. A Room was therefore built, and a very handsome convenient Room it was, but—there was a debt on it. Indeed, no self-respecting Church-Room has ever started in life without a debt; and this particular debt, though it troubled the Vicar, was not a very heavy one. Church-Rooms must have debts; debts must be paid off; and a "Grand Garden Fête" must be held in order that the debt may be, at least, diminished. So it came about that a Grand Garden Fête was actually organised and held.

I cannot offer to describe it in every detail. It was too varied, too vivid, and too exciting for that. The ladies of the neighbourhood turned themselves into saleswomen. A stern business determination gleamed out of their eyes; you could see by the way in which their lips moved that they knew exactly how many pennies there were in a half-crown or a pound, and that they were not to be deceived in a question of small change. The greengrocery stall glittered with tomatoes tastefully arranged in punnets by a Justice of the Peace. Peaches and nectarines languished delicately against a background of dark and glowing grapes, the direct descendants of those that came as specimens from the land of milk and honey. Gigantic melons, bloated with self-importance and succulence, lay about like ammunition designed for a *Dreadnought*. Nor was the humble potato absent, and the lowly lettuce, the beet and the carrot. It was a gorgeous stall, fruitful in more senses than one.

Cheek by jowl, or, rather, trestle by plank, with the fruit-stall was the sweet-and-chocolate stall. Sweets more brilliantly parti-coloured I never saw, nor have I ever tasted better chocolates. The little silk bags alone were worth the money. Here swarms of children became bankrupt and sticky, shading their innocent chins heavily with chocolate. In the morning lollipops in thousands lay below. We forgot to count them at break of day; and when the sun set where were they? Then there was a needlework stall bedizened with embroidery wrung from the leisure of the wives and mothers and daughters of the district. Over the sacred and appreciated mysteries of this show it does not beseem me to linger, for it was built up on a foundation of useful articles not suited to the mind or person of a male. It did a roaring trade. Finally, there was a stall for cakes and jams, which was swept clean, as it were in a moment. No jam-desirer on that great day denied himself his favourite preserve. Gooseberry was mine. To me the translucent skins are irresistible.

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! 'Bre's yer fine cocoanuts, juicy cocoanuts! Roll, bowl or pitch! Cocoanuts all juicy!" Where had I heard that raucous, resonant, East-end voice before? It came from a gentleman in dark corduroys and a heavy sweater broadly striped in black and yellow, a dark-visaged sort of hornet of a man who was luring spectators to a cocoanoclastic revelry. His sister was beside him, a splendid lady who bade defiance to the Sun in a tight thick black velvet bodice and a flaring silk skirt splendid to behold. Her earrings were in size and splendour like the *vexilla* of a Roman legion; her hat was



A VERY-NEAR-EAST QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH (*in the Green Park*). "LOOK HERE, MY BOY, THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A STATUE OF KING EDWARD."

BOY. "WE COULD DO WIV' ONE OF 'EM DOWN AT SHADWELL, MISTER, AND A PARK TO PUT IT IN."

MR. PUNCH. "YOU SHOULD HAVE BOTH, IF I HAD MY WAY."

[There is a strong movement in favour of devoting a part of the KING EDWARD Memorial Fund to the creation of a Public Park beside the river on the site of the disused fish-market at Shadwell, a neighbourhood that stands in great need of open spaces; and to the setting-up of a statue to preserve the memory of his late Majesty among a population not less loyal than that of West London.]



New Footman. "I SUPPOSE THERE ARE A LOT OF NOBS 'ERE TO-DAY, MR. BLOUNT?"

Butler. "A FEW, MY JAD, A FEW. BUT MOST ARE THE SECONDARY CROWD THAT WE 'AS TO ASK ONCE A YEAR."

an oriflamme. This was Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins, and close to her stood her faithful 'Enery, he too in corduroys and barred, as to his sweater, with red and black. Attendant upon them was their gnome in pearlys, and their arms and faces were brown as the sun or some more artificial agent could tan them. I rolled, I bowled, I pitched. Cocoanuts shivered into fragments under my erratic skill. Then in a flash of recollection I realised that this talented family had laid aside the glories of its birth and state in the shape of a cool summer frock and seasonable flannels, and had, for charity and one afternoon, put on the accent, the earrings, the velvet, the corduroys, and the colours of the immemorial East.

In the meantime Aunt Sally, too, was bearing up under a succession of shattering blows, while the general company were absorbing ices with a wild *abandon* or indulging madly in lemonade. The sun was blazing down, but it did not daunt the "Anglo-Roman Band" who, with their stringed instruments, made cool and pleasant music in a shady nook. They came from a neighbouring town and were certainly imperially Anglo in faces, voices and trousers. No doubt their scarlet tunics provided the Roman element and justified their name.

Suddenly a voice announced that the children would now dance some old English dances, and the chairs under the walnut-tree and the chestnuts became filled with spectators. On the platform, where the Pierrots were afterwards to sing, the fiddle and the piano struck a chord, and, lo,

through an archway of roses, there came dashing the merriest prettiest little company of small Englishmen and Englishwomen that anyone ever set eyes on. Sixteen of them there were, divided into two sets: the big little ones ranging from ten to twelve years, and the little little ones from five to eight years. No pen can describe the neatness, the daintiness, the concinnity and the gaiety of their dances. Every little foot was duly pointed, every little head was thrown back, every little roguish face looked archly at its neighbour. The girls in print dresses and bonnets, the boys in smocks and felt hats, outvied one another in the tuneable swaying of their bodies and the swift movement of their twinkling feet. It was a jolly sight that made you want to cheer for very delight, while the simplicity and pretty innocence of it all gave you a lump in your throat. Was old England really like this, so gay, so demure, so harmless, and so smiling in its sports? Did they come out on the green, while the rude forefathers stood round and clapped their hands, and did they dance in this enchanting style, all the little lads and lasses of the hamlet in their work-a-day dresses? Perhaps they did; at any rate we do well to imitate what we think they did. As to the dancers themselves, they were untroubled by any doubts, and their little hearts and souls were in every step they took. Then, the dance being ended, we returned to the lemonade and the cocoanuts, "fine cocoanuts, juicy cocoanuts."

We want to know if Mr. FRASER, of Sprouston, Kelso, chose for one of his hymns on Sunday, "Peas, perfect peas."

A CRICKET SWEEP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You will be doing me a great service if you will kindly print my personal explanation and plain statement of a regrettable incident that occurred in one of my recent club matches. If you do so (as in common humanity you ought), you may perhaps have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to reinstate me in the good opinions of those who now wish me to resign from my cricket club.

The matter is this. We are in the habit of having a sweep on all the matches we play. Each member of the team pays half-a-crown, and there are two prizes of one pound and seven and six for those who draw the first and second top scorers respectively. The practice has always provided a little harmless amusement, and nothing unpleasant has ever occurred until the time of which I speak.

On this occasion, *Mr. Punch*, I had done rather well by picking Roger—who was once reserve man for a Glamorgan second team. Percy, a player of about my own calibre, had picked me, and was rude enough to express his dissatisfaction with his luck.

Well, having had a good score knocked up against us, we somehow or other went all to pieces. Roger, to my delight, was the only man to reach double figures, and he managed to get twenty before being bowled. I went in eighth wicket down (my average position), when we had absolutely no look in, and found Percy already in charge of affairs.

"Now for a sporting effort," he said, as I passed him on my way to the farther wicket.

Seeing there were about fifty runs to get, I looked on his remark as sheer rot. Percy, as I've said, is just about as good as me, and I've hardly ever been known to make twenty runs—not all at once, that is. In fact, I considered the match as good as over and the yellow piece (thanks to Roger) as good as mine. The last man in hardly counted.

You know how it is when you don't much care if you *do* get out. As often as not you stay in. At the end of two overs Percy and I were still at the wickets, and I, scoring at double his rate, had made two runs. It didn't end there; I only wish it had. We went on and on, having the most extraordinary luck, till the fatal moment arrived when I scored my nineteenth run, and Percy had the bowling.

If I say that by this time, in the excitement of the match, I'd forgotten all about the sweep, you won't believe me, I suppose. Nobody will. Percy

won't, though, as I tell him, I try hard to believe it of him. Percy had the bowling, and the next ball went, as I supposed, for a bye. I called and ran down the pitch. Percy also ran, but looked round (he'd no business to) and saw first slip get to the ball.

"Go back!" he cried, as first slip prepared to throw at the nearest wicket. It was clear that one of us would be out, and in that swift moment I realized that the mistake was mine and that it was up to *me*, not Percy, to pay the penalty. I rushed past Percy just as the wicket was thrown down—so that I was the batsman who retired disconsolately to the pavilion. Now isn't that in accordance with the best spirit of the game, *Mr. Punch*?

And what is the upshot? They declare that I threw away my wicket in order to obtain first prize in the sweep; and at the same time cheated Percy out of it. For, of course, it would have fallen to him if I had beaten Roger's score. I have pointed out (1) that I had forgotten all about the sweep; (2) that if I *had* remembered I hope I should never let private interest come before public benefit; (3) that, anyway, my batting average being what it is (never mind what), the chances of my getting out increased horribly with every run I made, from nought upwards, and (4) that they pass over the fact that Percy showed suspicious self-denial in offering himself as a sacrifice, so to speak, for my mistake.

But there it is. Percy, I may say, made twenty-one (the last man keeping up his end), and then, when we were within five runs of victory, got bowled. "Anyway," I heard him say, "I didn't mean *him* to get first prize, even if it meant losing the second myself."

Well, what do you think of that? They are so full of *my* supposed infamy that they don't notice his. And so, *Mr. Punch*, they are on the point of compelling me to resign my membership of a club which I have served faithfully since the days when, as chairman of the luncheon committee, I effected the introduction of gooseberry tart into the weekly luncheon as a permanent stand-by.

Yours, etc.,

"MISUNDERSTOOD."

"The meeting agreed to the deletion from the report of the Gas Committee provision that had been made for a deputation to visit works at Lausanne."

Mr. Hipkins admitted that the committee had no idea that the place was outside England."

Wolverhampton Express and Star.

What do they know of Switzerland that only England know?

SOCIETY AT THE SEASIDE.

BRIGHTGATE is very full just now. Several well-known people from Tootwell and Camberham were out and about on the front yesterday enjoying the sunshine and sea breezes. Among those promenading, Mr. "Herb." Smith was prominent in a lounge suit of irreproachable cut and a straw hat with the colours of the Household Brigade, to which he is temporarily attached for vacation duties. With him were Miss Gertie Brown and Miss Mabel Fulleylove, both well known in the smart set of Streating. Miss Brown was attired in an effective semi-hobble costume with accessories to match, and Miss Fulleylove was exquisitely trousered in brown Harris tweed. It is rumoured—with I know not what truth—that at the end of his leave Mr. Herbert Smith intends to retire from the 2nd Life Guards and to enter City life.

EASTCLIFF has seldom known such a gay season, so many of the smartest folk from Houndschapel and White-ditch having run down from town to take advantage of the health-giving properties of the mud for which South-cliff is famous, and which is now in full bearing. The many smart toilettes on the front give a kaleidoscopic effect, rivalling that of the automatic machines, which are again a feature of the place this year. The winkle stalls are as well patronised as ever by those gourmets who know a good wholk or winkle when they see one; in fact there has been such a run on these favoured comestibles that Mr. Alf. Pearlies, who is a regular visitor at this time of the year, and whom I met on the pier enjoying a very fragrant morning cigar, informed me that there is almost a pin famine in the place.

BLACKPORT.—The many attractions here have, as usual, drawn enormous crowds from the towns of the Rival Roses for a brief holiday blow by the briny. The shore is the fashionable morning parade, and in a casual stroll along the yellow sands one is sure to meet many well-known faces from Wigham, Oldburn, Haliford and Bralfax. In the evenings the strains of the Pink Rochdalian Band have been drawing everyone to the beautiful dancing pavilion on the front.

SKETCHTHORPE.—A large section of Society seems to have found its way to this resort of fashion, from the number of times that one hears the latest shibboleth. The phrase most in vogue with the smartest people just now is "Bow-wow," and I heard it most appropriately used no fewer than 14 times during a short half-hour on the parade.

THE AGE OF SPECIALISATION.

THE BAFFY
GOLF COAT
READY FOR SERVICE
19/11
"Fore"
Hed

THE "SANS SOUCI"
THE SUIT FOR CROQUET

THE "TOPLOTT" (Registered)
BOATING FLANNELS FOR THE RIVER

GO TO DUDDS
THE SPORTING TAILORS

PETER THE GREAT tailor
SHOOTING
TWEEDS FROM 25/-

THE SMART SET
ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS
THE THING FOR THE ROAD

BILGEWATER'S HOP-ALE
THE SUMMER BEVERAGE
GUARANTEED NON-ALCOHOL
AS SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

THE "WIMBLEDON"
TENNIS TROUSERS 5/6 SHRUNK

THE DUKSBAC
WATERPROOF FOR SPORTSMEN
THOMAS MAYBANK

WE GATHER FROM CERTAIN PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS THAT IT IS NOT NECESSARY FOR THE ARTIST TO HAVE THE LEAST KNOWLEDGE OF ANYTHING BUT THE ARTICLE ADVERTISED.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INCOME-TAX AUTHORITIES.

THERE are only two ways of dealing with Income Tax authorities—the right way and the wrong way.

A.—THE WRONG WAY.

(1)

*Lilac Lodge, Beechgrove, Hants,
April 5th, 1911.*

To Mr. W. P. Smith,
Deputy-Assistant Surveyor of Taxes,
Inland Revenue,
(City 54th A District)
Room 92, Fifth Floor,
Budget Buildings,
13-16 Stamp Street,
London, E.C.

SIR,—I have this morning received the enclosed demand for Income Tax £30-0s. 9d., signed by you, and if it is not taking up too much of your, no doubt, valuable (!) time should very much like to know how such a sum is arrived at. I may say at once that I do not intend to pay it; but it would be interesting to know exactly how far the incompetence of public officials carries them in their extortionate and unjustifiable demands on the public.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(2)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 12th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.
(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—With reference to your letter of 11th inst., in which you state that I have apparently misunderstood instructions as to making a return, I beg to state that I am as capable of understanding plain English as you are, and I would add that in a matter of arithmetic I am *more* capable, as far as can be judged from your so-called explanation. My return of £699 19s. 11d., *by the law of the land*, entitles me to the relief for those whose incomes do not reach £700, and I *defy* you to deny it to me. The deductions I have made to bring it within that figure I say I have a right to make, and no Mr. W. P. Smith (!) in the world can deprive me of that right. It is true that I have deducted the rent I pay for my house from my return, as I also use it for an office, directing circulars, etc., for the various societies of which I am a well-known supporter. And inasmuch as the income I enjoy comes from investments made by my late father, in his capacity as leather trunk manufacturer, I have a perfect right to treat the whole of it as earned income. It *was* earned—by my father, a man known and respected in the City of London, which, if you take the trouble, you can find out.

In conclusion, I would recommend you to attend evening classes at one of the various institutions founded to assist those who suffer from a defective education. Plain addition and subtraction can be learnt even by the most ignorant, if they set their minds to it.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(3)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 18th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.
(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—*Certainly* I have made my returns in the way indicated in my letter of 12th inst. for the past several years, and *they have never been questioned*. Perhaps you will now kindly send me in a correct demand note, and I will forward cheque in accordance therewith. I cannot spend further valuable time in corresponding with those who are patently incompetent to do any business at all, let alone that of a public office.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(4)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 24th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.
(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—The impudence of your demand is positively staggering in its colossal ineptitude. Do you *really* think you are entitled—a mere “Jack-in-office”—to deal in that way with a member of the public, and a well-known and respected one, such as I humbly claim to be? I enclose cheque for £30 0s. 9d., which was your original demand. I have no patience to go on with the matter, and would sooner be *swindled* in this way than suffer the annoyance of further correspondence with one so absurdly unfitted for a position of trust as yourself. As for your cool demand for £372 3s. 2d., for arrears of tax, fines for making false returns, and what not, I warn you that you are not permitted, under your office, to insult the taxpayers by whom you are paid, and I doubt not *grossly over-paid*, for the work you are not capable of doing. If I suffer any more annoyance from you I shall put the matter into the hands of my solicitor, and you will be dealt with as you deserve.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(5)

Lilac Lodge, etc., May 15th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

SIR,—I enclose cheque for £372 3s. 2d. as I am advised by my solicitor that under the present state of the law I cannot expect to win a case against the powerful and oppressive public body under whose shelter you pursue your wicked and nefarious career. If it had been otherwise I should have taken the

case to the House of Lords sooner than sit down under such barefaced and dishonest robbery. But you need not think that I have done with you. I have requested my wife's relative, Mr. F. E. Jones, M.P., to ask a question in the House of Commons relative to your fitness for the post you occupy, and it is my earnest hope that as the result of enquiry you will be dismissed from that office, as you deserve to be.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

Correspondence ended. Mr. F. E. Jones, M.P., is not reported to have asked any question in the House of Commons, and Mr. W. P. Smith, still earns the emoluments of his office and the confidence of his superiors.

[In our next issue we propose to give B.—THE RIGHT WAY.]

A JEWELLED SELL.

PALE pearls

Are best for girls,

And queenly diamond stones

Their charming chaperons

Do most befit;

But this fierce ruby, heart's blood of the East,

What does it want, I ask you, west of Suez?

Down the dim centuries of fight and feast

It's blazed (no doubt) on many a Rajah-roué's

Kingly and costly kit;

Balefully still it blinks of hate and harm,

An asp upon my Amy's rose-white arm!

What tales

Of long jezails,

And grim zenana-bars,

And cruel scimitars

Could it portray!

Torture, intrigue it knows, and cut-and-thrust

Of companies, bow-string and poisoned potion,

And elephants soft-padding through the dust,

And years and years of killing and commotion.

What, Amy, did you say?

“Talk about something that I understand?” Why, quite.

A Capetown garnet, is it? Oh, all right!

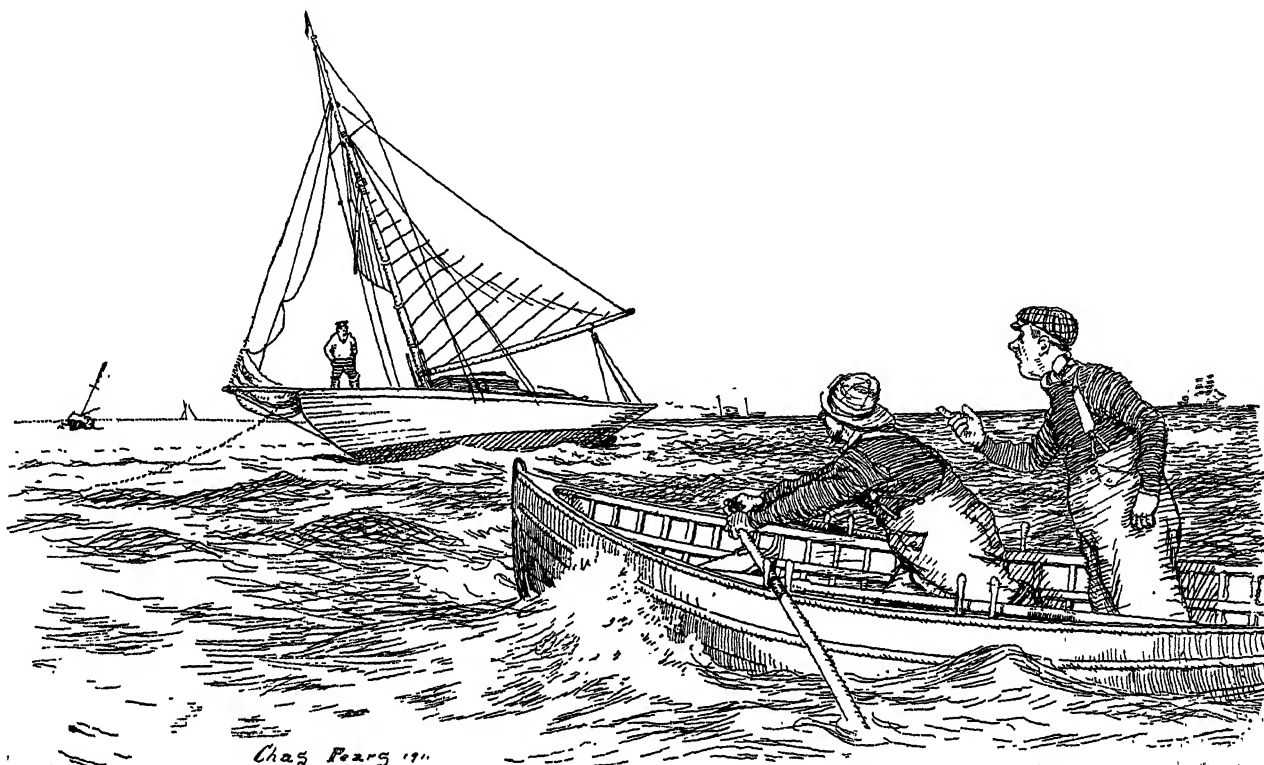
The Trick Reader.

“‘Ere y’are, capt’ing!’ he cried hoarsely. ‘All about the bank fylure!’”

Creed, with an oath, bade the boy lie off; and then, with a sudden change of mind, snatched the paper into a ball; he hurled it, with a savage movement, under the seat.

A glance at the columns on the front page elicited a snarling curse from him.

“Answers” serial.



Chas. Peary 1911

Longshoreman (to Yachtsman who, having run his yacht upon a spit of sand in order to scrub her bottom, is waiting whilst the tide rises sufficiently for him to proceed). "THIS SPIT'S A VERY DANGEROUS BIT, MISTER; MANY A SHIP'S GONE DOWN THERE. WE'LL TOW YER OFF FOR A QUID!"

Yachtsman. "I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE SHILLINGS TO SAVE TIME."

Longshoreman. "NO, THANKS, MISTER; WE'LL GET MORE THAN THAT FOR YER BODY."

POSE-CULTURE.

PROFESSOR SANDHILL begs to inform the readers of *Punch* that his salon for pose-culture is now open at 947A, New Bond Street.

In these days of illustrated papers and vest-pocket cameras, pose-culture is necessary to the peace of mind and good reputation of not only Society people, but litigants, criminals, professional boxers, actresses, heroes in humble life, politicians, and all who attain notoriety by romantic and unusual means.

The picture of the Duchess of X. climbing on to her drag at Lord's, which went the rounds a short time ago, showed at a glance the imperative need for pose-culture. Good people cannot learn too soon that, after all, it matters less what you are than how you look.

One of the most deplorable results of the photographic illustrations of our daily Press is the injury done to the favourite pastimes of Society. Already the impromptu gymkhana has become a daring enterprise in the most secluded of country houses, while those charming little chimney-pot parties that have been so popular this season are threatened with extinction because of the

grotesque pictorial results that have attended them.

Professor Sandhill's teaching is this: "So pose from moment to moment that you need not fear the sudden camera"—an injunction which is already displacing, among the best people, that somewhat archaic moral obligation: "So act from moment to moment that you need not fear sudden death." As the Professor wisely remarks, there are things more sudden than death. By his beneficent method you are raised in a brief fortnight to that pinnacle of sturdy indifference from which may be uttered the proud defiance: "They print? What print they? Let them print!"

Professor Sandhill's staff includes some of the most cruel operators and cameras that were ever engaged in the service of the London Press. Within five minutes of your entrance into his salon you will be shown a picture of yourself paying the taxi-driver that will make you ask to begin his fifty-guinea course of pose-culture at once. But after the course you will be able to defy the whole staff and equipment at their worst, emerging graceful and picturesque from their most malevolent endeavours. Whatever you may do after the Professor's

tuition, whether it be participating in a tug-of-war or attending your own marriage ceremony, it will be impossible for you to do it in a manner unfit to print in any paper in the land.

Behaving yourself is one thing; behaving yourself for permanent pictorial record is quite another thing. You owe it to yourself and to your offspring, however tender their years, that no pressman's camera shall produce a picture of you or yours that can bring a flush of pleasure to the face of your worst enemy.

In view of the approach of the Twelfth, Professor Sandhill invites immediate enquiries. No case is hopeless.

Reuter states that Herr SILVESTER, President of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, has proposed that "Austria-Hungary, Italy and France should unite in breaking the power of Great Britain, who was constantly interfering in matters all over the world. He was convinced that this new theory would not be welcome in Great Britain."

On the contrary, *Mr. Punch*, at any rate, always extends a hearty welcome to the best examples of Continental humour.



Caddie. "I GOT THAT BALL WE LOST THIS MORNING, SIR—GOT IT FROM A SMALL BOY."
Gaffer. "GOOD. LET'S SEE—ER—WHAT DID YOU GIVE HIM FOR IT?"
Caddie. "A FLIP UNDER THE LUG, SIR."

HEAT WAVE INTERVIEWS.

WE are, thanks to the courtesy of the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, in a position to place before our readers some interesting extracts from an interview with Lord KITCHENER which will appear in the next number of that veracious publication. The interview, it appears, took place in the Paddington Swimming Baths on July 22nd; the hottest day of the year, where the Editor happened to occupy a box next to that of Lord KITCHENER.

"Other soldiers," began Lord KITCHENER, "have based their claim to remembrance on carnage. I wish my name to be associated with gentleness, urbanity and suavity. Hence my first action on landing in Egypt will be to disband the Egyptian army, to dismiss all British officials, and in a word to govern Egypt by the people for the people. Some persons for some unaccountable reason have chosen to identify me with a policy of blood and iron. They will, I hope, soon learn to recognise their blunder and see that my great aim is to inaugurate a régime of milk and golden syrup. . . . You ask what I propose to do with the

Canal? In the first place I propose to entrust its control entirely and absolutely to the Nationalist Egyptians; to whom of course the shares purchased by Lord BEACONSFIELD will be surrendered. The name Tel-el-Kebir is to be removed from the map; and any Englishman mentioning it in public will be fined £5 the first and £50 the second time. The English tongue and the British flag will both disappear from Egypt. The Copts will be decapitated. There will be a municipal circus at which the Mameluke's Leap will be repeated twice daily. . . . I have already got the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the necessary expenditure of horseflesh. Then there is the question of costume, to which I attach the greatest possible importance. With the assistance of Dr. BUDGE and other eminent Egyptologists I have designed a uniform for myself which is simply pyramidal in its antique grandeur. It involves a board à la RAMESES II., which CLARKON has executed, and it may be rather trying in this hot weather, but still the sacrifice is worth making; and, *entre nous*, I can tell you that it suits me very well. Next we come to finance, which, as

you know, has always been my strong point. I have discovered that the *sudd* in the Nile, if subjected to strong compression, makes an excellent substitute for soap, and I propose to establish Government factories at suitable spots, the profits from which will be devoted to supplying the fellaheen with the amenities of life. One fellow, one camel, shall be my minimum. Another scheme of mine is to restore Cleopatra's Needle to Egypt and erect it on the summit of the Great Pyramid.

Lastly, there is the question of nomenclature. Learning that my Christian name, Horatio, from its association with the hero of the Battle of the Nile, might awaken painful memories in the hearts of the Young Egyptians, I have decided to take in its place that of "Shashank Amenhotep."

All these and many other remarkable details were conveyed by Lord KITCHENER in an interview lasting exactly two minutes. It was subsequently dictated by the editor to an astral typist, and despatched by wireless telegraphy to Lhasa to be verified by the Teshu Lama. In the circumstances the absolute authenticity of the interview can be unhesitatingly guaranteed.



“A SORT OF” WELLINGTON.

LORD HALSBURY (*bursting with military tags*). “UP, LORDS, AND AT ‘EM.”
SCPTICAL PEER. “AT WHOM?”

LORD HALSBURY. “WELL, I WANT TO DAMAGE THE GOVERNMENT FOR CHOICE; BUT
ANYHOW DAMAGE SOMEBODY.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.—MARK LOCKWOOD, Colonel, Chairman of Kitchen Committee, Ruler of our Roast, neatly enclosed POINTER in paper bag and placed him on the grill. This of course in a Parliamentary sense. What actually happened was that Labour Member for Attercliffe Division of Sheffield is in habit of keeping himself in the mind of his constituents by writing a weekly letter published in local paper. Discoursing on outbreak in Commons last week he indicted the SPEAKER on gravest charge that could be levied against occupant of the Chair. After describing the scene he wrote: "Where was the Speaker? He was there all right, but to his shame be it said he utterly failed to curb the wild spirits of the neurotic Tories responsible for the uproar. To fail, of course, does not necessarily mean disgrace; but in this case it does, because his failure was the outcome of a violent party leaning. . . . It was a pitiable fall. . . . I am sorry to have to say this of the genial Speaker, but truth and fairness demand I should say so."

The MEMBER FOR SARK thinks this outbreak of petulant unreason, in its way equally deplorable with the rowdiness it rebuked, might just as well, even better, have been left in the obscurity whence it was dragged. Mr. LOWTHER is one of the few left of the ancient, honourable political body who, scorning modern modifications, proudly wrote themselves down Tories. Nevertheless Members who have sat through the three Parliaments over which he has presided will testify to the fact that, following sacred tradition, he has, when in the Chair, ever shown himself absolutely free from political feeling. In the trying circumstances of last Monday he behaved with accustomed keenness of insight and coolness of judgment.

It is quite true that, in stable phrase, he gave the Hughligans their heads. Had he "named" COUSIN HUGH for disorderly conduct there would have followed the process of a resolution of temporary expulsion moved from Treasury Bench, a division, the withdrawal of the captain and the coming

to the front of his merry men. We should have had over again the tragedy-comedy of suspension of twenty-five Irish Members which enlivened the Session of 1882. Passion would have risen to white-heat, whose scorching effect would have been felt through rest of the week. SPEAKER contented himself with giving COUSIN HUGH what the Curate in *The Private Secretary* described as "a good hard knock," and when it became evident that the Hughligans were out for the night he invoked

libel on Mr. Speaker and a gross breach of the privileges of the House." Complaining that he had received only five minutes' notice of the Colonel's intended attack, he added, "I have not had much time to think what my action would be in the event of such a motion being brought forward." After a few more preliminary remarks he unblushingly produced from breast pocket foolscap sheet of paper and read carefully prepared statement embodying circumscribed apology not quite free from tone of condescension towards "the genial Speaker." That Right Honourable Gentleman graciously accepting it, the Colonel limbered up his gun and withdrew from the field.

Business done.—Sultry night in discussion of Insurance Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Great day for the LORD CHANCELLOR. In other House NEIL PRIMROSE and representatives of affronted Liberal constituencies may be thirsting for his blood. In this gilded chamber of feudal associations over which he appropriately presides he is increasingly honoured. Since JOHN MORLEY was privileged to sign himself "Morley of B." (observe the ineradicable Radicalism underlying the curtailment of full title in habitual signature) he was never so much struck with the topsyturviness of the world as when to-day his duty as leader of House of Lords imposed on him the task of introducing his old friend "Bob" REID of House of Commons days as a belted earl.

For the LORD CHANCELLOR occasion more gratifying by reason of early misunderstanding. When announcement of his advance in Peerage was gazetted, Radical M.P.'s

jumped at conclusion that it was a prelude to his retirement, a gentle letting-down of an embarrassing colleague by an alarmed PRIME MINISTER. Nothing of the kind. The earldom was the well-earned recognition of exceptional merit developed in quite unexpected direction.

Ceremonial impressive. When Lord MORLEY incidentally mentioned that the LORD CHANCELLOR had had an Earldom conferred upon him, that eminent personage was seated as usual on the Woolsack, apparently awaiting the stroke of half-hour that signals approach to commencement of public business. At sound of MORLEY's voice



HOW WE TREAT OUR LEADERS!

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "Our absolute faith in our Great Leader, our passionate personal devotion to him, are unshaken and unshakeable; but I'll be hanged if we'll let him lead us where we don't want to go; and, if he *must* be replaced, well!—I need say no more!"

the Standing Order which promptly and effectually stemmed the riot and cleared the hall.

Perhaps, as SARK says, MARK LOCKWOOD might have left things as they stood. But the Colonel is a man of war. To this day recalcitrant babes in German nurseries are terrified into quietude by being told how, at a period of scare, he nightly patrolled Epping Forest, unattended, in search of foreign spies suspected of making for military purposes surveys and sketches of this approach to London.

Quaintest incident in interlude was POINTER's method of meeting the Resolution, which declared his letter to be "a



"THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT."

Captain MORRISON-BELL and Sir HENRY KIMBER take their little show round the villages with enormous success.

he started from reverie and, hurriedly rising, quitted the House.

"Seems to have got the needle," whispered stranger in Gallery to fellow-citizen. "Not huffed, is he?"

On the contrary. In a few minutes returned, having with alacrity not excelled by GERMAN EMPEROR effected quick change into Earl's robes.

New Peers, or others advanced a stage in rank, after signing Roll of Parliament, make obeisance to occupant of Woolsack. Woolsack at moment unoccupied. LORD CHANCELLOR could not bow to himself. Accordingly did reverence to the Throne, specially uncovered for the occasion. Kneeling for a moment on stool at its foot, "his eyes the home of silent prayer," he returned to Woolsack, and business went on as if nothing had happened.

Business done.—Appellate Jurisdiction Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Captain MORRISON-BELL, late of the Scots Guards, his helmet now a hive for bees, has turned his attention to a problem, settlement of which has long baffled the skill of man. It is what

HENRY KIMBER, earlier leader of the Reform crusade, calls "the misrepresentation of the people" consequent on the unscientific distribution of parliamentary votes.

By way of bringing out the anomaly in most striking form the gallant Captain has constructed a model which, by the varied height of upright pencil sticks, shows at a glance the relative proportion of voters in various constituencies. Looks at first sight like a game wherein you are expected, standing at appointed distance, to drop a ring on a particular stick. Nothing so frivolous. It is a serious object-lesson in the almost incredible eccentricities of distribution of voting power.

"Here Romford "lifts its tall head and like a bully" boasts its electorate numbering 55,951, while not far off are Winchester with 3,319 voters, Salisbury with 3,412, and on the other side of the Irish Channel Kilkenny with (excluding the cats) 1,690 electors empowered to return equally with Romford one Member to the House of Commons.

To sum up, of our 670 M.P.s one-half represent 5,414,357 electors, the

other half 2,489,418. The average of one-half is 16,162 electors per Member, of the other 7,431. To put it in another way, of the total electorate of 7,904,465, one-half send 458 Members to Parliament, the other 212. And yet, in eyes of the SPEAKER in the Chair and the Clerks in the Division Lobby, one Member is as good as another.

The story is an old one. MORRISON-BELL's ingenious illustration of its bearings should do something to hasten reform. If he would only hire a waggon and go about the country exhibiting his plan, accompanied by HENRY KIMBER with a piano or a pair of cymbals, he would do the State conspicuous service.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

WHEN I am feeling full of devil,
I do not step outside and revel.

When I am seized by wild caprice,
I do not badger the police.

I do not go upon the burst,
For mine is an expensive thirst.

What wild and boisterous thoughts
I think,

I try to celebrate in ink,

Supposing that I might do worse
Than turn them into hireling verse.

You say that my idea of fun
Is rather a commercial one?

That may be so, but anyhow
It's just what I am doing now.

However, when one gets as far
As you and I at present are,

One finds that life is hardly quite
As irresponsible and bright.

As one supposed, for all the time
One has to worry with the rhyme.

One's spirits settle; one is fed;
One even thinks of going to bed.

And, if it's all the same to you,
That's just what I am going to do.

An Intrepid Airwoman.

"Miss Alexa Jameson wore lilac net striped dress, and purple hat with roses, mounted on grey meteor."—*Scots Pictorial*.

"The fifth race was for cruisers below thirty and not exceeding one hundred and ten tons."
Liverpool Echo.

The second stipulation seems unnecessarily severe.

"Kie's comet has been steadily brightening since the notice in *The Times* of July 19."

Times.
This sounds quite like *The Daily Mail*.



Farmer (fifteen miles from anywhere). "WELL, DID YE GET THAT TIME-TABLE FROM MR. BUSH?"

Carter. "NOA, OI DIDUNT. THICK THEER FELLER WOR TRYIN' A ROISE OUT O' OI—WANTED TO GIE OI A BOUK, 'E DID, 'STEAD O' A TABLE."

SPINNING OUT THE ICE.

I WANT to know, if any of *Mr. Punch's* readers can help me. We have already learnt the valuable lesson of preserving foodstuffs by the use of ice. But how keep the ice? It is a question of preserving the preserver, so to speak. I hate waste, and I don't like to have a thing about the house that keeps disappearing while you are not using it.

We live in the country, and at first we tried getting it by post. That really was a rotten plan. It was not only that it never arrived, but we had all sorts of trouble about the other parcels that came in contact with it, and our postman got sciatica. Now we get it from the fishmonger in the village; but he only lets us have a limited supply and he insists on delivering it early in the day. It wants a good deal of washing too—there are always a few scales and things on the outside—and that still further reduces it.

Now I come to the point. It is magnificent at lunch, but we cannot keep it till dinner-time. The trouble is that the cooling drinks we have at

lunch simply whet our appetite for it and we both feel that dinner is a mere farce without it.

I was convinced that I had read somewhere that it ought to be hung in a bag, a flannel bag. Things like flannel, that sound hot and frowsy, are nearly always the coolest, I find, according to the scientific papers. So we hung the first lot up in the shade behind the coal-house and went away and tried not to think about it. But when I came back in the evening I found nothing but a limp flannel rag with a puddle below it. The sun must have shifted round, I suppose. Somehow I hadn't thought of that.

My wife took it over the second day. She is very ingenious, but, as I tell her, she has not a really logical mind. What she did was to pack it all round the thermometer in the garden. Well, it brought the temperature down from over eighty to under forty, and "There you are!" she said. But that didn't stop it from melting. She seemed to have an erroneous notion that the thermometer would react on the ice, which of course it didn't.

The next day, without a word to any-

one, I sought out the coldest room in the house, which happened to be the nursery bathroom, pulled down the blind, shut the shutters, and stowed the ice in the bath. I still think that might have worked, if Nurse hadn't turned on the hot tap, for some ridiculous purpose of her own. I spoke very severely to Nurse, and I am sorry to say she denied that there was any ice there. She said she had found nothing in the bath but a little floating sawdust.

Then I dug a hole. Allowing for the state of the weather I consider that it was a pretty deep hole. Mother Earth, I told myself, is little affected by changes of temperature. There I put the ice, spread out on the bottom with a cloth over it. I blame the dog for having spoiled this experiment. He has a shaggy coat and has been suffering a good deal from heat prostration, and he spent a very happy afternoon in the hole.

We have got round the difficulty in a way, but I hope that some of your readers can tell me a better method. As it is we are just contriving to catch up the last, retreating fragments by dining two hours before the usual time.

INKSLINGING PEERS.

GREAT MEETING OF PROTEST.

IN consequence of the correspondence columns of *The Times* having been given over to members of the House of Lords, in which to make their positions clear, a number of what might be called the serial letter-writers of the paper have been crowded out, and, smarting under this slight, they convened a meeting of protest, under the chairmanship of Sir HENRY HOWORTH. Among those present were Sir HARRY POLAND, K.C., Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON, "Senex," "Justitia," "Historicus," Mr. G. B. SHAW and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, who was received with frenzied apathy, said that he had great respect for peers, and always should have, provided they were not of too recent manufacture. At the same time he could not view with composure this poaching on his preserves which had just set in so acutely. He was accustomed to occupy every year as nearly as possible eighty-four columns of *The Times*—not, he regretted to say, the largest type, but of a good readable size none the less. But since most of the paper had been set aside for the ventilation of the opinions, protests and propaganda of the peers, he, although it is true he had done a little bit, had had largely to refrain, with the result that his figures for 1911 were in danger of falling from eighty-four columns to about fifty. ("Shame.") Was this fair to him? (Cries of "No.") Was this fair to the readers of *The Times*? (Silence.)

The next speaker was Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON, who said that he was a born letter-writer, his second name determining his literary career and his last name giving him an interest in waste spaces, such as the *Times* Correspondence Columns ("Oh! Oh!") There were few subjects, he added, on which he was not ready, at a moment's notice, to dash off an epistolary comment; but during the past few weeks he had had to contend with so much unlicensed competition, as he would term it—(Cheers)—that he had quite lost heart, and a number of topics on which he would naturally have had something pertinent to say had escaped scot free. (Cries of "Shame!") However, a time would come. (Shudders.)

At this point a sensational interruption was caused by the arrival of "Senex," who was wheeled up in a bath-chair. The venerable gentleman, whose age might be anything from eighty to a hundred, after being with some difficulty assisted to his feet by

a valet and a nurse, was understood to register his protest against the usurpation of the Correspondence Columns of *The Times* by aristocrats who ought to know better than put pen to paper; but he was so very imperfectly heard at the Press table that it is quite possible, as Sir HARRY POLAND suggested, that he was merely applying for his old age pension.

"Paterfamilias" begged to add his oratorical mite to the meeting. He had, he said, written during the past three weeks well-reasoned and necessary letters to *The Times* on the following topics: the lateness of the trains on one of the principal southern lines; the overcrowding of omnibuses; the price of sleeping berths on the P. L. M.; the inadequacy of the gum on the new stamps; and the importance of aviators carrying not only lamps but hooters; and not one had been inserted, wholly on account of the capture of the paper by the articulate nobility. Hitherto he had voted against Mr. ASQUITH and his detestable attack on the Constitution; but really he could not say what this new provocation might not lead him to do. (Applause and cries of "The next Prime Minister.")

The entry of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON was the signal for the whole concourse to rise to its feet and sing the "Dead March in *Saul*." Silence having been restored, the champion epistolarist explained that nothing but such violation of the sacred pages of *The Times* as was now in progress could have brought him from his retirement. (Cheers.) He thought he had long ago written his last public letter; but when peers of the realm, who had no call to enter the lists of correspondence at all, took to bombarding *The Times* with their dreary egotistical screeds—(loud applause)—he felt that he must once again fill his fountain-pen and show the world what a letter to the Press really was. (Cheers, and "For he's a jolly good fellow!")

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK observed in plaintive tones that there was no more pernicious form of the *cacoethes scribendi* than that of which they were the victims. The mixture of blue blood and black ink was more venomous than any other fluid. Pens were always dangerous tools, but in the hands of peers they became positively murderous.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW observed that his first impulse had been to join in the protest, but on second thoughts he found himself in complete sympathy with the peers. For one thing nobody could tell nowadays whether he might not go to bed a commoner and wake up a peer of the realm. It was impossible not to side with an Order to which you

might belong at any moment. Besides, some of the peers, as always happened with people who come fresh to a thing, wrote extraordinarily well and in a most racy fashion, reminding him of himself before he was demoralised by the adulation of smart society women and half-baked socialist undergraduates. With Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE as Editor of *The Times* and Lord NEWTON as chief leader-writer, there might still be a chance for a threepenny daily.

Sir HARRY POLAND said that Mr. SHAW's fulsome defence of the ink-slissing peers had filled him with disgust. For more years than he cared to remember the words, "I will write to *The Times*," had involved the unexpressed corollary, "and *The Times* will insert what I write." But now the phrase had lost its virtue. It no longer held good of the professional letter-writer; it applied only to the aristocratic amateur. Unless *The Times* reverted to its old usage, he was prepared in future to transfer all his communications to *The Daily Telegraph*. (Sensation.)

It was ultimately decided, on the motion of "Scrutator," seconded by "An Indignant Parent," that a deputation should wait on the Editor of *The Times* with the view of extracting from him guarantees against any unfair competition on the part of noble correspondents. The meeting then broke up singing a new song set to music by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, of which the refrain is:

Silence befits but slaves in savage climes;
We ne'er shall cease from writing to
The Times.

The Allusive Touch.

"Not in the first day upon the moors is the method acquired of walking, like Agag, delicately and without fatigue among the heather!"—*Morning Post*.

"The management of the Dominion Stock Company will offer—week of July 24—George Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man,' the dramatic version of the famous musical success 'The Chocolate Soldier.'"—*Ottawa Announcer*.

Time's revenge upon the maker of paradox.

"So dry was it, the flames spread for about twenty yards, but willing hands quickly stamped them out before much damage was done."

Western Morning News.

We clap our feet over this deed of heroism.

"Required, Home as Paying Guest for a Young Lady with a family of good social position," &c.—*Morning Post*.

It doesn't say what she has done to offend her family, but it looks as if she had drifted a bit outside their pale.



Ethel. "HULLO! I THOUGHT YOU COULD RIDE!"

Jack. "SO I CAN! YOU DON'T COUNT DONKEYS, DO YOU?"

IN THE PILLORY.

THE Duke of Belvedere sat in his library. No, he was not ordering the eviction of a highly respectable tenant who had been on the estate fifty-nine years because he had ridden in a Liberal car to the polling-booth. You see he was not a *Daily News* duke. Nor, on the other hand, was he putting on the armour of his ancestors (the first Belvedere was a haberdasher and therefore wore an habergeon) to ride forth and strike one last brave blow for England, Empire, Glory and F. E. SMITH. Now you see that he was not an *Observer* duke.

He was sitting reading a newspaper. We could name the newspaper, only these editors get so confoundedly arrogant. He was not bothering about the Crisis. He was looking at the weather forecast and wondering when there would be a good downfall to improve his trout-stream.

The butler entered with a telegram.

(To avoid misapprehension one must state that the butler was not an ancient family retainer. He had been in the Duke's service precisely three months and was under notice to leave for drunkenness.)

"Another of 'em?" said the Duke, without troubling to open it. "If it's reply paid, Smithers, wire 'No' to whatever they ask. These fellows seem

to think that I've nothing to do but answer their beastly wires."

"Yes, your Grace," replied Smithers.

"And if any more of 'em come answer what you like, but don't worry me with the beastly things."

Now the telegram in question was from Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, and ran: "Will you pledge yourself not to go into Government Lobby on Veto Bill?"—and the Duke, who had not the least intention of going near London during the hot weather, had replied "No."

Two days later the Duke came down cheerfully to breakfast. All was well in the world. There had been rain in the night and the Duchess had cabled that she was going to stay at Minneapolis for another month.

Smithers awaited him with anxious face. He had folded the newspaper so that the Duke could see the cricket scores at the first glance. (In some respects the Duke was just an ordinary human being.)

"If you will excuse me, your Grace," began Smithers, "there's some very bad news in the paper. Pardon me if I break it to your Grace."

"If those infernal poachers have been poisoning my trout stream," began the Duke.

"Pardon me, your Grace, there is this paragraph."

The Duke took up the paper and

read: "On receipt of the news that the Duke of Belvedere would not pledge himself not to vote with the Government a special meeting of the Chow Bent Constitutional Club was held. On the motion of Councillor Tonks it was resolved that the name of the Duke, surrounded by a deep black border, should be hung up in both the bar and the billiard-room."

The butler waited eagerly. He read *The Observer* regularly and wondered whether the Duke would fall in an apoplectic fit or strive to cut his throat with a table-knife.

The Duke cracked his first egg—for the benefit of lady readers one must state that the Duke always has two, lightly boiled. "Smithers," he said, "where the dooce is Chow Bent?"

That night Smithers, weary of serving a shameless aristocrat, left his post, taking all portable plate with him.

"It is said to be pretty certain that the great violinist will visit South Africa this year, probably about September."

South African Weekly Standard.

An interesting paragraph, but it is a pity to head it "PADEREWSKI COMING."

Suggested Title for the Puppet Peers (if any):—Lords of Creation. If there are Suffragettes among the Puppet Peeresses we are sorry for them.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is a little difficult to know what to write about ROBERT HUGH BENSON's latest production, *The Dawn of All* (HUTCHINSON), because for one thing it is not a book that can be classed in any exact category. In his preface FATHER BENSON himself says that his purpose in writing it was to provide a kind of antidote to "the exceedingly depressing and discouraging effect" of his former work, *Lord of the World*; and, as that showed the future development of what is called modern thought, so the present book treats of an exactly opposite condition, and of a world in which revealed religion and the authority of Rome have become the dominant factors in human and international life. No one now will need to be told with what skill the author does this. There is some quality about all FATHER BENSON's writing which (for want of a better word) I must call compulsion. With his matter one may be in the most violent disagreement, and irritated, even a little alarmed, at his conclusions, but it is certain that one cannot help listening to whatever he chooses to say. These columns are obviously not the place in which either to attack or defend a book which is partly a polemical treatise and partly a kind of religious fantasy. I will content myself with the promise that everyone, of whatever conviction, will find it intensely interesting. The central figure, *Masterman*, who eventually becomes Cardinal Archbishop of England, is well drawn; and the concluding scene, in which King and Cardinal, in their state aerial barges, go forth to welcome the airship in which the Pope, attended by the sovereigns of Europe, is making his triumphal world-progress, is, at the least, a fine piece of spectacular imagination.

"Dear me!" I can imagine KATHARINE TYNAN saying at about the two-hundredth page of a novel she is writing, "nobody has been rescued so far from death by fire or drowning or has tumbled over a precipice or even encountered a mad bull. And this is Ireland, aroon! But never mind, the second nice man has got to fall in love with the minor heroine anyhow, and get shifted from the principal one; this is just the opportunity." So she puts the young lady at the bottom of a very tall cliff with the tide coming in, and the second nice man strolls along the top, and there you are. And yet if ever there was a plot that could have afforded to dispense with these mechanical contrivances of romance it is that of *St. Cecilia* (SMITH, ELDER). *Cecily Shannon*, cousin of *Lord Dromore*, has married beneath her because her first fiancé, *Sir Paul Chadwick*, is supposed to have been killed and eaten (I think we might have dispensed with the dinner part) by savages. In her mental distress she has imagined the young country doctor who attends her to be the departed one.

Years afterwards *Sir Paul Chadwick* turns up again unimpaired by South Pacific appetites, and indeed in a fine state of preservation, and falls in love with *Cecilia*, *Cecily's* daughter. There is a situation that would have provided mazes of psychological incident for some of our American novelists, but KATHARINE TYNAN calmly unravels the difficulty by making *Sir Paul* transfer his affections to somebody else, helped by a ridiculously artificial series of mistakes and the overworked tide of the Atlantic. There are some pleasant people in *St. Cecilia*, as there are always in this writer's books; but I think they travel too much in Irish jolting cars to get their emotions properly settled down.

I question which of the three of us, Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, who wrote *The Devil in Solution* (GREENING), Mr. GEORGE MORROW, who illustrated it, or I, who read it, enjoyed himself with the greatest abandonment. It is without doubt the most absurd book I have ever read. The mere idea of alleging the cocoa-drinking habit as the last and most vicious form of self-stimulation, and not only so, but further hanging the whole of a complicated plot upon that alone, is clearly inexcusable. To set up the victim of the vice, *Lord Mark Mucklethew*, the aristocratic politico-athlete, who was better at everything than everybody and offensively aware of it, as a hero deserving of sympathy and applause, is preposterous; and that my attention and interest should have been seriously invited to the insincere narrative of this person's frankly inconceivable career I regard as a piece of barefaced impudence on the part of the author and his equally guilty collaborator. Possibly they may attempt to justify their outrageous antics on the grounds of satire; certainly I fancied I caught a suggestion now and then that they were getting at somebody; but whether the objective was the Government, the Smart Set, or merely myself, I cannot tell, because I did not stop to think. Satire or no satire, the whole thing stands outside the pale of dignified criticism, and I have nothing more to say for it. But, heavens! how I laughed from start to finish!

"It is not that she rebels against 'Papa,' and 'Mamman.' The essentials of French character remain the same as they always were, and one of these essentials is a passionate family affection."—*Daily Chronicle*. Still, highly as we also value family affection, we differ from the young lady referred to, in that we do rebel against "Mamman" with three *m*'s (especially when it comes three times in a column).

"WILLIAMS.—On the 24th July, at Longford, Horley, Surrey, to Leonard and Muriel Williams—a baby brother for Maxwell."—*Times*.

It is to be hoped that this kind of announcement will not become general. But if it does there will have to be variations. We suggest as a start, "Maxwell's nose out of joint."



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.
II.—A BRITISH MUSEUM OFFICIAL RETURNING TO ENGLAND WITH A DEAD BARGAIN.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have not had to wait long for the appearance of an apologist for the House of Commons. Dr. THEODORE LESSING, one of the most distinguished scientists of Germany, declares that man's desire to make noises "is inborn, can never be eradicated, and is as natural in him as breathing."

To the surprise of many persons Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's resolution as to the payment of salaries to Members contained no provision that such payment was to be conditional on good behaviour.

It was at the top of the heat wave. A fire-engine dashed by. "Good gracious me!" cried an old gentleman, mopping his brow. "Whatever do people want a fire for on a day like this?"

"'Ot ain't the word!" remarked a Cockney, little guessing that he was speaking the truth.

The Daily Telegraph informs us that at Kingston-on-Thames many persons have been "bitten by wasps." It is difficult to say which is the more unpleasant, to be bitten by a wasp or to be stung by a dog.

According to a Paris newspaper the KAISER is at present busily engaged on the composition of an opera. This may account for the Morocco negotiations having dragged on for so long. One has not time for everything.

The Cologne Gazette suggests that under German enterprise Agadir might become a second Riviera. If Agadir be at all like other Moroccan towns, we should say that a great deal of water of Cologne would have to be used before the proposal becomes practical politics.

In Mr. HAMMERSTEIN's new Opera House in Kingsway telephones are to be fixed in all the boxes. "Friends in different parts of the house," we are told, "will therefore be able to discuss the opera or any other matter of interest without moving from their seats." This will be an immense improvement on the old-fashioned way of exchanging remarks across the theatre.

It is just as well that it should be known that the rich have their worries no less than the poor. *The New York World* tells us that Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN's chest is not large enough to enable him to wear all the orders and decorations showered on him by the monarchs of Europe.

"It is not necessary," *The Daily News* points out to us, "to insist on the evident fact that the British Fleet is a factor in the maintenance of peace—especially of the 'Pa Britannica.'" There is surely a mistake here. Either it ought to be "Ma Britannica" or "Pa Britannicus."

JOSEPH LENENZI, an Italian, has been sentenced, *The Express* tells us, to six months' imprisonment in New York for setting fire to a man's beard.

The mention in the newspapers the other day of the case of the German who had lost three elephants, reminds us that we have a friend who is constantly losing trains.

Are we decadent? The nation which ceases to take an interest in its great men is said to be this. We note with regret that Papworth Hall, which was formerly the residence of Mr. E. T. HOOLEY, was offered for sale last week, but failed to find a purchaser.

Sir HARRY POLAND, K.C., in an article on Swimming, published in *The Marine Magazine*, which chronicles the doings of the *Warp* boys, emphasises the importance of being able to swim without depending on the use of the hands, giving the historic instance of CÆSAR saving his *Commentaries* when he was obliged to swim from his ship in the Bay of Alexandria. We are afraid, however, that most boys who have struggled with the *Commentaries* will look on the accomplishment as a most unfortunate one.

Herr VON JAGOW, the Berlin Police President, has issued an order that policemen who permit armed burglars to use their revolvers first will be punished. By the armed burglars probably.



Professor Brown (a little short-sighted). "GERTRUDE, MY LOVE, ARE YOU NOT VENTURING RATHER FAR OUT?"

at a funeral. Quite right too. Even Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON, we understand, thinks it should not have been done at a funeral.

A new fruit in the shape of a berry which is neither a gooseberry nor a black currant has appeared at Dunstable, near Luton. It is said to have a pleasant flavour. The individual who was the first to eat one of these berries to ascertain whether it was poisonous or not is apparently a nameless hero. Probably it was tried on a small boy of little value.

Rules for airmen, shortly to be issued in France, will provide, among other things, that a foreign aviator landing in France must immediately report himself to the nearest mayor. Some of our airmen are so expert that they will no doubt drop straight through his worship's skylight.

"The Italian Comedy Company gave a very good representation of the play at the Empire last night, and were rewarded by a fine horse, whose interest was attracted as much by the personality of the company as by the cause for which the play was produced."—*The Statesman*.

A motor car couldn't be appreciative like that.

"In his report to the Stepney Borough Council Dr. Thomas, the medical officer of health, states that rents have been so reduced that families which in 1901 could not afford to rent two rooms are now able to rent three or more at the same price."—*The Times*.

What price?

"I arranged with Mr. Claude Grahame White to carry a sack of mails weighing over 100 cwt. from Blackpool to Southport nearly a year ago. At that date the 'matter did not interest' the Post Office."—*Letter from Mr. G. Holt Thomas to "The Daily Graphic" apropos of the aerial post.* The Post-Office was strangely apathetic. Anyone ought to be interested in an aeroplane that could carry a sack of letters weighing five tons.

"VENUS."

I PROPOSE in this article to say a few words in favour both of cats in general and of a particular cat whose friendship I have recently gained. I think it right to say this at the very outset in order that those who nourish an ineradicable prejudice against cats may have due warning. Such people actually exist. Have we not all heard of a gallant field-marshal whose mind and limbs, indomitable in the face of human enemies, surprise him by giving way if a cat should happen to be in the same room with him? I have myself known a "man not otherwise cowardly who feared and detested cats to the point of fanaticism. They revenged themselves upon him by pursuing him with a perfect passion of misplaced affection. In vain did he shut and bolt his bedroom door after a careful investigation had assured him that no cats had gained admittance. They grew by some magic in the watches of the night, and towards 2 A.M. a number of them would issue, purring and triumphant and sportive, from beneath the bed. Over the futile cat-hunt that ensued it is best to draw a veil.

This unreasoning and immutable affection for men, women and children is, indeed, the strongest characteristic of cats. Where a dog would retire, disconcerted or angry, from a man's blows or a child's uncouth caresses, a cat will, after perhaps a momentary flurry, resume her imperishable adoration. And there is about all cats a dignity that persists even under the most depressing circumstances. Couched on a rickety chair, in some miserable apology for a room, a cat lends to the scene an air of long descent and aristocratic comfort. To look at a king is a privilege we may all share with a cat, but is there one of us who can do it with the cat's serene assurance of being the protecting power? Because cats are nearly always dignified and are usually serene, and because they thus rise above their surroundings, unthinking persons have set them down as being merely selfish lovers of comfort. I repudiate the charge with all the energy of which, in this sultry season, I am capable.

So much for cats in general. I do not pretend to have made anything like an exhaustive list of their superlative merits, but for the present it must suffice. Let me now describe the particular cat I have in mind. One morning, some weeks ago, as I was walking in the garden my attention was arrested by a series of pitiful mewings. For some time I failed to see the mewing, but at last, in answer to an encouraging call, there issued from a clump of bushes a tortoiseshell cat. So woe-begone a figure I never beheld. Her coat was patchy and untidy, she was wretchedly thin, her ears were as those of a bat, and her tail was so long, so attenuated, and was so stiffly held at an awkward angle that it seemed to have no proper connection with the poor body from which it projected. There was no disguising the painful fact: she was unquestionably void of all external charms. Indeed, she was, and is, an ugly cat.

When she saw me she stopped with one paw poised in the air. "I have had many disappointments," she seemed to be thinking, "and this is, perhaps, not the man I'm looking for, the beloved companion, the milk-provider. Let me not commit myself, for a kick is easy for him and painful to me." I called her again, and then she made up her mind. With a cry of "pr-r-roo," which is a cat's fullest expression of confidence and a desire for closer intimacy, she bounded at me and made intricate arches of friendship round and

round my legs, gazing up into my face with a look of rapt devotion in her emerald eyes. "I have sought you," she purred, "for a thousand years, and now at last I have found you, oh worshipful one. Is there any milk about the place for your slave to lap?" Need I say that the milk was provided in a bowl? It was drunk up to the last drop.

Whence this cat came—we have named her Venus—I have been unable to discover. Nobody in the village is willing to claim her or confess to having seen her before. One of the gardeners, indeed, thinks he saw her "among the beans" a day or two before. He alleges that she sprang violently out at him and gave him something which he describes as "quite a turn"; but the testimony of gardeners is not always to be trusted. Nor do I know where she sleeps. On every morning since our first interview she has turned up, seemingly from nowhere, in the same sudden manner. She has had her rations, has performed her toilet, and has followed me about the garden like a dog. Then she has vanished to re-appear again in the afternoon. Her demonstrations of affection have been conducted on a *crescendo* principle. She is the embodiment of self-forgetting adoration. Had I not seen her defending herself against the inquisitive approach of a Pekinese spaniel I should have conceived her to be absolutely lawless. Sometimes she honours the library sofa with her presence, but when I leave the room she tries to follow me. If she fails in consequence of a misjudgment about the door she waits for my return and welcomes me with a transport of joy. But, wherever she may be, she vanishes at about 8 P.M. into some mysterious nocturnal home outside, and is seen no more until the following morning. She is now sleek and plump, and she may, therefore, have abandoned her intention to turn into a princess more beautiful than the day. Frankly, I like her better as a plain cat.

TO A KINGFISHER.

ST. PETER was a fisherman, a fisherman was he,
He killed his fish right handsomely in gentle Galilee,
As you and I would do, my friend, from Severn unto Dee!
He always acted sportsmanlike though Luck she scowled
or laughed,
He'd throw into a ten-knot breeze as though it blew abaft,
And you and I are proud to be of that his ancient craft!
It's not in any book I've read—but still it may have been
That you have perched beside his lines, so shiny-eyed and
keen,
A little apt disciple in a coat of blue and green!
And since he was a fisherman, the brightest bird that flies
He vowed to other fishermen who cast 'neath colder skies,
To light their riverbanks, that they his name might
recognise!
Oh, I was up last Saturday by Thames's amber brown,
While yet the oak and elm they wore the night's grave
misty gown,
And saw you like an emerald go flashing up and down!
And as it seemed for fishermen that life was passing good,
I lit a little candle at St. Peter's-in-the-Wood,
Or if I didn't actually, I think he understood!

The suggestion is made that the new postage-stamps might be made more acceptable if the taste of the gum were improved. Why not have half-a-dozen popular flavours—say, peppermint, aniseed, white rose, heliotrope, peardrop, and special toffee? With a really nice gum the stamps would be sure to catch on.



TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "I SAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT LABEL OFF; WE'VE GIVEN THE SHOW AWAY."

MICROBE STUDIES FOR MUSICIANS.

[With acknowledgments to the Analytical Concert-Programme.]

I.

"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

In this "Pastorale of the Crèche," as Schmidt has poetically described the fragrant episode, the leading theme is at once vigorously attacked, a note being struck three times in quick succession. This note is no other than the basic generative germ-cell itself, and a fourth repetition of the note, by completing the thematic cadence, concludes the first statement of the full germinal theme which we have been eagerly expecting. It will be noticed as the theme develops that bacilli are conspicuous by their scarcity, and it is to this absence of organic cells that the beatific serenity of the cadence is attributable, and, what is much more important, it gives us the rare opportunity of using the word "Cancrizans" (although in a somewhat strained sense) to describe the backward retrocession of the rhythmic impulse to its source.

II.

"POP GOES THE WEASEL."

The main theme at once introduces us to the central germ motive (*motif*) or bacteriological core. The introduction being effected we have leisure to observe that the well-established rule in music that one note shall follow another is here well sustained. The life-pulse or "arterial exuberance" of the leading theme is conspicuous and may serve to introduce a sappy incident in the life of Besenstielmeister, the eminent conductor, who transcribed the air for piccolo and bassoons in unison. It appears from the *Musical Life of Vanderpoop* that Frau Besenstielmeister was greatly attached to a gardener whom the famous impresario dismissed from his service on a proved charge of eating an early lettuce. Subsequently the unhappy lady spent many hours daily in the deserted potting-shed, where, it is said, the seedlings were often watered with her tears. Her husband, as well known, met his end while experimenting with a diver's outfit which had been delivered at his house in error.

III.

"SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY."

We cannot do better than give a translation of Dr. Eselkopf's lucid dissection of this air. "The piece describes," says the Doctor, "an episode in the adventurous life of a courageous leucocyte. The first two and a half

bars are descriptive of the elation of the mature and vigorous corpuscle as he perambulates the warm bloodstream until, suddenly, he observes the approach of a valiant bacterium. The fourth bar opens with the cry of battle and prepares us for the attack. In the fifth the combatants come to grips, in the sixth they break away and prepare for renewed onslaught, and in the seventh and eighth the pallid corpuscle vanquishes his adversary and devours him." The victorious leucocyte, in a state of exaltation, then resumes his adventures one octave higher, and finally, in the coda, retires to a lymphatic gland.

IV.

"ORANGES AND LEMONS."

The melodic skeleton which forms the foundation of this enthralling musical entity is of so fragile a character that exact articulation becomes a matter of great difficulty, and any dissection of its organic cells and classification of its germic system an affair of deep complexity. In these circumstances it has seemed desirable to obtain an authoritative opinion on the subject, and accordingly Professor Bouveril, Mus.Bac. Oxon, was asked to supply a microbic analysis, a copy of the score being enclosed with the letter making the request. By an accident the envelope was addressed to Professor Condry, the eminent

bacteriologist, who has made a report which will be read with avidity by all true music-lovers. After describing precautions to eliminate germs which might have become attached to the surface of the paper and therefore could not be considered as inherent in the music itself, the learned Doctor states that, under conditions of perfect sterility, cultures were procured from the score, being incubated in prepared bouillon at a temperature of 95° F. Musicians will be gratified by the Professor's endorsement of modern methods of analysis, for he states that a serum derived from these cultures injected subcutaneously killed a cart-horse.

WIELAND, the Swiss aviator, has just had a remarkable escape. He fell on a flock of sheep, of which five were killed, but the animals broke his fall. It is now proposed to instal at Brooklands and elsewhere sheep in groups of not fewer than five. Arising out of this incident we learn that French aviators have adopted as *argot* for landing the phrase, "*Revenons à nos moutons.*"

"Visitors to Lustleigh and the Cleaves have been much larger this year than previously up to the present."

Mid-Devon and Newton Times.

We await measurements.



THE LAST WORD.

"GARN! GOT THE PIP 'COS YER WASN'T MADE A PUPPY PEER, I S'POSE!"

METHODS OF IDENTIFICATION.

THE Twins were at the wickets, delighting everyone except the fielding side with a brilliant display of batting.

"Oh, well hit, { Bob! " Dick! " exclaimed Peters and Priddy simultaneously.

"You ass!—that wasn't { Dick, it was { Bob," they continued, turning to address each other.

A voice floated out from the scorer's box. "Did Mr. Robert 'it that, or was it Mr. Richard?" There was a patient weariness in the voice, as if the question had become a formula to the speaker.

When the matter had been satisfactorily settled, Mrs. Parry turned to the New Member.

"Don't you find it very hard to distinguish Dick and Bob?" she asked.

"I suppose it is rather," replied the New Member. "But I'm surprised that the scorer can't. After all, most batsmen are fairly undistinguishable when they're at the wickets. Isn't it the scorer's business to keep count as to who is at which end?"

"You are fresh from your bloodish Metropolitan club, my lad," said Henry—Mrs. Parry's husband. "You don't know our scorers yet. Wait till you've striven half the season to make double figures, and then, on retiring to the pavilion filled with holy joy because you've got 11 to your credit, find it telegraphed as 9. Wait till half the county writes to congratulate you on a pair of specs, having seen the score in the local rag, when really you got a duck and 1."

"Why doesn't one of the Twins wear something as a distinguishing mark, then?" asked the New Member.

"Dick wears a cap," said Henry. "But he always gives it to the umpire as soon as he goes in," he added foolishly.

"And the same with intent to deceive," chipped in Peters, "because Bob always makes more runs than he does. Old George, our scorer, says to the visiting scorer, 'Mr. Richard, 'e wears a cap, 'e do,' and then he hauls out a jar of cider and proceeds to divide a pasty with the alien, and in the meanwhile Dick takes off his cap. So the next time old George condescends to notice what's going on, he finds he's all mixed up."

"There's no doubt, of course, that the Twins are extraordinarily alike," said the New Member, "but don't you think Dick has a slightly more humorous turn of the mouth than his brother?"

"I go by the nose," chipped in Henry. "There's a bit of a crook in

old Bob's, thoughtfully created by Dick in a youthful fancies to serve as a distinguishing mark."

"That's no good," grumbled Priddy, still sore at having assigned the last boundary to the wrong twin. "If you really want to make sure, you have to keep a tomato in your pocket, and produce it every time you address one of them. Dick hates tomatoes, and if it's *him*, you'll see him squirm."

"Personally, I've no difficulty," said Peters. "Bob has owed me half-a-crown for years (I let the debt run on for the sake of the convenience), and the guilty remembrance of it is always with him. He can't face me without blinking."

"Not many people can." (This from Priddy.)

"Ever since Bob's been married," said Mrs. Parry, "he's begun to brush his hair a little. Not much, of course, but enough for the scientific eye to distinguish him from Dick, whose hair is virgin forest, so to speak."

"Now who hit that?" asked the New Member, and the patient voice from the scorer's box was heard again: "Did Mr. Robert 'it that, or was it Mr. Richard?"

"Bob, { of course," said Mr. and Mrs. Parry.

"It's so absurd," said Mrs. Parry a moment later. "At all this distance..."

"They've only got the Twins' word for it too," put in Peters gallantly. "I'm surprised," he continued, "that old George troubles to ask who made the hit. If it was any other pair, he'd just put it down to the one he'd got the least grievance against at the time."

"But he always tries to act fairly by the Twins," said Henry. You see, he dandled them on his knee—knees, I should say—when they were babes."

"The only time you can act fairly by them is when they're fielding," remarked Priddy. "Dick envelopes himself in pads and gloves, and keeps wicket, purely in order to be recognised—at least, no one ever discovered any other reason for his being behind the sticks. And everything he misses goes to the boundary, unless (as occasionally happens) it is prevented by the strenuous efforts of Bob at courtesy fine-slip—that position which a less squeamish and more honest generation was wont to call long-stop."

"Hush," said Henry on a low note. "Here's Mrs. Bob." Then aloud—"How awfully well Bob did against Westmoreland last week! Eighty-seven in his second knock, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Bob bubbled over.

"It wasn't Bob," she said; "it was Dick. Bob had a cold, so I made Dick go in his name. It was really to the

county's advantage, you know, because the Westmoreland bowlers played up to all Bob's weak points—which aren't Dick's."

We "heard the silence for a little space."

"Why do they *both* wear silk shirts?" asked Mrs. Parry. "If only one of them did—"

"That's Dick's fault," interrupted Mrs. Bob. "I gave Bob half-a-dozen on his last birthday, but Dick thieves them with the utmost serenity. . . Oh, Bob's out! That ball was *much* too far up to hock."

"You're sure it is Bob, I suppose?" said Mrs. Parry; and the voice from the scoring box inquired, "Was that Mr. Robert wot was out?"

"Of course it's Bob," said Mrs. Bob. "Why, he's got a better *figure*, and is so much handsomer than poor old Dick. Hard lines, dear," she observed to the advancing figure. "Dick's having all the luck."

The advancing figure grinned, and there was no need of Priddy's tomato or Peters' half-crown to tell us that Mrs. Bob had made a howler.

"All right," said he. "Tell old George that Bob's out. It'll improve my average. . ."

"Of course, at such a *distance*—and in *flannels*," said Mrs. Bob.

PERSONAL.

FAIR LADY.—Lst Sndy eve. King's X. Seem to rmembr yr face. Are you dark ldy I met Scrbro 1st summr? If so dont trbl rply.—GREY SUIT.

WILLIAM MAYFAIR, last heard of in Montreal about 1877. If the said William Mayfair will apply to the offices of Messrs. Macgregor and Levinstein, 974, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he will hear of something to their advantage.

A.A.Z.—Oh, why don't you write? Is it because I still owe you three pounds ten? Need this stand between us?—B.X.Y.

ALEC.—It is more than you deserve that I should reply to the message you send after nine years of silence. I have forgotten what you did, but I cannot forgive it.—AMELIA.

CHANGE OF SURNAME.—I, Vavasour-Smythe-Smythe, of High Manners, in the County of Rutland, Gentleman, do hereby give notice that by a Deed Poll bearing even date herewith, I have assumed and adopted the name of Bill Smith instead of Vavasour Smythe-Smythe, in accordance with the stipulation in the will of my uncle, Bill Smith (deceased), of Barking, in the County of Essex. Dated this 14th day of August, 1911.

ABOUT THE LONG HOLE.

STRAIGHT in front of him, and as far as his eye can reach, the traveller who stands on the teeing-ground of our tenth hole, observes the illimitable undulating scenery of the veldt. Perhaps a solitary vulture wheels overhead in the heavens, and along the central track may be discerned a few bleaching bones of caddies and the broken shafts and skulls of drivers and brassies. Far away to the left is a strip of woodland, and beyond that the sluggish inexorable river. What secrets it bears in its massive bosom or in the murky ooze of its heart! A bad pull (to be more explicit) will take you nicely over the edge, and many a stout golfer has gone home at evenfall with an empty creel owing to his rash refusal to carry a landing net and play with amphibious balls. To the right-hand may be seen a series of wicked-mouthed bunkers, each with its little colony of human toil. Bogey for the long hole is six, and it is believed to have been done in four. There is no doubt at all that it has been done in twenty-five, but then that was the day when I hit the ladies' sand-box with my drive, and (after my caddy had replaced the divot with a couple of tin-tacks and some glue) had to play my second (with a mashie) from twenty yards behind the tee. Now you shall hear about the time when I did the long hole in five. I started with a magnificent shot, though. I say it who shouldn't (as a matter of fact it is very difficult to get James to talk about this round at all, and when he does he uses language which would make you suppose he was colour-blind)—but my second seemed to think there was danger afoot, and ran into the wood for cover. The wood is not out of bounds, so I waved farewell to James and followed. My third started shinning very swiftly up the trunk of a tree, and then remembering, I suppose, that the birds were all hatched out and that it would look rather silly to be seen in a nest at this time of year, leaped violently out of the wood and across the course. It was foolish of the small stout man whom it hit, and who appeared to have lost his way badly in approaching the seventeenth green, to get annoyed: the grievance was really mine, for he had no business to be making unauthorised pot-bunkers of himself all over the links. However, as my ball fell in a very nice place, I didn't much mind, and playing a beautiful fourth got to within about a hundred-and-twenty yards of the green. I heard a faint "Coo-ee" up in the hills far away to the right, and shouted "Hello!"



A GRATEFUL IMPULSE.

"A PENNY STAMP, PLEASE—AND, BY-THE-WAY, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE?"

"YES, MADAM. I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE LAST WEEK."

"TO BE SURE—TO BE SURE—ER—TWO PENNY STAMPS, PLEASE."

"On in five," yelled James.

"Good for you," I answered, and took my iron. (I always like taking my iron; it has such a bracing effect on the nerves.) It was plain from the beginning that my fifth stroke was a good one, though just a trifle off the line of the pin. James and his caddy arriving travel-stained and warm from the north-east watched it eagerly as it fell and bounded on towards the green. James's ball lay about five yards to the right of the flag, in a sunny spot to the south-east, and as soon as mine saw this a brilliant idea came into its head. Running lightly up to its adversary it gave the fellow a smart biff on the side of the face, and dodging away nimbly

before he could retaliate, made straight for the hole. Pausing for a moment at the edge to see if it was pursued, it ran round the brink of the tin and fell in with a little sigh of relief. "Five!" I said calmly, but James did not appear to be listening. He was looking up the sky and seemed vexed about something.

"An ordinary half-ball losing hazard," I went on. "I was afraid I had hit it too fine at first and thrown away the hole." But James had walked on in silence to the next tee.

"Wanted, a strong persevering Munshi to teach Telugu."—*Madras Times*.

No weak man need apply.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INCOME-TAX AUTHORITIES.

B.—THE RIGHT WAY.

(1)

*Honeysuckle Cottage,
Oakthorpe, Bucks.,
April 5th, 1911.*

To W. P. Smith, Esq.,
Deputy-Assistant Surveyor of Taxes,
Inland Revenue
(City 54th A District),
Room 92, Fifth Floor,
Budget Buildings,
13-16, Stamp Street,
London, E.C.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am not quite clear about one or two points in the income-tax demand received from you this morning, and I thought I would just have a little chat with you about it before sending my small contribution. Of course, I know you wouldn't make me pay more than I ought, but perhaps I didn't fill in that yellow paper quite properly, and I want to explain to you. You see £18 2s. 2d. is a lot for a fellow like me to find all in one lump. Sometimes I make a good deal, when the magazines take my stories, and sometimes I'm precious hard up. I am hard up now, and if I have to pay you £18 2s. 2d., well, it simply means that I can't pay Bull the butcher, and he's pressing me, and I promised to. I daresay you're a family man yourself and understand these little matters.

Well, it's like this. Bobby Burt, an old Cambridge pal, lent me a tenner just before Christmas, and I paid him back when I got a bit for my novel, *Kisses Kind*, on Feb. 7th. (I'm sending you a copy of the book, and hope you will enjoy it.) Now, I put that in, as I keep very careful accounts, and it came on the left side of the book where I get the totals from. But you won't charge me on it, will you? Bobby ought to pay, if anybody, and I daresay he has. You don't want it twice, do you?

Then there is my wife's little income. Well, she's very good about it, and often lends a hand when things are a bit tight; but a hundred pounds a year from an uncle *isn't* much, is it? and it *does* seem rather hard to knock spots out of that, when it's all she's got to dress herself and the two youngsters on, and pay a nurse; because that's what she does with it, and nobody could make it go further than she does. I put it in because the form told me to, and I didn't want to be fined and pay double and all that sort of thing. But

you see it comes from an investment in Mexican Jumbo Tintos, and they take off something before she gets it, which I believe goes to you (you can look it up), and if you could do without it, well I should really be awfully grateful. You see I've got to have a bigger house than I should want if I didn't simply *have* to have a room to myself to write in, because, although the youngsters are kept as quiet as possible, still they are very tiny and the baby's only five weeks old, and I couldn't do any work if I had to write where they were.

I don't want to take up too much of your time, letter-writing. I expect you have enough of it. If you would care to run down for a week end to talk it over, we should be awfully pleased to see you. There's a decent golf course here, and I've got a few bottles of "Bubbly" that a rich uncle of my wife's—not the one that left her the Jumbo Tintos—he's dead—sent us at Christmas. We might buzz one or two together; and I'm sure we could give you a good time.

I'm sure you will do what you can for me, like a good chap. I'm ready to pay my whack all right, but I don't want to pay more than I can help, and if you could spin out the correspondence a bit, so as to let me off paying till I get a few more royalties at the end of June, I should feel jolly grateful to you.

Yours ever, T. C. ROBINSON.

(2)

*Honeysuckle Cottage, etc.,
April 12th, 1911.*

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Thanks awfully for your kind letter, and for knocking off Bobby Burt's tenner, and the missus's hundred. That brings it down to £13 19s. 8d., which is ripping, and really I'm most awfully grateful to you for telling me that I can take off something more for my study. I pay £45 a year for this little box, which isn't really worth it, but, as I say, I *had* to have a room, and that's why we moved from Laburnum Cottage, where we only paid £28. Do you really mean I can take off the difference? That would make it £13 6s. 10d. I don't quite understand what you mean about averaging, but it's awfully good of you to help me. I went in for the Classical Tripos at Cambridge—only allowed a pass degree, worse luck—but I was never much good at mathematics, and I don't think I got up to averages. I give you the figures that you ask for on the other side. Of course, I'm making more every year, but it's slow work. Still, there are signs that *Kisses Kind* is going to

make a hit, and if it does well, I shall be sending you a bit more next year. If you can get it down further still *this* year, which has been rather a teaser, owing to the baby coming and the other kiddy having mumps, and our having to pay off instalments of a loan I had to raise three years ago, I needn't say that I shall be jolly glad. But I know I can safely leave myself in your hands, as you've shown yourself a thorough sportsman. By-the-by, are you any relation to W. M. Smith, who bowled for the Varsity while I was up? He was a jolly good sportsman too. I thought the name and one of the initials being the same you might be. I wish you could have come down, but perhaps you'll be able to later on.

I must dry up and go and put in a bit of work. So, with many thanks,

Yours ever, T. C. ROBINSON.

(3)

*Honeysuckle Cottage, etc.,
April 17th, 1911.*

To W. P. Smith, Esq., etc., etc.

DEAR OLD CHAP.—What a ripper you are! I quite catch the point about the averaging now, and it's top hole and what I never expected, to get another fiver taken off. That only leaves £8 6s. 10d. I say, we *are* getting it down, aren't we? I send you the particulars about the loan and the papers you asked for. Do you think you can get a bit off for that, too? Do try. And don't I get something off for bringing the whole outfit down below a certain figure? I don't know what it comes to now, but you've got such a head for figures that I bet *you* do, without having to put pen to paper. I wish I'd made better use of my time when they were trying to teach me things. Of course I can scribble a bit, and you'll be glad to hear that *Kisses Kind* has gone into a third edition, but I shouldn't keep *your* job for long. It wants a few brains for that sort of thing. I say, we *must* meet some time or other. I feel as if I'd known you for years. Now do fix a week-end and come and have a smile and a dash round the links. I shall never forgive you if you don't. Yours affectionately,

T. C. ROBINSON.

(4)

*Honeysuckle Cottage, etc.,
April 25th, 1911.*

To W. P. Smith, Esq., etc., etc.

MY DEAR OLD PAL,—Upon my word you are the limit! Got me off the whole lot this year, and tell me how to claim £3 4s. 6d. for last! I wouldn't have believed mathematics could have done it. You must have the head of



GROUSE SHOOTING UP-TO-DATE.

(A Suggestion for Financiers.)

Wireless Operator. "HEAD BEATER REPORTS PACK OF GROUSE IN THE BAY; SHOULD ARRIVE IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES."
Capel Court Magnate. "WELL, SEND THAT MESSAGE ABOUT AMALGAMATED ICE, AND THEN GIVE ME MY GUN."

an ISAAC NEWTON. Well, old boy, I am grateful to you. I'll tell you what—when I get that £3 4s. 6d. from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, or whoever it is, I'll run up to town for a night, and you and I will blue it over a little dinner and a play. What do you say to that? Name the day and you'll find me on the spot. And then if I don't make you come and put up here for a week-end before long—well, we shall see. Anyhow, I feel I've made a friend for life. And there's one thing I do want you to do, and that's to be godfather to my little chap; and the missus wants it too. Now don't say no. If they won't let you off now, do it by proxy and come down and see us later.

Good-bye, dear old boy,
 Yours ever gratefully and affectionately,
 T. C. ROBINSON.

"Lilley's record is as blameless as a wicket-keeper's possibly can be."—*Sportsman.*

The lilley-white flower of a blameless life, in fact.

A BULLY PROPOSITION.

[According to a recent dictum of Dr. RENDALL, of Charterhouse, "bullying has been replaced in public schools by a tendency to effeminacy, which is almost worse."]

TELL us not in tones that quaver
 That the bully is extinct,
 That no more the Prefects favour
 Cults at which their fathers winked!
 Surely, then, they cannot fully
 Realise what vim and tone
 Radiated from a bully
 On the weakling and the drone!
 Where is all the grit we boasted
 In the days of bold *Tom Brown*?
 Are our sons no longer roasted,
 Held, discreetly, upside down?
 Know they not the queer sensations
 Born of being briskly "tossed"?
 Then our place among the nations
 Is inevitably lost!

Up, High Priests of Education!
 Up, ye zealous pedagogues!
 Shall complete emasculation
 Send your country to the dogs?
 Since the grand old strain of Brute is
 Moribund in youthful hearts,

Make it first of all your duties
 To revive the bully's arts!
 Lest you see Young England pampered
 Up to its unblackened eyes—
 Even as its health is "hampered"
 By excessive food supplies.
 Remedies however drastic
 Must be found the case to meet;
 And they lie in *your* scholastic
 Hands—and, when it's needful, feet!
 Come, bestow the frequent licking!
 Not with futile birch or cane,
 But, with fisticuffs and kicking,
 Be superbly inhumane!
 Academic methods scorning,
 Follow those of MACE and SAYERS:
 Punch a dozen heads each morning
 Regularly after Prayers!
 When your charges' scalps are tender,
 Crowned with many a wholesome
 bump,
 And their supple limbs you render
 Piebald with a cricket stump,
 Then their souls shall gain in merit
 Through the pluck that pain inspires
 Till our hardened cubs inherit
 All the glory of their sires!



COLD COMFORT.

Nervous Angler (near fort practising at target). "I—I SAY! THIS IS AWFULLY DANGEROUS!"
Old Salt. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. THERE'D BE AN AWFUL ROW IF THEY SUNK US."

THE ABDICATION.

AH, no! I do not tremble as I did
 Before the keeper of the Petrol Tank;
 The haughty optic and the drooping lid,
 The air of having billions at the bank—
 These things affright me not; a sun
 Has risen above the reigning one;
 Another king we now anoint
 Who puts the noses out of joint
 Of such as Perkins. (Penalty for swank.)

How often have I sat beside his wheel,
 And sought to gain his pity at the least,
 As the long dusty miles were laid to heel,
 And hedge and wood went by, and startled beast;
 Have praised his prowess and his skill,
 And asked about his latest kill,
 And where he hung his hoarded scalps,
 And on what speed he'd climbed the Alps,
 And felt with every word his scorn increased.

And, if at moments out of ruth he stirred
 To tell me little tales of sparking plugs
 And centre-bits (no, that is not the word
 But something like it),—as belated slugs,
 Uncrushed by travellers, upturn
 Their eyes towards the heavens, and yearn
 To kiss the boot that spared them, so
 I felt within my heart the glow
 Of gratitude, more warm than many rugs.

But that was all too seldom. Mostly blind
 To mere humanity whose mental plant
 Was geared so slackly, he was wont to wind
 His Gallic horn, and up the highway slant
 Speed on, inscrutable, unreined,
 Although his mistress oft complained
 That some day he would see us dead
 (I do not think that I have said
 That Perkins is the *chauffeur* of my aunt).

But now I have him. I have learned the dodge
 To melt the icy manners of our Jove;
 An airman passed us just outside the lodge
 That guards the gateway of Laburnum Grove.
 I saw at once the salient fact
 That, since the day when birds were whacked,
 Unknown to us, unguessed, a qualm
 Had shaken that Olympian calm;
 Perkins no longer was a super-cove.

He trembled, and his brow was overcast;
 He paled beneath his tan, he grew polite;
 I saw at once his empery was past;
 Since then one only has to speak of flight
 If Perkins seems a trifle rude,
 And what a change of attitude!
 One hint of BEAUMONT and VÉDRINES
 O'errides his majesty of mien.
 Great Lucifer has fallen. Serve him right!

Evon.



THE CHAMPION OF A LOST CAUSE.

THE PEER-THAT-MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN. "SPEAKING FOR MYSELF AND THE OTHER 499, HEAVEN BLESS YOU, I SAY, FOR YOUR GALLANT EFFORT ON OUR BEHALF."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 7th August.—ELLIS GRIFFITH, too little heard in debate, has to-day established reputation for shrewd, witty speech that will long be cherished. House brought together on Bank Holiday on dolorous errand. Some of PRINCE ARTHUR's faithless followers, among them one or two directly indebted to his generous patronage for their prominence in affairs, have turned and rent him. Impatient of Actæon in his capacity of the hunter, they would transform him into the stag. Distracted by personal abuse in public speech and in section of Party Press, he has been driven to adoption of grievous error in tactics. The malcontents who have egged on HALSBURY to assume position of saviour of his country shout from the house-top their intention in due time to come down (by the lift) and at least muddy their coats in the last ditch in resistance to the Veto Bill.

This sort of heroics always taking. Seems to imply that, though the commissioned Leaders of the party are poltroons, there are still left a deathless body of heroes who are not to be deterred from striking a last blow in defence of a hapless State by prospect of soiling their garments in manner indicated by noble Lord quoted by LANSDOWNE. PRINCE ARTHUR and LANSDOWNE, finding themselves thus out-shouted, resolved to have a little game of their own. Gave notice of vote of censure to be moved in both Houses. So here we are to-day, when we might have been healthfully engaged riding donkeys on Hampstead Heath or rolling down the grassy slopes of Greenwich Hill.

PRINCE ARTHUR, having delivered his attack, had satisfaction of seeing PRIME MINISTER greeted with ovation by his followers when he arose to "tender to the Right Honourable Gentlemen on behalf of HIS MAJESTY's Government, and of those who support them, our most grateful acknowledgment for this opportune though unexpected motion."

Nothing bores the House more than a sham fight. Members listened intently to the PREMIER, who, with skill of Old Parliamentary Hand, made the most of opportunity of detailing and vindicating action of Cabinet in its com-

munications with the SOVEREIGN. After that there descended dulness not to be lightened by F. E. SMITH's fireworks. Thus it came to pass that when ELLIS GRIFFITH interposed the

retired. Filled up as news went round that Member for Anglesey was "up" and in his best form. Soon there was a crowded audience seizing with delight the points flashed forth with effect heightened by almost funereal aspect of the commentator.

Nothing nearer the "gay wisdom" of WILFRID LAWSON in his prime has been heard in House since there was a vacancy in representation of Cockermonth. Even better than the best from the original mint, since it was free from those obvious evidences of preparation that occasionally marred effect of WILFRID LAWSON's jocundity.

Business done.—Vote of Censure negatived by 365 votes against 246.

Tuesday.—"What I like about Cousin HUGH," said the Member for Sark, "is his aggressive courage. Had he been born in the spacious Tudor times his great ancestor partly bestrode he would, in corresponding circumstances, certainly have been burned at the stake. Not yet knowing ASQUITH, he would have suggested, had he lived under QUEEN MARY, that HER MAJESTY 'should be punished by the criminal law;' or,

coming to the front in ELIZABETH's reign, his æsthetic taste offended, he would have found a short cut to Smithfield by ridiculing WALTER RALEIGH's feigned worship of HER MAJESTY's personal charms.

"Made fatal mistake a fortnight ago by rowdiness which prevented PRIME MINISTER from delivering important statement at grave constitutional crisis. After that, and in view of universal condemnation on grounds of good taste and manners, an ordinary man would have withdrawn himself to Southend-on-Sea, or other convenient locality, and buried himself in the sands till the storm blew over. That not Cousin HUGH's way. Old question turning up again in form of Resolution to disagree with Lords' Amendments to Veto Bill, here he is boldly coming to the front with motion to adjourn debate for three months. Nor was this all. So far from shirking the shouting-down match, he took occasion blandly to remark that he 'looked back to the event of fourteen days ago with satisfaction.'"

The House, which admires courage, gave COUSIN HUGH a moderately quiet hearing. His speech scornful, occasionally truculent, was addressed



"SHREWD, WITTY SPEECH."

"Heightened by the almost funereal aspect of the commentator."

(MR. ELLIS GRIFFITH.)

benches were nearly empty, ALFRED LYTTTELTON being sole occupant of that whence PRINCE ARTHUR had dejectedly



'Had he been born in the spacious Tudor times . . . he would certainly have been burned at the stake.'

[Indeed, his normal attitude in the House is strangely suggestive of that objectionable operation.] (LORD HUGH CECIL.)

directly to Labour Members seated below Gangway opposite. Accidental juxtaposition lent peculiar interest to episode. It was the old, everlasting fight between the Classes and the Masses. COUSIN HUGH, aristocrat to his nervous finger-tips, faced undismayed the representatives of Labour growling contradiction. Both really enjoyed situation. Labour Members, pleased by marked attention bestowed upon them, delighted in opportunity of addressing Member for Oxford University as "CECIL" *tout court*, just as in the day of his trial in the revolutionary court LOUIS XVI. heard himself denounced as "CAPET."

Now and then good-humoured chaff merged in angry remonstrance, as when COUSIN HUGH expressed, what the SPEAKER recognised as "a pious opinion," that the PREMIER had been guilty of high treason. When the storm rose and raged he dropped into his favourite attitude. Passing his left arm behind his back he clutched his right just above the elbow, and crossing one leg, waited till the storm died away. Then he went on from the point at which he had left off.

Business done.—With immaterial modification Commons disagree with Lords' Amendments to Veto Bill.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Hottest day for seventy years. Thermometer marks 97 in the shade, 131 in the sun, 181 in the House of Lords. At last, after long desultory fight, Lords and Commons come to grips. Commons have disagreed with Lords' Amendments to Veto Bill. MORLEY OF B. moved to consider their reasons and act accordingly by accepting or defying situation.

House crowded on every bench. Flock of Peeresses alighted in side gallery. As debate goes forward you see them instinctively, unconsciously, turning thumbs up or down, as was the habit of their sisters in the arena at ancient Rome when a life was at stake. HALSBURY's entrance created what French reporters describe as *mouvement*. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, half rising to salute his great commander, whistled a bar of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." NEWTON, who in leisure of the Recess plays the flute, says it was half a tone flat. But effort well meant.

HALSBURY has of late adopted un-

familiar martial tread. As he marched to his place this afternoon there was subtly audible noise as of the jingle of spurs or the rattle of an invisible sword in an imperceptible scabbard.

Debate, lasting through the sultry night, reached high level. By attitude assumed, LANSDOWNE, not to be behind in the prevailing fashion of adopting military tactics and tags, recalls the memorable military manoeuvre of the gallant Duke of YORK:

Who had ten thousand men;
He marched them to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.



"THE DIE-HARDS."

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. "What are we doin', my boy? Why, we're walkin' the bloomin' plank! Glorious death!"

[To the ordinary observer the noble lord and his associates would appear to have been engaged in the safer operation of walking the whole bloomin' (Unionist) platform.]

Abandoned his Amendments, carried by overwhelming majority in Committee on Veto Bill. Beseches his men to retire from the field.

ST. ALDWYN, his judicial mind torn between conflicting desire to destroy Veto Bill and the irresistible logic of circumstances that shows hopelessness of further fighting, backs up the wise counsel. Field-Marshal HALSBURY inflexible. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE gets hopelessly entangled in military metaphors. Talk goes on till midnight. Fateful hour of debate put off for a day.

Business done.—Action of Commons in respect of Veto Bill considered.

Thursday.—Twenty minutes to eleven and a sultry night. The long fight round the Veto Bill, flashing more fiercely than ever in these closing hours, nears the

end. Question has been submitted to arbitration of the vote. "The captains and the kings depart." LANSDOWNE leads his host past the division lobby out of the House. Of those remaining, one stream passes by the right of the Throne to support the Bill; another, apparently equal in volume, crosses the bar with intent, as MILNER, who floats with it, would say, to dam it.

Presently, through the open doors, is heard the voice of the Tellers who, as with white wand they touch the shoulder of each peer returning from the division lobby, count "one—two—three—four."

At the end of a quarter of an hour that seems sixty minutes, HERSCHELL, Ministerial Whip, hurriedly approaches Woolsack and hands strip of paper to LORD CHANCELLOR.

The Bill is safe!

A cheer goes up from Ministerialists as LORD CHANCELLOR, tossing back his wig, reads figures: For insistence on Lords' Amendments, 114; against, 131. Government majority 17.

"If within these walls there are at this moment exceptionally grateful hearts they beat in the bosoms of PÈRE HALSBURY and his flock," said the Member for Sark, looking on from the Gallery over Black Rod's pew. "They have had a high old time and—they have done no harm. But let him who won the palm wear it. By reason of his age and ex-official position HALSBURY is hailed as 'the onlie begetter' and leader of a movement which brought the House of Lords perilously near the abyss.

Actually the political acumen that conceived it, the statesmanship that conducted it, the courage that sustained it, the occasional coherence that commended it to the House and the public, were measured by the standard of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

Business done.—Veto Bill over last stile.

"Lost, on 1st August, Scotch Terrier Pup, Black and Brown, about seven months old; answers to name of 'Chulalongkorn.'"

Aberdeen Free Press.

Chulalongkorn (log). "Perhaps if I stay away a bit longer who knows but they'll be giving me a shorter name."

"Black satin tea gown trimmed cream lace, £1; fit lady about 6ft. 3in."—*The Matron.*
Patagonian papers, please copy.



95° IN THE SHADE.

Head Gardener. "YOU'D BETTER MOW THE TENNIS COURTS NOW, THEN YOU CAN ROLL 'EM BOTH WAYS; IT WON'T DO 'EM NO 'URT. AFTER THAT, YOU CAN DIG UP THAT PATH I WANT ALTERIN', AND TAKE AND MAKE A FIRE OF ALL THAT RUBBISH THAT'S LYIN' BY THE FRAMES. IF THAT DON'T CARRY YOU TO TEA-TIME COME AND LOOK FER ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER JOB. YOU'LL FIND ME BUSY WITH THE GOLDFISH, VERY LIKELY, OR CLEANIN' THE TAP O' THE FOUNTAIN. YOU DON'T SEEM TO FEEL THE 'EAT SO MUCH IF YOU KEEP ON WORKIN'."

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

THE example of our contemporary, *The Evening News*, in appealing to various well-known people to state what in their opinion constitutes the ideal holiday, has induced *Mr. Punch* to supplement the investigation, with the following exhilarating results:—

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.

In London I dress more or less immaculately. Here—at a tiny village on the East Coast—I don garments snatched, at the last moment, from their appropriate ragbag, and do all I can to emulate the sartorial non-chalance of the tramp.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

In my holiday time, if the truth must be told, I love, like Apollo, to unbend my bow and indulge in frivolous compositions. Thus in the last fortnight my output includes a Rag-time Rhapsody, a Burlesque of

BRAHMS, and a Symphonic Cake-walk Polka which I have dedicated to Messrs. BUSZARD.

THE EDITOR OF *The English Review*.

My ideal holiday consists in exchanging for my normal editorial duties the charge of a magazine for children of tender years. I go down to Totland Bay, and there, as I watch the infant holiday makers disporting themselves on the shore, I improvise with extraordinary facility cautionary tales, fables, and allegories of the most blameless character. I also take great care to attune my diet to my mental processes, and live exclusively on rice puddings, rusks, barley-water and milk. If I read anything it is the novels of Miss YONGE or the articles of Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

My ideal holiday is to live on sixpence a day in a community which is neither literary nor courageous.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

To live for a month on a paper-bag diet without ever having to mention CHARLOTTE BRONTË or GEORGE MEREDITH.

"Rooms to let in Chesham Bois.—Garden; hot and cold."

Hampstead and St. John's Wood Advertiser.

Come into the cold garden, Maud.

How the Good News came to China.

"Mr. F. E. Smith rose, but the Ministerialists drowned him. The Speaker hereupon suspended the sitting."—*Manchurian Daily News*.

The Catch of the Season.

"It was a most beautiful catch by Mr. Hutchings in the deep field on the leg side that dismissed Mr. Sprot. The tree which stands in the ground was too near to be pleasant, and Mr. Hutchings had to run back quickly and held it over his head."—*Times*.

Thus shaded, he brought off the catch with his other hand.

THE TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

(An exercise in the judicial and courtly manner of Mr. P. F. Warner.)

THE authorities of the M.C.C. are still engaged in the delicate and momentous task of team-building, and it may not be inopportune while waiting for that great batsman, Mr. C. B. FRY, to come to a decision as to whether he will or will not visit the Antipodes as the Captain, to pass under review the various ingredients of the English side.

Mr. C. B. FRY, of course, is a tower of strength, and was never more superb and classical than this season. I remember Mr. C. B. FRY's first match only too well, for a straight drive from those broad shoulders split one of my infinitives.

In default of Mr. C. B. FRY, we ought, I think, to take THOMAS HAYWARD. It is necessary that a root-striking batsman should go, and next to Mr. C. B. FRY, if not before him, is certainly THOMAS HAYWARD. The first time I played against THOMAS HAYWARD was in the Middlesex and Surrey match of 1889, and I can still see THOMAS HAYWARD, younger then and perhaps quicker in the field (as indeed we all were), as he hit four after four. The Hon. ROBERT GRIMSTON, always a shrewd judge of the game, remarked to me, "That young man, given no decrease in form, will do well"—prophetic words indeed.

From Surrey are to come two of THOMAS HAYWARD's colleagues—JOHN B. HOBBS, and HERBERT STRUDWICK, whom, I regret to say, the crowd are too apt to call "Struddy," thus letting into the game an element of familiarity against which I have always set my face. JOHN B. HOBBS is undoubtedly a sterling batsman, and I find that in my book, *The Cricketing Circumnavigator*, published in 1909, I refer to him as "a sterling batsman with a large number of strokes, of whom we shall hear more." The choice of JOHN B. HOBBS to be a member of this team must therefore be considered sound. Nor is there any exception to be taken to HERBERT STRUDWICK, who for capable wicket-keeping has acquired a reputation second to none.

In the Australian tour of 1905, which I had the honour to captain, HERBERT STRUDWICK was not called upon in any of the test matches, ARTHUR A. LILLEY being all-sufficient. This time HERBERT STRUDWICK will himself be the ARTHUR A. LILLEY and EDWIN J. SMITH of Warwickshire will be the HERBERT STRUDWICK of the team. Lord HAWKE, who knew the game through and through, even in the cradle, predicted a great future for HERBERT STRUDWICK when he saw him in 1897. "That little

man," he said (and I hope HERBERT STRUDWICK, for whom I have very real esteem and would not on any account wound, will not object to the adjective)—"that little man will nip the bails off a lot of good wickets before he's done." Time has proved how inspired were his Lordship's words.

To return to Warwickshire, it seems on the way of sending no fewer than three men, for in addition to EDWIN J. SMITH, who can bat as well as stump, it is to provide Mr. F. R. FOSTER and SAMUEL P. KINNEIR. Mr. F. R. FOSTER is, of course, the marvel of 1911, as not only is he a most dangerous bowler but a batsman who always makes his fifty. I have fielded against him many times and never without wishing I was comfortably at home with my *Westminster Gazette* in my hands. I remember his first match as if it were yesterday—as indeed it almost was. I was sitting by the Hon. ROBERT LYTTLETON, a keen watcher of the cricket firmament, and he said, "Mark my words, that youngster's a cricketer." Could anything have been more true? SAMUEL P. KINNEIR is a left-hander, and of left-handers we cannot have too many. The success of Mr. CLEMENT HILL, Mr. VERNON RANSFORD and Mr. WALTER BARDSWELL, among the Australians, should prove this. SAMUEL P. KINNEIR—

(To be continued—we don't think.—ED.)

BOOK CHAT.

LORD ROSEBERY has no new book on the stocks.

The enormous success that has been achieved by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's masterpiece, *The Indiscretions of a Lady's Maid*, has naturally prompted him to further explorations of this attractive field of psychology. He has, we understand, already completed the manuscript of a thrilling romance entitled *The Futilities of a Fourth Footman*, and is now engaged on *The Tragedy of a Still-Room Maid*. There is, however, no foundation for the report that he is the author of the anonymously published novel, *The Soul of a Scavenger*.

Mrs. Connie Crimm has nearly finished a new story, to which she gives the title *The Same Old Game*. According to private information concerning the plot, it deals with a marquis, his sister-in-law, who is heiress to a crippled half-brother, and the dowager marchioness, who is the marquis's step-mother. The crippled half-brother is unaware of the existence of his sister until he meets her at a sacred concert at Adelboden. The story, it will be seen, is of deeply religious significance, with

an admirable description of a fatal toboggan accident, and can be safely recommended to all country congregations.

The exact sum netted by Miss Pauline Pryor for her realistic study of smart life, entitled *At the Keyhole*, is, to date, £35,000.

Kentucky, the home of the famous Mammoth Caves, has always shown a lively appreciation of the work of the veteran historian of that formidable but unhappily extinct mammal. Our readers will, we are sure, be deeply interested to learn that the University of Kentucky is publishing a collected edition, with illustrations, portraits, notes, excursions and an index of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's letters to *The Times*. Four volumes, each of about 750 pages, have already issued from the University Press, and it is hoped that the collection will be completed by the year 1940.

Mrs. Hodley Beddoes has finished a charming volume of essays, daintily entitled *Tripe and Onions*. Since the publication of the same author's delicious *Veal and Ham Patties*, nothing so genial, so redolent of the true democratic uncton, has emanated from the press. SAMUEL WARREN, the gifted author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, alone of classic writers may be said to have come within a measurable distance of the adorable oleaginosity of Mrs. Beddoes' pen, but the rest is silence. Beside her THACKERAY is a prig and DICKENS a boor.

Mr. Roland Pougher's new mediæval romance will be published next Thursday, and is confidently expected to stagger the meticulous pedants who demur to the stark simplicities of modern realism. Compared with its superbly adult imagery, the timid puerilities of *Ivanhoe* suffer an ignominious eclipse. It is interesting to learn that the ex-Sultan ABDUL HAMID and KING THERBAW, the deposed King of Burmah, have both been graciously pleased to accept a presentation advance copy of Mr. Pougher's romance, which rejoices in the engaging title of *The Swanking Times*.

A new poet is about to swim into our ken in the person of Boaz Bobb, a son of the Arkansas soil, who has long been resident in London studying Icelandic literature for the purposes of a new saga of the Wild West. Those persons who have been privileged to see Mr. Bobb's lyrics in MS. say that they can remember nothing like them for their simplicity and candour. Mr. Bobb, with the delightful lack of restraint and false shame that is so marked a characteristic of the age, takes the reader into his confidence



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

III.—THE SECRETARY OF A MUSIC-HALL SYNDICATE VISITING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IN SEARCH OF A NEW DANCER.

with complete unreserve, even when he runs the risk of suffering in reputation from so doing. The title of the little volume is *Naked and Unashamed*. It will be printed on hand-made paper, with the widest margins of recent times.

Lord HUGH CECIL has accepted the dedication of the new edition of *The Slang Dictionary*.

ONE MORE STRIKE.

THESE are times of general upset and unrest, and everyone seems to be going on strike. The latest economic disturbance to be threatened is among the Dentists' Deadheads. These ladies are dissatisfied with the current rate of pay. This, it appears, is ten shillings remuneration for the duty of sitting from ten till six on alternate days in the waiting-room of a young dentist who wishes to give the impression of a rising practice.

We must confess that some of their requirements are not unreasonable.

Among their stipulations, for instance, are the following:—

A clean sweep of all the tattered back numbers—some more than two years old—of the ladies' newspapers which decorate the waiting-room table.

A fresh supply of the morning and evening dailies and the current feminine magazines.

A more generous and realistic recognition of their status as "decoys" by an occasional summons to the dentist's room, not, of course, for an operation, but for the purpose of a friendly chat.

A claim on the dentist's services gratis, if required, with unlimited laughing gas and restoratives.

A relaxation of the rule requiring them to appear apprehensive and miserable.

An extension of the turn-and-turn-about system of attendance, on the dog-watch principle, in order to visit sales or other urgent attractions.

A release from the necessity of simulating swollen faces by putting monkey-nuts in their cheeks.

An increase of pay, to be settled by the arbitration of Mr. ASKWITH, in view of the general enhancement of prices consequent on all the other strikes.

Unless these demands are speedily assented to, we fear there will be a vacuum in the reception-room of many a commencing L.D.S. We hear that pickets are already selected for the purpose of peacefully dissuading prospective patients, and, in fact, the strikers are showing a most determined front.

Asquiths in the Garden.

"—'s STRAWBERRIES.—Fine early pot plants for forcing of Royal Sovereign."
The Garden.

Highly Suspicious.

"ROYAL ENFIELD, 1911, two-speed free engine, brand new, run for one day only, owner invalid, £50."—*Motor Cycling.*

"One van containing a quantity of fruit was stopped in Edgware Road. The driver made a desperate but fruitless attempt to drive through the strikers."—*Daily Chronicle.*

If it was really fruitless the strikers would seem to have established their point.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the most delightful American books that has come my way for some time is *While Caroline was Growing* (MACMILLAN), by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. I gather from the advertisement pages that this lady has already written several other stories about children; she certainly does it very well, with, moreover, the rare gift of being able to present the child's point of view. But because of this I am the more inclined to grumble at her for yielding to the temptation to make her children do far too much. Bringing together lovers, I mean, or convincing Society ladies of their errors, and the like. *Caroline's* adolescence would appear to have been spent in a continual round of this kind of thing. Whereas, in fact, normal and natural kiddies — such as these are, if the author would only let them alone — are quite sufficiently attractive without the addition of domestic melodrama. Of course Miss (or Mrs.) BACON may object in answer to this that she had to tell some sort of story in each of the *Caroline* episodes; if so, I reply that anyone who could write the description of a town walk at the beginning of the second chapter has no need to worry about doing anything of the kind. And I am sure that any jury of elderly bachelors (notoriously the most sentimental class in the world where babies are concerned) would support me in this view. *Caroline*, in short, is a wholly charming and lovable little person, to whose creator I tender my grateful thanks; with just this reservation that she is a little too hard-worked for her years.

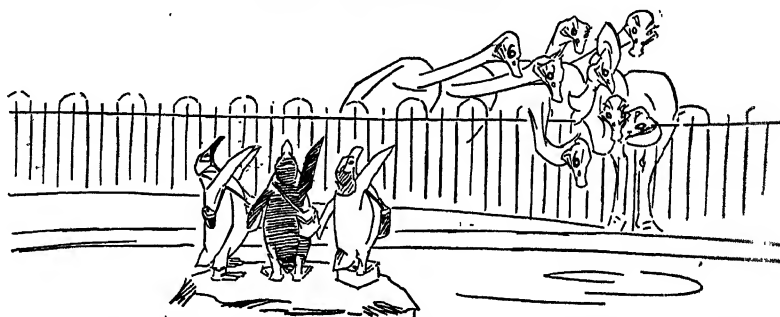
I don't think Mr. ALBERT DORRINGTON had quite made up his mind before he began to write *Our Lady of the Leopards* (MILLS AND BOON) whether he was going to spin a yarn of humorous filibustering adventure, or let us into the uncanny secrets of Hindoo temples and their strange gods. Perhaps he found a precedent for combining the two themes in such a story as *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*, to which his opening chapters seem considerably indebted. But then Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING is Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, and a short story is quite a different pair of shoes from a novel. I got on very well at first with *Captain Hayes*, a gentleman with all the *æs triplex* of our old friend *Kettle*, and with *Larry Delaney*, the Irishman who impersonates *Huniman*—shall it be *Huniman*, by the way, or *Hanuman*, or doesn't the Monkey-God, rather a touchy

fellow on etiquette, mind about spelling?—but when the writer took me to the *Palace of Leopards* in the *Chumbra Valley*, to wrest the real ape from the guardian priestess, the mixture of magazine comedy with Eastern ferocity and horror became too unnatural to please. The humour of the adventure wore thin, and he never settled down in earnest to the magical, hair-raising business. Things brisked up a bit, I confess, towards the end, where *Huniman* gave a fine exhibition of his powers for wreaking vengeance on the sacrilegious; but still, when I remember *Fleet* and *Strickland* and those raw chops, I feel that Mr. DORRINGTON would have done better to stick to the farcical vein throughout.

A little obvious in construction, very jerky in composition and filled with incidents of a familiar, if not stereotyped,

nature, *Red of the Rock* (ALSTON RIVERS) is nevertheless a most fascinating book; and when I say fascinating, I do not mean nice or niceish, but, oddly enough, a thing which fascinates. Of the slow process by which the love of *Anthony Manning* for *Anne Thurston* was rehabilitated and the still slower process by which the love of *Anne Thurston* for *Anthony Manning* was permitted to overcome misunderstandings and pride, and go ahead, I say nothing; it was obvious from the start that these things were only going to be a matter of pages. But I would say a lot, and that in the highest praise, of the central idea, as

NEW ZOO GAME.



Chorus of Penguin Bookmakers. "TWO TO ONE YOU DON'T SPOT WHERE HE COMES UP."



"DONE 'EM AGAIN!"

developed by ELDRID REYNOLDS (for whose sex I hesitate to plump), of the sea calling one of its lost sons back from the humdrum prosperity of the methodical city, and planting him, at first much against his will, in the wild Cornish cove in No Man's Land. The book, however, is not to be recommended to August visitors at popular watering-places, for the author explains, with a frankness that might depress them and spoil their holiday, that what is popularly called the Seaside is all side and no sea.

The Eye-Witness.

"The sense of duty on the part of the sailor at the look-out was the most sublime I have ever known. He stood at his post without a thought of deserting it, though buried by tons of ice."
Passenger's narrative in "The Standard."

The Journalistic Touch.

"Insurance and benefit societies offer a primrose path to the company shark."—*Allahabad Pioneer*.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is, we believe, very little doubt that the persons prevented from returning from the seaside to their work are better pleased than those prevented from getting from their work to the seaside.

"The Holiday Cat" is a problem which is receiving a good deal of attention just now. One might do worse than give it to those strikers who strike workmen because they wish to work.

By the by, a trolley which was conveying a lion to the Zoo was molested by strikers until the nature of the merchandise disclosed itself. It is thought that, as a result of this, many traders may in future include a lion in the contents of their packing-cases.

At Nottingham there has actually been a worm-gatherers' strike. Which proves that even the worm-gatherers will turn—in the hot weather.

And there has been a dear little Boys' Own Strike. One hundred boys at the Sittingbourne paper mills struck for an advance of one halfpenny an hour. Apparently the price of lollipops has risen, and there has not been a corresponding increase in wages.

The absence of heavy railway and cartage vans from the London streets during the dock strike made the thoroughfares clear and easy to cross in comfort and safety; and it looks rather as if we have discovered at last a cure for the congestion of traffic in the Metropolis—that problem that has been baffling us for so long.

It is being asked: What reward does the Government intend to give to its four hundred followers who were willing, if necessary, to brave ridicule for its sake? We shall not be surprised if, gradually, each of them receives a peerage.

Meanwhile the suggestion that a public dinner should be given to them at once has, for some reason or other,

not proved acceptable to those concerned.

In an article on the Veto Crisis *The Spectator* says:—"We are bound to say that a careful consideration of all the facts shows that the King could not have acted otherwise than he did." Wouldn't it have been awful for His Majesty if our contemporary had felt bound to issue an adverse report? One does not care to think what would have happened then.

At last there is a real "Tragedy of Ireland." We refer to the position of

One hundred thousand firemen from all over Europe attended the festival of the National Federation of Firemen in Paris. The affair was admirably organised. Nothing seems to have been forgotten. There was even a serious fire in the city, which enabled the delegates to see the Paris firemen at work.

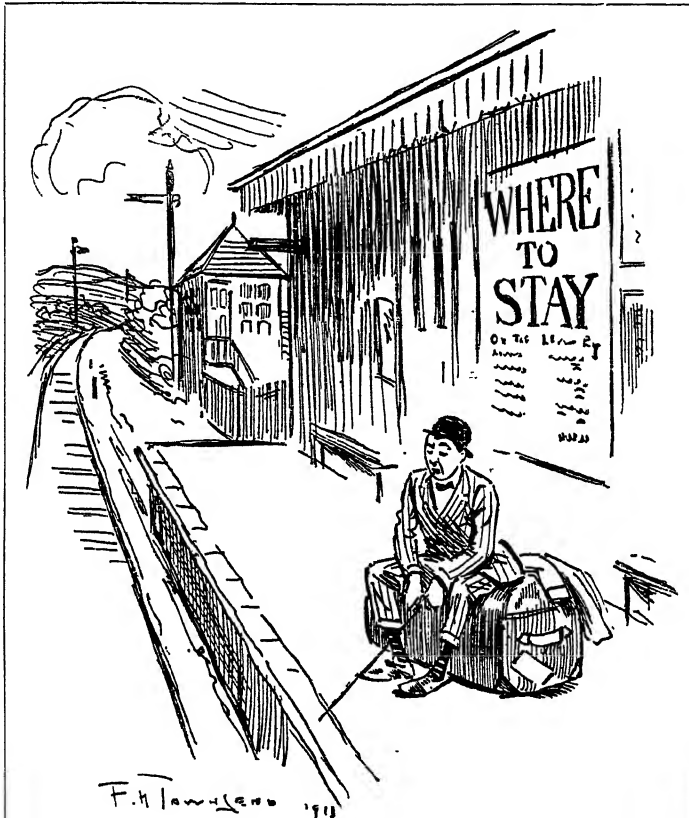
It has been suggested that our Boy Scouts shall be employed in a war of extermination against house-flies. There is something rather attractive about the proposal. For a full-grown man to engage in mortal combat with a fly would be absurd and somewhat unsportsman-like. The others are more equally matched.

And the wasp plague continues to baffle the nation. Personally we think there is nothing like the old-fashioned protection of applying a thin coating of treacle to one's face and hands. Not only does the sting fail to penetrate this, but the wasps are held as involuntary prisoners until, at the end of the day, one removes them.

A hare which had made a daily practice of swimming in the sea at Cley, to the delight of the visitors, has, we are told, been captured by some local fishermen. Presumably because the regulations as to bathing costume had not been complied with.

The statement, just published in a Board of Agriculture Report, that there are now 1,826,841 dogs in Great Britain, has caused a certain amount of excitement in the canine world. It has, we hear, been resolved to make every effort to bring the number up to 2,000,000 by next year, and an agitation will then be started against taxation without representation.

The authorities of Watertown, New York, have decided that in future their policemen, to obtain relief from the heat, will wear white shirts, duck trousers, and light tennis shoes. Any white malefactor who, while being arrested, soils one of these immaculate guardians of the peace will be severely dealt with. Any black malefactor producing the same effect will be burned alive.



THE HOLIDAY PROBLEM AUTOMATICALLY SOLVED BY THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

the Irish M.P.'s who have to refuse a salary of £400 a year.

Yet another gift—this time a rifle range—for the War Office. It is evidently being realised gradually that so much money is required nowadays for old age pensions, workmen's insurance, wages for M.P.'s, and the like, that if our defences are to be kept up, it must be done by voluntary contributions.

The present year marks the jubilee of the Ironclad. It has not yet been decided how it shall be celebrated. In Germany many persons rather favour the idea of a Naval War.

WANLEY ON WIT AND WISDOM.

"THE vein of wit doth not always answer a man's desire, but at some times, while we are writing or speaking, something doth casually offer itself unto our thoughts, which, perhaps, hath more of worth in it than we are able to compass with the utmost vehemence of our meditation and study. Facetious men have many such fortunate hits, lighting on the sudden upon that which is more graceful and pleasant to the hearer, than their more elaborate endeavours would be."

With the above paragraph the Rev. NATHANIEL WANLEY begins the antepenultimate chapter of his famous and stupendous book, entitled "The Wonders of the Little World; or, A General History of Man. In Six Books." My edition is a fat quarto of 752 pages, including plates and an index, and was published in 1788. The first edition was, I believe, a folio published in 1678—two years, that is to say, before Mr. WANLEY died at the unripe age of forty-six. It is an amazing thought that in that comparatively short space of time he should have found leisure for the compilation of this monumental work, for he was also Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, and must have misspent some hours at least in every week in attending to his parochial labours. Even while he preached or expounded or visited he cannot but have sighed to be back at "The General History of Man."

Certainly he had no mean design. The title-page sets out that he proposes to display "The Various Faculties, Capacities, Powers and Defects of the Human Body and Mind, in several thousand most interesting Relations of Persons remarkable for Bodily Perfections or Defects . . . or for extraordinary Virtues or Vices of the Mind . . . or for uncommon Powers or Weakness of the Senses and Affections," together with an account of all sorts of "other matters equally curious," but too long to be mentioned here. The whole was to form "A Complete System of the Mental and Corporeal Powers and Defects of Human Nature; and intended to increase Knowledge, to promote Virtue, to discourage Vice, and to furnish topics for innocent and ingenious Conversation." A most excellent clerical ambition.

My edition, published, as I say, more than a hundred years after Mr. WANLEY's death, is commended to the public by the editor in a preface. Mr. WANLEY, it is here stated, "ransacked the History of all Times and Nations, and, at an expence of labour and learning which renders him as great an instance of Human Industry as is to be found even in his own Book, he has gleaned together several thousand Historical Facts." Mr. WANLEY, however, has been expurgated, for "Notwithstanding our author's merit, it must be acknowledged that he is not everywhere equally happy in the choice of his stories, and that some immaterial and disagreeable relations might be exchanged for such as are more pertinent, interesting and entertaining."

My editor adds that those who undertake the information of men have a difficult task. "For the subject," he says, "is so obnoxious to error, the track so rough and uneven, and readers so prepossessed with prejudices, jealousies and censoriousness, that the diligent collectors of such examples oftener meet with reproaches than testimonies of gratitude; this is probably occasioned by vanity and fondness of philosophizing upon matters of fact, and being more curious to find out the reason of things than the truth of them. But though it is an argument of

ingenuity to search into the reason and cause of things, yet it is absurdity and folly to be invincible opiniators against manifest convictions, or to think Omnipotency cannot do what he pleases, because some men are resolved to be blind, and will not believe what they see." I would rather face a blow from the fist of the world's heavy-weight champion than get in the way of that last massive and majestic sentence. Who, after reading it, would dare to be an invincible opiniator against manifest convictions?

Mr. WANLEY's antepenultimate chapter, from which I have already given an extract, treats "of the witty Speeches or Replies suddenly made by some Persons." Here is one of his examples:—"One asked a noble sea-captain, 'Why, having means sufficient to live upon the land, he would yet endanger his person upon the ocean?' He told him 'That he had a natural inclination to it, and therefore nothing could divert him.' 'I pray,' said the other, 'where died your father?' 'At sea,' said the Captain. 'And where your grandfather?' 'At sea also,' said he. 'And,' said the other, 'are you not for that cause afraid to go to sea?' 'Before I answer you,' said the Captain, 'I pray tell me where died your father?' 'In bed,' said he. 'And where your grandfather?' 'In his bed,' said he, 'also.' And said the Captain, 'Are you not afraid for that cause to go to bed?'" It was a hit—a palpable hit, but it may be urged that the noble sea-captain was not very sudden about it. He took his time to lay his train and apply the match, and the landsman must have known what was coming some moments before the charge exploded.

Here is another told in Mr. WANLEY's most characteristic style: "The Spaniards sided with the Duke of Mayenne and the rest of those rebels in France who called themselves the Holy League; and a French gentleman being asked the causes of their civil broils, with an excellent allusion he replied, 'They were Spania and Mania,' seeming by this answer to signify they were *Spania* penury, and *Mania* fury, which are indeed the causes of all intestine tumults, but slyly therein implying the King of Spain and the Duke of Mayenne." Could there be a more benevolent amenity than that with which our collector makes the witty reply clear to the most pedestrian intelligence?

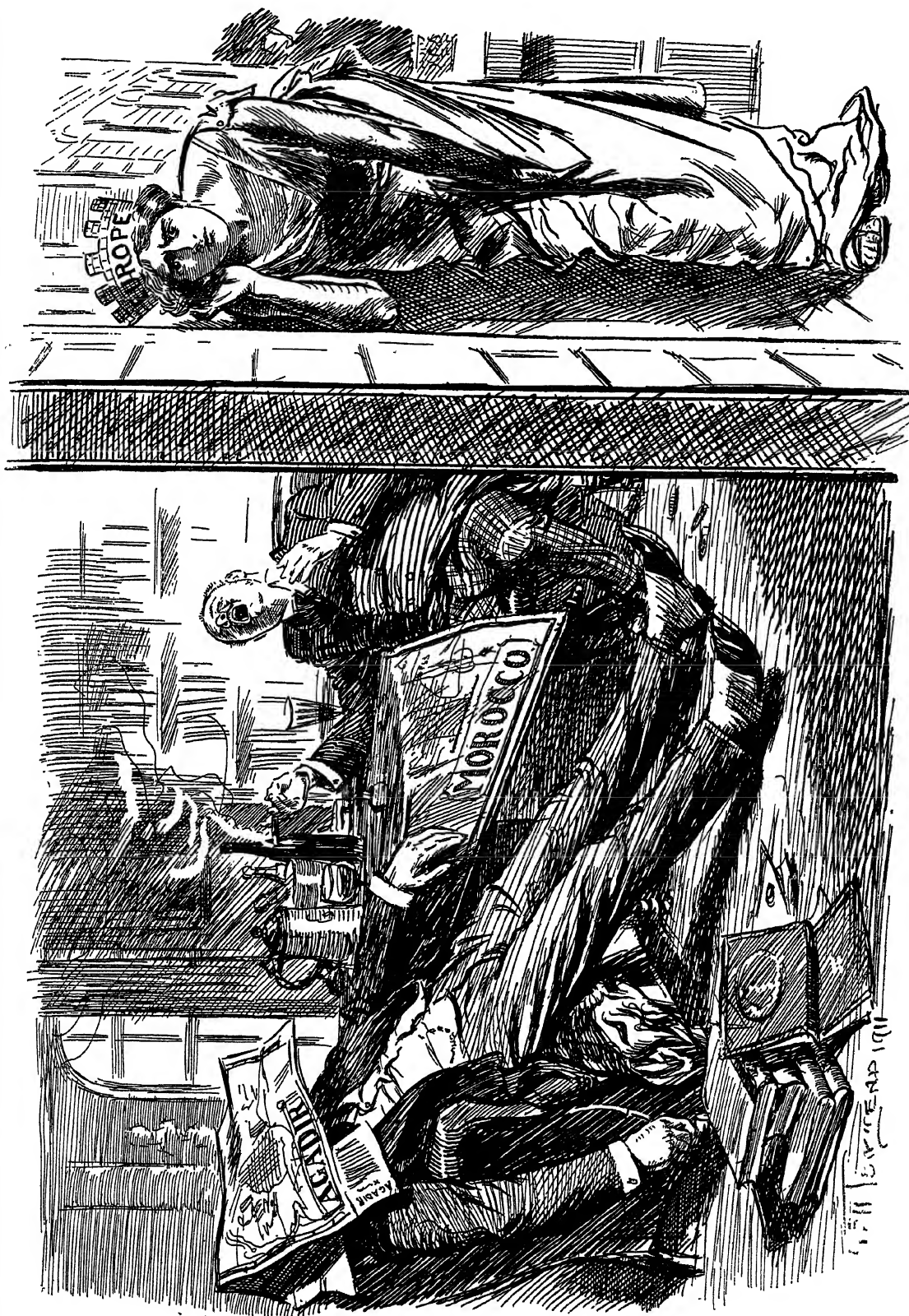
My third and final story comes from the chapter "Of the wise Speeches, Sayings and Replies of several Persons." It shows, I am afraid, that Mr. WANLEY was a non-resistance and passive-obedience man:—"When Theopompus was King of Sparta, one was saying in his presence that 'it now went well with their City because their Kings had learned how to govern.' The King prudently replied, that 'it rather came to pass because their people had learned how to obey;' shewing thereby, that populous Cities are most injurious to themselves by their factious disobedience; which, while they are addicted to, they are not easily well governed by the best of magistrates."

"To BRIGHTEN THE EYES.—Milk, 1 oz.; hot water, 1 oz. Mix and bathe the eyes while the mixture is still warm."—*Woman's Life*.

And if you should get the eyes badly mixed and put the right one back in the left socket, so much the better. A little change brightens them up wonderfully.

"One can watch the huntsman and almost read his thoughts while cantering ever so easily on a carpet of a thousand springs, with a proud neck arching gently to the rein."—*West Somerset Free Press*.

The writer must be very careful how he arches his neck. It soon grows into a habit.



THE CONVERSERS.

It seems to be hoped that in the course of the next few days the conversations between Har von Kiderlen-Waechter and M. Cambon may have reached a stage beyond the



The Bather. "LOOK OUT, MABEL, HERE COMES DICK RAWDON."

The Other. "WHAT AM I TO LOOK OUT ABOUT?"

The Bather. "WELL, I ONLY MEANT YOU'RE DISPLAYING A GOOD DEAL OF ANKLE."

THE BATHING-MACHINE MAN.

"'Ave a nice bathe this morning, Sir? Very good, Sir. Better take No. 14—last but one on the line, Sir. Some one waiting for it? Oh yes, Sir—three parties—but they'll soon be in and out, bless you! They're only gents.

"You can 'ave No. 7 if you please, Sir, only one party waiting for that, as you say, but they're *females*. You'll stick to No. 14? Right you are, Sir—you're very wise.

"Busy? Well, yes—just keep goin'. Start at daybreak and finish at midnight, that's about the size of it. Golden 'arvest? Don't say too much about that, but we stand to make a bit this month. You forget the pore bathing man 'as got to live the rest of the year—we couldn't do it, Sir, if our wives wasn't in reg'lar work, that we couldn't.

"No, me little dear. Can't let you bathe for 1d., but you can go in along of yer mar for 2d. She *ain't* yer mar? Well, it ain't my fault, is it? 'Ere's yer towel; don't drop it in the sand.

"What's that the old gent's a-calling through 'is winder? Beg pardon, Sir?

Costume too small, is it? Very sorry, Sir, but that comes the biggest size. You 'ave another try, Sir.

"No, Sir. The strikes don't affect us, not as far as yet. They can't turn the sea off. No, I shan't strike myself, not while you takes your bathing reg'lar, all of you. Shall I give you a dozen tickets, Sir? Only down for the week-end? Yes, you'll want 'em all. Why, the gents is going in six times a day, and the ladies three. 'Urt 'em? Not much! with the sea at 68 and 70 in the shallers.

"Bathe, Missie? Oh yes, it's quite safe, no tide and no rocks and no jally-fishes—you'll be all right—yes, Missie. I'll keep an eye on yer.

"Yes, Sir, you're right. The female visitors look sweeter than ever this year, though there's something wrong about the cut o' their clothes. Run a bit short o' material in the gounds—and pawned the petticoats. That's 'ow I accounts for it. But, bless your life, Sir, though they ain't got much to put on, seemly, they take longer than ever dressing theirselves.

"Beg pardon, Mum! Want me to go an' talk to the ladies in No. 3! Got in your machine, 'ave they? Went in

up the back, as you was waiting at the front, did they? No, Mum, they certainly didn't ought to 'ave done that, certainly not! Never mind, Mum, you take No. 3. Only one party waiting.

"What's this 'ere thin, bashful-looking gent a-wanderin' about in 'is costume for? Been in too long by the looks of 'im. Lost your machine, 'ave you, Sir? Been trying to find it for twenty minutes? Dear, dear! Put this 'ere towel round you, Sir. You look as if you've been kep' on the ice for a month. Afraid of goin' in a lady's by mistake, are yer, Sir? Don't you worry, I'll come along with yer. They don't mind *me*! Ger 'way, boys!"

"Goodrick is a left-arm bowler with a decided swing action from West Hartlepool."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

This makes no mention of the same player's very useful late cut from Driffild, or his hook stroke from Lascelles Hall.

No power shall extract from us the name of the portly Bishop who is now known to the irreverent as "Weight and See."

THE HOUSE WARMING.

V.—UNINVITED GUESTS.

"NINE," said Archie, separating his latest victim from the marmalade spoon and dropping it into the hot water. "This is going to be a sanguinary day. With a pretty late cut into the peach jelly Mr. A. Mannerling reached double figures. Ten. Battles are being won while Thomas still sleeps. Any advance on ten?"

"Does that include *my* wasp?" asked Myra.

"There are only ten here," said Archie, looking into the basin, "and they're all mine. I remember them perfectly. What was yours like?"

"Well, I didn't exactly kill him. I smacked him with a teaspoon and told him to go away. And he went on to your marmalade, so I expect you thought he was yours. But it was really mine, and I don't think it's very nice of you to kill another person's wasp."

"Have one of mine," I said, pushing my plate across. "Have Bernard—he's sitting on the greengage."

"I don't really want to kill anything. I killed a rabbit once and I wished I hadn't."

"I nearly killed a rabbit once, and I wished I had."

"Great sportsmen at a glance," said Archie. "Tell us about it before it goes into your reminiscences."

"It was a fierce affair while it lasted. The rabbit was sitting down and I was standing up, so that I rather had the advantage of him at the start. I waited till he seemed to be asleep and then fired."

"And missed him?"

"Y-yes. He heard the report, though. I mean, you mustn't think he ignored me altogether. I moved him. He got up and went away all right."

"A very lucky escape for you," said Archie. "I once knew a man who was gored to death by an angry rabbit." He slashed in the air with his napkin. "Fifteen. Dahlia, let's have breakfast indoors to-morrow. This is very jolly but it's just as hot, and it doesn't get Thomas up any earlier, as we hoped."

All that day we grilled in the heat. Myra and I started a game of croquet in the morning, but after one shot each it was agreed to abandon it as a draw—slightly in my favour, because I had given her the chipped mallet. And in the afternoon, Thomas and Simpson made a great effort to get up enthusiasm for lawn tennis. Each of them returned the other's service into the net until the score stood at eight all, at which point they suddenly realised that nothing but the violent death of one of

the competitors would ever end the match. They went on to ten all to make sure, and then retired to the lemonade and wasp jug, Simpson missing a couple of dead bodies by inches only. And after dinner it was hotter than ever.

"The heat in my room," announced Archie, "breaks all records. The thermometer says a hundred and fifty, the barometer says very dry, we've had twenty-five hours' sunshine, and there's not a drop of rain recorded in the soap-dish. Are we going to take this lying down?"

"No," said Thomas, "let's sleep out to-night."

"What do you say, Dahlia?"

"It's a good idea. You can all sleep on the croquet lawn, and Myra and I will take the tennis lawn."

"Hadh't you better have the croquet lawn? Thomas walks in his sleep, and we don't want to have him going through hoops all night."

"You'll have to bring down your own mattresses," went on Dahlia, "and you've not got to walk about the garden in the early morning, at least not until Myra and I are up, and if you're going to fall over croquet hoops you mustn't make a noise. That's all the rules, I think."

"I'm glad we've got the tennis lawn," said Myra; "it's much smoother. Do you prefer the right-hand court, dear, or the left-hand?"

"We shall be very close to nature to-night," said Archie. "Now we shall know whether it really is the nightjar, or Simpson gargling."

We were very close to nature that night, but in the early morning still closer. I was awakened by the noise of Simpson talking, as I hoped, in his sleep. However, it appeared that he was awake and quite conscious of the things he was saying.

"I can't help it," he explained to Archie, who had given expression to the general opinion about it; "these bally wasps are all over me."

"It's your own fault," said Archie. "Why do you egg them on? I don't have wasps all over me."

"Conf—There! I've been stung."

"You've been what?"

"Stung."

"Stung. Where?"

"In the neck."

"In the neck." Archie turned over to me. "Simpson," he said, "has been stung in the neck. Tell Thomas."

I woke up Thomas. "Simpson," I said, "has been stung in the neck."

"Good," said Thomas, and went to sleep again.

"We've told Thomas," said Archie. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Get away, you brute," shouted Simpson suddenly, and dived under the sheet.

Archie and I lay back and shouted with laughter.

"It's really very silly of him," said Archie, "because—go away—because everybody knows that—get away, you ass—that wasps aren't dangerous unless—confound you—unless—I say, isn't it time we got up?"

I came up from under my sheet and looked at my watch. "Four-thirty," I said, dodged a wasp, and went back again.

"We must wait till five-thirty," said Archie. "Simpson was quite right; he *was* stung, after all. I'll tell him so."

He leant out of bed to tell him so, and then thought better of it and retired beneath the sheets.

At five-thirty a gallant little party made its way to the house, its mattresses over its shoulders.

"Gently," said Archie, as we came in sight of the tennis-lawn.

We went very gently. There were only wasps on the tennis-lawn, but one does not want to disturb the little fellows. A. A. M.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The Custom House in Billingsgate Is very large and very great,
All summer its electrics swish
To dissipate the smell of fish.

Outside the streets are glaring, grim,
Inside it's cool and wide and dim,
And all its rooms have swinging doors,
And disinfectants on the floors.

From its front windows one may see
The Thames as muddy as can be;
Its clerks are very cross and sour,
And keep you waiting half-an-hour.

But you may watch the tramps go by
For Christiansund or Uruguay,
Or read, what most my fancy stirs,
The "Notices to Mariners."

Thesetell of buoys and lights and quays,
For those in "peril of the seas,"
They caution captains, and convict
The sunken shoal or derelict.

And as you read them you may reach
A Greenland floe, a coral beach,
The breeze that stirs the tamarinds,
Or rushing, grey Atlantic winds.

And so the Custom House, you see,
Seems quite a pleasant place to me;
I won't mind waiting—no, not I,
An hour beneath an August sky.

"The Street Committee recommended—
'That the Great Western Railway Company be
requested either to allow busmen and carmen
into their premises at Newrath or not to allow
them into the premises at all.'"

The Waterford Times.

One way or the other, please.

INFANT PRODIGIES.

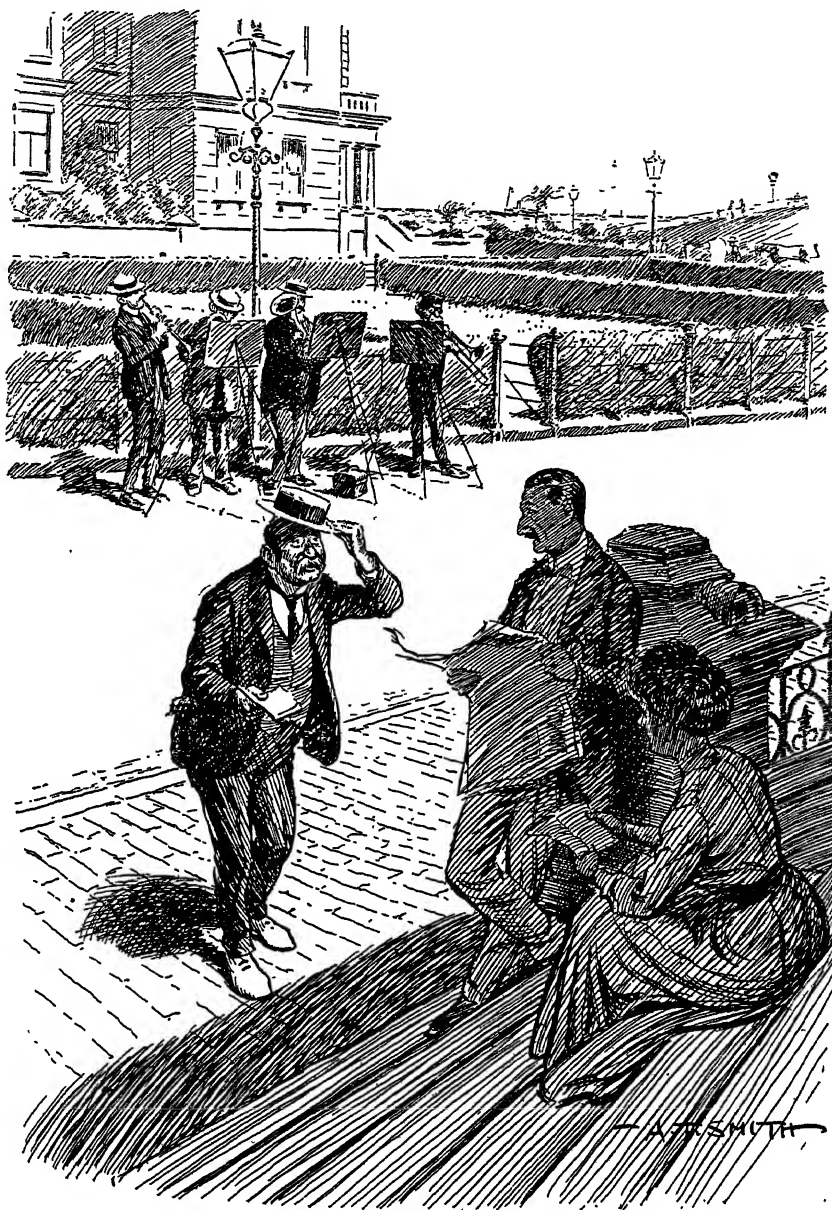
THE July number of the *American Magazine* contains an interesting account by Professor WIENER of the exceptionally early mental development of his son NORBERT. When he was eighteen months old, "his nurse-girl one day amused herself by making letters in the sand of the seashore. She noticed that he was watching her attentively, and in fun began to teach him the alphabet. Two days afterwards she told me in great surprise that he knew it perfectly. Thinking that this was an indication that it would not be hard to interest him in reading, I started teaching him how to spell at the age of three. In a very few weeks he was reading quite fluently, and by six was acquainted with a number of excellent books, including works by DARWIN, RIBOT, and other scientists, which I put into his hands in order to instil in him something of the scientific spirit."

Private inquiries, conducted at great expense by one of Mr. Punch's most trusted representatives, have resulted in the gratifying discovery that this precocity is by no means confined to denizens of the Great Republic, but has been displayed by several of England's greatest living luminaries.

At the tender age of fourteen months Mr. LLOYD GEORGE electrified his nurse by enunciating in a clear treble voice the startling sentiment, "A hereditary aristocracy is a contradiction in terms and is doomed to speedy extinction." With these words he seized his toy spade—the incident occurred on the sands at Llandudno—and demolished an elaborate sand castle which he had erected by his unaided exertions.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, at the age of two, petrified his tutor by committing to memory the whole of GIBBON's monumental history, and taking the Emperor JULIAN as his hero and model. In his third year, however, he developed strong pietistic tendencies, and during a summer holiday spent on Dartmoor immersed himself in Pastoral Theology, and translated the Septuagint into the Devonshire dialect. At the age of five he was admitted into an Orange Lodge, but quitted it after a few weeks and declared himself a supporter of Mr. PARNELL. While serving as a volunteer in the Expeditionary Force to Egypt in 1882, he was converted to Unionism and remained rooted in this heresy until 1905.

Mr. LULU HARCOURT's pronounced democratic tendencies manifested themselves at an unusually early age. Thus in the choice of playmates he evinced a marked preference for children of



"WOULD YOU RECOGNISE THE BAND THIS MORNING, SIR?"
"No; IS IT ONE?"

humble origin, and in moments of expansion would even go so far as to allow them to play with his superb diamond-hilted gold rattle. It is understood that his parents' decision to send him to Eton caused him deep grief, as it was his dearest desire to go to a board-school, and his antipathy to aristocratic surroundings found vent in the expression of opinions which shocked his tutor inexpressibly. Always a convinced believer in the simple life, he adopted a Spartan rigour in his diet, seldom indulging in more than five ices at a time and only partaking of caviare twice or at most three times a week.

Another distinguished Etonian, Sir HUBERT PARRY, was noted for his

musical precocity. The first time he ever heard a donkey bray he was in his bath, being then only eight months old, and he immediately sang the interval of the submerged tenth—that given out by the quadruped—with startling fidelity. Three months later he was able to play all BACH's *Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues* on a mouth-organ. He mastered the penny whistle in a single afternoon, and after that never looked back. Taking his Mus. Bac. degree before he went into knickerbockers he immortalized himself at Eton, where he was captain of the Wall team, by inventing a new method of kicking the ball backwards, to which he gave the name of the contra-punt.

AN OLD BALL.

A GOLF IDYLL.

WELL, you shall have the story of the ball.
It seems a curious trophy, does it not,
To keep among my treasures of the past
In yonder cabinet? Scarred, battered, gashed,
Spoiled with ignoble usage of the club,
Old-fashioned, too—ah me, I had almost
Forgotten it was there. But you shall hear.

I was not ever scratch, as I am now.
Far from it. Through a long novitiate
My golf was vile; and gods, how I could slice!
That was at once my shame and my despair;
Shame for the dangers that I cast abroad,
Despair of that eternal "rough," the time
I spent in looking for the balls I lost,
The money that I lost in losing them,
Not to say, temper.

One wild afternoon
Into a crosswise wind I drave. The ball
Leapt from the tee and swung, like one possessed,
In mad abandonment towards the off,
Where, on a green, impossibly remote,
(Or so it seemed) in awkward stance there stood
A maiden putting. Round that fairy form
The strange thing, hissing like a Catherine wheel,
In lessening spiral rushed—against that form
Rudely impinged, and so accosted earth.

And thither, to retrieve that cursed ball,
I, with disarming smile and cap in hand,
A mincing shape of crushed apology,
Approached, and made expressions of remorse
Such as a maid might swallow. Her three friends
Darkly opposed me with a hostile glare;
But not so she. She heard me to the end;
Then raised her eyes—eyes of a most deep blue—
And said it didn't matter, and forgave.
So for the nonce I left her. All that round,
I could not keep my mind upon the game,
Or eye upon the ball. Of her I thought,
Her voice, her smile, her pardon, and I played
On with the ball that smote her, hewed and hacked,
And, at the close, 'twas as you see it now.

But when the round had ended in defeat
At the club house I met her, and I learned,
She, too, was a beginner. I proposed
A match, the first of many. Day by day
In pleasing concord of inferior golf
We, being equal in our lack of skill,
Together ploughed the ineffectual sand,
Harried the sod, and laboured through the rough,
While each in healing sympathy consoled
The other's failures with "Oh, crushing luck,"
"Hard lines," and "Ah, th' abominable lie,"
And all such kindly flatteries, till, at last,
(Both being bunkered at the fourteenth hole)
I told her that I loved her. She was kind.
And in that bunker we became engaged.

So for a pleasant season all was well.
But, of a sudden—how I know not—I
Began to get the better of my ball;
Put off the novice; and, of my success,
Was born the baffling magic of the game.
I grew impatient at the loss of time
Spent in retrieving balls from that vile rough

Wherein she sliced them—slicing was her fault,
It was ridiculous—and I began
To pine for foes more worthy of my skill,
To feel some ire at being thus kept back
By an inferior player. I proposed
To give her lessons. She resented that.
Indeed, it bred a coolness; and, at last,
(She being bunkered at the fourteenth hole)
We had some words, and parted, not in peace.

She sent me back my presents. They were few.
I had not known her long enough for more.
A ring, a dressing-case, a set of clubs,
Some cunning treatises upon the game,
"Golf for Beginners," "Illustrated Faults"
And others that I gave her for her good;
And, with the rest, a gashed and battered ball,
My earliest gift, the scarred and sacred thing
Through whose wild office we were introduced.

DUM-DUM.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

THE editor of *The Gorgeous Monthly* sat at his desk and turned the pages of his last issue. "Can't understand it!" he muttered.

"What can't you understand?" asked the office-boy. (He was a new office-boy.)

The editor frowned. Then, relenting, he handed his copy of *The Gorgeous Monthly* to the office-boy. "Look at it; look at it!" he said. "Wouldn't you give fourpence-halfpenny for that?"

The office-boy did look at it. He read the Contents, which ran as follows:—

MY TIE-PINS. An absorbing account, by M. Dirien Babillard, the world-famous International Detective, of the Gifts graciously bestowed upon him by Royal Personages whom he has guarded. Illustrated by 45 beautiful photographs specially taken for *The Gorgeous Monthly*. (Copyright in U.S.A.)

MR. BUFFLE'S BATHING-MACHINE. A Very Funny Story of the Seaside. By the favourite humourist, Wermwode Toombes.

SHOULD WIFEY PROVIDE THE PRAM? A delightful Domestic Causerie by six well-known Actresses. An article of absorbing interest to all intelligent women.

THE AEROPLANE ASSASSIN. (The third of the Thrilling Series of Modern Mysteries contributed by our Special Crime Investigator.)

THROUGH SERINGAPATAM ON STILTS. The Story of a Strange Wager. With authentic photographs of the Intrepid Traveller.

MIGGS MINOR, MOLLYCIDDLE. A Public School Tale, proving that the spirit which won Waterloo still inspires our British Boyhood. By Edith Tomlinson.

PICTURES THAT PAIN. A Virile Attack on the "Art" (?) of the Day. Fully Illustrated by Reproductions of some of the works which the Author suggests should be Destroyed by the Nation.

STELLA'S LOVER. A Charming Summer Romance by Caroline and Arthur Drivelle.

"Pretty good, isn't it?" asked the editor. "You'd think it would fetch 'em. But it don't. Circulation's still dropping. I can't understand it. It must be that we're hit by the flood of trashy sevenpenny reprints."

"That must be it," agreed the office-boy.

It behoves office-boys to be discreet; so he hid his tattered "Treasure Island" in his desk and went back to the typewriter.



"WUMMUN! IT'S REEDEECULOUS FOR YE TAE THINK O' SICH FEERFU' GEAR!"
 "HOOTS, MON! DINNA YE SEE IT'S JUST MADE WI' ABOUT HAUF THE MATERIAL!"

SAUCE OF THE SEA.

(To almost any Maritime Landlady.)

Ou, not the virtues of the air,
 Though that, of course, is extra bracing,
 Have charmed us most, my lady fair,
 In these apartments rich and rare
 The briny sea-front facing.
 And greatly as we loved the golf,
 And cared not though that hearty drunkard
 The high Nor'-Easter put us off,
 And placed us in the hopeless trough
 Where all bad drives are bunkered:
 Not these—nor yet the sheer delight
 Of floating where the sea-mew flickers,
 Of tussling with the breaker's might
 (The town forgotten)—wearing tight
 Vermilion-coloured knickers:
 Not these, I say, though all were grand,
 Enraptured so a brace of quiet
 Young gentlemen at Slush-on-Strand
 As this—the savour of the sand,
 You mingled with our diet,
 At first we did not care for it:
 Unused to so sublime a relish,
 We grumbled, when we came to grit
 Our grinders on a hefty bit
 Of foreshore, saying "Hellish."

But by-and-by we came to see
 Its tonic worth; we ceased to cavil;
 We took two spoonfuls with our tea,
 We crunched it in our cake with glee,
 We gloated on the gravel.

Our faces blossomed like the peach,
 We've told your tiny daughter Elsie
 To put us up a pint for each
 Of Slush-on-Strand's salubrious beach
 To carry home to Chelsea.

But still, O lady of the fads
 And somewhat statuesque proportions,
 Have mercy on a pair of lads
 What time your artless fancy adds
 The total of extortions.

Remember, though we had our fill,
 Whate'er the usual price per plate is,
 It costs you absolutely *nil*.
 So do not charge it in the bill,
 But put down "Sea-shore *gratis*."

EVOE.

"Lord Wandsworth is one of the Liberal peers who before his elevation to the peerage sat in the House of Commons for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk for four years, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The custom is rather dying out now among Liberal peers.



"I SAY, WHAT A LOT OF COD LIVER OIL THEY MUST HAVE GIVEN YOU!"

ODE TO A MOUTHFUL OF SEA-WATER TAKEN INVOLUNTARILY.

THOU sloppy spilth of bitter Stygian floods!
Thou—thou—just wait until I've ceased to splutter,
Just wait a bit, I say, and I will stutter
Those terse, tremendous words which strong men
mutter

(*E.g.*, what time they strive with dress-shirt studs),
And I will think those things one does not utter
But simply chews as cows their juicy cuds,
And keeps in close-locked lips like canker-worms in buds.

Some moments since I think you would not find
A happier than I: the sun was beaming,
The sea and my strong cleaving arms were gleaming,
The gulls (and all the lady bathers) screaming,
The air was warm and Nature seemed most kind.
And then—then as I wallowed, idly dreaming,
A little wave came unawares behind
And slopped Thee down my throat, superlatively brined.

O sudden sorry sickening effect!
O cruelly unkind iconoclasm!
What grievous gulp, what nauseating spasm,
What tainted void, and oh! how sour a chasm
Hast Thou enforced! What pleasure hast Thou checkt!
Such are my feelings now, and whoso has 'em
Feels that his *joie de vivre* is wholly wreckt:
At least I do, who felt just now a man elect.

For fair Sabrina at my votive hands—

Sabrina with a charming bathing dress on—
Had promised to receive a swimming lesson:
Most wonderful, although I must confess on-
erous of duties! As the matter stands
I would as gladly fire a Smith-and-Wesson
Straight at my heart: Sabrina's sweet commands
Tempt me far less than do the unsubmerged sands.

It is enough. I do not ask for more.
The sea has lost its bright attractive shimmer,
And since (for I'm no really swaggar swimmer)
I ope my mouth to breathe, another brimmer
Will doubtless find admission as before.
I feel Thy inward presence growing grimmer,
Rumours arise of fierce internal war,
And hateful is the dark blue sea. Here's for the shore.

From a letter in *The Times of India*:—

"They had seen a ray of hope dawn on the horizon, but now they have begun to feel that the said ray was nothing more than the dilusory lake in the desert of Sarah."

We have often felt this, but have never been able to express it.

"As the grandson of the greatest poet of the Victorian era we should have read 'A Portentous History' for the sake of the name that it bears on its title-page."—*C.K.S.* in "*The Sphere*."

We must try to get the collected works of Mr. SHORTER's grandfather.



THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

POLICE CONSTABLE. "WHO HAVE I GOT HERE? WHY, A BOTTLE-THROWING HOOLIGAN."

MR. PUNCH. "MARCH HIM OFF; THAT'S THE WORST ENEMY OF LABOUR. YOU'VE DONE YOUR DUTY, AS YOU ALWAYS DO."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, 14th August.—In Committee of Supply CHANCELLOR moves vote for mere trifle over a quarter of a million for payment of Members' salaries. Exception taken with respect to form of procedure. Urged that proposal should be presented as a Bill, not a Resolution. TIM HEALY agrees, but explains that if that course had been adopted the Bill would have gone on to Lords, who in present temper might have thrown it out. A Resolution passed through Committee of Supply would not come before them.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER blushed. Hoped that perhaps nobody would have thought of that.

In able speech delivered last Thursday, when question first came before House, ARTHUR LEE gave illuminating particulars of how in Australia appetite in this matter grows with what it feeds upon. The Member for Sark, supporting WOLMER's motion to reduce vote by £100,000, showed how in France development is even more advanced. To begin with, French *Deputés* voted themselves annual wage of 9,000 francs, equal to £350 English. Four years ago proposal was suddenly sprung upon the Chamber to increase the amount to 15,000 francs (£600). On what *Deputés* lament as a snap division the motion was carried and remains in force to this day.



LLOYD GEORGE C. AND B. HEALY.
"Chancellor of Exchequer blushed."

Members of the Right and Right Centre find double satisfaction in the episode. From their place in the Chamber they hotly denounced spoliation of National Purse; privily they pocket the extra 6,000 francs. The Parisians, who, otherwise helpless, are ever ready to avenge themselves by launching a *mot*, scornfully call the *Deputés* "*les Quinze Milles*."

Business done.—House of 369 Members resolve by majority 113 to pay themselves salary of £400 a year.

Tuesday.—Already payment of Members turns up with controversial point. Resolution adopted yesterday authorised allotment "to Members not in receipt of salaries as Ministers or officers of the House." Here comes along BOOTH with conundrum submitted to Chair. When is a Minister not a Minister? Are the PATRONAGE SECRETARY and the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, together with whole batch of Under-Secretaries, Ministers within meaning of Resolution? If not, will they, in addition to receipt of salary, pocket £400 a year?

For once SPEAKER baffled.

"They certainly are not Ministers of the Crown," he said. "Whether they are Ministers or not I should not like to say. I must take legal advice on that matter."

Pretty to see row of Under-Secretaries crowding Treasury Bench bending forward to catch SPEAKER'S

ruling. Not for them to move in the matter. Nobody hints at such a thing as their having put up BOOTH to raise question. They don't ask for more than their, possibly inadequate, salaries paid quarterly. But they feel it behoves them to set the example of discipline and obedience to authority. If their more-than-ever esteemed colleagues, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, would be so good as to advise the SPEAKER that, not being Ministers of the Crown, they shall be subjected to indignity of having forced upon them an additional wage of £400 a year—well, all they can say is that they are not the men to add to embarrassment of their beloved chief, especially heavy at the moment, by raising difficulties.

Business done.—Committee of Supply closed. Appropriation Bill brought in and read first time.

Wednesday.—PRINCE ARTHUR gone off to Gastein, leaving his flock shepherdless. What affects spirits of



"Here comes along BOOTH with conundrum."
(Mr. F. HANDEL BOOTH.)



"BOADICEA" TAKES OVER THE LEADERSHIP

"You can already almost hear the swish of her chariot-scythes among the enemy."

(Mr. ROWLAND HUNT.)

the more sensitive is circumstance that before departing he did not leave them a lingering word of farewell, nor exhibit any sign of the sweet sorrow which parting from devoted friends ever brings.

Happily ROWLAND HUNT, the Man from Shropshire, is with us. Promptly takes up the crook dropped from other hands; the sheep, looking up, are comforted by assurance that they will be fed.

A Party having of late gone through some tribulation is cheered by arrangement perhaps understood rather than defined. Whilst in the Commons PRINCE ARTHUR has been chivied because he would not join movement leading to swamping House of Lords with puppet peers, LANSDOWNE has been openly accused of treachery, his authority as Leader denounced. Party fortunate in such dire dilemma to have at hand two capable substitutes. With WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE leading Opposition in the Lords, and ROWLAND HUNT filling same post in the Commons, Unionists may well buck up.

Business done.—ROWLAND HUNT severely cross-examines SEELY as to numerical force of Territorials. He, however, graciously permits Appropriation Bill to be read a second time.

PERSONALITIES OF THE LAW. (From the Layman's Point of View.)

THE JUDGES.

THESE are neither born nor made. They are a class apart, not subject to the ordinary rule of human existence. The first remark that Mr. JUSTICE SWINFEN EADY made, upon assuming the outward form of a common male baby, was "Bring me an Equity of Redemption, please," and someone immediately did so in far and trembling. What is admired in Counsel who dares to withstand a Judge of the High Court is just that touch of bravado which King CANUTE lacked. As for the inseparable and infallible trio, Lords Justices VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, FLETCHER MOULTON and BUCKLEY, breath cannot be sufficiently bated to speak of them at all. One dare only feel a secret pity for men who can have never known the pleasure of doing, saying, thinking or feeling anything wrong.

THE JURY

also is neither born nor made. It is one of those unfortunate and inexplicable things which have happened and cannot be helped. Its entire competence is limited to the one extraordinary capacity for believing implicitly any old lie.

THE BAR: KING'S COUNSEL.

There are only two King's Counsel. Their names are Sir EDWARD CARSON and F. E. SMITH. There was once, indeed, a man whose name was RUFUS ISAACS. He showed promise, but became Attorney-General.

THE JUNIOR BAR.

This consists of a number of men from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age, all destined for the Woolsack. One by one they despair of success and are just about to give in altogether, when their great opportunity comes. A beautiful wife murders an ugly husband, who richly deserved all he got. The briefless junior, next on the rota for promotion, is briefed by an intelligent solicitor for the defence. Amidst a tense silence the junior rises to address a jury, already determined to convict. The first word of the junior makes them waver: the second turns them round, and the third leaves them clamouring for an acquittal. The face in the dock gets paler and paler: the hush gets tenser and tenser: somebody faints: the junior is made a K.C. on the spot and it is forgotten, in the general excitement, that the lady did murder the man. That, however, is not important. Considering the regularity of this occurrence, it is odd how persistently the number of K.C.s sticks at two.

THE SOLICITORS.

All solicitors are rascals. The fact that they work from 9.30 A.M. to 6 P.M. on three hundred days of the year makes one suspect something of this sort. The fact that they expect to be paid for it leaves no room for doubt. I have it on the authority of a company promoter, who makes eight thousand a year without ever going near his office in the City, that all solicitors are rascals.

THE PLAINTIFF.

This is the man who appears to be palpably too good to live, until it comes to his cross-examination. During that, it is clear to everyone, including himself, that he were better dead.

THE DEFENDANT.

During the first part of the case, this man is fully occupied in marvelling how people can bring themselves to tell such gross and wicked lies with such obvious ease. During the second half of the case, he is generally occupied in discovering that the telling of lies is not such an easy matter as he supposed.

THE WITNESS.

To be a witness is to discover for the first time what a blackguard you have been in the past, without knowing it. It is also to discover that very few people love you, and no one trusts you.

If the witness happens to be yourself, however, you have the permanent satisfaction of knowing that you scored off everybody, and particularly off the unscrupulous fool who cross-examined you and was one too few for you.

THE USHER.

The point of view of the Usher is entirely detached and pessimistic. He has no illusions and no faith in humanity. He spends his life in saying "Hush, hush!" and expecting no result. There was once an usher who smiled, but he was very young and only just beginning.

THE MAN IN THE DOCK is always innocent, and

THE POLICE CONSTABLE is never telling the truth.

MARINE METAMORPHOSIS.

A MODERN maid of high degree
One day went bathing in the sea.
Her toilette (g'acé with insertion)
Seemed too expensive for submersion.
But first with rounded cheeks and care
She filled her water-wings with air.
And slippingsame beneath each shoulder
Allowed the surges to enfold her.
Till, well beyond the shining strand,
She swam (with one foot on the sand).
Now, as the maiden was arriving
Close to a springboard meant for diving,
A young Greek god in bathing kit
With easy grace climbed on to it.
His curls were clust'ring gold and shiny,
His eyes were azure as the briny.
His build was clean, his skin was tanned,
He looked accustomed to command.
The maiden, swimming by, as stated,
Was absolutely captivated.
And, struck by this and other things,
She promptly lost her water wings.
At first it seemed a real disaster,
They floated seaward, fast and faster,
Until with trudgeon stroke astute
The Greek god started in pursuit.
How anxiously she watched his dear head
Go bobbing almost to the pier head.
He brought them back, and quite pool-pooched
Her shy but heartfelt gratitude.
She was enraptured that she'd seen a
Delightful *Deus ex machina*.
She felt in fact she'd met her fate,
He, only, was her bosom's mate.
To meet again, her soul was maddened,
But when they did, she wished they
hadn't,
For down her rainbow castle fell—
He was the "Boots" at her hotel.

EVENING PAPERS, PLEASE
COPY.

I was wandering idly in Greenwich Park, late in the afternoon of one of these hot days, when I came upon him. He was seated in the shade of the Observatory, and was noticeable not only for his long, white beard, which would have drawn attention to him anywhere, but for a certain anger in his mien, unusual in so aged a man. In one hand he held a halfpenny evening paper, which a boy had just sold him, and beside him was a scythe, left, as I conjectured, by one of the park men.

I was strolling quietly by when he called to me. "You, Sir, you know London, perhaps? Tell me this, Sir," and he shook the paper fiercely at me as though I was its editor.

I stopped and listened for more.

"This, Sir," he said, pointing his thumb at a lozenge in the top right-hand corner of the first page. "What does it say? Your eyes are stronger than mine."

"It says," I replied, "'6.30 edition.'"

"There!" he exclaimed, with the first suggestion of satisfaction in his tone. "Then I'm not going blind. '6.30'? Very well, Sir. And now will you kindly add to your courtesy by telling me what your watch says?"

I pulled out my watch and found that it was twenty to seven.

He grunted. "Now one farther question," he said. "How far is the printing office of this paper from the place where we are now talking?"

I hazarded eight miles.

He grunted again. "That is to say," he remarked, "that half an hour at least would be required to get the paper to Greenwich purchasers?"

"Quite," I said.

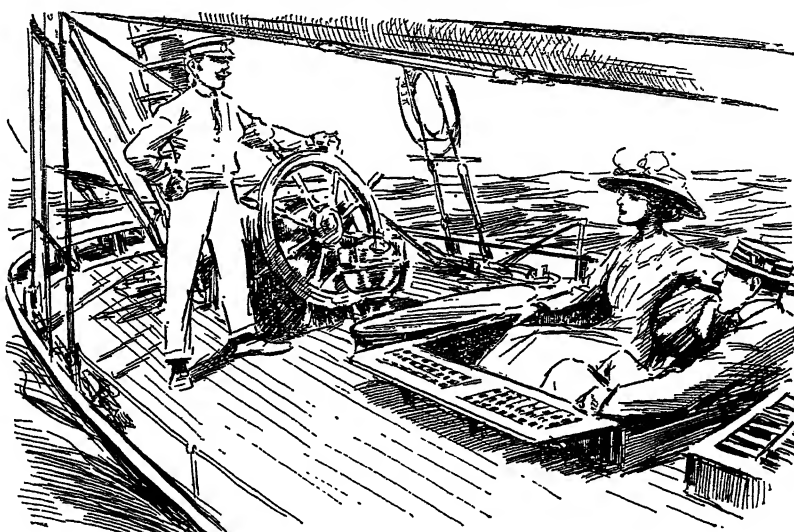
He raged again. "And I bought it," he said, "a quarter of an hour ago!" He was furious. His old eyes blazed, his old cheeks crimsoned, his old beard crisped and curled. "So it's a lie," he shouted, "this '6.30'—a lie!"

"I'm afraid it's a little misleading," I said.

"A lie, I call it," he continued. "Don't mince words, Sir. No doubt you who live in London are prepared for these swindles. You have no objection to false pretences. You are not offended by being asked a halfpenny for news up to 6.30 and getting it only up to 5.45. But I am, and for a very good reason. It's an attack on me, Sir. It hurts me personally. It undermines my reputation. It ruins my credit. I—I won't stand it, Sir. Something must be done."

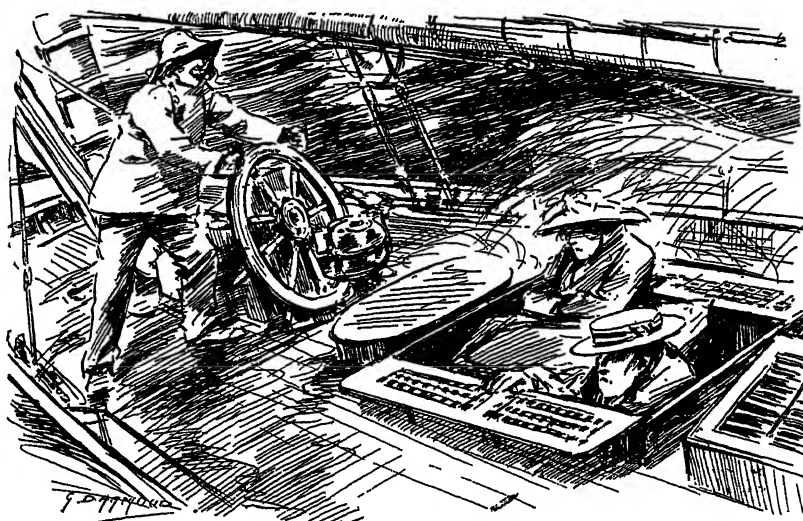
He was trembling with fury, and I

WHAT AN HOUR MAY BRING FORTH.



12 o'clock.

She. "HOW DELIGHTFULLY FRESH! WHAT A DIFFERENCE TO THE HORRID, STUFFY RAILWAY."



1 o'clock.

She (in dreamy voice). "WHEN DID YOU SAY THAT TRAIN LEFT SOUTHAMPTON?"

moved farther away. It was odd to find him making it such a personal matter.

"Do you hear me, Sir?" he roared.

"Yes," I said, "I do. But it's nothing to do with me. I'm not the responsible person."

"Yes, you are, Sir," he answered. "So long as you buy these untruths and do not revolt, you are responsible, and don't you forget it. It's gone too far. 6.30 indeed!"

And he rose muttering, flung the paper down, stamped on it, and moved away.

I was too much surprised to follow; but I was more surprised still when I saw that he had in his rage absently put the scythe over his shoulder.

Our Novelists.

"Cheston had his hands at Kurtiss's throat just as a dog goes at the throat of another dog." Story in "London Magazine."

"He might not have been so instantly sure of the redundant figure which lay face downwards on the rug, had there not come to him a waft of distinctive perfume, which told him that the prone body was that of his wife, Maude Mountfort."

Serial in "The Story Journal."

"Then for a time they were again silent, while Helen, with that feeling of infinite joy which is experienced for the first time when love's first kiss is still warm upon a woman's lips, rested her head upon her lover's shoulder in supreme contempt."

(To be concluded.)

Serial in "The Kettering Leader."

It will need all the concluding installment to explain away that last word.

THE STRIPED PERIL.

THE recent outbreak of wasp-activity has at last roused popular opinion. Looking ahead we anticipate some such extracts as the following from an issue of *The Daily Telegraph* in the near future:—

GOVERNMENT AND THE WASPS.

MR. CHOSE (U.) asked the PRIME MINISTER whether his attention had been called to the case of an elderly gentleman in South Warwickshire, who was wantonly attacked by wasps when breakfasting *al fresco* in his own grounds, and whether, in view of this event, he proposed to take any steps to safeguard the lives and property of private citizens. (Opposition cheers.)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who replied, said that the whole matter was at present engaging the earnest attention of His Majesty's Government.

MR. WEDGWOOD (R.): Will the right hon. gentleman see that in any arrangements come to the right of the British wasp to sting remains untouched?

MR. KEIR HARDIE asked the Home Secretary whether it was the fact that on the occasion in question marmalade was employed by the breakfasters, and whether, having regard to the notoriously inflammatory influence of this practice on wasps, he would take measures to render it penal, and to confiscate all stores of the compound at present in the hands of private owners? (Labour and Ministerial cheers.)

MR. CHURCHILL: I trust that no special steps, of this or any other kind, will now be necessary.

MR. J. R. MACDONALD (Labour): Has the right hon. gentleman any information as to how the incident commenced, and will he, in view of the unanimous opinion, on one side of the House, that the wasps are being unfairly treated (cries of "Oh!") have the Warwickshire gentleman arrested at once, and a special inquiry made into the conduct of the local police?

MR. CHURCHILL: No, Sir. (Opposition cheers.)

From the leading Article.

"The deplorable and indeed scandalous facts which we publish to-day, together with the discussion in the House of Commons, as reported in another column, may well give reasonable men, of whatever political complexion, pause. Far indeed be it from us to create party capital out of a situation as menacing as any in which this country has found itself during centuries; but the stern fact remains that history will know what interpretation to place upon the extraordinary and lamentable supineness of the present so-called Administration. Enough! The Veto Bill has come and gone, but the wasps remain, and their presence provides at once a problem and a trumpet-call to the leaders and press of the great Conservative party; of which we shall be surprised indeed if they prove unworthy. Let Mr. BALFOUR once declare himself as the unwavering champion of open-air tea drinkers, and we are convinced that the battle is already in our hands. . . ."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VICARAGE, BUZZINGTON.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the unprotected state of the country-side at the present moment, it may interest your readers to know that my wife and I have been obliged to take the law into our own hands, and procure the assistance of two highly-trained and powerful hornets. These intrepid and intelligent little die-hards, whom we have named respectively *Garvin* and *Effie*, have for the past week kept our breakfast room entirely free from intruders.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

(REV.) R. SPALDING.

DEAR SIR,—Much as I was interested in your recent correspondent's account of his method of wasp extermination, I still think my own at once the more sporting and deadly. Having filled several shallow jars with a mixture in equal parts of curacoa, raspberry jam, and Ono's fruit salt, I place these in an exposed position on my lawn, at a calculated distance from a 9.7 gun which was presented to me, as their commander, by the local yeomanry at the conclusion of the Boer War. Having thus baited the ground I have but to wait until the enemy has assembled in sufficiently dense formation, load my weapon with small duck-shot, and bang into the yellow.

Yours, etc.,

"READY, AYE READY."

DEAR SIR,—My personal way with wasps, which I have found *invariably* successful, is to hit at them with a teaspoon and scream loudly. *Somebody* is then almost certain to come, and either drive them away or at least distract their attention. I have no doubt there must be many women who will be glad to learn of this *simple* and *effective* expedient.

Yours very sincerely,

"WHY SHOULD WOMEN WAIT?"

TO AN UNJUST JUDGE.

THE sun was shining brightly o'er the lea,
And pretty little songbirds flew about,
And everything was happy as could be
Till I received a ball upon the knee,
And you were unpiro, and you gave me out.

O stonyhearted, have you never caught
Your first delivery a frightful blow,
A splendid boundary, perhaps, and thought,
"Now they shall see me scoring as I ought,"
And then been suddenly compelled to go?

If you have taken one upon the knee,
And lost the verdict, as I hope you have,
With your Maria watching, you'll agree
That it was very, very hard on me
With mine, my Helen, sitting in the pav.

You know how poisonous my luck has been,
What with the googly and the latest lob,
You know that, though particularly keen,
Whenever Helen is upon the scene,
I'm out for four—or two—or simply blob.

This was the day to fill her heart with pride,
And then you do a silly thing like that,
Knowing the ball was simply *yards* outside,
(Myself, I should have given it a wide),
And, anyhow, I hit it with the bat.

Yet in my heart I thank you for the deed,
The ball which followed had a nasty twist;
It shot past Bunnie at a fearful speed,
Laying his wicket prone upon the mead,
And I should certainly have been dismiss'd.

But, having told her what I think of you
And your decision, I shall feel consoled,
When Helen murmurs, taking up the cue,
"Oh, how unfair, dear!"—which she couldn't do
If I had been just obviously bowled.

"There is no doubt that the King of Spain is devoted to yachting, and it was noticed that his hands are quite blistered from holding the rudder of the *Hispania*."—*Daily Mail*.

Clinging to the rudder under water must be very cool and jolly.

BALLADE OF AUGUST.

Now when the street-pent airs blow stale

A longing stirs us as of yore
To take the old Odyssean trail,
To bend upon the trireme's oar
For isled stream and hill-bound shore;
To lay aside the dirty pen
For summer's blue and golden store
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

Then let the rover's call prevail
That opes for us the enchanted door,
That bids us spread the silken sail
For bays o'er which the seabirds soar,
And foam-flecked rollers pitch and roar,
Where nymph maybe, and mermaiden,
Come beachward in the moon-rise hoar,

'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!
Blue-eyed Calypsos, Circes pale
(The sage who shuns them I abhor),
These—for a fortnight—shall not fail
To thrill the heart's susceptible core,
To bind us with their ancient lore,
Who rather like to listen when
Sweet-lipp'd the sirens voice their score,
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

ENVOY.

Masters, who seek the minted ore,
It's only August now and then,
Ah, take the Wanderer's way once more,
'Neath otherskies, 'mid stranger men!

A MARRIAGE MARRED.

It had all happened in five minutes.

And now, the line in the local paper that had turned the hearts of Hortensia's friends into incubators of envy, and filled with exaltation Hortensia's own, came home to roost and rankle—

"The happy couple will proceed for their honeymoon to the Italian Lakes—fit setting for a poet and his bride."

There was nothing wrong with the Italian Lakes. They had been heaven—until five minutes ago. The poet could be seen in a boat at the foot of the olive-clad hill even now, awaiting the signal of her coming.

And yet Hortensia gazed out over the waters beyond him, with the despair of disillusionment in her drear dramatic eyes.

She turned over again the rustling papers on her lap. Yes, there was no doubt of it. This was a draft of the letter he had written her the day before the wedding. That, of the one he had sent on her birthday. They were all there. She had come across them as, in all innocence, she had gone to his desk to seek a missing pen. She had but lifted the lid, and they had stared



A. Wells. Mill 2 1911.

Passer-by (to paper scavenger). "NICE EASY JOB, THAT?"

Paper Scavenger. "EASY? WHY, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET MY STICK INTO THIS 'ERE PIECE OF PAPER FOR THE LAST 'ALF 'OUR OR MORE; SHOULDN'T WONDER IF I HAD TO PICK IT UP WITH ME 'ANDS AFTER ALL!"

out at her. What she had considered as the natural expression of a poet's beautiful thoughts and fancies—tumbling one over the other in their eagerness to be recorded—lay revealed before her the acknowledged outcome of the laboured forcings of a tortured brain.

The copies were scored and scored again, corrected and re-written.

That phrase now, that had so pleased her—of the night he watched outside her window—"When you put out your lamp, the glow-worm under the rose-bushes lighted his, and with him for watchman I left you secure." Why! the man had had six shots at it.

And in that other one, she had been a "shy mouse," a "timid sparrow," and heaven knows what, before he had hit upon the "hawk-affrighted dove"!

Oh, it was horrible. She had been tricked—entrapped. The "poet" was just an industrious man.

"Bah!" burst out Hortensia, as she bundled the papers into the waste-paper basket—"Bah! I almost wish I had married Johnny Tomkins."

* * * * *
The unsuspecting bridegroom meanwhile was watching the glittering wavelets of the lake all around him—poetic and in peace.

"I shall tell her—I shall tell her it was like the widespread sea of her rippling hair," he murmured, after much thought.

And with disastrous consequences he did.

"An interesting ceremony took place at the Magnus Grammar School on Tuesday morning, when the headmaster was presented with a black marble dining-room from the masters and staff."—*Newark Herald*.

This is the sort of gift that ought to be endowed.

CHARIVARIA.

SUGGESTED motto for the successful peace-makers:—Small commissions, and quick returns.

By-the-by, we hear that several strikers who had decided to take their families to the sea-side made something of a scene because the Companies had not provided trains for them.

We once saw a well-known Total Abstinence who was hurrying to catch a train, forced to stop by the ropes which were letting down a barrel of beer into a public-house cellar. His feelings must have been somewhat akin to those of the policemen who during the strike had to escort a number of boxes containing strike-pay from Euston Station to the men's headquarters.

It is thought that the recent Railway Strike will give an immense impetus to aviation, and the men are anxious to have their next strike before the public can snap their aeroplanes at them.

"The strike is not the end of all things," says Mr. G. N. BARNES, M.P.; "it is only the beginning." The beginning, we take it, of the end of all things.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has promised that the Government will introduce a Bill next year giving the railway companies the right to increase their rates. There will then be no excuse for slow trains.

The mystery of the initials "G. R." which appeared on the Dock Strike Committee's permit to the General Post Office has at last been cleared up. It seems that they stood for "Gosling Rex."

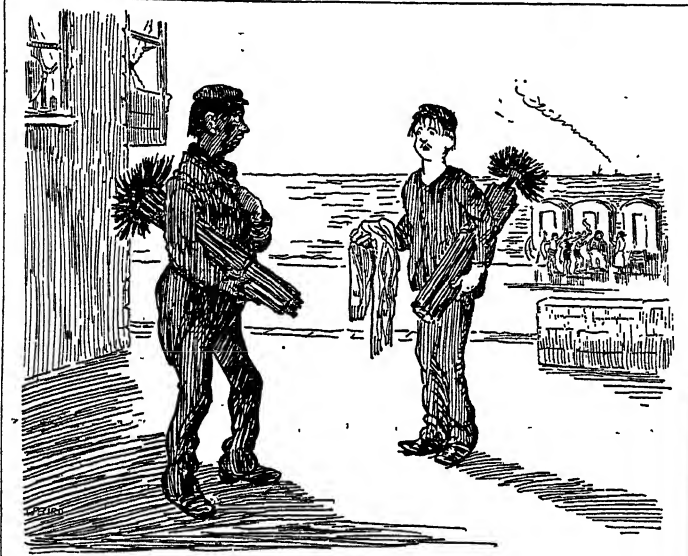
Some idea of the warmth of feeling displayed at Liverpool may be gained from the fact that even the threat that unless hostilities ceased, the Lancashire v. Essex cricket match would be played at Manchester instead of at Liverpool, failed to have the desired effect.

Cautious folk were not slow to take precautions against the threatened famine. Nor were such measures confined to human beings. *The Express* tells us that a pike which was caught at Farcet, Huntingdonshire, the other

day, was, when opened, found to contain not only a good-sized fish but also a moorhen.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL reports a marked decline in the marriage rate for the first three months of this year. It is thought just possible that the hobble skirt and the big hat may have failed to attract, and the effect of a change of fashion will be watched with interest.

"Do our livers lack gall that we stand paralysed while treason flourishes? Are there so few men and so plentiful supply of old women that pluck and courage are dead letters in our Party? If so, for Heaven and the Empire's sake let the 'Forwards' form a party of their own and emulate HENRY V. at Agincourt."



"WOT, YOUNG UN, BEEN BATHING? DONCHER DO IT AGAIN; IT MAKES YER LOOK LIKE A AMACHUER."

Extract from a letter in *The Observer* from a Die-Hard, advocating a petition for the repeal of the Parliament Act.

"In order to escape the public agitation against his marriage with Miss Madeleine Force," we read in *The Daily Mail*, "it is reported that Colonel J. J. Astor, the divorced millionaire, has decided to have his wedding on his private yacht." If the rumour be true this insolent flouting of newspaper reporters may have more serious results than the Colonel imagines. It is quite on the cards that it might lead to the absolute ignoring of the couple in the future by the entire American Press.

Made angry, it is stated, by being refused drink at a neighbouring public-house, the occupier of a house in Townley Street, Walworth, returned home and expended his anger in throwing from the windows a considerable

portion of his household effects, several persons being struck by the falling furniture. We cannot imagine a more subtle form of revenge than this.

It is now thought that LEONARDO DA VINCI's famous painting, *La Joconde*, may not have been stolen after all. It may merely have been taken as a memento by an American visitor to the Louvre.

From Kentucky comes the news that a negro murderer who had been legally sentenced to death struggled in the death chair for almost half an hour before the electrocution was effective. The inhumanity of the thing is said to have made a marked impression on lynchers all over the country.

BLUE ROSES.

SHEPHERD in delicate Dresden china,
Loitering ever the while you twine a
Garland of oddly azure roses,
All for a shepherdess passing fair;
Poor little shepherdess waiting there
All the time for your china posies,
Posies pale for her jet-black hair!
Doesn't she wait (oh the anxious glances!)
Flowers for one of your stately dances,
A crown to finish a dainty toilette,
(Haven't the harps just now begun,

Minuets 'neath a china sun?)—
Doesn't she dread that the dust may soil it,
When, oh *when* will the boy be done?
Summer and winter and still you linger,
Laggard lover with lazy finger,
Never your little maid's wreath completing,
Still half-strung are its petalled showers;
Must she wait all her dancing hours,
Wait in spite of her shy entreating,
Wait for ever her azure flowers?

"About a week ago a paragraph appeared in this paper that the body of a Chinaman had been found in the Impounding Reservoir. Some people may have thought too much of this, and on enquiry it is a relief to be assured that it wasn't a Chinaman but a Kling, and the body wasn't in the Reservoir at all, but a hundred yards away, and down hill at that."

Singapore Free Press.

The only person who isn't really believed is the Kling.

LOVE AND AGE.

"Love is not like anything else, it is quite diffant. It is better than lessons or dancing or swimming but it is not quite as good as stroberries or riding or jam. When you want to keep other girls away from a boy then you are in love with him but you must not kiss him. You must run away from him but he generly catches you becaus boys can run faster than girls. I have been in love three times but I dont care much about it its such a truble. When boys are in love they dont talk much but they stand and look at you, then they send you a present sometimes its a prarebook or about pirates and desert ilands. I think they are silly."

These words are taken from the unfinished MS. of *The Adventures of Isabel*, a novel obviously designed on the grand old deliberate plan by a young lady of nine. There are only three pages of it, but beyond the opening statement that "Isabel was formelly the dauter of a poor widow, she was in love with Algernon," there is no reference to the heroine or her adventures. The rest consists of moralisings and philosophical disquisitions. There can be no doubt as to the essential truth and insight of the passage I have ventured to quote. It shows an almost deadly comprehension of the essentials of the tender passion as displayed, not merely by boys and girls, but also by those who either "run away" or "stand and look at you" at a more advanced stage of life.

It might be interesting to enquire what is the earliest age at which love can show itself. Boys, I believe, are more precocious than girls in this insanity. The little novelist already quoted evidently despised the whole silly business, and assigned to it its proper place, above dancing, but below "stroberries." At the age of nine a boy might well be in love. DANTE was only nine when he saw BEATRICE and fell in love with her, and CANOVA used to say that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old. I draw these historical examples from a note to MOORE'S *Life of Byron*.

BYRON himself was, at the age of seven, madly in love with MARY DUFF. In a journal kept by him at the age of twenty-five he writes: "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl at an age when I could neither feel passion nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Coe.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much that after I grew better she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintances."

"I had and have been attached," he continues, "fifty times since that period"—pretty good this, by the way, for a youngster of twenty-five—"yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did to quiet me. My misery, my love for that girl were so violent that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like

a thunderstroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of everybody"

I have never, I own, come across anyone else quite so precocious and passionate as BYRON, but there are plenty of cases of love at the age of fourteen or fifteen in boys. Take the writer of the following letter, for example. He addresses his affection discreetly and indirectly to the beloved object (aged 11) through her French governess and in the French language, of which he is not a complete master. On a previous occasion I published in these columns a letter from the same hand describing a fight at his school. The present letter also comes from the school:—

Ma CHÈRE MADAMOISELLE,

"Jespère que vous vous portez bien. Vous n'avez pas didée comment je membete ici mais ne dites à personne. Papa ma dit que je vais aux affaires en Septembre et je suis content, car on n'est pas embeter après 5 heures et le Samedi après midi aussi le Dimanche, car ici on est embeter toute la semaine même les Dimanches Dites; je prends la liberté d'écrire à Mademoiselle Maude car j'ai trouver 3 plumes comme elle aime et comme elle ma demander de lui en donner, et comme c'est au monsieurs de faire ce qu'une demoiselle vous demande je vais les envoyer par la poste. Veuillez la faire me repondre car j'aimerais savoir comment elle va car je sais si vous ne le rapellez pas elle ne me repondra pas car nous sommes tous jeunes et des enfants. Il y a un des eleves qui ma dit que Mademoiselle Maude etait Hot Stuff voulant dire quelle etait gentille et ma blaguer. Excusez mon ecriture sil vous plait. Au revoir."

Somehow I can't help feeling sure that no proper acknowledgment of the three pens was ever sent to the giver.

THE POOR MAN'S PARTRIDGE.

To marksmanship of any sort my hobby is not spurred,
I scarcely know a gun from a repeater,
And more than that, I'll own that, far from bringing down
a bird

I doubt if I could even shoot a beater.
But the first day of September grants an often blighted
wish;

While other gourmands gloat upon a partridge,
I welcome thee, my fancy, that art neither flesh nor fish,
Nor owest thy quietus to a cartridge.

The loss of thee my summer invariably mars;
Each rosy dawn, for me, breaks grey and chilling
The while the barren months that lack those necessary "r's"
Their dilatory moments are fulfilling.
Until one radiant morning I wake by slow degrees
From torpid slumber's unrefreshing coma,
To snuff with satisfaction the below-stairs breakfast breeze
And hail the Glorious 1st, and thy aroma.

Compact and brown and savoury, and fragrant as of yore,
Supine on toast thou burstest on my vision,
A gratifying sight for me and many million more
(Though publicly they hold thee in derision).
But I—like grousing baby who, when *toosipegs* appear,
Emerges gay and tricky from the cross age—
Salute with cordiality and open-hearted cheer
The end of the "close season" of the sausage.

"The German Autumn Naval Manœuvres will be confined to the Baltic Main Colliery, near Sheffield."—*Bath Herald*.
This is rather a blow to our prestige. Can we allow it?



A FIXED STAR.

THE VENUS OF MILO. "PARIS WILL HAVE SOMETHING LEFT, AT ANY RATE. THE THIEF ISN'T BORN WHO CAN LIFT ME!"



Excited Father. "HERE, QUICK, QUICK, MABEL! LOOK! AN AEROPLANE!"
Mabel. "OH! I'M FED UP WITH AEROPLANES."

STRIKE PREVENTION IN THE HOME.

[The recent suggestion in *The Daily Mail* that the public should tip loyal railway servants, has resulted in a wide-spread distribution of favours among other classes of labour.]

Materfamilias. Dear, dear! Here are the dustmen coming up the road, and no one ready to receive them! Parker, where are the young ladies?

Parker. Miss Elaine is conductin' a committee meeting in the doring-room, Madam, for Tips to Tramdrivers.

Mater. Oh yes, of course. I mustn't disturb her; but where is Miss Geraldine?

Parker. Miss Geraldine is takin' a bit of lunch down the cellar to the men who've brought the coal; but I don't think Miss Enid is doing anythink particular.

Enid (calling from upstairs). I can't come, Mater, I'm crochetting comforters for cabmen. If I stop now I shall drop a stitch, and the cold wind will get through the hole to their poor necks.

Mater. Very well, dear, do be careful. In that case, Parker, perhaps you will

just see the dustmen, when they come, and ask them if they would like a little refreshment.

Parker. Sorry not to oblige, Madam, but I was just attending to the butcher at the back door when you rang; and in any case I certingly wasn't engaged to wait upon scavengers!

Mater. Of course you weren't, Parker. I beg your pardon. How stupid of me! You can go now, and just give this to the butcher and say, if it's a little early for a Christmas-box, I hope he'll excuse it. Oh, and, by the way, Parker, you can have that blue muslin of Miss Geraldine's, if you care to. She won't wear it again.

Parker. Thank you, Madam.

[Sound of banging on garden door and loud cries of "DUST!"]

Materfamilias hurries through French-window.

Mater. (addressing burly scavengers). Oh, good morning. Very warm, isn't it? See—er—I forget your names at the moment.

Dustman (haughtily). Mine's 'Arris—e's Bill.

Mater. Oh yes, of course. Well, Mr.

Harris, perhaps you and your friend would like a little refreshment?

Dustman. Thank 'ee, Missus, we could do wiv' a drop. Mine's ale, Bill's is stout.

[*Materfamilias bustles away and returns with jugs and glasses.*]

Mater. No, you must let me pour it out for you!

Dustman. Right O, Missus. Put a nice 'ead on it, please. (*Hands back empty glasses to tray.*) Thank 'ee.

Mater. No, thank you. I—er—I—er—suppose you will be here next week, as usual?

Dustman. Suppose so—but nothin's certain. Mornin'!

Mater. (returning through French-window, wiping warm face with lace-embroidered handkerchief). No, nothing's certain; but we're doing what we can to keep them happy.

"The greatest danger of a drought, it has been said, is the ending of it. The cause is the amount of deleterious matter that is washed down into the water supply. No one will rejoice more in the rain than doctors."—*Daily Mail.*

No, no, not "rejoice." Let us rather say that they will accept it philosophically.

THE HOUSE WARMING.

VI.—A FINAL ARRANGEMENT.

"SEEING that this is our last day together," began Archie—

"Oh, *don't*," said Myra. "I can't bear it."

"Seeing that this is our first day together, we might have a little tournament of some kind, followed by a small distribution of prizes. What do you think, Dahlia?"

"Well, I daresay I can find something."

"Any old thing that we don't want will do; nothing showy or expensive. Victory is its own reward."

"Yes, but if there is a pot of home-made marmalade going with it," I said, "so much the better."

"Dahlia, earmark the marmalade for this gentleman. Now what's it going to be? Golf, Simpson?"

"Why, of course," said Myra. "Hasn't he been getting it ready for days?"

"That will give him an unfair advantage," I pointed out. "He knows every single dandelion on the greens."

"Oh, I say, there aren't any greens yet," protested Simpson. "That'll take a year or two. But I've marked out white circles and you have to get inside them."

"I saw him doing that," said Archie. "I was afraid he expected us to play prisoners' base with him."

The game fixed upon, we proceeded to draw for partners.

"You'll have to play with me, Archie," said Dahlia, "because I'm no good at all."

"I shall have to play with Myra," I said, "because I'm no good at all."

"Oh, I'm very good," said Myra.

"That looks as though I should have to play with { Simpson," said Thomas
Thomas," said Thomas
and Simpson together.

"You're all giving me a lot of trouble," said Archie, putting his pencil back in his pocket. "I've just written your names out neatly on little bits of paper, and now they're all wasted. You'll have to stick them on yourselves so that the spectators will know who you are as you whizz past." He handed his bits of paper round and went in for his golf-clubs.

It was a stroke competition, and each couple went round by itself. Myra and I started last.

"Now we've got to win this," she said, "because we shan't play together again for a long time."

"That's a nice cheery thing to say to a person just when he's driving. Now I shall have to address the ball all over again."

"Oh, *no*!"

I addressed and despatched the ball. It struck a wall about eighty yards away and dropped. When we got there we found to our disgust that it was nestling at the very foot. Myra looked at it doubtfully.

"Can't you make it climb the wall?" I asked.

"We shall have to go back, I'm afraid. We can pretend we left our pocket-handkerchiefs behind."

She chipped it back about twenty yards, and I sent it on again about a hundred. Unfortunately it landed in a rut. However Myra got it out with great resource, and I was lucky enough with my next to place it inside the magic circle.

"Five," I said. "You know, I don't think you're helping me much. All you did that hole was to go twenty-one yards in the wrong direction."

Myra smiled cheerfully at me and did the next hole in one. "Well played, partner," she said, as he put her club back in its bag.

"Oh, at the short holes I don't deny that you're useful. Where do we go now?"

"Over the barn. This is the long hole."

I got in an excellent drive, but unfortunately it didn't aviate quick enough. While the intrepid spectators were still holding their breath, there was an ominous crash.

"Did you say *in* the barn or *over* the barn?" I asked, as we hurried on to find the damage.

"We do play an exciting game, don't we?" said Myra.

We got into the barn and found the ball and a little glass on the floor.

"What a very small hole it made," said Myra pointing to the broken pane. "What shall I do?"

"You'll have to go back through the hole. It's an awkward little shot."

"I don't think I could."

"No, it is rather a difficult stroke. You want to stand well behind the ball, and—however, there may be a local rule about it."

"I don't think there is or I should have heard it. Samuel's been telling me *everything* lately."

"Then there's only one thing for it," I pointed to the window at the other end of the barn. "Go straight on."

Myra gave a little gurgle of delight. "But we shall have to save up our pocket money," she said.

Her ball hit the wood in between two panes and bounded back. My next shot was just above the glass. Myra took a niblick and got the ball back into the middle of the floor.

"It's simply sickening that we

can't break a window when we're really trying to. I should have thought that anyone could have broken a window. Now then."

"Oh, good *shot*!" cried Myra above the crash. We hurried out and did the hole in nine.

At lunch, having completed eighteen holes out of the thirty-six, we were seven strokes behind the leaders, Simpson and Thomas. Simpson, according to Thomas, had been playing like a book. *Golf Faults Analysed*—that book, I should think.

"But I expect he'll go to pieces in the afternoon," said Thomas. He turned to a servant and added, "Mr. Simpson won't have anything more."

We started our second round brilliantly; continued (after an unusual incident on the fifth tee) brilliantly; and ended up brilliantly. At the last tee we had played a hundred and thirty-seven. Myra got in a beautiful drive to within fifty yards of the circle.

"How many?" said the others, coming up excitedly.

"Tis is terrible," said Myra putting her hand to her heart. "A hundred and—shall I tell them?—a—a—Oh dear—a—hundred and thirty-eight."

"Golly," said Thomas, "you've got one for it. We did a hundred and forty."

"We did a hundred and forty-two," said Archie. "Close play at the Oval."

"Oh," said Myra to me, "*do* be careful. Oh, but no," she went on quickly, "I don't mind a bit really if we lose. It's only a game. Besides, we—"

"You forget the little pot of home-made marmalade," I said reproachfully. "Dahlia, what *are* the prizes? Because it's just possible that Myra and I might like the second ones better than the first. In that case I should miss this."

"Go on," whispered Myra.

I went on. There was a moment's silence—and then a deep sigh from Myra.

"How about it?" I said calmly.

Loud applause.

"Well," said Dahlia, "you and Myra make a very good couple. I suppose I must find a prize for you."

"It doesn't really matter," said Myra breathlessly, "because on the fifth tee we—we arranged about the prizes."

"We arranged to give each other one," I said, smiling at Dahlia.

Dahlia looked very hard at us.

"You *don't* mean—?"

Myra laughed happily.

"Oh," she said, "but that's just what we do."

THE VERY END. A.A.M.

Nasty Accident in Labour World.

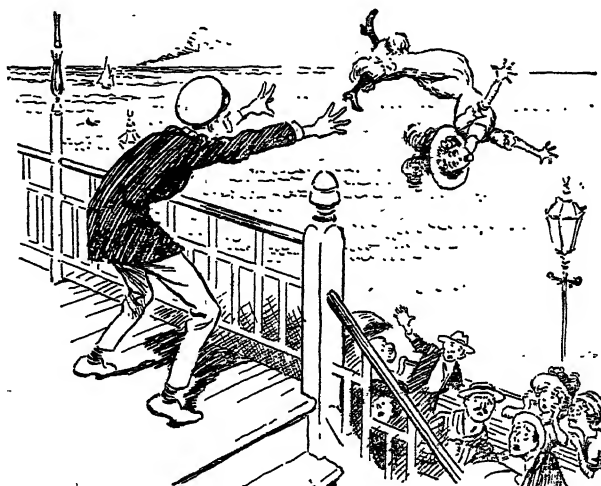
"CEMENT WORKERS STICK TOGETHER."

Labour Leader.

BY WAY OF ADVERTISEMENT; OR, THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VAGARY.



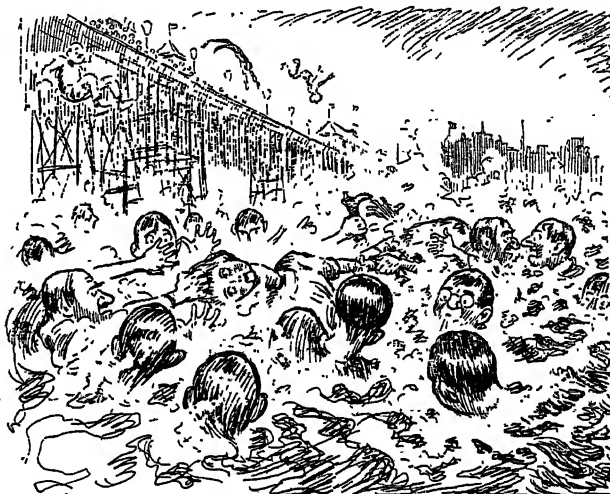
"NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY NEW 'PRINCESS' I'LL SELL THE OLD ONE. BUT STAY—AN IDEA!"



"PRINCESS, WE MUST PART—GO!"



"MURDER!" "SEIZE HIM!" "SAVE HER!" "THROW A ROPE!" "WHERE'S THE LIFE-BOAT?" "WE'LL SAVE YOU!"



"LET GO! LET GO, SIR!" "HANDS OFF, SIR!" "FOUL!" "I GOT HER FIRST!"



THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS.

—A.T. SMITH—

THE MANLY PART.

[In reply to a pressing invitation to come and bathe at 8.30 A.M.]

Cowards with the hearts of coneys!
Get you from my room, begone:
Sweet as the cicada's drone is
My mellifluous slumber, John:
Take away your hulking cronies;
I shall rise from dreams anon.

There are some heroic figures,
Following not the foolish herd,
Careless of convention's rigours—
Like some mountain-eyried bird,
Like some tawny lion whom niggers
Seek to rouse—who stay unstirred,

Unembarrassed by the giber,
Deaf to the invading scold,
Men of superhuman fibre,
Splendid, strong, serenely bold:
Such an one is the subscriber,
And I say the sea is cold.

You, of course, you abject browsers
On the grass of custom—sheep—
Set of hopeless body-sousers,
Clothed in your bravado cheap
(Not to mention bathing-trousers),
Pine to wallow in the deep.

Why? because you deem it proper:
You have heard that Saxons true,
Vikings with the threefold copper
Round their bosoms (Vikings you!),
Love to take the sounding flopper
Every morn into the blue.

So before the earliest winkle
From his spiral couch has crept,
While the gleaming dew-stars twinkle
On the lawn that all night wept,
Out you go—but what d'you think 'll
Happen? Will your food be kept?

No, while in the waves you flounder,
From his amaranthine cot
One shall rise, of strength profounder,
One who thinks, where you do not
(Put that sponge down, John, you
bounder),
One who gets his breakfast hot.

When you come back, cold and snappy,
From the frigid breakers' gripe,
You shall find your bacon scrappy,
You shall greet the conquering type,
Me the hero, filled and happy,
Smoking my ambrosial pipe.

EVON.

The South Wales Daily News, in its account of the visit of a body of Welsh American pilgrims, tells us, "The Cardiff non-stop special and the Carmarthen special followed each other respectively at a brief interval." The italics are ours: the suggestion that the two trains were continually overtaking one another is our contemporary's.

THE FINANCEE.

AN EARLY-VICTORIAN IDYLL
UP-TO-DATE.

[Proposals are businesslike nowadays, *The Daily Mail* tells us.]

He (panting). Yes, there is something that I have longed to ask you, something that I have never yet dared—although my heart seems to tell me that your answer will not be unfavourable.

She (shrinking). Hush! I cannot listen to this now—some other time.

He (pressing closer and touching her arm). Something that I must know or my life's happiness is blasted. What is your income?

She (faintly). Oh, this is so sudden!

He (urging his suit impetuously). I must, and shall, hear it from your own lips—and now!—or else (*grinds teeth*) I shall leave the country to-night, and fly—to the States, and propose to the daughter of some Oil King—for I am desperate.

She. Oh!

He (his breath coming in short, hurried gasps). She may have her millions—I will see that she has,—but what are they to be weighed in the same balance with what *you* have to offer—your father's position in the City, your social influence to push me on in the House, your uncle the Duke—

She (with less emotion). Y-yes, and my reputation as a beauty? (*Simpers.*)

He (the thought striking him suddenly). Yes, of course—*everything* counts. But tell me—I must know—how much—how large—what is your income?

She (shrinks again). Sir, I hardly know how to answer you. Er—(*an original idea occurs to her*)—ask Papa.

He. Your sire? Tschah! The craven is a financier—I dare not trust his word. But *you*, Angelina—you are different; I can verify what you tell me from the books—my heart tells me that you will not deceive me. Speak but the word, only one word will suffice, provided it is big enough.

She. Spare my feelings, Lord Softe. I dare not speak or in the perturbation of the moment my tongue might out-strip the truth.

He. Nay, tell it me without reserve, that, and one other word I long to hear from you. What is your age?

She (starts). Ah! That too? Your lordship must give me time to think. A maidenly reticence forbids me to disclose all I feel upon the subject. What I should say I know, but how to say it?

He. Ha! You think me unworthy? You scorn my paltry five thousand a year from my revered father, my humble position as a mere private Member,

my few directorships! But I have my future before me, I shall work. With your capital I can embezzle—I mean, I can make millions.

She. Ah, it is not these I crave! I have no doubts as to your lordship's wisdom and experience in these matters, but I would ask, I long to know—have you not been married before?

He. Married? Tschah! The thought has never crossed my mind. No fortune—no woman's loveliness, I should say—has ever thrilled me before; until now—Angelina!

She (briskly). I meant not that, your lordship. I would rather that your lordship had been married at least once, for then the fortune that you would bring me would be the larger. (*His face drops a little.*)

He (stung). Ha! So this is the end? But stay, one course is still left. I could marry a rich widow and then get a divorce in the States. I would do all that may become a man for my Angelina's sake!

She. Nay, it was but a passing fancy, and who knows by that time what changes might have come—what Budgets, what unearned increments, what alterations in the House of Lords. Our marriage might be impossible.

He (ardently). Impossible! There is no such word in the dictionary of finance. (*With hauteur*) Perish the thought! The course of business never did run smooth.

She. And I too—could not I also marry some one—anyone, as long as he is rich enough? Capt. Oofenstein, for instance—he would be sure to kill himself in the hunting-field before long?

He. Ha! Perhaps that *would* be better. He is rich, Oofenstein, rich and debilitated with alcohol. And I will wait for you—I swear it on this cheque-book—I will be faithful to my troth!

She. Nay, I was but jesting to try your constancy. Let us marry at once. I have but twenty-five thousand a year, but with a struggle it will suffice, and love conquers all.

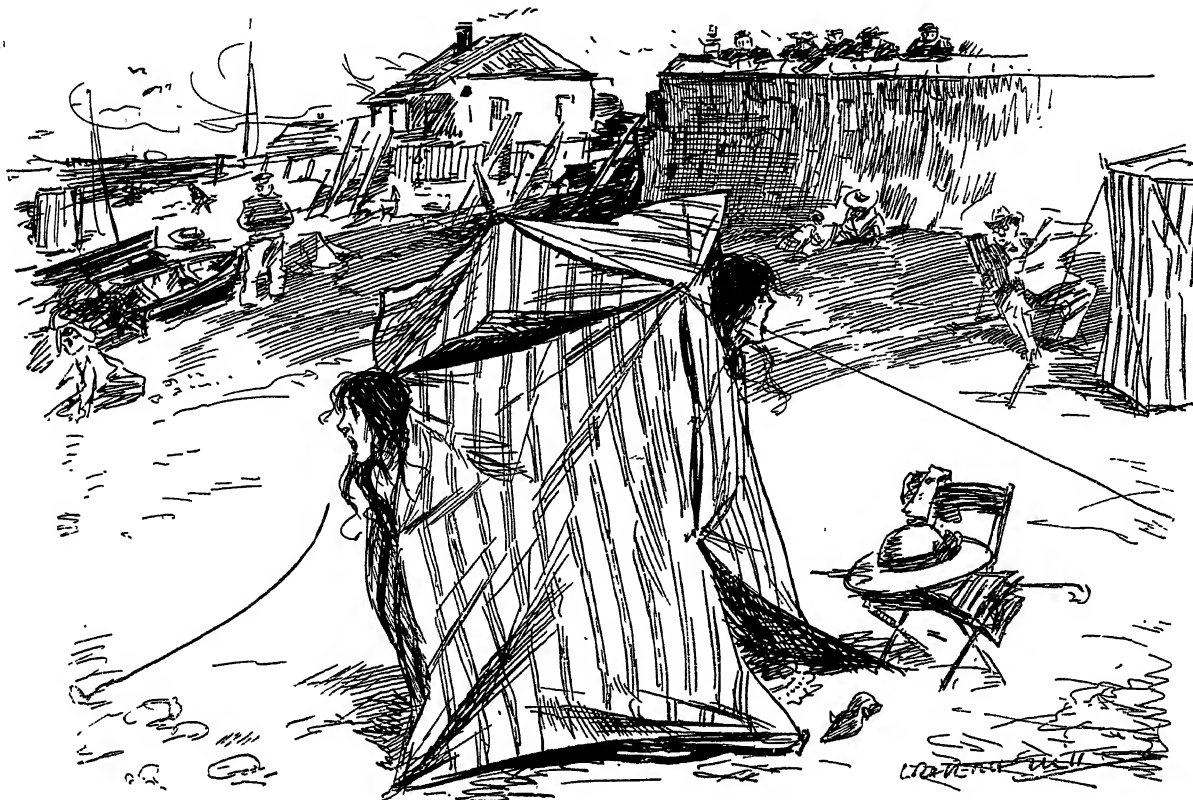
He (embracing her frantically). Mine! Mine at last! Oh, joy! joy!

She (returning his embrace and drawing paper from her pocket). Joy! And now that we are betrothed let me show your lordship this letter. It is from Carey Street. It tells of the bankruptcy of my father for two millions! My maid has overheard all, and, should you jilt me, will give evidence in a breach of promise case. (*Smiles.*)

He. Had! (*Faints.*)

Echoes of the Strike.

"DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO WRECK MAIL TRAIN.
ANOTHER TRAIN RUNS AWAY."
Coward! *Dublin Saturday Herald*



SEASIDE PERILS.

Fair Bathers. "HELP! HELP! THERE'S A WASP IN THE TENT!"

THE NEW DEATH AND GLORY BOYS.

THE formation of the Die-Hard Association of Unionists so eloquently advocated by Mr. PAXTON in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, is, we understand, already *à fait accompli*. The essence of the movement, as defined by the originator, is to drop recriminations and endeavour to infuse all Conservative and Unionist associations with the Die-Hard spirit.

In pursuance of this laudable aim some of the leading members of the Association have adopted the methods of peaceful persuasion at the Carlton Club with most salutary results.

On Friday last, one of the most notorious of the Black-Listers was approached by a group of Die-Harders and asked to explain his turpitude in voting for the Parliament Bill. The unfortunate peer, who was drinking barley-water in the smoking-room, stammered out some futile explanation, but entirely failed to satisfy his inquisitors. They accordingly determined, in accordance with their plan of campaign, to inoculate the dry bones of his pseudo-Conservatism with the virus of Die-Hardhood. The operation was protracted and painful—indeed, the groans of the victim were

distinctly audible in St. James's Square—but completely successful, and the patient gave speedy proof of his regeneration by hurling an inkstand at a portrait of Lord LANSDOWNE and uttering the most terrific maledictions against the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

On the same day, at a meeting of the council of the Association, Miss DI HARDY (of Alnwick) was unanimously elected Lady Patroness.

It was also decided to secure the services, at whatever cost, of the baby donkey which recently won fame and favour at Southend as the most successful collector at the Life-Boat Demonstration and Hospital Carnival.

The council also approved the draft programme of a Die-Hard Concert to be held shortly in the Albert Hall. The principal items are as follows:—

"Let me like a Soldier fall"

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"The Death of Nelson"

Miss DI HARDY.

"The Place where the Old Peer died"

Lord HALSBURY

(with trumpet *obbligato* by

Mr. J. L. GARVIN).

Overture "Die (Hard) Meistersinger."

Band of 114 Stalwart Peers.

LATEST STRIKE NEWS.

MR. ASKWITH OUT.

National Consternation.

COMMERCIAL England was thrilled this morning by the announcement that Mr. ASKWITH, the famous arbitrator, the keystone of the business arch, had himself come out on strike. The Government decided at once that every effort must be made to induce him to return to his duties. A regiment of cavalry was wired for from Aldershot and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER motored round to his residence. Mr. ASKWITH sternly declined the employers' terms—£20,000 a year plus time and a half for overtime and double time for Bank Holidays and Sundays. He made no objection to the pecuniary terms, but he insisted on a maximum of sixteen arbitrations and two thousand miles railway travelling per week, and that no working day should exceed eighteen hours. The CHANCELLOR was compelled to refuse the terms as the Board of Trade has already 124 arbitrations in hand and fresh ones are coming in at the rate of three a day.

Later.

A Cabinet Meeting has been called to consider the crisis. It is felt by



Excited Demagogue. "WE WANT LABOUR REFORM, WE WANT SOCIAL REFORM, WE WANT LAND REFORM, WE WANT—" *Voice from crowd.* "WHAT YOU WANT IS CHLOROFORM."

Ministers that if Mr. ASKWITH does not return to work, no strike in England will ever end. The Cabinet is at present considering the possibility of nominating Mr. ASKWITH as arbitrator in his own strike. The difficulty is that Mr. ASKWITH cannot arbitrate without constituting himself a "black-leg."

GENERAL STRIKE OF PEERS.

As a protest against the Parliament Bill Lord HALSBURY has decided that no peer must attend any social function or fulfil any engagement till the Bill is repealed. Not a foundation stone is to be laid, not a cattle show opened, not a Gaiety girl married, till the peers of England have full powers restored to them. Thrilling scenes were witnessed in London last evening. When Lord CAMPERDOWN, under the protection of fifty mounted police, left his house to go to the annual meeting of the Indigent Lodging House Keepers' Benevolent Society, Lord MILNERSHOCK his fist in his face and shouted, "Get back, or — the consequences." The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, on his way to the dinner of the Successful Scotch-

men's Society, was loudly hooted by a crowd of peers and a few sympathetic commoners. Conspicuous amongst the throng were the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Lord HALIFAX, and Lord HUGH OCEIL.

Lord HENEAGE demanded a guard from the War Office, and, sheltered by fifty constables and a hundred infantry with fixed bayonets, sallied forth to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Horticultural Society. Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE broke his windows as a protest, and shouted, "Kill the blackleg!" On appeal to the police inspector in charge, Lord HENEAGE was informed that it was impossible to interfere with peaceful picketing. "You see, your lordship, if your House had thrown out that Bill, things would be different."

GREAT EDUCATIONAL STRIKE.

The schoolboys of South London entered on a sympathetic strike with the Liverpool dockers this morning. They decline to return to work till absolute peace reigns at Liverpool. In addition they formulate their own demands — three whole holidays a week, the

abolition of corporal punishment, and no home-work.

Later.

The head masters have also struck (unsympathetically). The school-boys have returned to work.

SENSATIONAL RUMOUR:

GENERAL STRIKE OF EDITORS.

As we go to press the alarming news reaches us that the editors of England are coming out in a body to-morrow. They will decline to reject a single manuscript till their demands are granted. The telegraph department is choked with wires from contributors promising their warmest support.

"VICTORIA (SOUTH-EASTERN):—Services were running as on every day, and the only variation was that several trains on the City line had been a few minutes late."—*Evening News*.

The important word here is "variation." Just like that—"variation." Rather good, we think.

From a letter in *The Scotsman*:—

"Your correspondent has hit the nail upon the point."

Next time we must take the bull by the tail.



LEFT SITTING.

MR. ASQUITH. "WELL, WE'VE HAD SIX MONTHS OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE, AND IT'S OUR TURN FOR A HOLIDAY."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "YES. LET'S HOPE IT'LL BE THEIRS VERY SOON."



AN ARTISTIC EFFORT GONE WRONG.

As the Labour Party have attempted to paint Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL
—half-tyrant, half-Caliban.

The impression left on the minds of fair-minded people
—a champion of the rights of the country at large.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, August 22.—Recess arranged for last Friday. Members made their plans accordingly. At last moment PREMIER decided further to adjourn sittings till to-day. Secretly conscious of conviction that in interest of all concerned, especially of genuine working man fighting for more butter on his bread, the sooner the talking-shop is shut up the better. In perilous circumstances that dominated end of last week, what was wanted was acts not words. However, for upright man the very consciousness of tendency to narrow opportunity for intemperate talk, dangerous at critical period of delicate negotiations, induced him to sacrifice advantage secured L, earliest possible adjournment. Accordingly provided another day for the turning on of tap of turgid talk.

When DON'T KEIR HARDIE learned the change of plans he smiled grimly. In spite of novel advertisement obtained through agency of reach-me-down white suit, not been doing very well of late. His colleagues in Labour Party, for the

most part shrewd men, have taken his measure and find it does not fit position of administrative importance. Whilst comparative new comers to Parliamentary vineyard, like RAMSAY MACDONALD and others, have been prominent in assisting Government to bring strike to close, he has been left out in the cold. Royal Commission appointed to investigate working of Conciliation Act of 1907 includes two representatives of Labour. He is not one.

To-day, thanks to honourable scruples of PREMIER, he found unexpected opening upon the most effective self-advertisement booth in the world, with additional recommendation of being the cheapest. Made the best of it in his way, running amuck at the Ministers instrumental in delivering the nation from the claws of famine and the jaws of death.

"The men who have been shot down have," he said with absence of passion that made the accusation more terrible, "been murdered by the Government in the interests of the capitalist."

LLOYD GEORGE replied in speech of burning indignation that would have shrivelled up an ordinary man. DON'T KEIR HARDIE momentarily perturbed

when the CHANCELLOR quoted his statement, addressed on Monday to mob of men hesitating whether they would persist in strike: "The PRIME MINISTER has said that if there was to be a strike the Government would have the railways kept open even if they had to shoot down every striker." "Contemptible!" cried LLOYD GEORGE, turning round to face the slanderer attempting to wriggle out of the hole without retraction or apology.

That a momentary weakness. DON'T KEIR HARDIE, in spite of studied unconventionality, is a shrewd man of business. Comforted himself with reflection that, on the whole, dealing with a class of men in whose presence it was safe to tell the palpable lie about the PREMIER nailed to the counter by LLOYD GEORGE, he had, from personal point of view, done a profitable afternoon's work.

Business done.—House adjourned till Tuesday, October 24th.

"More than twenty colliers in the Manchester district have been idle one day this week."

Pioneer.

Lucky dogs.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME HOLIDAY ITEMS.

Toppingtowers.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Just as the poor dear Clackmannans had collected a houseful of us here, *all their servants struck—a la mode*. The demands they make are, among others, that their wages shall be doubled, that they shall not be restricted to the servants' hall, but shall sit in any room in the house, and that they shall all be addressed by their employers with the prefix Mr., Mrs., or Miss to their names! Isn't it a lovely state of things? The Duke and Stella are quite helpless. The Committee of the Amalgated (I think that's the word) Something of Domestic Assistants *absolutely* forbids them to engage other servants. So they've had to give in to all the demands. A member of the Amalgated Something's Committee, Mr. Tom Boggs, weighed in at Toppingtowers yesterday to make sure that conditions were being kept. He followed the guns in the morning, to see that the loaders and so on weren't overworked or spoken to sharply. He dined with us last night, and oh, my dear, it was the *funniest* thing! The Duke gave the butler some order and called him "Wilkinson." Mr. Tom Boggs immediately rapped the table hard with his knuckles and frowned fiercely, and the Duke corrected

himself in a hurry and prefaced his "request" with "Please, Mr. Wilkinson." Stella shows more fight than the Duke. She told Mr. Tom Boggs straight that, rather than be constantly "please"-ing and "thank-you"-ing her maid and calling her "Miss" So-and-so, she'd dispense with one altogether and *do her hair herself*! Wasn't it too heroic for words? But Mr. Tom Boggs answered and said, "That you must *not* do, Madam. My Committee rules that every woman of wealth and position must give employment to a young-lady-assistant of the dressing-table, such young lady to be treated in strict accordance with rules laid down by such Committee."

He had all the servants out on the lawn and harangued them after dinner. He forbade them to get up before eight in the morning, and told them to go to

bed at nine every evening. He left to-day; and just before he went, the Duke said we were thinking of having a little dance on Thursday, and asked if the servants might be kept up a little later. Mr. Tom Boggs said he would "ask his Committee," but we "must not count on getting permission."

In the meantime we console ourselves with seaside joys. The Clackmannans have a lovely stretch of sandy beach here, with a private staircase down the cliffs, and we've made what Bosh calls a "Miniature Margate" of it, with donkeys to ride, and goat-chaises, and the Clackmannans' band to play, and a set of amateur Pierrots, and a joy-wheel, and all sorts of fun. But our chief happiness is paddling

elusive joys life can hold till you've paddled, in a moonlit midnight, wearing one of "Olga's" evening paddling frocks, and hand-in-hand with your own, own latest affinity!

Among the earliest of the autumn weddings will be Lord Tutterworth's (the Middleshire's eldest boy) to Lady Manœuvrer's third girl, Forget-me-not. People are telling quite a good little storiette about this engagement. Poor Tutterworth's a most dreadful stammerer. Nothing could cure him, and he stammered his way on through boyhood to manhood, till, on a certain evening last July, he was sitting out at some party with Forget-me-not Manœuvrer.

If you know any stammerers, my dear, you're aware that sometimes they

get to some particular phrase and can't for the life of them get past it, but keep on repeating it over and over again, as a sort of jumping-off place, till your reason totters on its throne.

Young Tutterworth began a speech in this way with "Will you—," and couldn't get any further, but kept on over-working those two words in a most cruel manner, till, when he'd said "Will you," some dozens of times, Forget-me-not hung her head in the old, approved fashion and accepted him formally, "subject to Mamma's approval."

And people are saying, my dear, that Tutterworth hadn't the



"IT'S RAINING AT LAST, JOHN!"

"WELL, COME INSIDE, THEN, AND GIVE IT A CHANCE OF GETTING AT THE LAWN."

and shrimping and looking for shells—likewise making sand-castles with our little spades and pails, and afterwards storming and defending them. ("Olga" is making a speciality of beach and paddling frocks just now—the *sweetest* little affairs, plain or embroidered linen just coming to one's knee, with coloured belt, sandals, and cap all to match—only thirty guineas!) In the evening we generally have a lot of people come over from neighbouring houses to join our paddling parties. (The evening paddling frock, which easily runs into four figures, is made exactly like the day one, but is of charmeuse, or ninon, with a jewelled belt, jewelled fastenings to the silk sandals, and instead of a cap, a jewelled aigrette in the hair.)

"Oh, my own friend! you don't quite know what indescribable and

tiest intention of making an offer, but on the contrary, having had quite enough of his *tête-à-tête* with the Manœuvrer girl, was merely going to say, "Will you come back to the dancing-room?"

Moral—For an eligible stammerer sitting-out is dangerous!

Dick Flummery is telling a cruel story against Dotty. Like most women when travelling, whose feet are large by degrees and beautifully more, Dotty puts a pretty little pair of number-two shoes outside her door at hotels, to be polished, while her own maid sees to the number-fives the dear thing really wears. At some hotel where they put up for one night "somebody blundered," as SHAKESPEARE says, and both pairs were stood outside. Result—in the morning the number-fives were taken to the wrong room, or



Inventor. "BY THIS SYSTEM OF MINE THE FIRE PRODUCES ITS OWN EXTINGUISHER, AND THE HARDER THE FIRE BURNS THE MORE ITS EXTINGUISHING CAPACITY IS DEVELOPED."

Financier. "BUT IF THE FIRE HAS TO WORK TO MAKE THE EXTINGUISHER WORK, HOW IS THE FIRE PUT OUT?"

Inventor. "IT DIES, SIR, FROM PURE EXHAUSTION!"

mislaid or something, and only the number-twins brought to Dotty's door. She was ashamed to ask for the others, all her trunks were at the station, and behold her *plantée là*, with only the impossible trunks to put on and their train going in a few minutes!

Dick says she was *reduced to great extremities*, which I consider a simply *horribly cruel joke!*

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"3 H.P. Humber Motor CYCLE, low built, Palmer cords, new Hillesin battery, recently climbed Bowden Hill six times, owner being in London."—*Advt. in "Wiltshire Times."*

If it will only climb hills when the owner is away it is not much good to us.

"Mr. R. Kanjamalay writes that it is not true that he was killed by being run over by a tramcar, as rumoured, and he wishes it to be known that if people continue to circulate rumours of his death, he will take steps to prevent them circulating such rumours."

Natal Mercury.

Quite time too.

A GARDEN IN SLUMLAND.

SEEDS garnered in an envelope
That sumptuously foretold the flower,
In brave but far from certain hope
We buried in our twelve foot bower,
Then waited through the winter
hour;
And just when hope was on the wing,
A plucky British marigold
On half a chance laid sturdy hold
And sprouted in the spring!

We dimly felt the world go by—
Of big deeds faintly caught the
sound.
The airmen conquered worlds on high,
But all our gaze was for the ground.
Somewhere quite near the KING
was crowned,
So those who went to see it say;
For us at that momentous time,
The pale petunia reached its prime
And blossomed for a day!

While men their daily papers scanned
For news of—I've forgotten what,

We faced a crisis in our land
Serenely with the watering-pot;
Dim threats of war we heeded not,
But midst a patriotic "boom"
Our Union Jack was duly flown
To voice a rapture all our own—
Sweet William was in bloom!

So, seated in my twelve-foot bower,
A mental equipoise is mine
Whereby to evils of the hour
Their true proportion I assign.
Thus, ere I had denounced the line
Adopted by the Veto Bill,
On London smuts unkindly fed,
My sick verberna drooped its head
And swamped the lesser ill!

From Bad to Worse.

"TWO FAMOUS DA VINCI'S DISAPPEAR FROM THE LOUVRE.

"The world-famous 'La Gioconda' of Leonardo da Vinci and the 'Mona Lisa' have been stolen."—*Daily Sketch.*

And now we hear rumours that "La Joconde" has gone too.

POTTED PAPERS.

"THE BRITISH MEEKLY."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IT is now time to review the Session and take stock of the prophets and losses.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

THE PRIME MINISTER is the hero not merely of the day but of the century. We are not hagiologists, but—if such a metaphor may be permitted in our columns—his name will go down to posterity enshrined in an imperishable aureole of triumph. For many months he has been coasting on perilous shores, but at last he has smitten the Philistines hip and thigh. The business was irritating and long-drawn-out—like a human hair in the mouth. But the victory was all the more overwhelming in the end, and his followers can now wallow to their hearts' content in the voluptuous joys of spiritual superiority. Greater, infinitely greater—because infinitely more respectable—than JULIUS CÆSAR, HANNIBAL or NAPOLEON, MR. ASQUITH steps unquestioned into the front rank of the World Forces, with a future before him even more gorgeous than his past.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

TO Lord LANSDOWNE, that icy aristocrat, as to Lord CURZON, that gilded popinjay, we owe no thanks and no respect. Lord LANSDOWNE does not indulge in the hideous and criminal extravagance of language shown by some of his followers, but he is none the less a cruel and savage hater of the people. He speaks with a cold insolence which sets every nerve of a true democrat tingling with homicidal frenzy. Under the ice of his manner fierce fires of resentment are perpetually burning, and we recognize him as a deadly and implacable enemy of religion, piety, and the People. The utmost that can be said in his favour is that he is not an Archbishop.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by his firm and sagacious handling of the Railway strike has added imperishable laurels to those which are already entwined with the leek amid his Celtic fringe. We yield to none in our admiration for Mr. ASQUITH; but there is no doubt that, urbane and masterly as he is in his control of his party, when it comes to negotiating with recalcitrant working men he pales before the irresistible *élan* of the vivid CHANCELLOR. High as he stood before in the estimation of all sound critics, MR. LLOYD GEORGE now stands immeasurably higher.

THE REV. DR. CORKER AT WINNIPEG.

Nothing is more touching than the abrupt contrasts of modern civilisation. Recently, on the very day when Liverpool was in the hands of the military and the lower quarters of that city were convulsed with revolutionary fury, Dr. CORKER was delighting the members of the Cobalt Club, Winnipeg, with a fascinating discourse on "The Releegious Significance of the Songs of ROBERT BURNS." The lecture was attended by Professor Hosea Boffin, Miss Fatima Pogson, and Dr. Taylor Swish, all of whom emigrated to Winnipeg within the last ten years. Deplorable as it is that our people should be driven from their sweet hill-sides for the pleasure or emolument of greedy and unpatriotic plutocrats, still it is well that the distant provinces of the Empire should be enriched with fresh clean blood.

THE MEENISTER.

(By Angus McDavid.)

CHAPTER XCVIII.

"An' ye'll nae gae tae kirk the day," exclaimed Aunt Elspeth in shocked tones. "Then what will ye be daein', I'm askin'?"

"Readin'," said the boy stolidly as he passed his fingers through his sandy hair.

"Readin'!" almost screamed the good old soul. "Readin'! on the Saw-bath! Readin' what?"

"*The British Meekly*," said the boy, "of course."

"Oh! *The British Meekly*," said the old lady, her tones softening once more to tenderness. "Then I've nae more tae say. Good luck tae ye."

(To be continued.)

BY THE FIRESIDE.

MAETERLINCK AT HOME.

One of my friends who is touring Normandy writes: "MAETERLINCK's home is a long white building with a pleasant garden in front. We wished to linger in the grounds, but our guide kept hurrying us on. '*Ce n'est pas permis*,' was his stock phrase. Isn't it strange that so sympathetic and understanding a man should refuse to allow English admirers to roam everywhere just as they will? That he failed to show himself to us struck me as another spot on the sun."

SWISS HOLIDAYS.

Another correspondent at Grindelwald speaks in glowing tones of the eloquence of the Rev. Septimus Barge, who was preaching last Sunday with terrific acceptance.

LORNA.

RAMBLING REMARKS.

MR. JAMES PYE.

A novel from the pen of Mr. James Pye, a great grandson of the poet Laureate Pye, is an event. The work will be published next week by Messrs. Stouter and Oddun, and should be read by everybody.

MR. HALL CAINE.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. HALL CAINE's next novel will be issued at twopence.

A MAN WHO KENT.

LADIES' COLUMN.

MAIDEN AUNT.—There are many ways of darkening eyebrows and eyelashes artificially, but I do not recommend you to use any of the methods advertised. Nor can I myself advise you to use even the simplest darkening agent on your small niece's face, though the use of burnt cork is perhaps permissible on occasions of festal rejoicing.

REBECCA.—I am afraid I cannot assist you to dispose of the sealskin coat. Your best plan is to keep it until the late autumn or winter season and then raffle it at a Mothers' Meeting.

A PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.

Mrs. Henry Potter has a black cat. A new neighbour, Mrs. Wilson Styles, has a black cat. Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Styles become friendly, and so do their cats. One day Mrs. Potter is fondling her cat when Mrs. Styles runs in with the remark, "Do you know that is my cat? They must have got changed somehow. Let me have it at once." Mrs. Potter, convinced that it is hers, refuses. What should Mrs. Styles do?

A copy of *The Expositor's Bible* will be given to the author of the best solution.

A PRACTICAL BAEDEKER.

THOSE who have shared with us the opinion that a great drawback to the modern guide-book is the fact that it says too little about the things which are of real interest to intending travellers, will welcome the appearance of a volume with the above title. As instances of its use and scope we are allowed to print a few extracts from the section "Hotels."

TROUVILLE. *Hôtel Orgueilleux*. Most expensive establishment in the whole of Normandy, and looks it. Motor-bus meets all boats and trains; driver and porter in powder and gold lace. Two thousand cubicles. Electric light. Lift simply tremendous. Garage and specially enhanced terms for motorists. *Pens.* from 175 fr. *per diem*. Single



ADVICE TO SNAP-SHOTTERS.

IT IS AS WELL NOT TO WALK TOO NEAR THE BATHING TENTS ON A WINDY DAY.

meals according. (With food 10 frs. supplement.) N.B. Two English duchesses (one dowager) stayed here during the whole of the last season. Intending patrons should ask to inspect register before booking.

DINARD. (Not far from) *Noces-sur-Mer*. Mothers with daughters are advised to write for rooms at the *Hotel de l'Union*. Select yet companionable. All the advantages of the larger *plage* at half the cost. Nothing whatever to do except bathe and flirt. Entirely self-contained. Casino in the hotel. No separate tables. Engagement rate (certified) among the visitors for the summer of 1910 was slightly over 47.5 per cent. English clergyman.

CÔTE D'ÉMERAUDE. If you want change try *St. Odorat*, the latest watering-place to be discovered on this fascinating coast. Adjoins the picturesque fishing-village of the same name. *Hotel des Bains*, romantic but homely. Directly opposite main drain (open all the year round). A recent visitor writes: "The atmospheric effects obtainable on summer evenings at

St. Odorat must be smelt to be believed; it beats Venice." A paradise for the entomologist.

Of great interest to all travellers, moreover, will be the special chapters of expert advice on such important matters as "How to Leave an Hotel" (see also "Tip and Run"), the contents of which readers would do well to get by heart. Also useful information concerning "Old Age Pensions," "Packing—Where to put your Tauchnitz," and the like. For a volume of such practical utility an enormous sale should be assured.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

[An American judge has decided that it is not a theft to take an umbrella when it is raining.]

HAROLD, you gave me yesterday
Rude words of mingled grief and rage,
Since from the Club I'd filched away
Part of your ancient heritage.
You called the bard a scamp
For "borrowing" your precious
heirloom gamp.

And I, who love you, let you speak,
Resenting not your words of scorn,

Though likened to an area sneak
Who pinches milkcans in the morn.
Myself, I should have voiced
Similar things had I got half as
moist.

I felt that I deserved it hot,
My conscience had begun to sting.
Otherwise, Harold, I should not
Have troubled to return the thing.
And you would not, my son,
Have known what I had been and
gone and done.

But now it seems that all the time
We were the victims of a huge
Delusion. It is not a crime
To commandeer an ombrifuge.
Harold, respect the law,
Come round to tea on Tuesday and
withdraw.

The telegram as despatched :

"Do you want Black Toy Pom? Can buy cheap."

The same as delivered :

"Do you want Black Boy Tom? Can buy cheap."

Oh for another HARRIET BEECHER STOWE!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A *Portentous History* (HEINEMANN) is in the nature of a jest, a half-bitter and half-whimsical jibe at life, sometimes philosophically discursive, sometimes graphically descriptive and always closely observant of human conduct. It is the story of a Scottish rustic, born out of all physical proportion; it marks with no little skill the mental agonies of a village giant and provides his ultimate compensation in an entirely unexpected apotheosis, which it would be an outrage on my part to reveal. At the start, Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON, as authors sometimes will who intend to laugh for 349 pages, lets his cleverness get the better of him. One feels, in reading, that his natural originality of ideas stood in need of no such affectation of style for setting. That the hero should save the lady from the onslaught of a bull is, perhaps, no new thing in fiction; but that his nett profits of the transaction should be the implacable hatred of the lady and trouble with the owner of the bull for damages done to it, is surely a little out of the way. It was, I think, the inevitable logic of that affair which set the author on his legs; at any rate, from this point he gets and keeps the better of his cleverness and the history proceeds brightly, yet naturally, to its climax. For myself, I found wanting in the conclusion of it a touch of matrimony, or, at least, romance; but I recommend you to judge of that for yourself. I can guarantee your pleasure in making the necessary perusal.

A sultry spot in far Malay,
Or somewhere in the eastern Indies
Where dusky natives have a way
Of kicking up infernal shindies—
This heaven on earth a yarn supplies,
A somewhat turbulent recital;
A *Prisoner in Paradise*
By H. R. VAHEY (PAUL)'s the title.
We find described the trader's life,
So slow that he can scarce endure it,
Until a semi-native wife
Drops casually in to cure it;
The tale, unskipped, I must confess
Is dullish, though it might be duller
But for the novel vividness
Of Mr. VAHEY's local colour.

When Mr. Cope of Cope's Complete Cleanser, after bringing up his grand-daughter, *Celia Bassingdale*, in luxury, suddenly banished her to live with poor connexions, I think that he was declaring her innings closed without

much reason. Apparently he acted in this drastic manner because he feared that a certain wooer was allured more by *Celia's* prospective fortune than by her herself, but whatever his motive may have been I am not holding him up as a pattern grandfather. It must, however, be admitted that his declaration was successful; but had *Celia* not been endowed with many charms and more virtues I think that she would have kicked over the traces, and additionally I consider that it would have served *Grandfather Cope* right if she had. As it was she made herself extremely useful in her new environment, and the swains of Great Marlton adored her as strenuously as some of the ladies snubbed her. That Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE knows the social policies of small places is abundantly proved by *Love in a Little Town* (MILLS AND BOON), and he has also firmly convinced me that admirable place as *Great Marlton* is to write about, it would be perfectly detestable to live in.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

V.—AN OFFICIAL OF THE ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY COUNTING THE NUMBER OF CROSS-EYED PERSONS WHO PASS OVER LONDON BRIDGE IN A DAY.

ran for twenty-seven weeks"—the interest of such records, even were they true, would not be very great except to the specialist. But theatrical happenings that haven't happened—! The really clever achievement of the book—what would indeed repay a reader who had a good deal of spare time—is the character of *Rose*, as revealed by herself; but even here I had the feeling that the thing could have been done more sharply and better with less expenditure of words. As for her social history and the divorce-court vicissitudes of the chief characters, the less said the soonest mended. I could appreciate their value as local-colour, but as episodes in the life of a heroine they entirely failed to awake my sympathy.

"Eight ounces of flour, eight ounces of suet. Chop the suet (not too small), then mix the suet and flour together with a little milk. Make it into a smooth dough, which has been wrung out of cold water, and not even floured. Tie the ends safely, pin the middle with a safety pin."—*Johannesburg Star*.

The guest who swallows the safety pin will be the first to be married.

"Lord Balcarras belongs to the clique of serious-minded men, but at the same time is an art critic, an author, and an antiquary."—*Queen*.
Heavens, what frivolity!

A *Big Horse to Ride* (MACMILLAN), by E. B. DEWING, is autobiography—the life of a stage-dancer as supposed to be written by herself. It is an idea which has certainly the merit of originality. We all know that theatrical memoirs contain frequently a good proportion of fiction; but a confessed work of imagination in this form is another matter. The pity is (I am forced to say it) that the author has not been able to avoid the danger of dullness. "Such and such a piece was produced in the autumn of 1898, and

THE MYSTERY SHIP.

It bobbed about in a pool in the rocks, secured by a string to an old iron ring that in its day has held many a craft and cargo safe. It was one of the kind sold in shops for threepence—a lump of wood shaped like a ship and painted here and there in red and blue. But the sail was gone and the mast was broken short.

Two eyes, bright with excitement, peeped round a rock, showing that I was not alone. "This your ship?" I asked; whereupon the small boy stood up, though he came no nearer.

"I say, you're not a Customs officer, are you?" he asked suspiciously. When I had assured him that I was nothing so romantic, he came and stood by me; but I noticed that he kept a sharp look-out towards the shore. "I slipped behind the rock because I thought you might be a Customs officer," he explained.

"Smuggling, eh?" I said; and this sea-imp with curly hair and a face as brown as his bare arms and legs looked full of the mischief that makes a successful smuggler. Whatever his enterprise, there was adventure in it, and more excitement than he could control, for he was quivering.

"Little beauty, isn't she?" he said, pointing to the ship. "Safe as a house. D'you remember how rough it was last Thursday? Well, she never sank once all the morning. She's sailing to-night," he added in a whisper, with another glance landward, "before the moon is up."

"But her sail has gone and her mast's broken."

"No, that's the funnel. She was a sailing-ship, but of course I had to disguise her, so I made her into a steam-ship. It's all the better, because a steamship will get there quicker. I suppose it wouldn't take more than a week to get to Portugal? Or would you choose Brazil if you were me?"

"You're playing a dangerous game, mate," I said, in a low voice.

"Fearfully dangerous!" he agreed, in a whisper, which he made as hoarse as possible. "Did you see that torpedo boat pass this morning? She nearly had me; but before she could fire, I fastened my shirt to the handle of my shrimping-net and waved at her, like the Scouts do, you know. I had ripping luck; I must have hit on the signal for 'All's well,' for she went on without taking any more notice. It was a near squeak, though. Do you happen to know if the ebb-tide begins before or

after the moon rises? I suppose you don't know of a good drug for an Irish terrier, do you? Mrs. Wiggins makes such an awful row whenever anybody goes in or out of the house, and I'm afraid it will wake them all up when I creep downstairs.

"Sh! There's a coast-guard; come on!" and he dragged me down behind a rock. "He's got his eye on us; what shall we do? If you happen to be a strong swimmer, I could get on your back and we could perhaps escape round the point. No? Well, I must bluff him somehow. You stay here." He went and picked up his ship, tucked it under his arm, and marched boldly up to the coast-guard and stood talking to him a



THE EASTMOUTH OCTOPUS—I.

"Great excitement and nervousness have been caused among Eastmouth bathers by the news that a ferocious octopus has been sighted quite near the shore. The bathing season threatens to be abruptly terminated."—*Eastmouth Argus*.

moment. Then he proceeded up the cliff path; the coast-guard, however, came over the rocks towards me.

"Young gentleman says you pertic'ly want to see me, Sir," he said.

To gain time, I offered him a cigar. From the cliff came frantic signals urging me to secrecy, so I proceeded to ask a few questions about the currents and the coast lights.

I have not seen the young filibuster again; but as the papers have contained nothing exciting from Portugal, I expect in a few days to learn of strange happenings in Brazil.

"Dredging operations have been temporarily suspended, as the Canton River has gone over to Hongkong for repairs."

South China Morning Post.

Hong Kong is always glad to give it a bed for the night.

LINES TO MR. SHOLES.

(With apologies to EDWARD LEAR).

[“C.K.S.” complains in *The Sphere* that the editor of *Everybody's Magazine* recently wrote a letter to him addressed to “C. K. Sholes.” He also mentions that in a paragraph which has gone the round of a number of papers reference is made to his “rubicund visage and Paderewski-like coiffure.”]

How pleasant to know Mister Sholes,
Who writes such adorable stuff
On bookmen and bibliopoles
That we never can thank him enough!

His industry matches the mole's;
His pen is unending in flux;
Smart people he never extols,
Though he's written a book about
Bucks.

His eyes are as keen as a vole's;
His figure is perfectly Spherical;
His singing of gay barcarolles
Makes a musical audience hys-
terical.

He never has been to the Poles;
In summer he drinks lemon-
squash;
He frowns upon Anglican stoles;
The name of his dog is FitzPosh.

On Sundays he commonly bowls
In a taxito ROBERTSON NICOLL'S;
His favourite oath is “By Goles!”
He feeds all his goldfish on
pickles.

A thousand-and-one pigeon-holes
In his brain-pan are bursting
with knowledge;
He knows the right sound of St.
Aldate's
And has learned to avoid “Christ
Church College.”

He never has dined with Lord
KNOLLYS;
He never goes gambling to
Monte,

But he owns two or three parasols
That belonged to the late CHARLOTTE
BRONTË.

By the shooting of grouse or of goals
His life he has never imperilled;
He never belonged to the “Souls,”
But he knows Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD.

He utters uncountable “Skoals”
O'er the ruddy Omarian tippie,
And his capers and high caracoles
Make MORDKIN appear like a cripple.

He breakfasts on coffee and rolls;
He lunches off oysters and porter;
His curls have the blackness of coals—
They're like PADEREWSKI'S, but
shorter.

So whenever in Fleet Street he strolls,
Policemen look hurriedly up
And cry, “That's the great Mr. Sholes
Who writes such delectable gup.”

MEDITATIONS IN A BUTT.

[* Denotes the shots of the speaker: † Those of the other guns down the line.]

WELL, here we are at last, thank Heaven . . . Number Four from the right facing the beaters, leaving the top butt empty? Yes, I'm all right. Captain Bowker on the left, I see. I wonder if he's any good at this game? And Billy on the right. Billy's pretty sure to bag my birds if he can . . . What a filthy puddle! Wish to goodness this feller would keep the butts drained. *(He deposits a large turf off his "fortification" on the floor of the butt.)* That's better. I'm chilled too. That's the worst of these rough walks, one gets so hot and then so cold. . . : I don't feel at all like it to-day. Truth is, one ought to get to bed earlier if one wants to be on the spot at this game. I believe this is going to be one of the rotten days. I know 'em. Grouse-shooting's a slavery when you strike one of them. Sort of day when there are no birds . . . and what birds there are go back over the beater's heads . . . and when they do come forward they won't cross the butts . . . and when they do cross the butts, they cross every butt but yours . . . and when they do come over you they are nearly out of sight . . . and when they are within shot, you can't hit 'em . . . and when you do hit 'em you don't kill 'em . . . and when you do kill 'em you can't pick 'em up . . . and when you do find 'em they're grey hens! . . . Oh, I know it. I wonder if this is going to be . . . Hullo! What was that? . . . * * * Never saw the brute till it was right on me. There's something moving on the sky-line there. Gone away! I knew those flankers were far too far out. Who's that whistling? Oh, all right. Now we have it . . . Straight for me . . . Steady . . . * * * Oh—! Never touched 'em. I must get on to them sooner. I always let 'em get too near. Always did. By Jove, there's a pretty pack on the move. They are going off on the left. No, they are heading for Bowker . . . † † . . . Bowker's downed a brace. Good man. Here he is again. Single bird this time. Just skimming the heather . . . Steady . . . Aim at his feet. Don't forget to aim at his . . . * * * Seems I can't get on to 'em either coming or going. Must have an eye like a poached egg . . . † † † † . . . Hullo, they're busy down the line . . . * * * Too far out . . . far too far out . . . † † † † † † . . . Billy seems to be making rather a hat

of it. Great snakes, here they come! Sky's black with 'em . . . † † † † † * * † † . . . Load, you fool, don't look at the birds, load! . . . * * † † . . . I wonder what the devil's wrong with me? I knew I was bad at the game, but I never dreamed I was as bad as this. It's this rotten light, and my hands are cold . . . * * . . . They do come . . . † † † † . . . at a deuce of a pace with that wind behind 'em. By Jove! Bowker's mopping them up. So is Billy. Hullo! Old Blackcock coming down the line . . . † † . . . Rutherford's missed him. . . † † . . . So has Billy. . . † † . . . Now, I'll wipe his eye. *(Feverishly.)* Remember he's going quicker than he looks. Remember he's going . . . *



THE EASTMOUTH OCTOPUS—II.

Sir Thomas Bushey, K.C.B., totally unaware of the havoc he has caused.

. . . Now, well in front of him this time. . . . * * * Never even shook him! Bowker has him . . . † † . . . Yes, he's down . . . † † † † * * † † . . . Nearly up to my knees in cartridges and devil a bird down . . . † † † . . . Hullo! There are the beaters! Only a quarter of a mile off and I've nothing down! . . . † † † . . . Lots of birds about, I must say . . . † † † . . . By Jove, there's a high lot. Too high for Billy, I expect . . . † † . . . Thought so. Here's another pack. Right at my head. *(He sets his teeth.)* Now then, steady! . . . * * * I'm sure that second bird was struck. *(He follows it with his eyes.)* Yes, it's towered . . . † † † . . . Down by the stream. Good; that's always something . . . † † † . . . Now, I'm going to get on to them. I've got off my bad patch. Hullo! coming up the line. Steady . . . * * * One, any

way. That's a brace. Here we are again . . . † † † . . . * * . . . Good work. Deuce of a long shot that! There might be a few birds still on the moss . . . † † † . . . Yes. Steady . . . * * . . . Right and left. By Jove! I knew I could hit 'em . . . * * . . . What went wrong that time? Behind 'em, I suppose. There's another big pack. Great snakes! Millions of 'em. Not coming for me this time . . . † † † † † † † . . . Swinging down the line . . . † † † . . . Billy's tearing them down now . . . † † . . . Hullo! skimming bird behind . . . * * . . . Never could hit that sort. Simply don't know how it's done. Duck, isn't it? Yes, coming my way—deuce of a height. *(Feverishly.)*

Remember, he's got a long neck. Now! . . . * * . . . Plugged him, by Jove! Now we're talking! . . . † † . . . Well, here are the beaters. *(He stretches himself, drops his cartridge bag, and is about to get out of his butt.)* By Jove, look at that! Rum place for him to sit. Here he comes. Be careful not to plug a beater. Now he's well over their heads. Steady! The eyes of Europe are upon you this time. Well in front . . . † . . . Down, Sir! Ripping. One of my best, that. *(Pause.)* . . . Hullo! Bowker fired at it too, did he? That's rather sickening. I suppose now that Bowker will claim that bird, and I'm jolly sure I had him through the neck. Wish to goodness he would leave my birds alone. I know I was dead on him . . . *(He begins to gather up his birds.)* . . . I say, Bowker! *(shouting)* Did you pick that last grouse of yours? . . . Oh, no, I'm sure it

was yours. I never— Well, if you are quite certain. All right. We'll let it go at that. *(To himself)* Never saw Bowker so keen to give up a bird before. He's not so obstinate as I thought he was . . . *(To the keeper)* You'll find another grouse of mine there, just where the dog is now. What? It's a—? *(To himself, with a sudden, horrid, inward sinking)* It's a grey hen!

"WTD., Plans, Spec., Price S. or D. F. B. Cott., suit left-hd. cor., 5 rs." *Advt. in "Sydney Morning Herald."*

We have often felt a vague yearning for something, and it must be this.

"The Lowestoft herring-boat Doris landed at Grimsby yesterday about 1,600 fish, the result of the night's fishing. The herrings were sold during the day and realised £212."—*Daily Mail.* Your breakfast will cost you more.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF WARWICKSHIRE.

MR. F. R. FOSTER (*Captain of the Warwickshire XI., who have just won the Cricket Championship*).
"TELL KENT FROM ME SHE HATH LOST."—II. *Henry VI.*, iv. 10.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. "WARWICK, THOU ART WORTHY!"—III. *Henry VI.*, iv. 6.



A NEW GARDEN GAME—"SLICING THE WASP."

SUITABLE FOR BOTH SEXES, YOUNG AND OLD. FASCINATING, AMUSING, SKILFUL, EXCITING, AND WITH THAT ELEMENT OF DANGER SO ATTRACTIVE TO THE BRITON.

THE HAPPY DISPATCH.

COME, Oread Nymphs! and come, thou guileless yokel!

But not with tears nor melancholy wreath,
Cypress and yew, and whatso'er the local
Hillsides afford, and vales that are beneath,
Of flowers funereal, nor garland's buckle

Of baleful nightshade nor the poppy's head,
But clover and wild thyme and honeysuckle,
And divots of mown turf collect, and chuckle
About my drive laid dead!

Ah, what a shot,—two hundred yards and over!

By fervent hope and fitful fancy aimed,
Sheer from the mark she soared, impetuous rover,
And spurned the bunker and went on untamed,
(And such a bunker, faced with filthy sleepers!)
And bounded o'er the grass like wind-blown spume,
And found soft rest at last and closed her peepers,—
Come, sportive caddies, come, ye stern green-keepers,
Come and behold the tomb!

I shall be down in twain, and four is bogey,
And when I muse how many a woeful time
I have been foiled by that infernal fogey,
That military card, and forced to climb
Wearily up to yonder green oasis

Out of the Libyan sands, perspiring hard,
Like some poor camel,—Join your hands, ye Graces!
This round at least a peerless hole embraces,
Make merry with the bard.

I shall be down in two, and James is lying
(I'm sorry, James, of course,—I truly am)
Deep in the dreadful trough where balls undying
Suffer the tortures of the niblick's slam:
But mine, she rests beside the flag-crowned portal,
The goal of all desires, the easeful end,
(She who so many times has seemed immortal),—
Forgive me, James, if I exude a chortle:
Better pick up, my friend.

Just one wild wallop in the old Sahara,
And then come on with me and hark how sweet
She lies in death, how tranquil, *mia cara*,
The grave she sought for at her silvery feet.
Strew on her roses, roses; spare to utter
One word of sorrow for the wild thing free,
But just a reverent motion with the putter
And down she goes, like Bass or melted butter,
Making "one up" for me.

EVOR.

"Without going into technical details, it may be mentioned that for the purpose of actuating the device the clutch shaft itself is cut in two, the part that carries the clutch being keyed to a boss that has dogs which engage with a companion series on a ring. When the spring is wound up it is retained in that condition by a pawl and ratchet. To start the motor a pedal slides the ratchet ring until it engages with the pawl and also causes the dogs to disengage, when the spring is free to unwind and rotate the clutch shaft through the medium of the ratchet and the pawl."—*Observer*.

This, however, is by the way. But you see what we mean.

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL.

PART I.

THIS is the tale the old men tell, the tale that was told to me,

Of the blue-green dragon,

The dreadful dragon,

The dragon who flew so free,

The last of his horrible scaly race

Who settled and made his nesting place

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago.

One day, as the light was falling low

And the turbulent wind was still,

In a stony hollow,

Where none dared follow,

Beyond the ridge on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill!

The news went round in the camp that night; it was

Dickon who brought it first

How the wonderful dragon,

The fiery dragon,

On his terrified eyes had burst.

"I was out," he said, "for a fat young buck,

But never a touch I had of luck;

And still I wandered and wandered on

Till all the best of the day was gone;

When, suddenly, lo, in a flash of flame

Full over the ridge a green head came,

A green head flapped with a snarling lip,

And a long tongue set with an arrow's tip.

I own I didn't stand long at bay,

But I cast my arrows and bow away,

And I cast my coat, and I changed my plan,

And forgot the buck, and away I ran—

And, oh, but my heart was chill:

For still as I ran I heard the bellow

Of the terrible slaughtering fierce-eyed fellow

Who has made his lair on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill."

Then the women talked, as the women will, and the men-folk they talked too

Of the raging dragon,

The hungry dragon,

The dragon of green and blue.

And the Bards with their long beards flowing down,

They sat apart and were seen to frown.

But at last the Chief Bard up and spoke,

"Now I swear by beech and I swear by oak,

By the grass and the streams I swear," said he,

"This dragon of Dickon's puzzles me.

For the record stands, as well ye know,

How a hundred years and a year ago

We dealt the dragons a smashing blow

By issuing from our magic tree

A carefully-framed complete decree,

Which ordered dragons to cease to be.

Still, since our Dickon is passing sure

That he saw a regular Simon pure,

Some dragon's egg, as it seems, contrived

To elude our curses, and so survived

On an inaccessible rocky shelf,

Where at last it managed to hatch itself.

Whatever the cause, the result is plain:

We're in for a dragon-fuss again.

We haven't the time, and, what is worse,

We haven't the means to frame a curse.

So what is there left for us to say

Save this, that our men at break of day

Must gather and go to kill

The monstrous savage

Whose fire-blasts ravage

The flocks and herds on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill?"

BY-LAWS FOR PARKS.

[A few rules to supplement the usual seventy or eighty that menace harmless pedestrians at the park gates.]

1. No person or persons shall take a photograph of the park or bandstand, or any portion or portions thereof, all available sunshine being required for the flower-beds.

2. All children must be manacled, and have chain-balls affixed to their ankles. Those in arms, perambulators, or mail-carts must be provided with gags or respirators; this to prevent them crying out and startling the fish, or stunting the growth of the hollyhocks and young trees.

3. All loose change must be left at the entrance lodge in charge of the park-keeper, as the jingling of it excites the gardeners and takes their attention from their work.

4. No man shall take in more than fourteen, no woman more than sixteen, and no child more than eighteen full breaths during one minute, as the atmosphere of this park is the property of the Town and Corporation and must not be wantonly depleted.

5. No person or persons, male or female, infant or adult, shall be permitted within the boundaries of the park wearing colours that do not harmonise with the seasons' bloom. A list of sympathetic shades may be inspected at the park lodge.

6. No visitor shall continue to smell at a flower or to gaze at a swan for more than two consecutive minutes; or subject exotic and delicate plants to a draught by walking quickly past them.

7. On breezy days all male headgear must be attached to wearer by a strong cord, a straw or silk hat being liable to plough up the gravel paths, and the chase of it to disturb the decorous atmosphere of the park.

8. No one other than an officer of the Corporation, or specially authorised person, shall at any time inspect the carpet bedding without first wiping his boots.

9. No dogs shall be admitted to the park unless conveyed in their kennels, the doors of which must be opened only sufficiently for ventilation and not for egress.

10. On Empire Day children are allowed to sail small boats on the lake. Boats made of newspaper must first undergo inspection by the park-keeper, who is authorised to reject all craft not manufactured from the more reputable of the dailies or weeklies.

11. It is not permitted that parents shall bring more than three of their family into the park at any one time, several faces of one or a similar cast destroying the charm of variety in the crowd.

12. Any person caught in the act of sneezing will immediately be evicted from the park, as these convulsions seriously disturb the air waves. Where a person is observed to be struggling in the incipient stages of a sneeze, and the distance between the prospective sneezer and the exit gate justifies such a procedure, the officials have authority to rush the said prospective sneezer off the premises before the explosion.

Penalties for infringement of any of the above by-laws:—

For the first offence, the offender shall be required to commit to memory the whole of the thousand and one (or more, as the case may be) rules exhibited on this board.

For the second offence: Death.

BY ORDER.



Irish Boatman (surveying the solitary result of the day). "It's A FOIN FISH FOR THE SIZE 'AV UT; THEM 'LL RUN ABOUT THREE TO THE POUND."

Angler. "HARDLY THAT, I SHOULD SAY."

Boatman. "WELL, MAYBE THE OTHER TWO 'D BE A BIT BIGGER."

GRAND ENGLISH OPERA.

PATRIOTIC VENTURE.

A SLIM, pale little man—in looks curiously resembling Sir CHARLES DARLING—reticent, modest, but plumb on the spot all the time, such is Mr. Hector Anvilstone, the creator of the magnificent opera house which has sprung into existence, as at the wand of an enchanter, on the north side of Kingswych. Already £500,000 have been expended on the building, and £250,000 more will be required to raise the curtain on the opening night, when Mr. Anvilstone begins his campaign with a thirty-week season of Russian and Spanish opera.

"Yes," observed Mr. Anvilstone when we ran him to earth in the Reading-room of the British Museum, "my ambition has always been to do something for dear old England. You see I am not calling it 'The Anvilstone Opera House'; I call it 'The Grand National All-English Opera House,' because everything about it is English. The architect is English; the bricks are English; the box-keeper speaks English quite fluently; and the prices

are English. Nothing cheap and nasty. There is to be an English horn in the orchestra, and I am even going so far as to provide English translations of the operas which are to be performed in my first season.

"You may have noticed the theatre? There are two curious things about the façade: one is the paucity of doors; the other the stone face in the centre. The paucity of doors is a problem which you must ask any English architect to solve; the stone face is my own. Don't shoot at it. I am doing my best.

"As you know," Mr. Anvilstone continued, "I am opening with *The Knout*, by Sviatntchitzky, the costumes for which have all been made in London by English tailors. Later on I may have a WAGNER season, but if I do the water used in the Rhine-maiden scenes shall be genuine English Thames-water."

It only remains to be added that Mr. Anvilstone, who has never worn a fur-coat and is a life-long teetotaler, has chartered a special train on the Trans-Siberian railway to bring over a bevy of distinguished Chinese musicians from Mukden for the opening night.

"The fire spread with startling rapidity; it was one of the hottest fires that has been experienced of late, and it was got under control by a large force of the Fire Brigade, which quickly assembled, in less time than would have seemed credible for a fire of such large extent."

Daily Telegraph.

It is surprising how apathetic they become when they know it's a large fire; but for a little one they're at it directly. It hasn't a chance.

"The burning question of the day in the minds of all thoughtful poultry-keepers, says C. N. Perkins in the 'Poultry Review' (U.S.A.), is how to provide shade for the fowls during the hot weather."—*Farm Life.*

There are various things to do. A parasol for every fowl is sometimes tried. Another way is to teach them "In the Shadows."

"BOY RECEIVED in good HOME to Educate with own son; age and terms moderate."—"Members' Circular," Civil Service Supply Association, Limited.

None of immoderate age need apply.

"THE CHIEF SECRETARY.—Mr. Birrell was in his office at the Castle to-day transacting official business."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

Caught again.

THE SEASON'S SUMMARY.

THE County Championship being now finished, we have leisure to consider the results of the past season. True, the Cross Arrows have yet to begin their campaign, and the South of England (including Essex) is still waiting to meet XXIX of Carshalton and District; but to the general public cricket may be said to be over. The rise of Warwickshire to the premier position has already been commented on in the columns of our contemporaries (we believe); and numerous writers have rightly pointed out that, if the method of scoring points in the championship had only been different (as, for instance, if the losses had been subtracted from the umpires, and the lunches ignored—or the drawn games divided among the wicket-keepers, and the heavy roller insured) in these circumstances some other county might have obtained the laurels. It is undoubtedly true also that the fact of Warwickshire not having arranged matches with Kent, Somerset, Cornwall, Co. Cork and Herzegovina, has done much to rob the competition of its interest; while the fact that the wickets have suited the county's bowling, and that its batsmen have been in form, has certainly given an unfair advantage to the Midland shire. None the less, all good sportsmen—having called attention to these points and to any others which occurred to them—will hasten to congratulate Mr. FOSTER's team on its success.

The M.C.C. team, which is about to leave these shores in order to tour the country of our Australian kinsmen beyond the seas, has now been definitely made up; indeed, it has been published in more than one of our contemporaries. It is an excellent team, if a little on the slow side in batting. However, we have much to learn from our Colonial cousins in more things than cricket, and it is to be hoped that when Mr. DOUGLAS and VINE are in together the rest of the eleven will seize the opportunity to see something of the country. Indeed, it is considered likely that, if VINE and KINNEIR go in first for England, with Mr. DOUGLAS first wicket, Mr. WARNER and HOBBS may even find it possible to pay a flying visit to the Motherland for the Christmas festivities.

In any case we earnestly hope that the team will return victorious to this country (if possible, in 1912) and that, a few days after their landing at Tilbury, we may have the pleasure of reading Mr. WARNER's book (on which we trust he is already at work), *How*

for the second Time of Asking we pinched the Mythical Ashes.

But it is time we turned our attention to the doings of humbler individuals, whose season, no less than that of the great ones, is now coming to an end. England, it has often been said, is a nation of sportsmen. This does not simply mean that England can turn out eleven good cricketers or fifteen good footballers, but that at heart every man of us has a passion for some kind of sport. Mr. Stanley Nibbs, of The Towers, Paddockhurst, is a fine example of this kind of Englishman. Mr. Nibbs' score for the season is as follows:—

Wasps killed	2,136
Injured	497
Left in marmalade	8,562
Most in a day	140
*Average	53.4
Times stung	7

* Irrespective of one day when Mr. NIBBS was confined to his bed.

Mr. Nibbs uses an ordinary wooden wasp-killer with a cane-handle, and, except for an occasional course of massage during the summer, undergoes no special training.

Another gentleman who has had a very good season is Mr. John B. Bellows, of Upper Croydon and Leadenhall Street. Mr. Bellows' record at the moment of writing, for his season is not yet finished, shows the following remarkable figures:—

Letters to the press denouncing the Radical-Socialist Government	586
Letters in which the words "perjured traitor" occurred	586
Letters in which the words "contemptible time-server" occurred	586
Letters in which the words "toeing the line" occurred	586
Letters published	27
Most in a day	3
Percentage of "perjured traitors" to letters published	94.6

Mr. Bellows hopes to improve his record materially during the silly season, but already he is considered to be, next to Mr. LEO MAXSE, the most thoughtful writer before the public.

We have left consideration of the most important record of the season till the last. Need we say we refer to the weather? (No.) That the weather has contributed largely to all the calamities of the season—strikes, wasps, droughts, Warwickshire's victory and the extreme fruitiness of Parliamentary language, cannot now

be denied. On the other hand there have been compensations. It is with these compensations that our last Table will deal:—

Interviews in the ha'penny press with a well-known Harley Street physician	11,893
Articles on "How to Keep Cool"	7,212
Menus of a light little lunch for City men	10,999
Paragraphs on how the Stock Exchange is taking the great heat	2,506
Photographs of people drinking	981

That this has been a record summer, and a summer for which we should all be grateful, no one who reads these statistics will deny. A. A. M.

AT THE PLAY.

THE FOLLIES.

PERHAPS it is a mistake to see The Follies on a first night. Perhaps, anyhow, it is a mistake to write about them while their jokes are still fresh in the memory. It may be that in a year's time I shall be saying, "How splendid *Kismet* and the *Coronation Scena* were!" just as I say now, "How excellent in the old days were *A Voice Trial* and *Everybody's Benefit*!"

It is true, of course, that The Follies have lost in Miss GWENNIE MARS their brightest planet. Miss FAY COMPTON has made a promising beginning, but it will be some time before she can take Miss MARS' place in our hearts. The rest of the company remains the same. Custom has not staled the variety of any of them; in most cases time has wrought an improvement in their art; and yet—and yet I find myself still saying, "How glorious was *Everybody's Benefit*."

I seemed to get at the secret of this during the performance of *The Fourth Wall*—a sort of potted Shavian play. It was very funny in places, without doubt; but it could have raised just as much laughter in the hands of any other company of actors that one liked to select. In as far as it was a success it was a success of costume and book, not, as in the old Folly shows, a success of personality. The Follies should never have burlesques written for them, they should create their own; their jokes must not be ordered, they must emerge.

But, of course, there is still plenty of fun going about at the Apollo. The National Songs, the Court Scene in

Kismet, Miss ALLANDALE'S song, "The Mole and the Butterfly," Mr. MORRIS HARVEY'S Prehistoric Man, and the Grand Guignol Thrill, are as good as anything that they have ever done. And perhaps the best thing of all is BEN'S little sketch of *Lieutenant Clinton* in the last named. Sometimes I think that BEN ought to be promoted to be a real Folly. He is good enough, but I suppose his talent is too delicate. He must be nursed carefully.

A final word to Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY, whose temporary absences from the stage are still the tragedies of the evening. If he read *Punch* as diligently as I go to The Follies, he would know that one of his new stories appeared in this paper not so long ago. If he doesn't mind, I don't. M.

THE RED TIE.

THE man with the long hair and the slouch hat glanced up from his *Clarion* at the new-comer just entering the third-class railway compartment. His eyes lit up as he noticed the vivid red tie worn by the latter.

"Good morning, brother!" said the man with the long hair, cheerfully.

The new-comer turned a dull, suspicious eye upon him. "You a foreigner?" said he.

"No; I belong to the English fraternity. Things are looking bright for the Cause, aren't they?"

"For the what?"

"For the Cause."

"What Cause?"

"The revolt."

"You mean time-and-a-half for Sunday work, I s'pose?"

"I mean the regeneration of the world."

"What generation?"

"The regeneration."

"Ah!" said the man with the red tie, blankly.

"The railways will have to go first," continued the man with the long hair; and for the first time the new-comer showed interest in the conversation.

"Go to where?" said he. "I ain't heard."

"To the State, of course."

"What for?"

"For the sake of the people."

"I don't know what you're driving at! If you mean tight-packing on the evening suburbans, that can't be helped—any railway man'll tell you that."

"Are you trying to be funny?" asked the *Clarion*-man warmly.

"Don't you try to make a fool of me, or you'll get a thick ear!" was the reply.

"Aren't you a Socialist?"



Lady (to loafer who has asked for money). "You'll only drink it, I suppose, instead of taking it home to your wife."

Loafer. "I ain't got a wife, Lid. I'm earnin' me own living."

"A blooming Socialist! Lumme, no!"

"Then why on earth do you wear our tie?"

"What tie?"

"The red tie."

"Your tie?"

"Yes, our tie!"

The new-comer looked at the *Clarion*-man pityingly. "There's a lot of sheep's heads knocking about this world," said he, "and as a railway porter I meet most of 'em, but I've never yet met such a chronic, out-and-

out sheep's head as didn't even know that the red tie means the L. and S.W.! Oh, go home and mind the baby!"

"These native newspapers, it said, adversely criticised Lieutenant Shirase and his party for not setting out on their journey sooner than they did, and closed their criticism by stating that in the circumstances he and the other leaders could not do otherwise if they failed to reach the Pole than 'die the honourable death'—which means in plain English, commit 'kari kari.'—*Wanganui Herald*.

What do they know of English who have never been to Wanganui?



THE FALSE ALARM.

A LIQUID ASSET.

[A waterfall is being auctioned at Jondron, Savoy.]

Auctioneer (log.): Lot 315. Waterfall, complete with banks, bushes, rocks, chamois and wild fowl. In full working order. Now, gentlemen, what may I say for it? This is a real, live fall, with three gallons of water guaranteed per second, winter and summer. An ornament to any nobleman's estate. Charm, mystery, grandeur, romance and poetry! Ripples, eddies, spray, watersprites, echo, minnows, dreamy shallows, whispering zephyrs, aged fisherman, tradition, legend and curse attached. A slap-up affair. Now, what's the money?

Eh? Twenty-five? Twenty-five what—thousands? Pounds? Pounds, does the gentleman say? For a fall like that? This is a *waterfall*, Sir, not a duck-pond or a quicksand. Twenty-five pounds wouldn't pay the water-rates on a fall like that! No, Sir! Look at the entrance fees alone, at threepence a-head and the tourist season only coming on. Why, the souvenirs and picture-postcards would fetch twenty-five pounds alone!

Forty? Can't do it, Sir; we've never hawked waterfall's here, and we never

shall! This is *water*—lime, phosphates, hydrocarbons, salts, bromides and nitrates. Bottled and sold at sixpence a pint it will bring you in your capital in a month, or you give it back to us and we return you the money. See? Cures rheumatism, liver, ague, hay fever, infantile cholera, heartburn, swollen feet, obesity and the staggers. Children like it. Standard water, harmless, antiseptic, invigorating.

Romance? The place is full of romance—can't help it. Ice-maiden close at hand, glaciers to all parts, goat-herds, peasants, horn-blowers. When the moon is on that waterfall it would make a locomotive engine feel romantic! Fifty? At fifty,—going!

Look at what you can do with it! Work an electric light plant, drive a vacuum-cleaner or pianola, water the lawn. Bathing, paddling, boating, washing. This fall will wash anything; you put the clothes in and the water does the rest. Sixty—the gentleman with the knickerbockers. Thank you, Sir! At sixty!

Now there's no use messing about with a waterfall like this. Sixty I'm offered. Everything complete,—foliage, edelweiss, rushes, beetling crag, ice mountain, avalanches, foaming precipice within one minute. Good as a

family pedigree to anyone wanting to set up as a country gentleman.

No advance on sixty? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll throw in the bottomless pool and the end of the glacier and sell them in one lot. Now, gentlemen, what may I say? Eh? A hundred? Thank you, Sir. A hundred—at a hundred—any advance on a hundred? Going—gone! The gentleman with the straw hat and the alpenstock.

Next lot—431—mountain pass and two snow huts. Now, what's the money?

From the circular of SHAH POONAM CHAND NANGAL CHAND (if you know whom we mean):—

"We prepare the above written cloth good and give there different colourd as fallow; Suok as, dark-greece, light greece fare-blue, light pink, darkbrown, etc."

We must certainly have a pair of "suok as" knickerbockers for the moors.

"John Galsworthy had written a half-dozen volumes of sketches, novels and plays before the *Silver Fox* came out."—*The Book Monthly*. The *Silver Fox*, of course, made GALSWORDTHY'S reputation. Some, however, prefer the same author's *Country Mouse*.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

GERMANY. "NOBODY LOVES ME—AND THEY ALL WANT TO TRAMPLE ON ME!"

"ALL THE LATEST HAVES."

SUCH was the legend on a card in the window that not only caught but for a moment bewildered my eye, and in I went to investigate. For who is not interested in "haves"? Moreover, I had never before seen the word used in print as a substantive, and in the plural too. That unsuspecting people could be had, I knew: the irreverent had had me often. But that there were on sale a variety of articles laboriously made for no other purpose than to have with—that was a new idea. For beyond a contrivance which lifted plates mysteriously, and a cotton-wool peach too like the real article, I had seen none.

I asked to be shown the best things in haves.

"This is the best," said the young lady behind the counter, displaying an empty ink-pot and a fat blue-black exudation made of some soft material at its side. She placed the horrid substance in my hand. "It's very amusing," she said. "You wait till the room is empty and then you lay the blot on something nice or valuable—the table-cloth or a book or a piece of embroidery—overturn the ink-pot by it, and there you are. When your wife comes in, for example, she has a fit. See? We sell thousands of them."

"But how if one is unmarried?" I asked.

"Oh, then you try it on your hostess or a lady friend," she said.

"But it's no use if they know it?" I pursued.

"No, of course not. You can't be had twice, of course. Not with the same thing. But there are so many: you're bound to get them with one of them. Here, for example;" and she showed me a solid mess of jelly—yellow and white—on a card bearing the words, "Who dropped that egg?"

"You lay this on the carpet," she said, "and it makes people jump, I can tell you."

"But you must choose your house with some care," I suggested. "In many houses no one goes about carrying raw eggs; or if they do, it is not in the living rooms."

"Of course," she said, "you have to think a bit. But that's the case with all of them. Now here's a splendid joke for a billiard-table."

She showed me a cigarette half burned, with a little glowing light amid the ash. Also a cigar in the same condition.

"You just lay one of these on the cloth of the billiard-table," she continued, "and watch your host's expression. There've been some terrible rows over it, I'm told. I'm told that friendships have been broken up. The

"You, I suppose," she said.

"Ah, yes," I replied. "Before the Workmen's Compensation Act! But now?"

She refused to be frightened.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a red blob.

"Oh, that's awfully good," she said.

"That's a spoonful of raspberry jam. You lay it on the table-cloth with a spoon beside it, and hear what the people say."

"But suppose there is no raspberry jam—I mean, of course, other than this—on the table?"

"Then you wouldn't do it; you'd wait."

"Carrying it in my pocket all the time?"

"Yes, of course. If you really intended to have anybody with it."

"Haven't you any apricot jam or green-gage? All the people I know eat those jams."

"No, only raspberry."

"Then it's no use to me," I said. "Is that all?"

"No; here's the latest. The cut finger."

She showed me a white finger-stall through which blood appeared to be oozing. "That's very popular," she added. "It makes people think you've cut yourself. Then, when they find they've been sorry all for nothing, you laugh. Which will you have?"

"All," I said, for I had a happy thought. My old friend Sir Henry was just leaving for a series of visits to persons of eminence unlikely to have come into touch with this peculiar form



MR. PUNCH'S WARM FELICITATIONS TO THE FORCE.

Constable. "Well, we've got a bit of extra pay, mate, 'over and above' as you might say, and not had to strike for it."

cigarette's a penny; the cigar two-pence."

"Will they do for anything besides billiard-tables?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course. On a piece of old lace, for example; or a costly shawl. Here's a red-hot cinder for Turkey carpets or Persian rugs. It ought to be something valuable or the owner isn't sufficiently alarmed."

"But it wouldn't do to alarm people too much," I said. "Suppose they were to be ill, would you or I be liable?"

"They wouldn't," she said.

"But they might. A very mean man, for example, and a very costly Persian carpet. Who would be responsible then—you or I?"

of wit. So I gave them to him.

He came back with a reputation as a humourist—a little cruel, perhaps, but unmistakable—such as nothing he had ever done or said could have won for him.

Accident at Wellington Barracks.

"Private Barker, the 6ft. 11in. Grenadier guardsman, snapped while drilling with his regiment."—*Daily Sketch*.

These tall men are too brittle.

From a Queen's Hall programme:

"No. 3 is a hunting song . . . accompanied by a tonic and dominant bass." Thirsty work, hunting.

A CLUT IN THE MARKET:

Being a Romance of the New Peerage that might have been.

[A complete operetta in Two Parts, which, having been hawked about during the Peerage menace among the Directors of our Musical Comedy and rejected by them in the fear of giving offence to Peers and so producing unrest among their ladies of the Chorus, is now sold off as waste goods.]

PART I.

The Scene is laid in the boudoir of Phyllis, regardless of time and occasion. It is a sumptuous room with some twenty entrances to it, a remarkable number of lights and only three walls. As, however, it is only owing to the absence of the fourth wall that you are able to hear and see what is going on, this is no matter for complaint. At the rise of the curtain the stage is found to be filled to overflowing with young ladies in pink pyjamas, their raison d'être being rather to please the fancy than to assist the plot. They do their level best to make themselves heard, in spite of the determined opposition of the orchestra.

OPENING CHORUS.

Our exuberance is such
That nothing ever checks it;
But when we think you've had as much
As you can stand, we exit.

[The stage is thereupon cleared for action, and Phyllis enters.]

RECITATIVE—Phyllis.

Love is, I think, a wonderful affair,
And women are astonishing . . . But
there!

Although the audience does not seem
to doubt it,

I think I'd better tell them all about it.
(To the Conductor of the Orchestra)

I say, I think I'll tell them all about it.

[At that the conductor, having remained singularly apathetic during the recital, becomes suddenly animated, taps everything he can reach with his baton, rests his left hand lovingly on the bald head of the first violinist beneath him, smiles inclusively and with a "One—two—three—Go" starts the music.]

SONG—Phyllis.

That lips so red and cheeks so pink
And such expressive eyes
Should be admired is not, I think,
A matter for surprise.
And when you see my dainty nails,
Then you will understand
Why no observant gallant fails
To ask me for my hand.

Though every lass has got her lad,
And some have two or three,
Yet these be men who never had
The chance of seeing me.

I merely state the dismal fact
(Conceit I do abhor)

My applicants, to be exact,
Amount to forty-four.

And some are very poor but tall,
And some are short but rich,
I know I cannot have them all,
But only one . . . and which?
The feelings I regard them with
Are very much the same;
My preference is William Smith;
But what a common name!

Yes, that's my only fault, and I
Confess it with a sob:
I crave for aristocracy,
Being something of a snob;
And though the forty-four display
Inestimable worth,
For me that cannot wipe away
The fact of common birth.

I've put them off and off, until
They tell me I shall lose
The lot of them, unless I will
Make up my mind and choose.
In what a sorry case I am!
For now I must begin.

(Voice without.)

Some gentlemen to see you, ma'am.

Phyllis.

Ah! Please to show them in.

[Enter a crowd of forty-three gentlemen of various shapes, ages and sizes, but all immaculately and identically clad. From time to time they remove their hats and replace them on their heads, change their sticks from one hand to the other, and generally gambol. The audience will be too much engrossed in observing the unanimity of their movements to wonder why they trouble to wear hats and sticks at all in a lady's boudoir.]

Phyllis.

Good morning, Sirs; is not the weather
fine?

Or do you find the heat a little tryin'?

The Gentlemen. (Full Chorus.)

For two long years and more
We rubbed along together,
Nor counted it a bore
To talk about the weather.
Let's change the subject; your
Remarks are trite and pretty.
Oh, leave the temperature
To ZAMBRA or NEGRETTI!

We find we do not like
The rapid way you dally;
We have combined to strike
For no more shilly-shally.
So ask your inner soul
Which is your chosen lover,
And then declare the poll
And get the business over.

Phyllis (singling out the best-looking
'and best-voiced of them).

But tell me, for I do not follow, Sir,
To what negotiations you refer.

The Gentlemen addressed (Solo).

Forgive us if we seem a little rude,
And pardon if our overtures are crude.

You know quite well what we are
getting at;

So why adopt this foolish attitude?

For love of you we've plied our several
lutes,

Have donned our several patent-leather
boots.

As night by night we press our
several trousers,

So day by day we've pressed our several
suits.

To what effect? To not a one's recital
Have you afforded definite requital;

And, not to put too fine a point
upon it,

You've clamoured rather loudly for a
title.

What Phyllis wants, that, so I swore,
shall be;

Love knows of no impossibility.

Permit me then to introduce myself.
As Thomas, Viscount Ninety Seven (C).

DUET (Phyllis and Viscount 97 (C)).

Phy. Then you are a Peer?

Vis. That's so.

Phy. It seems very queer.

Vis. I know.

Phy. You leap at a jerk
To figure in Burke.
Political work?

Vis. Quite so.

Your name in Debrett . . .

Phy. But, oh!

Vis. You would not regret?

Phy. Ah, no!

Vis. Well, now I'm a Peer,
You'll marry me, dear?
And the rest of them here . . .

Phy. May go!

The Other Gentlemen (in chorus)

It's hard to believe,

We know,

That he should deceive

You so,

By omitting to say
In his underhand way
That all of us, eh?

Are do..

A Peer he may be

Bravo!

Vis. Well, well, so are we.

Phy. But no?

Why, tell me, my dears
(I doubt my own ears),
Are all of you Peers?

Cho. That's so!

(END OF PART I.)



Mother. "Yes, I SHALL CERTAINLY PUT GLADY'S INTO SOME PROFESSION SO THAT SHE CAN BE SOME USE IN THE WORLD."
 Gladys. "OH, MUMMY! NEED I? CAN'T I BE JUST AN ORDINARY WOMAN, LIKE YOU?"

CHARIVARIA.

IT is now feared that, even if LEONARDO'S *Monna Lisa* should be recovered, she will, as the result of her recent troubles, have lost her famous smile. * *

The trials of our naval air-ship have been postponed once more, as important alterations are to be made. This is good news, for the longer her trials are postponed the longer we shall have her with us, we suspect. * *

The KAISER insists that his Germans shall have "a place in the sun." As a matter of fact many Englishmen and Frenchmen have consigned them at times to a yet hotter place. * *

The American Consul at Swatow, South China, reports that native cloth made from banana fibre wears well, and is thin and cool. It should also have the advantage of being an admirable emergency ration. * *

Among the latest additions to the Zoological Gardens is a swarm of small black bees from Jamaica called Angelitos. Although provided with a

stinging apparatus they do not sting. An illiterate native bee was heard explaining to a friend the other day that "Angelito" is foreign for "Lunatic." * *

A correspondent mentions in *The Times* that he recently saw a butterfly in the Piccadilly Tube Station. It seems incredible that no one should have shot it. * *

The celebration of the settlement of the recent Labour troubles, which was held at the Crystal Palace the other day, went off admirably. It was not even marred by a strike of pageant workers. * *

Prisoners in the Montgomery City gaol, *The Express* informs us, are now permitted to go out and fish all day. This is surely carrying the adage, "Spare the rod, spoil the child," rather far. * *

A beauty expert recently declared that our women are becoming less good-looking. Now, as a somewhat pathetic sequel to this assertion, and by way of confirmation, comes the announcement that next season ladies are to wear veils.

"Women," says *The Graphic*, "are showing vast improvement in the matter of not losing their heads." This is all the more creditable because it must be most difficult sometimes to find them in those huge hats. * *

"THIRTY YEARS FOR ONE PLAY" is the title given by a contemporary to an announcement of a forthcoming drama by Mr. HALL CAINE. The sentence strikes us as excessive even for Mr. HALL CAINE. * *

A witness called in a case at West Ham described himself as a "Spotter," and explained that the occupation was "the taking out of spots at a laundry." What, then, we would ask, is the designation of the individual who puts the spots on at the laundry.

"During the strike, a picket visited a station on a branch of the North Eastern Railway to induce the employés to cease work. The station-master's wife, guessing the object of the man's visit, ran out with a bucket of whitewash and chased him from the station." *Daily Paper.*

We should have thought the pickets would have heartily welcomed whitewashing.

PRO COMO.

"You have made a muddle of it, Victoria. Give me the thing."

And placing *Como and its Surroundings* firmly before me, I read out slowly and distinctly the directions for reaching the grotto:—"Yon can to either by Brunate, by funicular, or the on mountain footpaths, which takes about three hours on foot, or, by Villa Albese, or Erba, an hour and half on foot, or in a carriage (8 francs) one hour and a half for kilometers 12."

"I told you so," said Victoria.

"Ah, but you didn't read the next line—'The best for a good walker is to go one way and return by the other.' That simplifies matters. That is what we will do."

"What is there to see when we get there, anyhow?" Victoria asked impatiently.

"'The Grottas,'" I read, lingering luxuriously over the word, "'the grottas, gradually to an opening of 8 by 6 metres continues for about 150 metres, then turns and deepens in the depth of the mountain. Its origin is yet unknown. At the entrance there is always a person selling drinks, eatables and torches—' And oh, I've missed a line!—'Before arriving half-way these is the inn of Parravicino or Health.' There, Victoria, is another Italian word for you: *Parravicino* =health. *Io sono in buono parravicino!*'"

"Isn't there anything else to see in this place?" asked Victoria.

"You mustn't call it a *place*, Victoria. Listen:—'Como merits to be among the most attractive lake cities . . . It formed the theme of the greatest artists and poets of all times; and there is no person of culture, which does not have a Strong wish to see it. A fine chain of hills extends to the west. Large comodious, and elegant steamers plough at every moment the waves . . . Indeed this seducing portion of the Classic grounds of Italy, invites the foreigner to . . .'"

"I don't want all that," interrupted Victoria; "I mean churches and things."

I turned over a page or two and continued—"The Lyceum Palace. He who enters the town from Porta Torre—from the monumental mediæval tower, which rises since 1192 to laugh at the course of time—sees soon this fabric with a porch raised on by

columns of cipolline marble.' Or, again, there is the Politeama, which 'is adapted to any sort of shows daily or nightly.'"

Here Victoria, who is not interested in the lighter side of life, began to fidget, so I turned hastily to the church of San Fedele, which "was rebuilt in 1905 in its upper part, which menaced a fall," and to the monastery of San Donato, "where the blessed Geremia Lambertenghi said to have reposed to do penitence."

Victoria was with me again, and I proceeded to the monument of Alexander Volta—"The grateful mother country erected in 1838 on the square dedicated, now to the name of the great one, a marble statue, he is

which separates the Bisbino from the vast Alpine circus,' there is Brunate, pathetically described as follows:—'And thus the poor and half deserted village became a true town, where no Comodity is missed, where the air is healthy, where you may enjoy perfect quietness.' And, of course, there is always the climate—'which satisfies every visitor and more so those who remain there for some length of time.'"

"We know all about the climate," said Victoria. "Just see if the thermometer's under 100° in the shade; if so, we'll go out and begin."

THE LESSON.

"Good morning," said the Professor.

"I am very pleased to meet you. With reference to your letter I may say that I never agree to give a course of lessons till after I have tried a pupil's voice."

"My friends—" I began reassuringly.

"Unless a prospective pupil shows sufficient promise of doing me credit, I cannot afford the time—"

"My friends—" I repeated firmly.

"I always feel that it is kinder and more honourable to tell him, at once, that he has not a note in his voice—if that is really the case."

"My friends—" I started again.

The Professor interrupted me by striking a note on the piano.

"Sing *lah*," he said.

"What for?" I asked.

The Professor struck the note again. The loud pedal was on. "Sing *lah*," he repeated.

"Look here," I remarked hastily, "I don't think you quite understand. I don't want to be taught how to sing. I sing a great deal. My friends all say that I have a wonderful voice and that it ought to be trained. It is just the little technical bits of polish and *finish* that I want to acquire. I can't get up in a drawing-room and sing *lah-lah-lah*."

"You never know what you can do till you have tried," he remarked mildly. "Now then, *lah*."

I am afraid I sang up the scale with very bad grace. The whole proceeding was so absurd and undignified.

"Did you notice anything wrong?" inquired the Professor.

"What with?"

"With the piano. It didn't strike



PICNIC RESOURCE.

CHARLES HAD REMEMBERED TO BRING THE BOTTLE OF CLARET, THE PIE, THE SALAD, THE BREAD, THE BUTTER, THE CORKSCREW AND EVEN THE SALT, BUT HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE GLASSES. THEY WERE JUST WONDERING HOW THEY SHOULD MANAGE WHEN DORIS SAID, "HERE'S AN IDEA; LET'S DRINK IT OUT OF THIS."

represented in the posture of a deep thinker and appears to be listening to the first pulsations of the mysterious electric current. The short but eloquent epigraph reads thus: 'To Volta his country' dictated by Cæsar Cantù."

"Anybody could dictate a thing like that," remarked Victoria.

"Well then," I continued, "there's the Cemetery—near the next to be erected tramway . . . properly facing the entrance the tomb of Volta, a temples of harmonious outlines, a fine piece of art in itself. On the headfront of the entrance you read the bronze inscription 'To Alexander Volta the widow and children. . .'"

"I don't think I quite care for the Voltas," said Victoria. "What else is there?"

"Besides Monte Bisbino—'splendid sunrises seen may be from here . . . and the large back-valley of Muggio



CORONATION HOLIDAYS.

Uncle. "NINE WEEKS? YOU'LL FORGET ALL YOU LEARNT LAST TERM."

Billy. "OH, IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE START SOMETHING FRESH EVERY HALF."

you' as being keyed up a little bit too high?"

"I didn't remark anything wrong with it," I replied.

He stroked some rippling arpeggios from the instrument while I opened my music-case. "No," he said, "I think perhaps you are right."

I shook half-a-dozen assorted songs out on to the piano. The Professor regarded the proceeding with interested curiosity. There was something in the sweet benevolence of his gaze which encouraged me to firmness. I selected a song and placed it, open, before him. "That is one of my best," I murmured with nonchalance.

"You have good judgment of merit," he replied, as he played the opening bars.

"My friends—"

"Do you know the words?"

"More or less."

"Good. Then please stand right over there. No, a little further. Go on. Go on. It is always easier to sing with your back to a wall. Now then."

The haunting melody floated through the room and I burst into song. Gad!—what a song it is for a voice like mine!

"I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to Earth I know not where."

The accompaniment stopped suddenly.

"Shall we leave it there?" said the Professor.

"My friends—" I began indignantly.

"I know, I know. That comes in the second verse," he remarked, smiling on me in a fatherly manner.

For a moment I was speechless. In silent indignation I restored my half-dozen assorted songs to their resting-place. Then I turned upon him.

"Perhaps," I remarked with scathing sarcasm, "you will be so kind and honourable as to tell me that I have not a note in my voice."

"No," he replied gently. "No, that would be an exaggeration. I have noticed, even in this short time, three distinct notes in your voice. There may possibly even be others. The

best thing you can do is to go home and practise those notes until you have got each of them in tune."

"In tune with what?" I demanded.

"With the others," he replied coaxingly. "And when you can be certain of singing them all in any one key come round and see me again. Good morning. Not at all; please don't mention it. The pleasure was mine."

"Mrs. Charles C—, sister-in-law of Lady F—, with her daughter, Miss E— V—, of Johannesburg, arrived from Durban by the Briton, to stay two weeks at the Grand Hotel." *Cape Argus.*

This is headed, with the customary freedom of the Press, "The Senekal Fossils."

Miss NEILSON TERRY, as interviewed in *The Daily News* :—

"White does not suggest sufficiently the passion that is the very heart of this tragic love story. Even in the final scene my costume is not pure white, but oyster coloured." An oyster may be crossed in love.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Anthea's Guest (METHUEN) was pretty, and her prettiness was such that women distrusted it and men could not resist it. She was a minx, and might have been more so but for her businesslike sense of the social value of a limit. Meanwhile she was very poor, and destined, it would seem, to earn her own living among the middle middle-class, rather than to revel, as she yearned to do, among the best people, luxuriously and "regardless." *Anthea*, on the other hand, was by no means unattractive, but of a virtue sound and sturdy (a shade too sound and sturdy, perhaps) and of a character so scrupulous, that she could not appreciate till too late the lack of scruple in others, and even then could not stoop to competition with it. Born to the possession of all those things which the minx most coveted, she had her life amongst real county people, and kept house for a wealthy uncle, a kind and easily tractable bachelor. And the minx, partly by accident but mostly by design, became the guest of *Anthea*. The situation is full, you may suppose, of possibilities, including the intervention of the neutral Mr. Popplestone, a perfectly-drawn type of the less manly man. The wavering of the authoress between the desire for a happy ending and the instinct for a logical conclusion may be apparent; her estimate of the relative strength of the sexes may be arguable; and she may seem over-anxious to have you like and admire her favourites; but her insight is almost infallible and her descriptive touch masterly. Her name, and I need say no more, is Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

If I were considering the question of a country residence, I do not think that I should consult Mr. ALGERNON GISSING, except perhaps as to neighbourhoods to be avoided. I never met any author so consistently unfortunate in his experiences of rural life. Take his latest book for example. *One Ash* (F. V. WHITE) was the name of a lone farm, the master of which marries twice, both times unhappily, ill-treats his animals, suspects his second wife of infidelity, and finally goes mad and hangs himself, leaving the farm and his infant son to perish together in flames in the last chapter. Well, though it is all told with a skill that increases with everything Mr. GISSING writes, I should simply hate to think that this sort of thing was in any sense typical. Was it not the great *Sherlock Holmes* who declared that a smiling countryside sheltered worse horror than any town? Mr. GISSING certainly seems of this opinion; but I wish just for once he would turn his attention to its brighter aspect. In any case, however, there are passages in *One Ash* upon which, as literature, I offer him my respectful congratulations. The episode of *Linda's* care for the poor tormented old horse is one

of them (only cruelty to animals is such a physically sickening thing that I wish, at any sacrifice, it could be excluded from the domain of art), and the growth of *Kenche's* insanity another, unpleasant but movingly powerful. On the whole, the tale is one that will deservedly add to Mr. GISSING's reputation; but which readers who are holiday-making in lonely farms would do well to postpone till their return to town.

When you tackle (as you should) Mr. HUEFFER's elliptically titled *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* (CONSTABLE) and find *William Sorrell*, a particularly modern type of hustling publisher, taking such a tonk on the head in the Salisbury boat-train accident as lands him incontinentally back in the fourteenth century, you'll as like as not say, "This sort of thing's been done so often before that there's nothing left in it"—and you'll be much more than three parts wrong. It is an exceedingly entertaining fantasy, not at all a bad yarn, an admirable extension lecture "without tears." It

does more than make easy capital out of incongruities between broadcloth and plate-armour habits and situations. It restores with an astonishing wealth of allusive detail and faithful scholarship a vanished atmosphere. Over-sedulous indeed to strip the whole gilt from the mediæval gingerbread, the author is less impressed with, say, the splendour of pageantry of the age of chivalry than the absence of dustbins, and goes on to attribute a parallel squalor of motive to his Knights and Ladies and of course, pre-eminently, to his Churchmen and Churchwomen. Natu-



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.
VI.—A MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE OF HERALDS STALKING A PHENIX.

rally your FROISSARTS or even your SHAKESPEARES were not far enough away from the event rightly to interpret action and intention as can our acute modernists. But a charming and much less cynical *envoi*, dexterously managed, wins forgiveness. Of course you'll suspect something of the kind, but not quite this. And verily the *Lady Dionissia de Morant of Ecclesford* is an attractively eccentric heroine, whether tilting with her truculent rival *Blanche d'Enguerrand de Coucy* or making the pace in courtship in her own unembarrassed and engaging manner.

"Vine is the type of batsman who, although he may often weary spectators in England, is very successful in Australia, both as a leg-break bowler and an outfield."—*Times*.
Let us hope that in Australia VINE may develop into the type of leg-break bowler and outfield who makes runs.

"Safety razor, one blade; only used one month, death."

Advt. in "The Lady."

We prefer the ordinary kind.

Boys Playing at Strikers.

"The boys, who expressed their sorrow and promised to do nothing of the kind again, were bound over."—*Daily Paper*.
They should have been bent over.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have no adverse comment to make upon the prevalent Labour Unrest, for we hold the antiquated view that there never should be too much rest about labour.

The Railway Commission still thrives, in spite of the rumoured fact that one witness, who was supposed to know more about the working of our railways than any man alive, failed to put in an appearance. He had got into the wrong train at Crewe.

A Gloucestershire labourer has offered to "swap jobs" with a Norfolk Vicar. The object of the proposal is not quite apparent, but there may be for all we know a growing tendency among mangold-wurzels to irreligion. However, the real objection to the scheme is the possible unfitness of the labourer for parochial work. Language which is quite apt and efficient in addressing turnips might be out of place in a pulpit.

But we can quite see that the negligent habits among farm produce in attending divine service require correction. The apathy displayed by this part of the congregation at Harvest Festival Thanksgivings is always lamentably conspicuous.

Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY'S prophecy, that our supply of coal will be exhausted in one hundred and seventy-five years, has caused at least one infant-in-arms, who had previously determined to beat all human records of human longevity, to change its plans.

Seized with a fit of intelligible curiosity, President FALLIERES and his people have been to Toulon to see whether or no they happen to have a fleet handy. "Why do it?" asked a resident German. "We were only just wondering," was the answer.

"Which reminds me," said the KAISER, when he heard of it. And the very next day he had a review at Kiel.

And now, whenever a German and a Frenchman meet, they regard each other with a knowing smile.

The latest suggestion is that the removal of LEONARDO'S *Monna Lisa* was a political affair, and, for our part, we have given up trying to understand politics. Nevertheless, they continue in spite of us.

Professor OSCAR BROWNING has made a fierce attack upon the playing of the Bexhill bands. The bands in question have retaliated by continuing to play.

A colonel was charged the other day in the police court with throwing

bear in mind the spiteful and revengeful nature of tame fowl, and to avoid eggs in private life for the future.

The Daily Mail is advocating seawater for babies, but not solely on the ground that it is cheaper than milk.

One hundred thousand people have met in Berlin to protest against war. No doubt M. CAMBON and Herr VON KIDERLEN-WACHTER themselves would like a little peace.

The latest strike is among the school-children of Llanelly, of whom there are seven thousand in all. Had the use of military force been required, everything pointed to the selection of the Boy Scouts for the purpose.

After all, there's nothing very original in the "Never-stop Trains" so much talked about. "Never-stop Motor-Buses," in our experience, have been on the road for some time.

Attention has been called this week to the existence of what is the worst thing in the aviator's lot, "holes in the air." "Darn them," says the Flying-man, with more warmth than wisdom.

The suggestion that Trades Unionists should wear only Union-made boots and shoes comes, says *The Daily Chronicle*, from the Boot and Shoe Operatives' Union. You would never have guessed that.

BURGESS has succeeded in swimming from England to France, thus setting his countrymen a magnificent example of pluck and economy.

And yet the Channel, though conquered at last, is left comparatively calm.

The Bitter Cry of the Suburbs.

"Wanted at once two or three good wallers."
Advt. in "*South Wales Daily Post*."

There is only one LEWIS.

The Good Girl of the Family.

"WANTED, Monday week, two good sisters."
Advt. in "*The Stage*."



"WILL YOU BE HERE WHEN I RETURN, BOATMAN?"

"No! I SHALL BE UP AT THE 'BLUE PIG,' BUT IF YER JUST STANDS UP IN THE BOAT, WHISTLES TWICE, AND HOLLERS OUT 'NOBBY,' I'LL BE DAHN IN A JIFF."

grave at his housekeeper. He pleaded that he had no deliberate intention, but that he upset the grave and some of it happened to fall on the woman's face. The rest, apparently, dropped harmlessly on to the ceiling.

Members of Parliament are the most oppressed class in the country. A Mr. ARTHUR FELL gives vent to their chief grievance in a letter to *The Times*, in which he complains bitterly of having had £94 3s. 4d., a quarter's salary, forced upon him. As yet, however, there is no real fear of a general strike to prevent this abuse among all grades of Parliament men.

Judge SAUNDERS, of St. Louis, has decided that chickens are not allowed by law to get drunk. Having made this bold pronouncement from the bench, he would be well-advised to

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL.

PART II.

So the men, when they heard the Chief Bard utter the order that bade them try

For the awful dragon,

The dauntless dragon,

They all of them shouted "Aye!"

For everyone felt assured that he,

Whatever the fate of the rest might be,

However few of them might survive,

Was certainly safe to stay alive,

And was probably bound to deal the blow

That would shatter the beast and lay him low,

And end the days of their dragon-foe.

And all the women-folk egged them on:

It was "Up with your heart, and at him, John!"

Or "Gurth, you'll bring me his ugly head,"

Or "Lance, my man, when you've struck him dead,

When he hasn't a wag in his fearful tail,

Carve off and bring me a blue-green scale."

Then they set to work at their swords and spears—

Such a polishing hadn't been seen for years.

They made the tips of their arrows sharp,

Re-strung and burnished the Chief Bard's harp,

Dragged out the traditional dragon-bag,

Sewed up the rents in the tribal flag;

And all in the midst of the talk and racket

Each wife was making her man a packet—

A hunch of bread and a wedge of cheese

And a nubble of beef, and, to moisten these,

A flask of her home-brewed, not too thin,

As a driving force for his javelin

When the moment arrived to spill

The blood of the terror

Hatched out in error

Who had perched his length on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

The night had taken her feast of stars, and the sun shot up in flame,

When "Now for the dragon!

Who hunts the dragon?"

The call from the watchers came;

And, shaking the mists of sleep away,

The men stepped into the light of day,

Twice two hundred in loose array;

With a good round dozen of bards to lead them

And their wives all waving their hands to speed them,

While the Chief Bard, fixed in his chair of state,

With his harp and his wreath looked most sedate.

It wasn't his place to fight or tramp;

When the warriors went he stayed in camp;

But still from his chair he harped them on

Till the very last of the host had gone;

Then he yawned and solemnly shook his head

And, leaving his seat, returned to bed,

To sleep, as a good man will

Who, braving malice and tittle-tattle,

Has checked his natural lust for battle,

And sent the rest to the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

PART III.

Marching at ease in the cheerful air, on duty and daring bent,

In quest of the dragon,

The fateful dragon,

The fierce four hundred went:

Over the hills and through the plain,

And up the slopes of the hills again.

The sleek rooks, washed in the morning's dew,

Rose at their coming and flapped and flew

In a black procession athwart the blue;

And the plovers circled about on high

With many a querulous piping cry.

And the cropping ewes and the old bell-wether

Looked up in terror and pushed together;

And still with a grim unbroken pace

The men moved on to their battle-place.

Softly, silently, all tip-toeing,

With their lips drawn tight and their eyes all glowing,

With gleaming teeth and straining ears

And the sunshine laughing on swords and spears,

Softly, silently on they go

To the hidden lair of the fearful foe.

They have neared the stream, they have crossed the bridge,

And they stop in sight of the rugged ridge,

And it's "Flankers back!" and "Skirmishers in!"

And the summit is theirs to lose or win—

To win with honour or lose with shame;

And so to the place itself they came,

And gazed with an awful thrill

At the ridge of omen,

Beset by foemen,

At the arduous summit, the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

But where was the dragon, the scale-clad dragon, the dragon that Dickon saw,

The genuine dragon,

The pitiless dragon,

The dragon that knew no law?

Lo, just as the word to charge rang out,

And before they could give their battle shout,

On a stony ledge

Of the ridge's edge,

With its lips curled back and its teeth laid bare,

And a hiss that ripped the morning air,

With its backbone arched

And its tail well starched,

With bristling hair and flattened ears,

What shape of courage and wrath appears?

A cat, a tortoiseshell mother-cat!

And a very diminutive cat at that!

And below her, nesting upon the ground,

A litter of tiny kits they found:

Tortoiseshell kittens, one, two, three,

Lying as snug as snug could be.

And they took the kittens with shouts of laughter

And turned for home, and the cat came after.

And when in the camp they told their tale,

The women—but stop! I draw a veil.

The cat had tent-life forced upon her

And was kept in comfort and fed with honour;

But Dickon has heard his fill

Of the furious dragon

They tried to bag on

The dragonless summit, the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill!

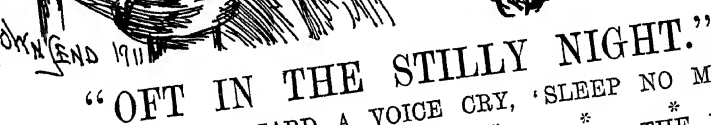
R. C. L.

A Broken Reed.

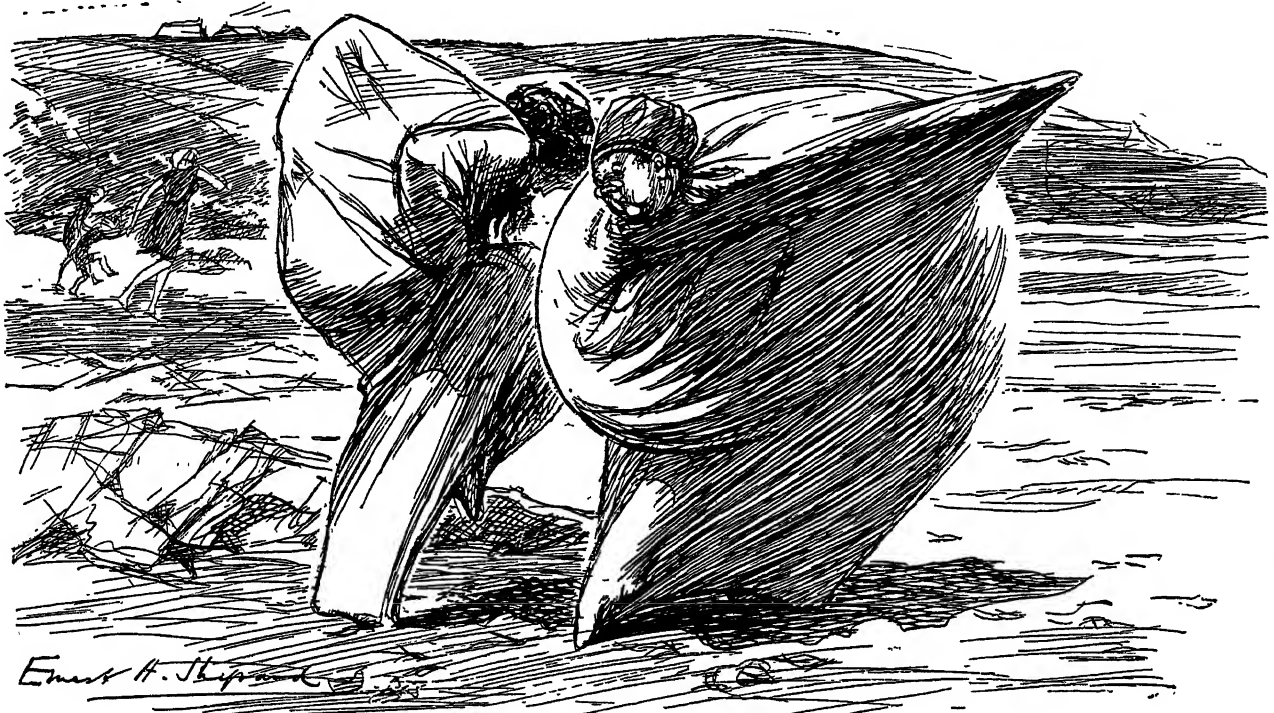
"Lost, between Beaconsfield Place and Bridge Street, 'WHERE IS IT?'"—*Advt. in "Aberdeen Evening Express."*

Quaint Local Customs: I. An Uxbridge Saying.

"Once more the long-suffering ratepayer demands, plaintively but imperatively—'Why it this thus?'"—*Uxbridge Gazette.*



“OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT:
“METHOUGHT, I HEARD A VOICE CRY, ‘SLEEP NO MORE!
STILL IT CRIED, ‘SLEEP NO MORE!’ TO ALL THE HOUSE.”
(Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1.)



THE DRESSING-BAG HALF-STEP, AS DANCED IN THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO T. W. BURGESS

(Who swam the Channel on September 6th).

A HEALTH to bold BURGESS! All honour to him,
 And a full meed of fame to his marvellous swim!
 He had strength, skill and stoutness, endurance and pluck,
 And a varied assortment of good and bad luck.
 The waves couldn't stop or the currents defeat him,
 Though they all did their utmost to baffle and beat him,
 While the tides to-and-fro-ed him and led him a dance
 From the white cliffs of Kent to the Grey Nose of France;
 And there, when at last they could flout him no more,
 They retired in disgust and he paddled ashore.
Mr. Punch, who likes heroes—BILL BURGESS is one—
 Salutes him (on land) with a hearty "Well Done!"

DORMANT PORTRAITURE.

WE have it on the indisputable authority of *The Daily Mirror*, that a new photographic fashion is on the way from America, and that people are not only to be taken while they wait, but while they sleep—or snore. This may be all right for those of us who are sleeping beauties or postcard divinities, who would like to have forty winks (at the photographer), but we can't all sleep to order, and some people jib at an anæsthetist. Still, we have been so familiarised lately with bedroom scenes on the stage, that we shall no doubt collect unblenchingly the portraits of our pyjama-clad or curl-papered friends, taken recumbent and unawares. We shall, at any rate, know what they look like, minus the studio grin or the Society mask, and read their characters accordingly. Every well-equipped camera-artist will now receive his victims in his own private dormitory or doss-house, according to circumstances. Refractory patients will, of course,

have to be dealt with by a skilled hypnotist, or put to sleep with an upper cut on the point of the jaw by a tactful pugilist. Customers who need less drastic treatment may be soothed into slumber by a selection of the Hundred Worst Sermons or the recital, say, of "Curfew shall not ring to-night!" adequately droned. For really desperate cases of insomnia the lethal chamber will be the ultimate resort.

It is to be hoped, all the same, that there will be no further developments of this kind of portraiture. We don't look our best, for instance, when shaving or having a haircut, and not every lady is a heroine to her lady's-maid. Sleep-walkers also are apt to wear a worried expression, and should not be chased by the snap-shooter. We think, too, it would not be quite fair to bring the newly-invented cinephonograph into play, and record the chance remarks of talkative slumberers. Persons engaged with a nightmare should be allowed to work it off before being operated upon.

With these few precautions, we look forward to a refreshing variety in the portrait-studies of our private acquaintances and public favourites in the shop-windows.

"East is East and West is East."

"The morning sun was shining full upon the beautiful west front of Lichfield Cathedral."—*Yorkshire Post*.
 We had always meant to begin our novel like this, but, alas! we have been forestalled.

"The Indian Civil Examinations last many days, and the maximum number of marks is 6,000, of which some of the candidates will be rewarded by not one, the system of marking being peculiar, all candidates scoring 20, and fewer are credited with nothing."—*Glasgow News*.

It is only fair to intending competitors in Glasgow to point out that in practice this rule is less harsh than it seems. It is very rarely indeed that a candidate fails to secure an appointment simply because he has scored only 19 marks out of 6,000, instead of 20.

HOW THEY BEGAN.

The Daily Chronicle of last Thursday contained an interesting account given by Lord KITCHENER's cousin, Mr. F. E. KITCHENER, Chairman of the Staffordshire Education Committee, at a prize-giving at Stone, of the early youth of the great Field-Marshal. Mr. KITCHENER said he had something to do with his cousin's early education. "Lord Kitchener was then a tall, overgrown lad, nearly 6ft. 1in. in height. He managed to scramble into Woolwich; he was not high in the lists, and no one thought anything about him. After leaving Woolwich he got his commission in the Royal Engineers, and still no one thought much about him. He got his first move up in the world when he was appointed on the Palestine Survey, and here he learnt how to manage native soldiers, and acquired a great deal of that command over men which to-day distinguished him. He got that, his first appointment, because some one was wanted to go to Palestine and take photographs, and it was this knowledge that gave Lord Kitchener the lift up."

We gather from the above affecting recital that Mr. KITCHENER instructed his cousin in the use of the camera. But this is not an isolated case of the assistance afforded to budding genius by distant members of the same family, as the following examples culled from the provincial press will sufficiently establish.

The Rev. Septimus Hawthorne Tree, on the occasion of the prize distribution at an Agricultural Show at Flampton Parva on Thursday, entranced his hearers with some striking reminiscences of his famous relative, Sir HERBERT. "HERBERT," said Mr. Tree, "when I first remember him, was a child of a curiously bucolic temperament, deeply interested in rural affairs—poultry, pigs and suchlike, but with no intellectual interests. Being slightly his senior, I was able to exercise some influence over him, and lent him books to read. I had recently been spending my holidays in Switzerland, where I had learned the art of jodelling from the peasants of that picturesque country—an art that I have not yet forgotten." Mr. TREE here uttered the familiar "Tra-la-liety" with a gusto and precision that electrified his audience. After the applause had died down, Mr. Tree continued: "One day, when I was indulging in my new accomplishment, HERBERT begged me to impart it to him. I complied, with such good results that at a penny reading held shortly afterwards he performed the *Ranz des*

Vaches with such success as to win the commendation of a theatrical manager who chanced to be present, and immediately offered him an engagement in his company. Thus it was through me that HERBERT acquired the rudiments of dramatic elocution that gave him his first leg up on the ladder of histrionic fame."

Mr. Orlando P. Maxse, third cousin once removed of the Editor of *The National Review*, gave some interesting details as to the early years of his distinguished relative, at a meeting of the Bacup branch of the Halsbury Guild on Saturday last. He said that when he first met his cousin he was a reserved, quiet lad of gentle demeanour and strong Teutonic proclivities. "No one thought much of him," continued Mr. Orlando Maxse, "until I took his education in hand and, in particular, addressed myself to the task of 'bringing up' his patriotism, which was latent, if not non-existent. Thanks, however, to my instruction, he made rapid progress and soon attained a mastery of forcible epithets which would not discredit the fo'c's'le of a whaler. In particular, I taught him the true use of the phrases, 'Mandarin,' 'Iscariot,' 'poisonous politician,' and 'slimy arch-scuttler.' From that moment he has never looked back, and now has no superior in the gentle art of ornamental obfuscation."

At a picnic held last Friday at Moreton-in-the-Marsh by the local Brass Band, Mr. Harold Dubberley, the honorary conductor, gave some interesting particulars about the early youth of his relative by marriage, the PORT LAUREATE. Mr. Dubberley admitted that the relationship was remote, his great-grand-uncle having married the step-daughter of Mr. AUSTIN's great-grandfather, but they had been at the same school and were in the same class. Strange to say, Mr. AUSTIN's tastes in those days were strongly military, and he had decided to enter the Guards when Mr. Dubberley begged him to reconsider his verdict on the strength of a satiric stanza which he had composed about the French master. It ran as follows:—

"Why should we, honest English boys,
Learn French, a base barbaric noise?
Sooner than grovel to a Frog
I'd change my nature with a dog."

Letters not arms was clearly the career designed for the author of so brilliant a pasquinado. After some hesitation Mr. AUSTIN wrote to the War Office announcing his change of plans, and devoted himself thenceforth exclusively to the Muses.

Mr. GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P., it is not generally known, was bent on

becoming an acrobat. But he was rescued from this deplorable sacrifice of his great literary talents by the timely intervention of his relation, Sir H. Greenwood Tree, who instructed him in the true cult of the Stratford-on-Avon play actor and in the cryptographic art, with results which have so greatly conduced to the satisfaction of Sir SIDNEY LEE and Canon BEECHING.

At the annual Wayzgoose of the Golder's Green Temperance Bicycle Polo Club, held last Saturday at Yarmouth, Mr. A. Kipling Common regaled the company with some choice anecdotes of the early days of his illustrious relation, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. "In those days," observed the narrator, "RUDYARD was thought nothing of by his friends. But the sight of one of my letters in *The Morning Post* so fired his emulation that he decided to give up the Church, for which he was studying, and take to journalism. The impetus given by my example thus gave him the first lift on the upward course which carried him to the citadel of fame."

TO A CIVIC SEA-GULL.

You that flit over the river,
Tern of the Westminster tide,
Where the black barges deliver
Coal on the Waterloo side,
Renegade fowl and domestic,
Wouldn't you rather to-day
Be where Atlantic swings grave and
gigantic
Into a seal-haunted, salmon-run bay,
Where the two Uists loom lone and
majestic,
Far, far away?

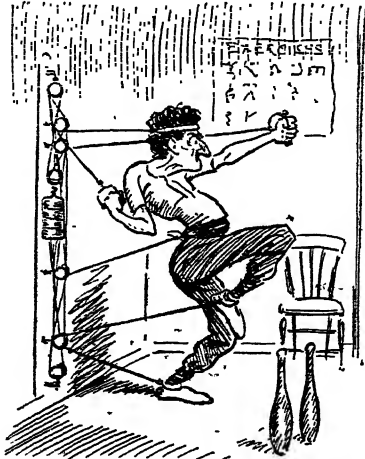
Corky you come as the sparrows,
Seeking the bard and his dole,
Sprats from itinerant barrows,
Crumbs for to comfort your soul—
Say, shall he pass you unheeding,
Deaf to your mendicant woe;
All unobserving of white wings a-curve-
ing,
Or shall he soften and suddenly glow—
Wax at the wail of your indigent
pleading?
Possibly so.

For, with your fluttering fawning,
For, with your parasite cries,
Somehow he sniffs the cool dawning,
Somehow he sees the grey skies
Bend o'er the grey of the Islands,
Glint on the tides where they quest
Hawk-winged, those others, your hardier
brothers,
Wilder of pinion and bolder of breast,
By the dark shores where their skerries
and highlands
Frown to the West!

A LEAF FROM OUR HEALTH-CRANK'S NOTE-BOOK.



EARLY MORNING: A BARE-FOOT WALK THROUGH THE DEWY MEADOWS. (THISTLES AND FARMERS RATHER TRYING.)



THEN HALF AN HOUR WITH THE PATENT EXERCISER.



BREAKFAST: A HARD-BOILED COCOANUT AND A CUP OF CABBAGE TEA, IN THE GARDEN.



LEG-DRILL DOWN TO THE STATION. (NEWSPAPER BOY RUDE; SHALL NOT REMEMBER HIM AT CHRISTMAS.)



A "KORFO" CIGARETTE IN THE TRAIN. (OTHER TRAVELLERS SEEMED UNWELL AND PEEVISH; SHOULD TRY MY METHODS.)



EXERCISES AT THE OFFICE. (MUST TELL BOY NOT TO SHOW PEOPLE IN WHEN I'M BUSY.)



LUNCH OFF THAMES OZONE ON THE BRIDGE; DRAW IT IN THROUGH THE NOSE WITH CORRECT EXERCISES. (POLICE OFFICIOUS.)



TURNED "STRAPHANGING" TO GOOD ACCOUNT.



FELT FAINT COMING HOME. RAILWAY PEOPLE INSISTED ON TAKING ME UP TO THE HOUSE IN THE STATION STRETCHER. (MEDDLING FOOLS! BUT I DO THINK THE COCOANUT AT BREAKFAST WAS A TRIFLE UNDERDONE.)

A. T. SMITH

A GLUT IN THE MARKET.

PART II.

[*Synopsis.*—Phyllis, a paragon of beauty, is demanded in marriage by no fewer than forty-four suitors, including William Smith. She has declared that, with a slight preference for the latter gentleman, she cannot make up her mind. "If," she as good as said, "one of you was of the aristocracy, I, being a snob, should have no difficulty in selecting that one." At the time when this announcement was made the suitors were all indubitably Common. At the point where we resume the narrative, however, forty-three of her suitors have just called upon her to inform her that they are now one and all elevated to the Peerage.]

Phyllis. But what an extraordinary thing!

Chorus of Suitors.

We will explain; but may we . . .

Phy. Smoke?

Cho. No. Sing.

We were met by a man of some thirty-odd years

(A haunter of taverns or bar gent)
Who whispered, "Abandon your humble careers,

Accountants, Solicitors, Engineers,
I've jobs for you all." He was, it appears,

A Peerage Recruiting Sergeant.

We yawned and frowned and tried to look bored,

And murmured, "How interestin'!"
But the mere idea of becoming a Lord
Took rather a lot of digestin'.

He talked a lot (as we thought by rote)
Of the present political crisis.

Our job was simple; we'd only to note
To do as we're told, when it comes to the vote,

And do it *en bloc*. We asked him to quote

Inclusive and catalogue prices.

We humm'd and ha'd and resorted to bluff,

And pretended to be dejected;
But the ultimate terms were handsome enough,

And more than we ever expected.

(Recitative.)

Now we've risen to the Peerage,
We demand yourself in marriage.
This, of course, is not the time
For to cavil at the rhyme.

Phy. It is obvious, is it not?
I shall have to wed the lot.

[*Enter a band of young ladies, clad appropriately in blue pyjamas. They execute an irrelevant dance and withdraw.*]

(Enter William Smith.)

Sm. Mornin', Phyllis. How d'ye do?

Phy. Have they made a Peer of you?

Sm. Heavens, no!

Phy. Off you go!

Cho. And a pleasant riddance, too!

Smith.

Just before I get along,
May I sing a little song?
It will only take a minute,
There is really nothing in it.

The House of Lords, they say,
Is full to overflowing,
And Marquises to-day
Are hardly worth the knowing.

No decent woman has
The least desire to marry
Such vulgar people as
Lords Tom and Dick and Harry.

I should not be surprised
To be informed that Bill is,
So far from the despised,
The only man for Phyllis.

Already, unbeknown,
The lady is contriving
To marry me, the on-
-ly Commoner surviving.

I need say nothing more.
But if she thinks of mating,
She'd better hurry, for
There's lots of others waiting.

Phyllis (to William Smith).

Time was when I could ill afford
To underestimate a Lord;
But now the Baron, Earl and Viscount
Are, so they tell me, at a discount.
St. George's Church is in Hanover
Square
And, if you like, you can marry me
there. [Business.]

Chorus of Rejected Suitors.

My word, did you see how he kissed her!
We'd smack her, if she were our sister.
She is such a snob,
We'd have bet you a bob
She couldn't say "No" to a Mister.

[*Enter once more the band of young ladies, clad in bathing costumes. By a happy coincidence their numbers prove to be exactly forty-three, so they are able to pair off with the rejected suitors.*]

FINAL CHORUS.

The Gentlemen to the Ladies of the Chorus.

In making Peers, they had their eye
On you, we understand.
Their object being that our supply
Should equal your demand.

The Ladies of the Chorus, in reply.

The Peerage! The Peerage!
We're loyal to the Peerage.
Though now, alas!
It's second class,
Or, speaking frankly, steerage.
(General air of satisfaction.)

CURTAIN.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

(A Sea-side Story.)

THERE could certainly be no two opinions about his extreme good-looks. Even the nicest girl (and the first point I wish to emphasise is that She *was* a thoroughly nice girl) had to think that. It was practically impossible to avoid some kind of thought on the subject, seeing that they met twice, three times, and sometimes more often still, every day. She was staying with her aunt at the far—or quiet—end of the Marine Parade; He, it appears, must have been staying somewhere in the town. The important result was that they both approached the pier, the band-stand, and the bathing-machines by the same route. Hence, meetings. At the end of three days She had got to know his light flannel suit quite well; at the end of a week She could detect and recognise his hat-ribbon on the far side of a crowd.

Midway through the second week—they spoke. Put like that, it all sounds rather fast and vulgar, and not at all the kind of thing that ought to happen to a thoroughly nice girl, who is also what is called a lady. But there were several extenuating circumstances; notable amongst them the fact that He was so fortunate as to save her aunt's life. The affair was simple, not dramatically heroic perhaps, but efficacious. A large wave, taller and much stronger than her aunt, having treacherously attacked that lady from behind, when no one was minding her, and her own attention was temporarily attracted towards the shore, the result was that her aunt disappeared from mortal ken for the space of perhaps three minutes and a half. Then he, seeing what had happened, very promptly stooped down, and not only restored her aunt to an upright posture, but supported her thus till She arrived to relieve him. This was their introduction.

Of course, after this they could do no less than consider him in some sort a friend. They would bow and smile in passing. Once or twice a coincidence of seats at the pier or the band-stand led to quite lengthy conversations, though of a strictly general character. Her aunt was always present. In the water, however, where (since the incident of the wave) She appeared alone, a distant nod was still her only greeting. As I said, She was a thoroughly nice girl. Nevertheless it is undeniable that, as the month wore on, She enjoyed her visit in an increasing ratio calculated according to the number of their accidental encounters.

About this time She began, naturally enough, to wonder a good deal who He was. Her aunt spent most of every year at Cheltenham, and it takes a lot to baffle the curiosity of an inhabitant of Cheltenham, yet it was noteworthy that one or two questions adroitly worked by the elder lady into the thread of conversation had produced practically no result. Whether from intention or not (and his manner was unconsciousness itself) He remained a mystery.

Their final conversation deserves to be recorded. Her aunt was within doors, packing, for they were returning to town on the following morning. It was nine o'clock, and moonlight. She had run out for a moment, to post a letter, She said, and the pillar-box that She chose to patronize (though there were others nearer) was just beyond the band-stand. He was there. She passed, with her usual A1 quality smile, perhaps a shade brighter than usual, posted her letter, passed again, and then, acting on an uncontrollable impulse, turned and held out her hand.

"This is good-bye," She said. "We are off to-morrow. My aunt told me if I met you to be sure and make her farewells." This was a gratuitous lie; her aunt had said nothing of the kind, would, indeed, have been very properly horrified had she known of the conversation. "We shall neither of us ever forget what you did," She said.

"Oh! it wasn't anything," He said. Which was quite true; it wasn't—except in its consequences.

There was a little pause. "It's been awfully jolly," She continued, looking away over the sea, and the place where the moonlight turned the tops of the bathing machines to silver, "hasn't it? I'm awfully sorry it's all over!" By "it" She meant "you."

"So am I," He said; and He meant "you" too, and She knew it.

There was another pause. "Well, good-bye," She said, giving him her hand for the second time. "Perhaps we shall meet again in town. We live in Kensington, and one's always running up against people, isn't one?"

"Yes," He said, "I hope so. Good-bye."

So they parted. All the way back to the lodgings she was cursing herself for a conventional fool; but the fact remains that amongst the things a thoroughly nice girl cannot do is to give her card to a strange young man and ask him to call. If only her aunt had been there to do it for her . . . Afterwards She began to wonder whether He had looked a little startled when She mentioned Kensington.

And that was the end? They were



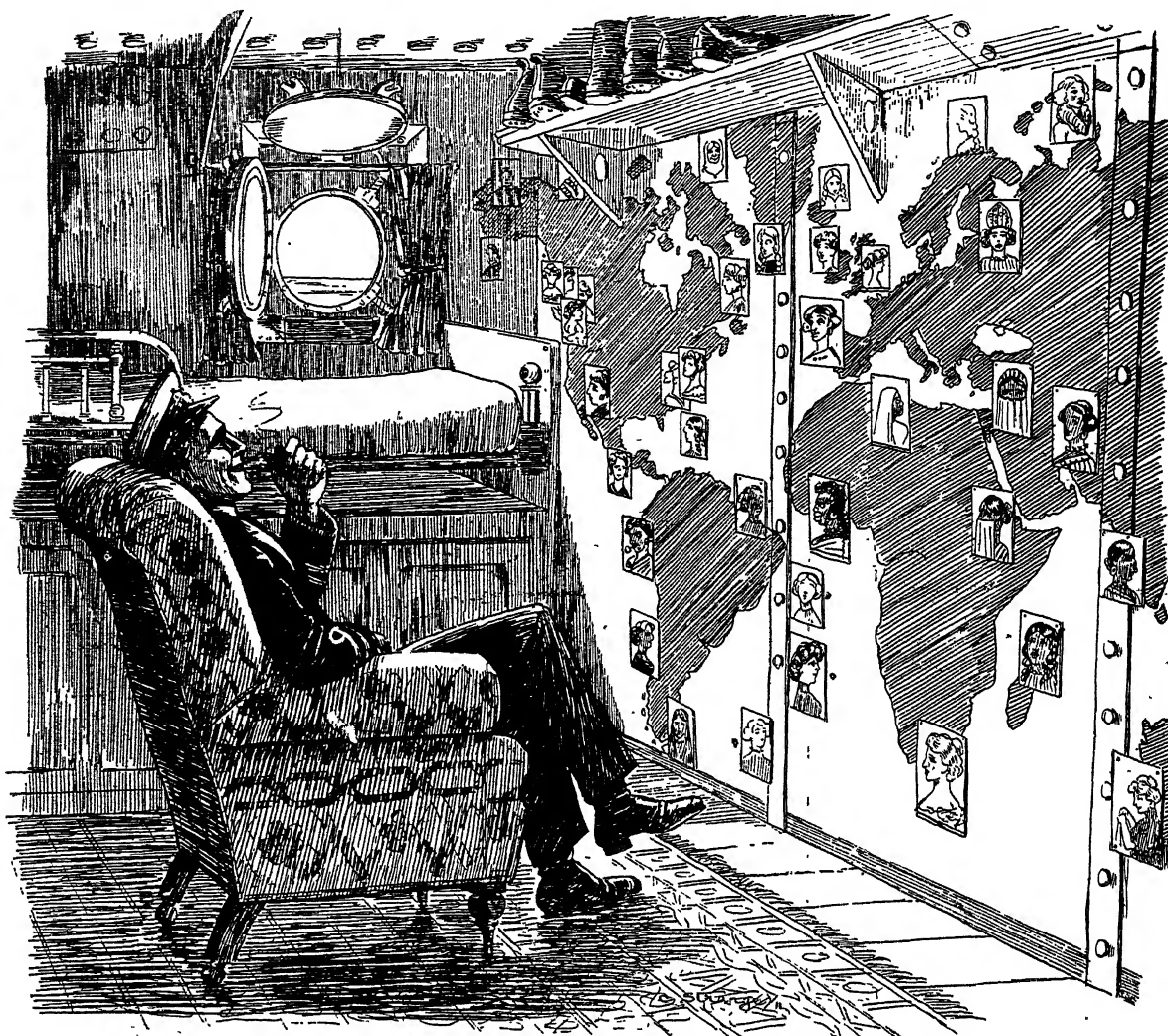
FAME.

He. "DID YOU SEE MY PORTRAIT IN THE PAPER YESTERDAY?"

She. "NO! WHAT WERE YOU CURED OF?"

never to meet again? Not so; for now we approach the climax, and there can be no climax without the presence of both hero and heroine. It happened like this. Her aunt, who was staying on with them in Kensington, because Cheltenham is still too warm in September, wanted to buy some black suede gloves, six and a quarter, with four buttons. It is notorious that the place where you get your suede gloves freshest in Kensington is Plumleigh's, at the corner of the Brompton Road. Plumleigh's is a large and excellent shop, at which her people, for reasons that need not concern us, had never dealt. The result was that the assistants there were personally unknown to her; also the geography of the place, so that, when they entered it, they stood for an instant, her aunt

and She, hesitating as to the direction of the Glove department. And then. . . Must I go on? Behind them, as they stood thus, a voice was heard, a voice which both knew and recognised instantly. She turned with parted lips, and face a little pale with sudden emotion, and saw . . . No. He was *not* behind the counter, rubbing his hands, and saying, "What can I do for you this morning, ladies?" He had just come into the shop with his mother, like any ordinary customer, and her aunt asked him to call, and He did, and it turned out that his mother was an Honourable. So They were wed, and merrily rang the bells. But the Disappointment? you ask me. Ah! the disappointment, gentle reader, is yours. You know very well what you were expecting. Sold again.



INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR METHODICALLY ARRANGING PHOTOGRAPHS. ADOPTED (AND PATENTED) BY IMPRESSIONABLE AND MUCH-TRAVELLED NAVAL OFFICER.

ST. ANDREWS, 1911.

[St. Andrews is now full of delegates from all over the world, who are met together to celebrate, from the 12th to the 15th inst., the Quingenary (i.e., five-hundredth anniversary) of the oldest university in Scotland.]

ST. ANDREWS by the Northern sea
Is just as full as it can be
Of famous men from every shrine
Where Learning's sacred lamp doth shine.

From Cam they came, and Isis too,
From Paris, Brussels and Peru,
From Yale and Harvard and Chefoo,
And dusky dons from Timbuctoo;
From manse and common-room and deanery,

From tropic clime and arctic scenery,
To celebrate a great "Quingenary."

Gay were their robes—enough to pale
The rainbow when it spans the vale:
The hues were of a thousand kinds,
And yet the treasures of their minds
Were brighter still and more assorted

Than were the gorgeous gowns they sported.

Was nothing in this world below
These learned doctors did not know:
This one, though doubtless at a loss
To find his way to Charing Cross,
Is quite prepared to guide and boss us
Around the ruined drains at Cnossus;
One proves, as well as can be done,
The *Iliad* is the work of one;
The next has evidence in plenty
To show it is the work of twenty.
Yon learned don, when he's at work, 'll
Square with the utmost ease the circle,

While that one has the subtlest notion

Regarding everlasting motion;
And it is even rumoured round
That in a corner may be found
One soul quite conscious of the thought
That what he knows is really nought.

Though all things, as I said before,
These learned doctors know—and more,

On one small point they seem to me
The least inclined to be at sea—
They can't with confidence agree
What a "Quingenary" may be.

Tree Struck by Thunder.

"Sir Herbert Tree, when in the midst of a long soliloquy which has to be delivered to a running accompaniment of thunder, was amazed to hear a loud peal of thunder come in at the wrong place.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, turning to the stage hands, and was considerably surprised when told that it was not stage thunder, but a genuine thunderclap outside the theatre."—*Daily Mirror*.

"We are requested to announce that the order for the casket to be presented to His Majesty by the Municipality of C. P. and Berar has been entrusted to Messrs. Labh Chand Moti Chand Mookims and Court Jewellers, of the metropolis. We are sure they will execute this work in their usual excellent manner and to the satisfaction of all concerned."—*Bengalee*.

MR. LABH CHAND: Blank!

MR. MOTI CHAND: Blankety blank!

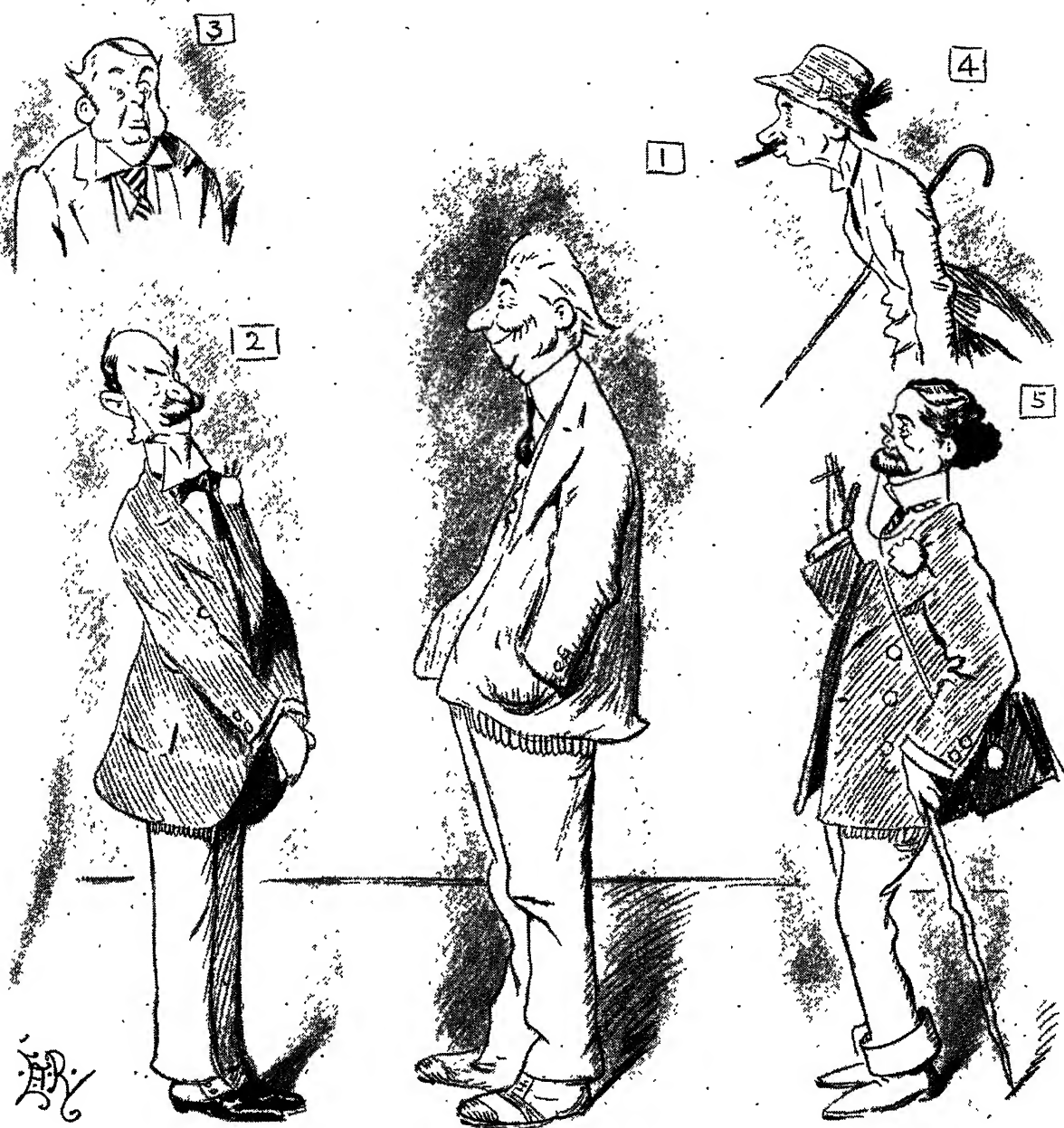
MR. MOOKIMS: Blanketyblankety blank!



ADMIRALS OF THE "PACIFIC."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "A STRONG FLEET IS THE BEST GUARANTEE OF PEACE!"

M. FALLIÈRES. "QUITE SO! TO MAKE A CERTAINTY OF IT, HERE IS *OUR* CONTRIBUTION."



HOLIDAY RESEMBLANCES.

Some people of inaccurate vision have a wonderful propensity for detecting, in humble individuals in unlikely places, amazing resemblances to well-known statesmen, and our artist is often called in to give authoritative decision as to whether these celebrities are really there or not.

He has been reluctantly compelled to decide, in the cases depicted above, (1) that in spite of a certain delusive *prima-facie* resemblance, this is not Mr. ASQUITH—(this has been a great disappointment to local Unionists); (2) that no one acquainted with the House of Lords—not even a “Die-Hard”—would dream of supposing this to be Lord LANSDOWNE; (3) that, in this case, a mere superficial resemblance to Lord ROSEBERY will not bear a moment’s inspection in detail; (4) despite a noticeable air of almost aggressive independence, this is *not* Lord HUGH CECIL; (5) and, finally, that no real lover of the down-trodden masses would for a moment mistake this somewhat elaborate little gentleman for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—(this decision was a grievous blow to the person concerned as he had always been led to suppose, by friends in Peckham Rye, that the likeness was remarkable).

England’s Need.

“An anonymous donor, signing himself ‘Englishman from beyond the seas,’ has offered Mr. Haldane £10,000 sterling as a gift to the nation for the purchase of a rifle range near one of the thickly populated districts in England.

The donor emphasises the growing impulse of the Empire towards united action for defence, and states that Woolley or Mead would

be accepted, the latter subject to the approval of the Hampshire Authorities.”—*Hong Kong Daily Press.*

If WOOLLEY and MEAD are wanted for running-targets we must protest that we cannot spare them. Much better have a couple of minor professionals from Rutland, who would never be missed.



Irate Gentleman (to his gardener). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY TELLING PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE THAT I'M A STINGY MASTER?"

Gardener. "NO FEAR O' ME A-DOIN' THE LIKES O' THAT, GUV'NOR. I ALLUS KEEPS MY THOUGHTS TO MYSELF."

THE PONY-CARTS.

We were talking about London. It is a good subject.

"What is the prettiest sight in London?" some one had asked; and we were discussing it, each naming his choice.

"The prettiest sight in London?" I said. "Why, a string of hay barges being towed up the river by a tug at six o'clock on a fine afternoon. Seen from the Embankment somewhere about Cleopatra's Needle, or from Westminster Bridge looking east."

They agreed that that was a good sight, and we passed on to the next. This was the lady in the grey hat. "The most beautiful sight in London just now," she said, "is the sky above the Court of Honour at the White City just after the lamps are lit. It is the deepest, richest, intensest blue you ever dreamed of. There are many lovely intense blues—the blue of the peacock, the blue of the kingfisher, the blue of a Persian tile, the blue of a Rhodian plate—but this is the most wonderful of all."

We agreed again; but an objection was lodged by the author of the debate. "Not a beautiful sight," he said, "but a pretty sight is what we want. You fly too high. London is so full of beauty that we must discuss that later. Just now we are after pretty things only. Next, please."

The journalist came next. "To me," he said, "there is nothing prettier than

the pigeons at the Museum soaring round and embarrassing a little girl with a bag of corn—especially if you see them as you go in, with the darkness of the portico for a background. That is pretty, if you like. And then someone will startle them, and they will fly up to the roof, blue grey and white grey against blackness, and beauty is achieved. The distinction is illustrated there in perfection, I think."

"If it comes to birds," said his neighbour, "surely the gulls at Blackfriars Bridge are even more beautiful. Their movements are freer, their wings are broader; they suggest the open sea. And yet here they are in London in their hundreds waiting to be fed, just as if they were sparrows on a frozen lawn in winter."

"Oh, but what about the little red cottage among the rushes at the Horse Guards' end of St. James's Park?" said the lady in the black hat. "It is like a toy, and the ducks and moorhens and coots and terns swim about in the water beneath it, while the guinea-fowls and pelicans and storks promenade on the banks. That's most awfully pretty always."

The lady in the purple hat, who sat next to her, murmured approval. "Yes," she said, "I have often watched them. But my vote for the prettiest sight would, I think, go for the little mothers in the parks—Kensington Gardens, say—all so busy with their families—so grubby and so slangy and yet so responsible and masterful.

I see them every fine day, and they always delight me. It is funny that little girls should so naturally suggest mothers, while little boys never suggest fathers. Yet so it is."

There was some talk as to whether the lady in the purple hat had described prettiness so much as an interesting spectacle; but, after all, it depends (as she said) very much on how you use words.

"Well," said her neighbour, "I believe I can beat that. You vote for the little girls; my vote shall go to the little boys. Do you know that this summer, on a hot week-day afternoon, I went all the way to Victoria Park in the East End just to see the bathers there. It's a shallow lake, a hundred yards long, and I swear to you that there were a thousand little East End boys in it at once—all naked and glowing in the sun, and all so jolly. I never saw so many naked boys before. It was 'the colour of life' in intensest movement. I thought of BLAKE's line 'thousands of little boys and girls waving their innocent hands'; but these were flashing their innocent limbs. It is not only my prettiest London sight but the most cheerful."

This contribution completing the list, we waited for the author of the discussion to name his choice and end it. "Well," we asked, "and what is the prettiest sight in London?"

"The pony-carts," he answered. "The little pony-carts that crop up mysteriously among the wagons and taxis and motor-buses in Piccadilly and the Strand, even in Cheapside, and trot along so bravely and undismayed, and take their place so naturally in these untoward surroundings, and disappear as suddenly as they came. I always stand to watch them—the plucky little things, with their absurd little four brisk legs, and their four merry little hoofs, and their two ridiculous wheels. They are to me the prettiest sight in London."

Personally I think the Victoria Park bathers won it.

A TEA FIGHT.

We came upon Dorothy, my brother John and I, in a large tent hung round with pink and white calico, selling tea to a number of men, and smiling beautifully from under a most enormous hat at another girl, not quite so pretty as herself, who was jointly in charge. We sat down near the door and waited, and after a little she caught sight of us and brought us some tea. And while we were drinking it she stood, for a moment or two leaning against the little table next to ours in the way



MR. PUNCH IS DELIGHTED TO HEAR OF THE WONDERFUL RESULTS OF THE SALT WATER TREATMENT FOR BABIES. BUT HE WOULD SUGGEST THAT PARENTS SHOULD NOT CARRY IT TOO FAR, AS IN CASE OF HIS BABYSHIP BEING DISPLEASED THERE MIGHT ENSUE THE ABOVE SCENE.

girls have, without knocking anything over, and said: "I want you to do me a favour, will you? And we said we would, and waited to hear what it was before deciding which of us should do it; because we had both of us done favours for Dorothy before.

She looked round a moment and went on: "I want you to go out, and send anyone you can find to have tea. You know a lot of people here, I expect, and each one helps. You remember what Mr. Harberry said last Sunday." Mr. Harberry is the young, bachelor Rector, but we did not remember what he said last Sunday. Then she added, as she turned away: "Be sure you send them to *me*, won't you? I've sold fourteen so far, and she's sold twelve."

So we went out into the bazaar, through the stalls where they sold needlework, to where the men were gathered together waiting till it was time to go, and told them that they gave you a capital tea for a shilling in a tent we pointed out, and that there was a very decent-looking girl there in a big hat with red flowers in it.

At about six o'clock we came back to see how things were going on. There were still one or two people in the big tent, and the other girl and Dorothy

were standing together in the middle talking and smiling at each other. Dorothy came down to us after a time, to see what we wanted, and we asked her what the score was; and she smiled rather queerly, and said, "She's one ahead. Did you send anyone as I asked you, or have you been asleep?"

We told her what we had done, and how we had described her hat so that there should be no mistake, and Dorothy at once threw out her hands in a way she has to signify that one is an utter imbecile, and exclaimed: "Red flowers in it! Why, hers has got a lot of great flaring poppies——" And she stopped short and looked at us exactly as a jockey might look at two tailors. "Oh, but if that isn't just too exactly like a man!" she said.

We both felt rather foolish, because, of course, we had not noticed what the other girl was wearing in her hat. Only John, who is very careless sometimes in what he says, blurted out: "But we said there was an awfully pretty girl——" But I kicked him on the ankle so hard that he stopped with a little gasp. Dorothy flushed, and then, for she is very good-natured really, she began to laugh, and said it didn't matter at all really, only we

must go away now, as they were just closing.

But quite suddenly I had an idea. I pushed John into a chair and sat down beside him. "No," I said very masterfully, "we want tea—two teas, please."

Dorothy stared at me with her lips apart. "You can't," she said. "You've had one. It wouldn't be fair. It would be cheating—at least, wouldn't it?" Then she looked from one of us to the other, and smiled like a big, beautiful flower. "You dears!" she said. "I should like to kiss you." But she did not mean that really, of course.

However, she promised us that we should drive her home; and then, while we were drinking our tea, who should come in but the Rector himself. Both Dorothy and the other girl went to talk to him, and we heard him ask how they had been getting on, and Dorothy answered for them both that she had sold thirty-seven teas, and the other girl thirty-six. And he said it was a very close finish.

But Dorothy never appeared for us to take her home, and on the way we passed her walking with the Rector, and so much interested in what he was saying that she did not see us at all.

AT THE PLAY.

"MACBETH."

THE barren (or, if you will, blasted) heath was in darkness, save for a fitful flash of lightning which, to those who knew, revealed the fact that the scene was Scotland. The thunder growled itself into the distance, and there came that sudden terrible pause which heralds Nature's most awful effects. High on a lonely rock in the west appeared the grim figures of *Banquo* and the *Thane of Glamis*, huge in the darkness. Then the fury of the elements burst forth again, and, as Heaven willed, a terrible flash of lightning missed *Banquo* and rested long upon the face of *Macbeth*, long enough indeed for everyone to make sure that it was really Sir HERBERT. The thunder of our applause followed; for myself, I think I shouted, "Speech, speech!" And as soon as silence was restored, Sir HERBERT responded. He looked round the lonely heath and said impressively, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." It was certainly a horrid day, but it was a magnificent entry.

In a note circulated to the audience the producer says that there has been much discussion whether *Macbeth* was a brave soldier or a black-hearted villain. Sir HERBERT, I fancy, is on the side of the black-hearted and neurotic villain. The more I saw of *Macbeth* the less I regarded him as a brave, if ruthless, soldier. The idea of his unseaming anybody from the nape to the chaps, as mentioned in the second scene, seemed more absurd with each following scene; so that, in the end, those two fine lines, which seem so nearly to excuse all the villainies of brave men—

"Ring the alarum bell—Blow wind! Come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back!"

—could only be interpreted as the last pose of a neurotic. "Praise for Sir HERBERT"—he was a magnificent neurotic.

Yet I have never before been so much impressed with the extraordinary unreality of acting. There were only three or four moments in the whole evening when it was possible quite to forget that one was in a theatre; and I am afraid that those moments were due chiefly to the extraordinary reality of the scenery. "The Courtyard of the castle" (HARKER) was so real, the little staircase in the corner where *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* sheltered gave such a natural, almost homely,

touch to their plottings that one could not help but believe—even though *Macbeth* would talk about "me hand" and *Lady Macbeth* about "me father." Similarly the "Room in *Macbeth's* castle" (CRAVEN) seemed so entirely to suit *Lady Macbeth* that a wave of naturalness went over the stage for a moment. Indeed *Miss Vanbrugh*, indistinct as her delivery was in this her opening scene, never seemed to me to be quite so good again—with the possible exception of the sleep-walking scene, where she was excellent, and where again the simple staging helped her.

It is a tribute to the greatness of the play—and, perhaps, also of the players—that none of the representations of the many other talented actors and actresses impresses itself upon the memory. The poetry absorbs them; the drama moves on, however interpreted. At His Majesty's it moves



Lady Macbeth (Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH). "Why do you make such faces?"

Macbeth (Sir HERBERT TREE). "Think of this but as a thing of custom; 'tis no other."

(Act III. Scene 4.)

slowly. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly, for it starts at 8, and one must get home some time. But being done as Sir HERBERT does it, with *Macbeth* so little the man of action, I doubt if it loses anything by being long drawn out. And you seem to get more SHAKESPEARE for your money. M.

ABOUT AN EAR.

It is a terrible admission for a mother to have to make, but I am compelled to own that my son is disappointed in me. I had had momentary qualms lest he should despise my intellect, detest my disposition or fail to agree with my opinions, but I had never imagined that it could be *my ear* that would cause this sudden coldness.

Of course the first mistake I made was in not realising that we were at cross purposes. We were lazily lying on the sands together and I thought it a favourable opportunity to commence his education—that is, to drum into his

plastic and unresisting little brain all those pet theories of mine that my contemporaries would have none of. But he, unmistakably bored with me as a tutor, asked only that I should uncomplainingly act the part of Mountain Range and allow him to satisfy his desire to ascend to the summit.

Since he is a child of single purpose, not lightly to be turned aside from a determination, I realised, before I had decided on my course of action, that he was comfortably seated astride my arm engaged in exploring the intricacies of my ear.

On discovering that I, his own mother, possessed that wonderful and complicated thing (the mystery of which is lost on adults)—a human ear, he exhibited an almost excessive elation. He pinched it to make sure that he was awake, he tickled it to see if it could move, he covered it with hair until completely hidden for the sole pleasure of finding it again.

But, since the day was hot, it was not long before he became aware of the fact that has struck every child since the world began—that parents are incurably selfish. His harmless sport was denied him, and for a moment or two he lay prostrate on the sand aghast at his first glimpse of the Injustice of Life.

Had he been more eloquent at the time I think he would have told me that, whereas his ten toes and the wrinkle of fat round his wrists, about which he permitted me to grow enthusiastic, were to him the most prosaic things on earth, an adult ear, on the contrary, was one of the wonders of the world. But since the language of the Splutter and the Gurgle does not permit of argument he ignored my commands and struggled up again to the point of vantage.

It was then that the disillusionment began. My ear, he discovered, was not all he had thought it. He poked his finger into it once or twice, but drew it out again, disheartened. He tried to undo it and flatten it out so as to be able to mould it to his own satisfaction. It was, he decided, too maze-like. No longer satisfied with what, in the first enthusiasm of discovery, had appeared so delightful, his imagination had constructed an Ideal Ear, and it seemed to him that one ought to be able to place one's finger on the outside curve and trace it round spirally until the centre was reached. That was his conception of what an ear, a truly interesting ear, should be.

It was useless for me to tell him that



Housekeeper. "LOSH ME LAIRD, YE'LL NO HAVE ASKET ALL THAE FOLKS TO STOP THE NIGHT? THERE ISNA BEDS FOR THE HALF O' THEM."

Laird. "HOOTS, WOMAN! DINNA FASH YERSEL. GIE THEM PLENTY WHISKEY AND THEY'LL FIND BEDS FOR THEMSELVES."

my features had not been constructed merely for his amusement. "For what, then?" he seemed to ask me with unfeigned astonishment. No, it was no good my making excuses. My ear was not the perfect ear. He felt he would have liked his mother to own a simple, direct kind of ear—not one full of pitfalls and sudden turns. Of his own accord he slid down on to the sand again and lay crushed with disappointment.

It was a terrible experience for me. He looked into my face, most plainly telling me that he could never feel the same towards me again. I was hurt. My pride was lowered, and it was then that this coldness arose between us which we can neither of us shake off.

I have roused him to examine other people's ears. Time after time he has been cast back into gloom again. But I try to cheer him, filling him with hope that the Next Ear will be the one for which we are searching.

I never thought I should be capable of duplicity in my dealings with my own son. I can only hope that when he grows to manhood he will believe that I acted solely from a motherly

desire to accustom him early to the disappointments of life. But, while outwardly sympathetic, I am deliberately causing him pain and shattering his illusions because, out of a pitiable vanity, I want him to see that other ears are as far from his ideal as mine.

A SONG OF SYRINX.

LITTLE lady, whom 'tis said
Pan tried very hard to please,
I expect before you fled
'Neath the wondering willow-trees,
Ran away from his caress
In the Doric wilderness,
That you'd led him on a lot,
Said you would, and then would not,—
No way that to treat a man,
Little lady loved of Pan!

I expect you'd dropped your eyes
(Eyes that held your stream's own hue,
Kingfishers and dragon-flies
Sparkling in their ripple blue),
And you'd tossed your tresses up,
Yellow as the cool king-cup,
And you'd dimpled at his vows
Underneath the willow boughs,

Ere you mocked him, ere you ran,
Little lady loved of Pan!

So they've turned you to a reed,
As the great Olympians could,
You've to bow, so they've decreed,
When old Pan comes through the wood,

You've to curtsy and to gleam
In the wind and in the stream
(Which are forms, I've heard folks say,
That the god adopts to-day),
And we watch you bear your ban,
Little lady loved of Pan!

For in pleasant spots you lie
Where the lazy river is,
Where the chasing whispers fly
Through the beds of bulrushes,
Where the big chub, golden dun,
Turns his sides to catch the sun,
Where one listens for the queer
Voices in the splashing weir,
Where I know that still you can
Weave a spell to charm a man,
Little lady loved of Pan!

"As they drank, the four joined hands."
"Daily Express" feuilleton.

Try this at dinner to-night. It will
keep the table in a roar.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MEDICAL science has done wonders for romance, and it was a glad day for novelists when it was discovered that if you hit a man hard over the head, or gave him a sudden shock, he might lose his memory completely, with the chance of regaining it many years later when the ethics of justice or sensation demanded. This handy little device has been well used in *Nigel Ferrard* (MILLS AND BOON), where Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS has made a small girl of fourteen, wandering in her sleep, the chance witness of a dreadful midnight crime. Two surgeons are conducting an operation, and one of them deliberately poisons his patient, subsequently inducing his friend, the nephew and heir of the dead man and the actual operator, to believe that he has bungled with the knife, and for his own sake had better hush up the affair. *Nigel Ferrard* therefore adopts the unknown and inopportune child, who is found to have lost all knowledge of her past life. When she grows up, he marries her, and they are entirely happy, until Marchmont, the other doctor, falls under the suspicion of his wife, who had been originally engaged to the murdered man; and thus everything is ripe for the thunderbolt to fall. When she is describing a scene of terror or some state of mental distress or bewilderment Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS writes exceedingly well, but she seems to underestimate the value of conversation in romance, and makes very little attempt to increase our knowledge of or our sympathy with her characters by its aid, so that I found myself

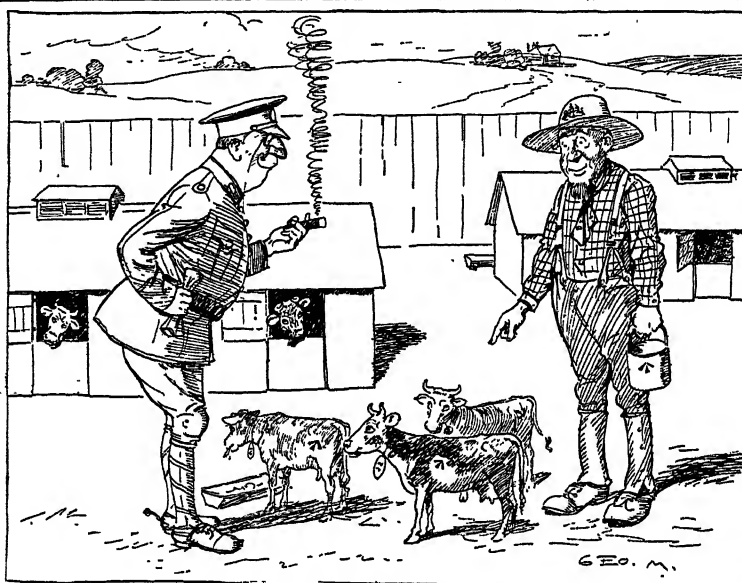
not so much stirred as I should have liked to be by the final catastrophe and revelation of guilt. But there is no doubt that the pathological situation is one for which the old tragedians would have given pounds and pounds.

My theory is that *Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist* (WARD, LOCK), started its literary life in the form of monthly contributions to a fourpence-halfpenny magazine. If this is not the fact, the supposition serves at least to show you the kind of person *Stranleigh* was, and how Mr. ROBERT BARR has treated him. He had, to begin with, so much money that he simply didn't know how on earth to get rid of it; and the worst was, that often, when he thought he was chucking the wretched stuff away, in charity or to oblige a friend, a turn of events would bring it all back to him increased sevenfold. So that he went on becoming more and more a multi-millionaire, and not being able to help it. To me, nowadays, there is something very simple and beautiful in a story like that. I have enough of the *Triplet* in me to love that my hero should be able to write a cheque after lunch for a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds, and not remember it at tea-time; and this pleasure Mr. ROBERT BARR has certainly

given me with no stinting hand. I wish I could say that the tales—for, as is the custom with magazine-characters, each chapter in *Stranleigh's* life was complete in itself—were as admirable otherwise, but the truth is I found them just a little bit disappointing. In each—the adventure with the Russian Prince, or with the railway king, or the bank manager, or what not—there was a host of admirable preparation, to which the climax seemed always a trifle inadequate. But I have admitted that I enjoyed reading the book; and I believe others will do the same. It is very well illustrated.

Before ALLEN ARNOT forges her next novel she will be well advised to re-read *The Dempsey Diamonds* (LANE) with the view of noting how many mystifications she weaves and leaves unravelled, and on how many and what slight occasions she employs coincidence to make her story march. A tithe of the coincidence and a quarter of the mystification would have carried her well over a fairly steep tale of adventure, and after all *The Dempsey Diamonds* is a

chronicle of smallish beer. Miss Dempsey gave me the impression that she would have found a less ineffectual way of getting her wealth into her granddaughter's hands; neither do I think she would have been so tragically dismayed at the possibility of her secret being discovered. Not *Jane* or *William* or *Nell* or *Chris* gave promise of being so entirely resourceless in emergencies. It is much better to make your observations at first-hand and to set them forth in your own language than to use the consecrated and always-to-be-forgotten phrases of a poor tradi-



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VII.—WAR OFFICE EXPERT VISITING A SUBSIDISED CONDENSED MILK DAIRY.

tion. Crying hoarsely, bristling the eyebrows, grinding the teeth and laughing sardonically are simply not done. I suppose one does occasionally meet immaculate evening dress, but it is best not to notice it. And astonishingly few of one's men friends ever refer to a woman, however frail, as a "wicked wretch."

I am still straining my eyes towards the literary horizon for another good volume of short stories. It may be unkind to suggest that *In Different Keys* (MILLS AND BOON) would have been better called *Indifferent Tales*, but the fact is that I. A. R. WYLIE has not risen here above the usual short story of commerce—the kind that is written in June, and served up, to an aroma of printer's ink and highly-glazed paper, in a "Christmas No." towards the end of October. In their season, and a little at a time, I like these well enough; but a whole volume of them makes for indigestion. The best of the tales seemed to me to be the one that ends the book, called appropriately *The Last Turn*, about a circus acrobat who found his wife carrying on with another member of the troupe, and almost let him fall in their somersault act, but didn't quite. There was a genuine thrill here, and some human behaviour.

PARROTS' LAST WORDS.

IT has been left to Professor Wragge, now on a visit to London from the Wisconsin Laboratory of Biology and Research, to explore what is, even at this late date in the world's history, an entirely new subject of investigation. Many persons have interested themselves in the powers of speech of parrots; but the Professor specialises wholly in their dying remarks; and he is in England at this moment to collect at first hand data from parrot-owners for his forthcoming monograph.

As *Mr. Punch's* representative, I found him at an hotel conveniently near Leadenhall Market, whither he goes every morning in the hope of conversing with sailors and others who bring their birds to that place to be sold.

"Yes," he said, "it is a profoundly absorbing study. [The parrot in ordinary life, full of health and vigour, is something of a problem: he seems to come in his intelligence and critical acumen midway betwixt man and bird. There is something uncanny about him, but there is nothing that moves the feelings. One contemplates him with admiration and perplexity, even wonder, but never with sympathy. One's emotions are untouched. Is it not so?"]

"Quite," I said.

"But," continued the Professor, "later, when his faculties are dimming, when he nears the moment of dissolution, the parrot can strike a deeper note. Ah, my dear Sir, I assure you some of the things said by parrots then would bring a lump into your throat. And not only are they pathetic—they are inspired too. Glimpses of truth! Most remarkable!"

"Do the birds always know they are going to die?" I asked.

"Not always," he replied. "Sudden death may come to a parrot as to any of us. A choking fit. A cat overturning the cage. Last words in such a case would have less value. They might be expressive merely of rage or alarm. But when the end comes slowly—when they have had time to realise what it means—the loss of everything held dear, the cage, the perch, the parrot food, the master's or mistress's stroking fingers, the opportunities for free and caustic comment—it is then that they say their best things. Let me read you a few."

He drew from his pocket a bundle of letters and selected half-a-dozen.

"Here is a letter from a lady at Chislehurst. The parrot, after living with her for fifteen years, died. Its last words, unfortunately extremely indistinct, were either, she tells me, 'Good-bye, old friend,' or 'What's the time?' But the lady strongly inclines to the former. And so, I may add, do I."

"Another parrot owner, a clergyman, also living in Kent, whose bird had been destitute of feathers for three years before it died, distinctly remarked, 'Now for some warmth at last.' This the reverend gentleman testifies to.



"WELL, AUNT EMMA, WHEN ARE YOU COMING FOR A TRIP IN MY AEROPLANE?"

"MY DEAR BOY, I'D NO MORE THINK OF DOING THAT THAN I'D THINK OF FLYING."

"A lady at Bournemouth writes to me: 'Our parrot for years had been in the habit of saying "Good night" as I placed the cover on its cage before going to bed. Then latterly, strangely enough, it substituted another phrase, and instead of "Good night," always said "Pretty Poll," although my name is Clara. But last week, when it died, just before it closed its eyes for the last time, it shook itself for a moment on its perch, and once again, after an interruption of three years at least, said, very slowly, "Good night," and then fell over.' Her letter ends thus. Is not the finality of this very touching?"

I said that it was.

"Some of the sailors with whom I

have talked," the Professor went on, "have told me strange things. Not always quite printable, I fear—you know what sailors are—but very illuminating—very. Parrots who after long lives spent in the fullest and most painfully candid expression of their innermost thoughts soften towards the end into sober if not pious taciturnity. One in particular I recall who, noted for his consistently dazzling and inopportune profanity—often interrupting prayers by a phrase so lurid as to warp the mast (the sailor assured me)—uttered quietly, just before he died, these simple and unadorned words, 'There's a good time coming, I don't think.'

"Here," continued the Professor, "is another letter, also not a little startling in its suggestion of the unknown. It is from a lady at Great Malvern. Her parrot—one of the grey variety, perhaps the most intellectual and imparting—just before it died, screamed in a loud voice, 'Light the gas!' Very curious, is it not? One sees the idea: into the darkness, into the night. The dying GOETHE, you will remember, uttered a similar cry: 'Light, more light!'

"There are several more," said the Professor; but I had to cut him short.

"It is profoundly interesting," I said, "but I really must run." And I really ran.

"The 'London Gazette' last night contained the formal notification that His Majesty had ordered A. Conge D'Elire to pass the great seal of the United Kingdom empowering the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, Oxford University, to elect a Bishop to the See of Oxford."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

As Mr. d'Elire jocularly remarked to our correspondent, judging from the number of seals he has to pass he might just as well be a keeper at the Zoo.

"He dived in and swam out strongly to sea, using his favourite over-arm stroke. . . After half-an-hour's swim Burgess returned, on the stroke of eight o'clock."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

He should have kept to his favourite stroke.

"The quarterly report of the Sanitary Inspector was submitted, and it was considered very satisfactory. The Report showed that a sample of whisky taken in town had been analysed and found to be genuine."

Ross-shire Journal.

Very reassuring indeed.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

SUMMER, if now at length your time is through,

And, as occurs with lovers, we must part,
My poor return for all the debt, your due,

Is just to say that you may keep my heart;
Still warm with heat-waves rolling up the sky,

Its melting tablets mark in mid-September
Their record of the best three months that I
Ever remember.

I had almost forgotten how it felt

Not to awake at dawn to sweltering mirth,
And hourly modify my ambient belt

To cope with my emaciated girth;

It seems that always I have had to stay

My forehead's moisture with the frequent mopper,

And found my cheek assume from day to day

A richer copper.

Strange spells you wrought with your transforming glow!

O London drabness bathed in lucent heat!

O Mansions of the late Queen Anne, and O

Buckingham Palace (also Wimpole Street)!

O laughing skies traditionally sad!

O barometric forecasts never "rainy"!

O balmy days, and *noctes*, let me add,

Ambrosianæ!

And if your weather brought the strikers out

And turned to desert-brown the verdant plot;

If civic fathers, who are often stout,

Murmured at times, "This is a bit too hot!"

If the slow blood of rural swains has stirred

When stating what their views about the crops is,

Or jammy lips have flung some bitter word

At this year's wopses;—

What then? You may have missed the happy mean,

But by excess of virtue's ample store,

Proving your lavish heart was over-keen,

And for that fault I love you yet the more;

Nay, had you been more temperate in your zeal,

I should have lacked the best of all your giving—

The thirst, the lovely thirst, that made me feel

Life worth the living.

O. S.

WHERE TO GO NEXT HOLIDAY.

BRADFORD.

Now that the holiday season is nearly over it seems proper to remind serious and responsible people that there are other places one can go to besides Badgastein, Nether Achnaharacle, and Margate. Bradford is a most interesting place for an autumn holiday. It is never crowded with trippers, either monthly or week-endly. It is possible at Bradford to get away from the Band; and there are never any pierrots to disturb one's afternoon *siesta* on the banks of the Aire. However, the purpose of this article is not to boom Bradford as a health-resort; the idea is rather to be didactic and informative, to lift the mind of the reader to a higher plane of thought than that on which it moves when he is considering the music-hall value of BURGESS, or what he would have done with the money if he had had a thousand on Prince Palatine for the Leger.

The chief industry of Bradford is WOOLCOMBING, and there are few more picturesque sights in any part of the world than the convergence upon the main highways leading to Bradford of hundreds of thousands of sheep which arrive, twice a year, from all parts of the sur-

rounding country, and even from Scotland and Wales, to have their wool combed. This process used to be performed locally; and in remote places small holders may still be seen combing their own sheep. But the progressive owner realises now that it is cheaper to send his flock into Bradford twice a year for this operation, which not only gives the sheep a much tidier appearance, but stimulates the growth of its wool and improves its general health and spirits. Unfortunately for the purposes of the journalists, woolcombing is a secret process; and my attempt to get into the comberies, disguised as an elderly ram, was frustrated. But I was fortunate in meeting many sheep, both Before and After, and was much struck with the improvement in their appearance. Many had evidently indulged in a singe and shampoo also.

Next to WOOLCOMBING, in the respect of the Bradford man, comes the MOHAIR TRADE. As the name indicates, this staple depends upon a comparatively little-known animal, the Mo, which is fortunately plentiful in Asia Minor, South Africa and the Argentine. The Asian or African Mo must not be confused with the commoner British variety, distinguished, for trade purposes, by the prefix Ikey. It is curious to think that there are dozens of Bradford men, each with two motor cars and a grouse moor in Cumberland, who have never set eyes on their benefactor, the Mo. Thousands of miles away, on the High Veldt, the Mo moves day after day in his orbit round a peg, to which he is attached by a long strand of his own hair. His one object in life is to feel it growing. At night he is corralled by his keeper, dexterously and painlessly shaved with a 16-20 h.p. safety razor, and turned loose to accumulate next night's crop. The hair is then packed in bales, and shipped to Bradford, whose motto is, "The Mo the Merrier."

From Mohair we turn to Bradford's third industry—OIL-PRESS BAGGING. This is a profession, as its name suggests, which calls for considerable resource and even daring. Anyone who has ever seen an oil-press will understand that it is almost as hard to purloin, without exciting immediate suspicion and pursuit, as the Albert Memorial. The successful Oil-Press Bagger must be wary and astute. He must know where there are Oil-Presses worth his attention, and to what extent they are guarded. Then he has to consult with his Head Bagger (an official who is paid a huge salary, and who is well worth it) as to the plan of campaign. I was fortunate in gaining the confidence of several Head Baggers, during my visit to Bradford: but it would be unfair, and might even be dangerous, to give more than the barest outline of their method. But I may be permitted to say this, that gelignite and a Pickford van play a not unimportant part in the business. A team of Oil-Press Baggers, brawny men from the Dales, has been known to break into a Baggerly and remove a full-sized Oil-Press in 2 min. 35½ sec. The next time that you feed your pigs with oil-cake—if you keep pigs, and if pigs eat oil-cake—the next time you feel the clammy caress of a linseed poultice, I hope you will spare a moment's grateful thought for the Oil-Press Baggers of Bradford.

Two extracts from *The Melbourne Age*:—

"DUNKELD.—From 420 merino ewes, Mr. Paul Hendrick, of Warrayure, obtained 375 lambs, or 99 per cent."

"ELMORE.—A fine lambing percentage has been obtained at Mr. H. Holmes's Burnewang Estate, 3765 lambs being marked from 411 cross-bred and comeback ewes, representing 91 per cent."

This is where the Colonial has the advantage of us.



KINDRED SPIRITS.

[Lord KITCHENER is now on his way to Egypt to take up his appointment as Agent-General.]



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

'Arty (to Bert). "I'M AT THE MAITRYPOLE. THEY DON'T 'ARF MAKE YOU SHELL OUT; BUT THE SERCIETY IS ALL RIGHT. I SIT NOT MORE'N TWO TABLES FROM A CHAP THAT NEARLY GOT MADE A NEW PEER. WELL, YOU CAN'T MIX WITH THAT SORT FOR NOTHING!"

THE REVIVAL OF HUMOUR.

RAIN! it's a long time since I met you, rain!
 Mother of rivers, but oh far more sweet
 Than when you souse the hillside and the plain
 Here in the hippodrome of hurrying street!
 How nice to sit
 And watch the people squirm beneath your wit!
 See, here is one that should have brought his gamp,
 Broker or, may be, member of the Bar,
 But hath not done so, and his clothes are damp,
 So is his tile, and taxicabs are far;
 He does not say.
 "O fruitful quickener of the earth!" nor pray
 To whosoe'er of the immortal gods,
 When fields are parched and dry through months of glare,
 Sends down upon the world these genial rods,
 Nor cry, "O balmy one! O god most fair!"
 Soothly his voice
 Is raised in language nothing like so choice.
 And then the nymphs! with garments apt to spoil,
 Hoping against all hope they stand and wait
 Beneath some shop-front, garden of their toil,
 Then dash for it, and get in such a state
 Their so-called "things;"
 They also use what oaths experience brings.
 Rain, thou comedian! it does me good
 To see the fine old farce revived once more
 Of frequent mud-stains splashing from the wood;

Observe that man out there, I bet he swore
 To find his hat
 All spotted like the pard—a brougham did that.

I, only I, remembering how kind
 Are all the boons of nature, how the mist
 Engenders torrents, and the rivers wind
 Through wakening valleys, and the woods are kissed,
 And how my tea
 Needs water, and my bath its h. and c.—
 I, keeping tolerant and calm and bland,
 Smile at the throaty gurgles of the drain;
 The noise of many waters in the land
 Pleases me mightily; I laugh, O rain,
 Watching you tub
 Old London—from the windows of my club. Evon.

"Certain excitement was caused in journalistic and artistic circles by the news of the arrest of M. Hostrowsky, who has been a contributor to several papers in Paris under the name of Guillaume Apollinaire."
Reuter.

His assumed name (so different from that of his birth) seems to have been "writ in water" (mineral).

"An announcement of more than ordinary interest is that of Henry Charlewood Turner, second son of the Bishop of Islington, and grandson of the late Bishop McDougall, and Inez Elizabeth, only surviving child of the Rev. John Huntley Skrine, Vicar of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford, and sometime Warden of Glenalmond."
Church Family Newspaper.

Unfortunately the announcement ends here, but we can guess what happened and beg to congratulate them.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OGRE."

FOR weeks I had been living the animal life, chasing the grouse-bird over heart-breaking peat-hags; ploughing, with steady alternation, the blue seas and the white bunkers of Brittany; and now my stagnant mind was to have an intellectual treat. Returned to London, the headquarters of the hierarchy of Dramatic Culture, I was, on my first night, to sit at the feet of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, its anointed high-priest.

At once I saw that things had been moving on while I was away. New types, undreamed of in my experience of actual humanity, had sprung into being. Here was a flapper (with pig-tail) talking the glib rhetoric of Female Emancipation with the aplomb of a PANKHURST. Here was her elder sister, a picture of virginal simplicity, suddenly become notorious as the author of a shady novel about shop-girls, censored by the libraries. Here was her callow brother, educated at Harrow, Cambridge and the Music Halls, addressing his young step-mother, with wearying insistence, as "pretty belle-mère." Here was that lady conspiring with her husband's children to flout the authority of their father. Here was that father, mildest-mannered of City merchants, lending his preposterous nickname of *Ogre* to the latest of Mr. JONES's masterpieces. I pass over the young man's best girl, the most incredible charmer that ever disturbed the realms of pure imagination with the tootle of her car, and content myself with saying that Art, that tireless inventor, had truly not been idle in my absence.

It looks as if Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES had meant to give us a refined modern version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. But the brutality of *Petruchio* is everything. Take that from him and his occupation's gone. Mr. JONES's *Ogre* is satisfied to assert his manhood by nailing over his mantelpiece a pair of riding breeches (not an exclusively masculine garment) and eating a solitary chop in the presence of his starving family. (Let me here say that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER ate his chop just about as well as it could be eaten. It was a delightful little interval of comedy in a very desert of trivial iteration.) And at the end I could not find that we were much better off than when we started, or that the *Ogre* had really done so very much taming. It is true that his elder daughter (no thanks to him) was off his hands and that his ne'er-do-weel boy had gone to swell the ranks of his kind in Canada, but no one supposed for a moment that

his shrew of a wife had undergone any sort of reform. Of course I shouldn't think of worrying about the aimless futility of it all if only it hadn't been the work of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES. For he has always recognised himself as an authority on the right methods of making plays, and, generously enough, has made no pretence of concealing his views from the public.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER was in rather attractive vein. I couldn't wish to meet an ogre more gentle, more reserved, more passively persuasive. He must have taken fifty or sixty bites to his simple mutton-chop, and he washed it down with homely ale instead of human blood. Miss KATE CUTLER had harder work to win our sympathy in a character compact of the elements of shrew and minx. But she cannot help playing well. Mr. VALENTINE, as a gardener who had "corpsed" a shrew of his own and knew full well how the type should be handled, had an eye that was more eloquent than any language, though he could be vocal to good purpose when he chose. Mr. MATTHEWS, heavily handicapped by the lady of his choice, scarcely had his usual chance. But he was always good to watch even if he had little to say that was worth while. Mr. REYNOLDS and Mr. NARES performed their slight tasks very naturally. Finally Mr. HALLARD, though he did great execution with rolling eyes and flashing teeth, never seemed a very probable breaker-up of the domestic *ménage*.

The dialogue, studded with simple pleasantries, was seldom brilliant. It seems a little late in the day to suggest, as a *bon mot*, that the censoring of a book is a good advertisement for it; and when you recur to your chop after an interval for conversation you should always think of some better remark than "Let us return to our mutton."

Altogether the play, though it had its spasms of quiet humour, cannot, I fear, be long for this world. Still, one never knows. O. S.

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND."

Thomas Pelling may well have been perplexed. He came back from Russia expecting to find the happy loving little wife that he had left six weeks ago and was greeted coldly by a strange woman—the same in appearance but with how different a manner towards him. In his absence she had discovered (with the help of *Dulcie Elstead* and *Clarence Woodhouse*, those champions of Women's Rights) that he had been treating her as a doll, that she was only—this surprised *Thomas*—"the principal woman in his harem." She

knew now that she must "live her own life;" and until *Thomas* showed that he understood and sympathised she would only be a stranger to him. Now *Thomas* was no fool, though he was a Philistine. As an earnest of his complete understanding he announced his intention of kicking *Dulcie* and *Clarence* out of the house. *Sophie* said that if he did this she would leave the house with them—for ever. Whereupon the poor husband was indeed perplexed.

Luckily *Mrs. Margell* had a plan. In real life people never have plans, or if they do they take weeks and weeks to think of them. Obviously we couldn't sit and watch *Thomas* for weeks and weeks while he thought of a plan; the thing had to be announced at once, even while we looked and waited. It was quite a simple plan—the dear old one, in fact, which gets another woman into the house in order to make the wife jealous. *Mrs. Margell* was, no doubt, a great playgoer, and had seen this plan working successfully on the stage hundreds of times; so she had confidence in recommending it to *Thomas*.

Well, it worked again. Not quite in the way *Thomas* expected, but none the less to the happiness of himself and his wife, and to the great glory of Mr. ALFRED SUTRO. For Mr. SUTRO has written a capital play, artificial perhaps in places, but always interesting. And I shall not be so silly as to accuse him of trying to solve the Woman Suffrage question.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER was a perfect *Thomas Pelling*, and he may be congratulated not only on his own fine performance but also on his company. Miss ATHENE SEYLER (who made such a delightful first appearance in *The Truants*) showed quite another side of her art as the earnest little wife, and was equally successful in it. As the emancipated *Dulcie* (why *Dulcie*?) Miss HENRIETTA WATSON was as effective as ever in an unsympathetic part; as the philosopher *Clarence* (why *Clarence*?) Mr. LYALL SWETE was completely in the picture. Miss MAUDE MILLETT looked and spoke just like the matter-of-fact *Mrs. Margell*, and Miss ENID BELL showed something more than the beauty that is always necessary in the "other woman." Both *Thomas* and I thought at first that to look beautiful would be all she would have to do; but, as it turned out, there was much more in it than that. M.

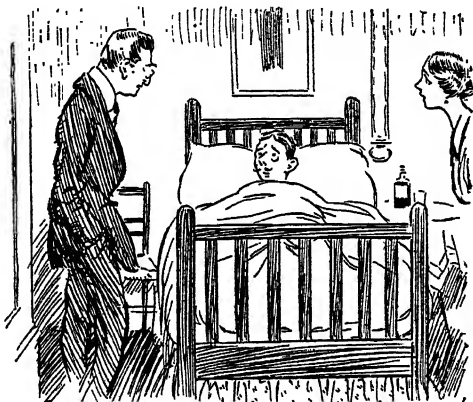
"PUBLIC LUNCHEON.

SHEEP WORRYING IN DEVON."

Western Morning News.

Mutton again!

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.



Our Doctor. "I'M SORRY TO SAY, OLD MAN, IT'S APPENDICITIS, AND YOU MUST HAVE THE OPERATION NEXT WEEK."



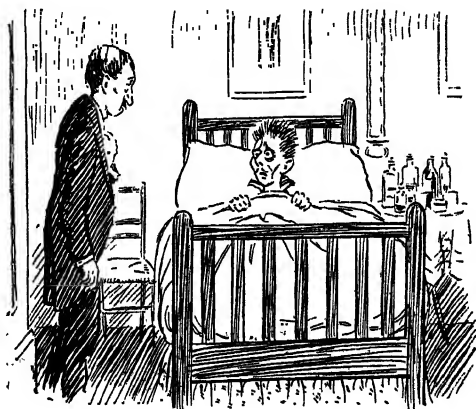
Sister Dorothy. "IT'S VERY COWARDLY AND WICKED TO HAVE THE OPERATION; WHY CAN'T YOU BEAR IT LIKE I DO? I'VE HAD APPENDICITIS FOR YEARS, I AM SURE. YOU'LL BE AWAY FROM WORK FOR WEEKS, AND THINK OF THE TROUBLE AND ANXIETY YOU'LL CAUSE US ALL."



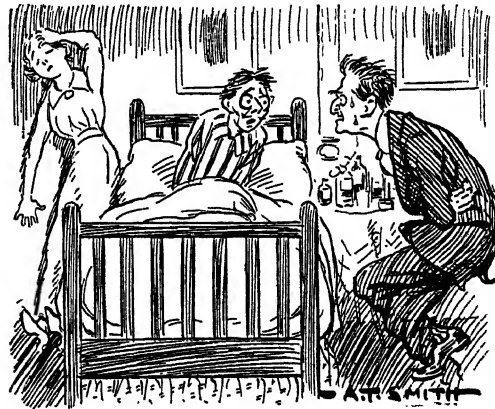
Aunt Fanny. "ARE YOU SURE YOUR DOCTOR IS COMPETENT TO UNDERTAKE THE OPERATION? SOME DOCTORS ARE DREADFULLY CARELESS. ONE, WHO OPERATED ON A POOR FRIEND OF MINE, ACCIDENTALLY SEWED UP HIS HAT AND GLOVES IN HIS PATIENT."



Sister-in-law Sydney. "SO YOU'RE GOING INTO A NURSING HOME FOR THE JOB? HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT. YOU'LL PROBABLY CATCH SOMETHING ELSE OR DIE OF STARVATION, LIKE A MAN I HEARD OF WHO GOT FORGOTTEN. WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK TO THE CARVING!"



Friend Robert. "I THOUGHT I'D JUST LOOK IN TO SEE IF YOU'D PAID UP ALL YOUR INSURANCES, MADE YOUR WILL AND GOT EVERYTHING IN ORDER. I THOUGHT, TOO, I COULD SAVE YOUR WIDOW TROUBLE IF—"



Our Doctor. "SORRY, OLD MAN, A MISTAKE IN MY DIAGNOSIS; YOU'VE NOT GOT APPENDICITIS; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. GET UP, IT'S YOUR WIFE'S PASTRY; I'VE JUST HAD SOME!"

A SUMMER COLD.

WHEN I am not feeling very well I go to Beatrice for sympathy and advice. Anyhow, I get the advice.

"I think," I said carelessly, wishing to break it to her as gently as possible, "I think I have hay-fever."

"Nonsense," said Beatrice.

That annoyed me. Why shouldn't I have hay-fever if I wanted to?

"If you're going to begrudge me every little thing," I began.

"You haven't even got a cold."

As luck would have it a sneeze chose that moment for its arrival.

"There!" I said triumphantly.

"Why, my dear boy, if you had hay-fever you'd be sneezing all day."

"That was only a sample. There are lots more where that came from."

"Don't be so silly. Fancy starting hay-fever in September."

"I'm not starting it. I am, I earnestly hope, just finishing it. If you want to know, I've had a cold all the summer."

"Well, I haven't noticed it."

"That's because I'm such a good actor. I've been playing the part of a man who hasn't had a cold all the summer. In short, I've been wearing the mask."

Beatrice disdained to answer, and by-and-by I sneezed again.

"You certainly have a cold," she said, putting down her work.

"Come, this is something."

"You must be careful. How did you catch it?"

"I didn't catch it. It caught me."

"Last week-end?"

"No, last May."

Beatrice picked up her work again impatiently. I sneezed a third time.

"Is this more the sort of thing you want?" I said.

"What I say is that you couldn't have had hay-fever all the summer without people knowing."

"But, my dear Beatrice, people do know. In this quiet little suburb you are rather out of the way of the busy world. Rumours of war, depressions on the Stock Exchange, my hay-fever—these things pass you by. But the clubs are full of it. I assure you that, all over the country, England's stately homes have been plunged into mourning by the news of my sufferings, historic piles have bowed their heads and wept."

"I suppose you mean that in every house you've been to this summer you've told them that you had it, and they've been foolish enough to believe you."

"That's putting it a little crudely. What happens is——"

"Well, all I can say is, you know a very silly lot of people."

"What happens is that when the mahogany has been cleared of its polished silver and choice napery, and wine of a rare old vintage is circulating from hand to hand——"

"If they wanted to take any notice of you at all, they could have given you a bread poultice and sent you to bed."

"Then, as we impatiently bite the ends off our priceless Havanas——"

"They might know that you couldn't possibly have hay-fever."

I sat up suddenly and spoke to Beatrice.

"Why on earth *shouldn't* I have hay-fever?" I demanded. "Have you any idea what hay-fever is? I suppose you think I ought to be running about wildly, trying to eat hay? or showing an unaccountable aversion from dried grass? I take it that there are grades of hay-fever, as there are of everything else. I have it at present in a mild form. Instead of being thankful that it is no worse, you——"

"My dear boy, hay-fever is a thing people have all their lives, and it comes on every summer. You've never even pretended to have it before this year."

"Yes, but you must start *some* time. I'm a little backward, perhaps. Just because there are a few infant prodigies about, don't despise me. In a year or two I shall be as regular as the rest of them." And I sneezed again.

Beatrice got up with an air of decision and left the room. For a moment I thought she was angry and had gone for a policeman, but as the minutes went by and she didn't return I began to fear that she might have left the house for good. I was wondering how I should break the news to her family when, to my relief, she came in again.

"You may be right," she said, putting down a small package and unpinning her hat. "Try this. The chemist says it's the best hay-fever cure there is."

"It's in a lot of languages," I said as I took the wrapper off. "I suppose German hay is the same as any other sort of hay? Oh, here it is in English. I say, this is a what-d'-you-call-it cure."

"So the man said."

"Homœopathic. It's made from the pollen that causes hay-fever. Yes. Ah, yes." I coughed slightly and looked at Beatrice out of the corner of my eye. "I suppose," I said carelessly, "if anybody took this who *hadn't* got hay-fever, the results might be rather—I mean that he might then find that he—in fact, er—*had* got it."

"Sure to," said Beatrice.

"Yes. That makes us a little thoughtful; we don't want to over-do this thing." I went on reading the instructions. "You know, it's rather odd about my hay-fever—it's generally worse in town than in the country."

"But then you started so late, dear. You haven't really got into the swing of it yet."

"Yes, but still—you know, I have my doubts about the gentleman who invented this. We don't see eye to eye in this matter. Beatrice, you may be right—perhaps I haven't got hay-fever."

"Oh, don't give up."

"But all the same I know I've got something. It's a funny thing about my being worse in town than in the country. That looks rather as if—By Jove, I know what it is—I've got just the opposite of hay-fever."

"What is the opposite of hay?"

"Why, bricks and things."

I gave a last sneeze and began to wrap up the cure.

"Take this pollen stuff back," I said to Beatrice, "and ask the man if he's got anything homœopathic made from paving-stones. Because, you know, that's what I really want."

"You *have* got a cold," said Beatrice.
A. A. M.

STARS IN COLLISION.

READERS of our esteemed contemporary, *The British Weekly*, can hardly have failed to notice the striking item of literary news which appears in the last issue over the signature "A Man of Kent":—

"The American papers tell us that what came near being a serious accident occurred recently at Kennebunkport, Me., where Margaret Deland and George Barr McCutcheon have summer cottages. Both writers own automobiles, and one day were taking an outing in them. They met so suddenly in a narrow road that a crash was inevitable, and Mr. McCutcheon's machine struck Mrs. Deland's, dashing it over an embankment eight or nine feet high. By a miracle it was not overturned, and no serious damage resulted from the encounter."

It is reassuring to the national *amour propre* to know that these exhilarating encounters are not the monopoly of the New World.

Thus an accident that might have been attended with consequences calculated to eclipse the gaiety of two hemispheres is reported from Ryde (I. of W.). It seems that Mr. HENRY JAMES, who has recently purchased a hydroplane, was cruising in the Solent when he collided with a motor boat driven by Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD. As both craft were travelling at a high speed they became so inextricably entangled that it was



Magistrate. "NOW CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE HORSE IN QUESTION? HOW BIG WAS IT, FOR INSTANCE?"

Witness. "IT WAS SIXTEEN FEET, Y'R HONOUR."

Magistrate. "COME, COME! REMEMBER YOU ARE ON YOUR OATH! DON'T YOU MEAN SIXTEEN HANDS?"

Witness. "INDEED, THIN, IT WAS HANDS I MEANT; AND DID I SAY FEET, Y'R HONOUR? AH, WELL, I'M ON MY OATH, SO WE'LL LET IT STAND. SURE, THIN, IT WAS SIXTEEN FEET, Y'R HONOUR."

impossible to separate them. The illustrious pilots were both hurled into the sea, and the shock was so great that Professor MILNE's seismograph at Shide Hill was violently agitated and a flock of solan geese which were crossing the island fell to the ground in a state of hopeless inanition. Fortunately the two famous novelists were picked up by a submarine and conveyed to Ryde. According to the latest advices Mr. HENRY JAMES has nearly completed the scenario of his apology to Mr. CONRAD, which is expected to run to about 140,000 words. It will shortly be published in two volumes by Mr. HEINEMANN, under the title of "A Marine Entanglement."

The charming village of Ripley was recently the scene of an extraordinary encounter between Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING. Mr. CHESTERTON, who was mounted on a 10-h.p. "Giant" motor bicycle, swept round a corner into the High Street at a high rate of speed and dashed into a Cornish Riviera landaulette, in which Mr. HOCKING was sitting before the door of a temperance hotel. To avoid the inevitable collision, Mr. HOCKING threw himself out of his car, while Mr. CHESTERTON, by an extra-

ordinary act of levitation, sailed clean over the roof of the hotel, and clung to a telegraph pole until he was brought down by the captain of the local fire-brigade. Happily, neither of the authors was hurt, Mr. HOCKING being a man of iron constitution, while Mr. CHESTERTON'S buoyancy completely neutralised the sudden impact with the telegraph pole, on which a suitable tablet has already been placed by the Parish Council.

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, amongst her other accomplishments, is a fearless aeroplanist, and has already crossed the Channel several times. During her last transit, however, she narrowly escaped destruction. When only about a mile from the French coast an explosion of petrol set the aeroplane on fire, and she dropped like a stone through the void. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, who was returning to France in his magnificent steam yacht *Gloriana*, happened to be exactly beneath her, and when the burning aeroplane dropped on the deck, several of his footmen promptly extinguished the flames. Mrs. GLYN, who was clad in a suit of asbestos overalls, escaped without any injury, but the buttons on

the livery of the footmen were melted by the terrific heat.

Lastly, we have to chronicle a momentous *rencontre* which occurred lately in Hertfordshire. Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY, who is in the habit of riding across country on a small African elephant of extraordinary agility, leapt her steed over a hedge into a road just as Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT was passing by in his 16-cylinder Senhouse Limousine, crashing through the roof with a noise that was distinctly audible at Lord ROTHSCHILD'S stately home at Tring, seven miles away. The remarkable feature of the accident, however, was that while neither Mrs. TOOLEY nor Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT received a scratch, the elephant was smashed to smithereens and was never seen again, though Major RICHARDSON and his bloodhounds were on the scene of action within twenty-four hours.

Potted Poets: I. Browning.

"The rev. gentleman based an eloquent discourse on 'Courage,' Browning, said he, speaks of the man who never turned his back, who never dreamed, though right were worsted, and wrong triumphed."—*Cornish Advertiser*.

If he slept on his back he must have dreamed.



Mother. "WHAT DID YOU WANT TO HURT YOUR LITTLE SISTER FOR?"

Harold. "I DIDN'T WANT TO; I JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW HARD I COULD PULL HER HAIR WITHOUT HURTING HER."

"NEEDLES AND PINS . . ."

WHEN a man marries his trouble begins. If, Sir, you have been considering this very matter and have come to the conclusion (1) that it is worth it, or (2) that there is bound to be trouble for you either way and you don't mind which, so why deny the dear girl a thing she has so obviously set her heart on? or (3) that you have said too much to withdraw, you will most likely have discovered the fact that the centre of the trouble above mentioned is hats. Arrived thus far correctly, you have probably jumped to the conclusion that the hats in question are hers, and that your trouble consists of so small a thing as signing a cheque or two. Believe me, my dear Sir, you are wrong.

* * * * *

"My wife," I said to the man behind the counter, "says that I have got to get a new bowler. The dear old friend, who has been through the thick and thin of countless years with me and now sits lovingly on my head, is condemned."

The man smiled, and asked for particulars.

"Good heavens! fellow," said I, "what do I know about such things? Mary says I must have a new bowler. Give me therefore a new bowler."

The man gave a cursory glance at my head, as if it were so much solid matter to be covered up and got rid of as soon as possible, and selected his idea of a new bowler.

"It suits you, Sir," he said, as I put it on, "if I may say so, admirably."

"You have said so," I retorted, "but nevertheless my idea of a hat is something one can wear and yet see out of. Mind you, I have never gone into the matter before, as you have no doubt done, but yet I have the instinct that a hat is less a thing for one to get inside than a thing to be placed outside one. Once there, moreover, it should stay there, till removed. With the first gust of wind I should be blown right out of this."

He produced a smaller one, stated that it suited me, if he might say so, admirably, compelled me to buy it, and sent me out of the shop. Mary, upon observing me later, said, "When are you going to buy a respectable bowler?" I explained that I had done so already. She said she was

glad to hear of it, but would be gladder still to see it. I called her attention to the top of my head. "That!" she said merely, and so it came about that later I found myself again in the shop, this time personally conducted.

Now, the indignity of this mere return was sufficiently uncomfortable, and I do think that, considering the little trouble and the large prices we men give at shops in our single days, the shopmen ought at least to stand by us at a pinch like this. This shopman in particular should have caught the look of suffering in my eye, and have used all the weight of his authority and demeanour to crush Mary's opinions and, though I say it as should not, to crush Mary herself. Instead, he agreed frankly, and with a contemptuous look at me, that the hat was too small.

"Small?" said Mary. "Why, it looks absurd?"

"Absurd, Madam," he agreed again; "but I was given to understand that looks did not matter as long as he felt happy in the hat."

"I might have guessed as much," said Mary. "It is" to be observed



A MATTER OF DIGNITY.

GERMAN EAGLE (to French Chanticleer). "LOOK HERE, AS BIRD TO BIRD, IF I COME DOWN A PERCH OR TWO, WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO CROW AT ME?"



SOME MORE HOLIDAY RESEMBLANCES.

(1) It would take an almost perverted ingenuity to detect in this gentleman any real likeness to the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN. Apart from certain turfy attributes (obviously plagiarised from the right hon. gentleman's equipment) and the wearing of a monocle, our artist can discover nothing which could, for an instant, deceive any friend of the great Protectionist Leader. (2) We frankly admit that to the untrained eye of an imperfectly-informed observer this gentleman might easily be the innocent cause of the rumour that Mr. BALFOUR was in the district—a rumour which sent a wave of chastened and well-controlled enthusiasm through the local Unionist Association. (3) No one that was not affected with a reckless thirst for sensationalism at all costs would, for a single instant, mistake this trivial little person for a SPENCER-CHURCHILL. There are markedly plebeian traits which prevent any well-brought-up person from confusing him for a single moment with the HOME SECRETARY. (We cannot help feeling that the right hon. gentleman has just cause to complain of such an inexcusable blunder.)

that I was referred to as "he." Indeed, I was ever regarded as "it." For, when exhausted as a subject for adverse criticism, I was treated as an object for resting hats on at various angles. I had nothing to do with the choice of either: if I evinced any interest in the matter and paused before a mirror, I was ordered sharply to go and stand by the door. I obeyed orders, and was told even more sharply to go and stand by the other door. To the people in the shop I seemed an idiot; to the other people, who wanted to come into the shop, I seemed to be a tiresome idiot, and for every hat that did not please the critics I got all the blame. My head and the shape and size of it were an insult to Mary and an injury to the man behind the counter. In short, that poet, if he knew what he was talking about when he mentioned

trouble, spoke with great moderation and restraint.

Everything must end, and a conclusion (of the most uncomfortable shape conceivable) was eventually arrived at. Within a month, however, Mary had taken a dislike to it. I called her attention to the fact that it was her own selection. That might be, but Mary could not go on loving me unless I got another. I said, with regret, that I should have then to dispense with her love. That might be also, but I could not, I was reminded, live with comfort in the same house as her disapproval. I reminded her again that the hat complained of was her choice. She had changed her mind, she said, and I must change my hat. . . . The process was much the same as before, only if possible more offensive.

That was four months ago. This

morning, as she saw me off to the City, she called me back. Oblivious of the past and optimistic of the present, I returned and kissed her again. That was not what she wanted. "Stand a little way away from me," she said, "I want to look at you." She did look, and the look was at the top of my head, and not affectionate.

If this matures into a fourth bowler hat, I shall ask with some confidence for a divorce.

Answer to correspondent in the *Amateur Gardener*:

"Yes, also plant bugs, earwigs, weevils, etc." All the same we don't think we will.

"At the foot of the letter were a number of 'crosses,' presumably representing crosses." *Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The writer presumes too much.

CHARIVARIA.

"UNREST IN PERSIA

BLUEJACKETS READY TO STOP LOOTING."

Daily Mail.

We are shocked to think that they should have ever started it.

The success of the Schoolboys' Strikes must have surprised the little chaps themselves. "Down with the cane!" they demanded, and in most cases it came down on them sooner than they expected.

The Hooligan Strikers' motto:—"Leave no stone unturned to attain your object."

It is again rumoured that non-unionist workmen are thinking of forming a union with the view of protecting their interests.

An expedition has left London for Good-enough Island, near British New Guinea, to study the customs of the natives, who are cannibals. It is hoped to discover a remedy for cannibal bite.

According to a Local Government Board Report, fifteen centenarians have died during the year in Irish workhouses. There must be something insanitary about these institutions.

The Express has been asking: "What do men admire in women's dress?" Not infrequently, we believe, it is the woman.

Portugal, though much changed, has been recognized at last.

The Cologne Gazette of September 12th puts all the blame on England for unduly protracting, for her own benefit, negotiations between Germany and France. If the parties to the dispute will call in person at the *Punch* Office, they will be given Our Gracious Permit to get Done with It.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. WILL THORNE to the delegates at the Trades Union Congress, "that we can't control our Army and Navy better than the cads who now handle our men?" They did.

And when the same delegates made an attack on Mr. WILL CROOKS, the latter only said to himself, "Poor old Bill!" It is pleasant to learn that he is on sufficiently good terms with himself to address himself by his pet name.

The mover of the vote of thanks to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, for opening a bazaar at Menai Bridge, is thus reported:—"I have my own belief that the first person to 'discover' Mr. LLOYD GEORGE must have been the girl who, in spite of everything, was determined to get married to him." Ministers stand to be shot at even by their best friends.

The infant Emperor of CHINA began his education one day last week. To honour the occasion, that day was made a holiday in all the schools throughout the Empire. Under the circumstances, it must have been peculiarly bitter for the little man to sit working all by himself—unless, of course, he struck.

Schoolmasters are a very modest and unassuming class. One of them, only the other day in the *Morning Post*, advertised a vacancy in his school "owing to an unexpected success."

The staff of the Greenwich Observatory is taking a census of the stars. It is to be hoped that even the oldest of them will, in the interests of statistics, be perfectly honest in declaring its age.

An American millionaire has made public his desire to find a wife who will love him for himself alone. He has in consequence received 6,242 proposals. His obvious course now is to give away his fortune among 6,241 of the applicants as consolation prizes, and then to give himself to the lucky remainder.

In the new autumn drama at Drury Lane there is a real race, in which a horse named *The Hope* is scheduled to win every night. Here is an opportunity for betting men to recoup their season's losses on the Turf.

An English waiter was discovered, the other day, in a state of exhaustion at Calais, having rowed himself across from Deal in a skiff. It is supposed that the obliging fellow had, to satisfy an exacting customer, gone to fetch the French mustard.

The LORD MAYOR and his party, having banqueted in the great Festival Hall of the *Rathaus*, declare that Viennese organization is admirable. We have no hesitation in characterizing this criticism as expert.

The prevalent unrest has now spread to MOUNT ETNA, but the exact nature of the grievance in this quarter is not known.



Distracted Author (seeking peace in Sussex). "MRS. HODGE! WHAT IS THIS PANDEMONIUM?"

Farmer's Wife. "OH, THEY'RE ONLY PUTTIN' A TIN ROOF ON THE 'EN-HOUSE, SIR, AN' KNOWIN' YOU WAS A LONDON GENT WE THOUGHT THE SOUND MIGHT REMIND YOU OF 'OME."

There has been a flood of treacle in New Orleans, by which many people were swept off their feet and very nearly drowned. The cry of encouragement from the bystanders, "Stick to it!" was considered by a struggling victim to be in the worst taste.

SARHAR ARSHAD, in reply to a question regarding the transport of his cannons through Russia, stated that they passed through the Customs labelled "Mineral Water;" a little jest ("Pop!"—you see?) which reflects infinite credit on all who took part in it.

A Blackburn ratepayer complains of the arrival in his water-tap of "a serpent with about a thousand legs." Serpents can never hit off the happy mean: either they have too many legs or none at all.



Donald. "STEADY, MAN, YE'VE HOOKIT ME!"

Callous Angler. "I DIDN'T SEE YOU RISE, DONALD. WHAT FLY DID YOU TAKE?"

GARDENING NOTES.

[With the usual acknowledgments.]

SEPTEMBER, so called because it is the ninth month of the year, occupies a unique position in the calendar, from the fact that it stands midway, so to speak, between genial August and the more boisterous October.

New bedding operations must now be put in hand, so as to be ready for the activities of autumn. Every amateur gardener has his own method of procedure in this respect, to which his neighbours will, perhaps rightly, attach no exaggerated value, remembering the old saw, "As you make your bed, so shall you lie about it." For myself I am inclined to recommend a mixture of caviare, brick-dust, and finely chopped leaf-mould as being best for all practical purposes. Many amateurs, however, stick to clay; and *vice-versâ*.

The long drought having come to a welcome termination, artificial moistening need no longer be resorted to, save in the case of plants in pots, and jobbing-gardeners. Both these latter will require constant attention, if the best results are to be obtained. Apples and blackberries are now ripe for preserving. The best method of

preserving both is to enclose them in barbed wire.

Many readers in country districts have written complaining of the ravages inflicted upon their gardens by the attacks of green-fly, and asking for my advice. It is unfortunately difficult to know what to counsel them, as against green-fly the ordinary house-dog has been found practically useless, nor do I know that any really reliable trap is at present on the market. My own method, in the case of roses, is to pull the bush up by the roots and burn it; but this, of course, requires patience, and is apt to retard the blooms in the following season. The whole question is full of difficulty.

How foolish are those short-sighted observers who speak of September as a dull month, wanting in horticultural colour and variety. Could anything be further from the truth? What garden, however humble, but can boast at this season of its wasps, their yellow gleam imparting animation to all around? And as for variety, how often in suburban plots, which have been left untenanted during the visit of the family to the seaside, is the eye of the returning owner surprised by the soft flush of the wild brickbat, or the gayer green of the small Bass,

peering at him from the most unexpected places? Fungi also, in every variety, may be found blazing the cellar stairs, and even the inside of the drawing-room piano, with their wealth of colour. Who after this would be so ungrateful as to call September dull?

No, when I consider the many natural advantages of September, its genial days and its nights lit by the calm effulgence of the moon (that luminary whose rays were erstwhile supposed inimical to human reason—hence the old saying "a balmy night") I am driven irresistibly to the reflection: "What on earth shall I find to write about October?" But courage, reader. I shall not be found wanting, even if you are.

"Mr. Justice Stephen: Why? I object to the form of the question.

Mr. Avotion? I wish you lordship would make a note of the objection.

Mr. Justice Stephen—No.

Mr. Avotion. I repeat it will the greatest respect, my lord.

Mr. Justice Stephen—If you resent it you can have rewards in other day but you must not speak to the court that why.

Mr. Avotion: My lord no other Judge speak to me like this."—*Calcutta Empire*.

But then he must try and remember that no other advocate spells his name quite so variously.

TANNED.

SIR, the rich colour that you rightly praise
 On cheek and brow was dyed by sunny days;
 Yet, as I draw my trouser up, you see
 The milk-white tint that marks my shapely knees;
 No kilt, in fact, as sure as eggs are eggs,
 Has flapped and swayed about my Southern legs.
 No, nor in knickerbockers have I strayed
 From hill to hill, from purple glade to glade.
 For me no Sandy, short in speech and dour,
 Has sent the setters ranging o'er the moor;
 I did not drain the mountain-dew or turn
 Aside to dabble in the tinkling burn,
 Blending in mixture due, as wise men will,
 The fiery spirit with the icy rill.
 No grouse, arriving from the deuce knows where,
 Has fanned for me the ambient upper air
 And passed unscathed and doomed me to despair—
 No joys like these to me the Fates decreed,
 To me who have not crossed or neared the Tweed.

Nor have I crouched, with every nerve on edge,
 Alert behind some bristling Norfolk hedge;
 While far in front the drivers' call rang clear,
 A note of warning to my straining ear,
 And, rising from the roots, the covey came
 Adown the wind like streaks of living flame.
 Often escaping from the line of wrath
 The flaring birds pursued their shot-chased path,
 Though some were left who had not wished to stay,
 Inert in death—but I was far away.

No, Sir, this colour that bedecks my face
 Was spread by Nature in a simpler place.
 Where the fair Solent laps upon the sands
 In Totland Bay her airy paint-box stands.
 There by sheer indolence an earnest man
 May win at ease his favourite coat of tan:
 Upon his back he lies and dreams his best,
 And, while he dreams, the sun achieves the rest;
 Then, waking up, he plunges in the tide,
 And cleaves the wavelets on his breast or side,
 And, still intent on brownness to the last,
 Darkens the tint and makes the colour fast. R. C. L.

SPECIAL POSTS.

ACTIVE rehearsals are, we understand, already in progress for the inauguration of the Special Submarine Post between Orkney and Shetland which is to begin operations on the 17th of next month, and will thereafter maintain a regular daily service. This first submarine post has been established by some prominent members of the Navy League to mark the year of the signing of the Declaration of London. Letters, which must bear a special stamp, may be posted in any public-house in the City. They will be conveyed by the usual channels to Lerwick, thence by submarine to Kirkwall, after which they will return to the London General Post-Office for despatch to their ultimate destination. It is hoped that these special facilities will appeal to business men. Any profits that may accrue are to be devoted to charities selected by the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

We have been asked to clear up some misapprehensions which have arisen with regard to the new Underground Post between Widnes and Paisley. The delay which has occurred in some cases in the delivery of letters is due, we understand, to the long drought, which has rendered the ground so hard that burrowing has been conducted under

most disheartening circumstances. Letters, which must bear a special stamp, may be posted in the official boxes which will be found in the leading suburban boot-shops. The address must be type-written in red ink on both sides. It may not be generally known that this first underground post has been inaugurated to celebrate the year of the passing of the Veto Bill. The proceeds are to be devoted to charities selected by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement of a New Water Post, from Dover to Calais, which will be opened in the course of a few weeks, by way of celebrating the magnificent performance of BURGESS in swimming the Channel. BURGESS, himself, HOLBEIN, WOLFFE and other prominent swimmers have already been engaged to undertake the duty of conveying the letters, which must be posted in the Albert Memorial. Any profit that may result will, we understand, be devoted to charities selected by the President of the French Republic. As only one letter can be conveyed at a time—in the mouth—the cost of the special stamps for this service will be one hundred guineas. These stamps, which are made of a preparation of rubber and asbestos, must be firmly affixed by a safety-pin. Only letters contained in the official aquascutum envelopes will be accepted for transmission. The envelopes will be on sale next week at the Eustace Miles Restaurant.

BLESSING THEIR BUTTONS.

["According to the Autumn modes, the front fastening is to be applied to gowns and blouses."—*Fashion Column.*]

FROM the radiant South to the niggardly North,
 The fiat of fashion is heralded forth,
 In language imperious, rigid and blunt:—
 "All frocks for the future must fasten in front."

Do you hear it, poor damsel, with nerves on the rack.
 As you struggle to button your blouse at the back?
 No more need you writhe and make faces and grunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, meek man, as with conjugal zest
 You fasten the gown of your spouse, by request?
 No more for those hooks need you fumble and hunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, blue-stocking, whose absence of mind
 Results in a gap in your bodice behind?
 No more of sly jests you'll be bearing the brunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Like the musical breath of a breeze passing by
 Sounds the sibilant sigh of the satisfied sigh
 Of the portly, the slender, the tall and the stunt
 Now their frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Modesty.

"FURS.—Actress has her Set of Real Black Skins, large Stole and huge Pillow Muff; worth 20 guineas; will sacrifice for 35s.; going to India (not needed)."—*Advt. in "Hull Daily News."*
 But no doubt she will be made very welcome.

"Girgenti is doing good work as a farm home for lads who would otherwise develop into hooligans. The company which inspected it on Saturday was informed that of 325 lads who had passed through it only 13 had been pushed for misbehaviour."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Policeman (to hooligan): Leave off this instant, Walter, or I shall give you a good push.



Clerk to Office Boy (after Senior Partner has told poor joke). "WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH TOO?"
Office Boy. "I DON'T NEED TO; I'M LEAVING ON SATURDAY."

MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

THE announcement that a biography of Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, the redoubtable American financier, is shortly about to appear has given rise to pleasurable anticipations on both sides of the Atlantic. Without wishing to discount the joys of perusal *Mr. Punch* is in the fortunate position of being able to give a brief synopsis of the early chapters of what promises to be the most thrilling product of the autumn publishing season.

ORIGIN AND PEDIGREE.

Mr. MORGAN, it is as well to state at once, comes of an ancient and historic line, being descended from the famous hero Morgante Maggiore celebrated in PULCI's romantic poem. This illustrious giant who, it will be remembered, was converted to Christianity by Orlando and acquired great renown for his generosity, died suddenly of the bite of a crab "as if"—in the words of WHEELER—"to show on what trivial chances depends the life of the strongest." To this day crab is taboo at the table of the MORGAN family.

Another illustrious forebear of the

famous financier was Fata Morgana, alias Morgan le Fay, who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the house and inhabited a splendid mansion at the bottom of a lake crowded with art treasures, many of which are now in the possession of her descendant, who claims kinship with RAPHAEL MORGHEN, the engraver; HENRY MORGAN, the King of 'Buccaneers'; and AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, the famous mathematician, from whom Mr. J. P. MORGAN learned his first lessons in the multiplication table.

His father, JULIUS MORGAN, traced his descent on the maternal side from the conqueror of Gaul, whose Commentaries form the favourite reading of his son. The latter's Cæsarian lineaments have often been noticed by expert physiognomists.

EARLY LIFE AND STRUGGLES.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who was born at the Golden Gate in 1837, started life under most unfavourable auspices. Most millionaires have begun with half-a-crown, but he had several. Others have begun by splitting rails, but he devoted his energies to the much more arduous task of amalgamating

them. Prosperity is generally associated with an avoidance of the "demnition bow-wows," but Mr. MORGAN is an inveterate dog-fancier. And, lastly, undeterred by the warning enshrined in a famous poem, he completed his education at the University of Göttingen. Yet, in spite of all these handicaps, he made his way rapidly to the front and now possesses two houses in England and one in New York.

We may close this imperfect sketch of the opening chapters of this fascinating volume with an answer recently inscribed in an album of "Pet Aversions" by Mr. MORGAN:—

If you were not yourself, who would you least like to be? *Ans.* Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(To be discontinued in our next.)

University Intelligence.

"Castalia passed 'Smalls' for Liverpool."
Scotsman.

From an advt. of *The Life Everlasting*:

"The demand is enormous, and the First Edition, though of very great size, is enormous." There is always something striking about Miss MARIE CORELLI's books..

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is a writer to whom I owe a great and cheerfully-acknowledged debt of gratitude for much past merriment; but I hope he will not mind my saying that there are parts of his latest story, *Lalage's Lovers* (METHUEN), which I consider to have written off some at least of my obligation. Perhaps I was not in the mood; perhaps I was disappointed at finding that, though the scene of the tale is laid in Ireland, the village folk who have so often delighted me before were absent. Whatever the reason, something did disappoint me woe-fully, and that, too, despite all the charms of *Lalage* herself, a sufficiently attractive though scatter-brained young person. I liked her best, I think, as a hoydenish flapper, founder of the great "Anti-Tommy-Rot-Society" (subsequently merged into the "Association for the Suppression of Public Lying") and reminiscent in many ways of my old friend the heroine of *The Major's Niece*. Both at this stage and in the unconventional proposal scene that ends the book, *Lalage* was wholly delightful; but her companions seemed to me mostly puppets whose vagaries lacked the vitality with which Mr. BIRMINGHAM can generally infuse his most farcical antics. There are one or two evidences, however, that make me think a great part of *Lalage's* history may be founded on actual events, which of course would account for its air of laboured unreality. Next time I hope Mr. BIRMINGHAM will be content to rely upon his excellent imagination.

Queed, by Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON (CONSTABLE), is not a poisonous herb, but the surname of a sort of a man. In choosing so relentless a title it would seem that the author wanted to make it clear from the first that it was no part of his design to woo your senses with the charm of sweet sounds. The anomalous idea of a savant absorbed in a *magnum opus* on 'Altruism without ever having done an unselfish action in his life is perhaps not so very novel. But *Queed* is no ordinary prig. Brought up without other human ties than those which bound him to a foster-parent in the person of a New York policeman of Hibernian extraction; without education save of his own getting; frankly unconcerned about the necessity of paying his way—we find him in the early stages of manhood already halfway through his monumental work, composed in the congenial atmosphere of a middle-class Virginian boarding-house.

Of his gradual evolution—physical, social and spiritual—to a point where nothing recognisable is left of his former

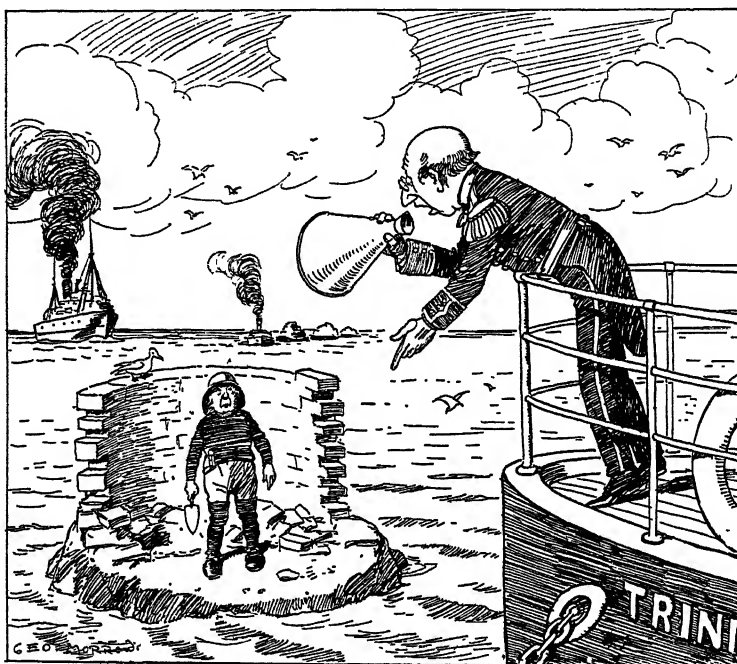
character except his courage and *gaucherie*, alike indomitable, the story is here told with an unadorned sincerity which makes amends for the absence of many more cheaply attractive qualities. To literary graces Mr. HARRISON makes no pretence, and what plot he employs is only designed perfunctorily for the better illustration of his hero's strength of character. Thus, the identification of his villainous parent in the harmless pedagogue who shared his boarding-house can be foreseen whole leagues away. It is in the author's fidelity to detail that the attraction of his book is found. True, one might doubt whether a man like *Queed*, so ignorant of his fellow-creatures, could ever have been fitted to control a great newspaper. But things may be different in Richmond (Va.); and, anyhow, no link in the chain of argument is shirked.

A certain note of provincialism in the writer gives reality

to his treatment of a provincial theme; he is, for instance, clearly unconscious of the rather second-rate quality of his women-folk when he shows them dressed in their best frocks and out for conquest. The repellent material out of which he develops his admirable hero invites comparison with Miss MAY SINCLAIR'S masterpiece, *The Divine Fire*; but the comparison must be unfavourable to Mr. HARRISON, whose book lacks the colour of high romance and imagination. But, as a faithful study of the not very picturesque *milieu* which he sets out to portray, it has qualities too fine and brave to be ignored.

Just why Mr. S. R. CROCKETT named his novel *The Lady of the*

Hundred Dresses (NASH) I cannot imagine, for the real heroine of the story had a very limited wardrobe. At first I thought (and hoped) that the author was going to thrill me with robberies and deeds of violence. But, although a rather dashing jewel-thief turned up at various opportune moments and killed a few people, both he—and all the other characters—were gradually pushed to the back of the stage by Miss Allison (from Dunfermline), who is described with recognisable accuracy as a "perfectly adequate young female." On the penultimate page of the book we read, "And if her adventures and daring speech be as much tasted by the public as by the present chronicler, he will set them forth more at length." So those who have a liking for "perfectly adequate young females" may live in the hope of hearing more of Miss Allison. For my own part, however, I am prepared to wish her a solemn farewell; indeed, I think that Mr. CROCKETT would have written an infinitely more intriguing book if he had allowed the murderous jewel-thief to dispose of this lassie before she had got thoroughly set and going.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VIII.—A MASTER OF TRINITY HOUSE SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING OF A LIGHTHOUSE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has always discouraged originality. Candidates for Woolwich and Sandhurst are now informed that marks will be deducted in future for all words which are not spelt conventionally.

There is to be an increase in the Police rate. Lighter boots, we presume.

A statue of the KAISER wearing a periwig, with the arms and dress of a Roman warrior, will shortly be placed in the session room of the Berlin Academy of Arts. We are glad to hear that the sculptor responsible for the revival of this absurd fashion is SCHOTT.

One of its correspondents writes to protest against the constant attacks made by *The Daily Mail* on "the authorities responsible for the weather." Is it not rather the fact that our contemporary realises its own responsibility in this, as in all other matters, and is endeavouring to apologise for the effects of the exceptional summer which it promoted?

Herr MAXIMILIAN HARDEN protests that the "international impertinence of England should not be swallowed by Germany without a murmur." So much for the murmur: now let the swallowing be proceeded with.

Nothing is definitely known, at the moment of going to press, of the progress of the "conversations," except that they are following exactly the lines anticipated by every single foreign correspondent of our morning papers.

Concerning *Anemia* is the headline of a current advertisement, and not the title of the latest romantic novel.

The PRINCESS LUISA OF TUSCANY, in her published autobiography, narrates how by one quiet remark she reduced a rudely defiant ruffian of a Socialist to tears and lifelong devotion. These rudely defiant ruffians are the same all the book-world over.

A man of the name of LEARY, having no engagements, has expressed his readiness to go to gaol as a sub-

stitute for such offenders as find it inconvenient to do their own time. He informed a Recorder that he liked the life, and the Recorder told him that he deserved to be severely punished. Quite so; but how?

The Manx officials boast of the irresistible attractions of their island, and adduce as evidence the fact that 458,329 people have come to it between May and August last. No doubt; but they omit to mention that 458,329 people have come away from it.

The opinions expressed in the news columns of the daily papers as to the merits of the various polishes and foodstuffs on view at the Grocers' Exhibition, are by a happy coincidence confirmed in the advertise-

KINGS AND CUBBING.

THEY built rosy castles,
And big, winged bulls,
And red-robed wizards
Worked miracles,
When the kings rode hunting
With spear and with bow
Down the road to Nineveh
A long time ago!
They sat on their saddles
As good men sit,
Long in the stirrup,
Light on the bit,
Their proud lips a-curling,
Their crimped beards just so,
Down the road to Nineveh
A long time ago!

And what did they ride for?
Well, I con'ess

I should have fuked
it—
Lions! no less!
The big black-maned
beauties
That prowled to and
fro
Down the road to Nine-
veh
A long time ago!
For why should we
doubt it?
Still does each chief
Fill them with arrows—
In bas-relief,
And fine rough-and-
tumbles
The grim carvings
show
Down the road to Nine-
veh
A long time ago!



TAXI-BOATS.—A HUMANE PROPOSITION.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PASSENGERS IS SO MUCH ABSORBED WITH WATCHING THE EIGHTPENCES MOUNTING UP THAT THEY FORGET TO BE SEA-SICK.

ments of their several manufacturers appearing in the same papers.

A report of the *Hawke-Olympic* collision states that the liner is left with a hole in her side through which a horse and cart could be driven. This, however, for reasons best known to the authorities, has not yet been done.

Some people, by the way, in the reaction after the shock of such a collision, would have had recourse to stimulants. Not so Mr. FRANK MUNSEY. "Almost the first person I saw," says *The Daily Mail* correspondent, "was Mr. Frank Munsey, the head of *Munsey's Magazine*, who gave me a clear and most coherent account of the scene on board."

"After dinner Violet sang in a warm velvet contralto."—*London Magazine*.
At any but the most formal dinner parties these look very smart.

Then hear us, O NIMROD,
That we may find
Heart such as theirs was
(Jumps still are blind);
Send cubs bold as lions,
The sort they laid low
Down the road to Nineveh
A long time ago!

"I strayed into the Presbyterian Churchyard, and was pleased to find the names of many Aberdeen people inscribed there."

Aberdeen Evening Gazette.

If this had been said by an Englishman there would have been trouble.

The Daily Chronicle, putting as good a face as it can on the Canadian elections, says: "The Imperial Union is too firmly established to be affected by any change of Government in Canada." So one might say that Free Trade was too firmly established in England to be affected by the sweeping Liberal victory of 1906.

BRAINS ON THE WATER.

[MR. T. W. BURGESS, who recently swam for six hours in a tank at the Stadium, told a reporter that in a way the feat was as difficult as crossing the Channel. "There was so little to think about," he complained, "whilst in the Channel there was always something to keep your thoughts busy."]

WHAT did you think of, WILLIAM BURGESS,

When you dared the drift of the Channel tide,
When you broke the billows and bashed the surges
With arms flung wide?

When the hovering sea-mew gaped and wondered,
And the porpoise stared with his thick lips surdured,
And the plaice and the whiting sang soft dirges,
And the sole said, "Well, I'm fried!"?

Did you think how under the dank sea-mosses
Lay many a mute and mouldered form
Of ancient tars and of old sea-bosses
That ruled the storm?

Did you think of the date of Jutes and Angles,
And pirate jarls with the golden bangles
And the raven crest and the monkish crosses,
And the fight with Odin's swarm?

Oh! say, did you think of Aphrodite,
Mother of Love and born of foam?
Or the old Earth-Shaker, green and mighty,
Who makes men roam?

Of the battle of Sluys or the siege of Calais,
Or stout VAN TROMP and the last Dutch rally,
Or what you would want for a Yorkshire high tea
When you once got safely home?

Did you muse anon of a mermaids' squabble
Down in the deeps where no light goes?
And ask if they wear the skirt called hobble
In realms like those?

Or lift your gaze and behold, Lor' love you,
One of those flying machines above you?
Did you think of Captain WEBB or the Pobble,
The Pobble who had no toes?

Say, oh say if your dreams were glorious—
Battle and death, and love and kings,
DRAKE or the *Téméraire* victorious,
Or the foam that clings
To the smuggler's cheek as he runs his brandy—
Or any old thing that just came handy?—
Excuse my seeming a trifle curious,
WILLIAM, about these things.

But I know the face of the shining ferry
And I long to learn of the mental cram,
The jokes you thought of, to keep you merry
As you boldly swam:

For not in the sea, but aboard the packet
In one short hour and in close-reefed jacket
I have found that trip monotonous, very—
Even *ad nauseam*.

EVOE.

The Slacker.

"THE HUTCHISON CO.'S AND THEATRES.

MR. PERCY HUTCHISON in

'ARSENE LUPIN'	Sept. 18, T. R., Preston.
'BREWSTER'S MILLIONS'	Sept. 18, T. R., Yarmouth.
'PRESERVING MR. PANMURE'	Sept. 18, Pav. T., Weymouth.
OPERA HOUSE, SOUTHPORT	Sept. 18, 'Peggy.'
THEATRE ROYAL, YORK	Sept. 18, 'The Whip.'

Advt. in "The Referee."

THE LAST WOPSE OF SUMMER.

TAKING usual morning buzz round village with Charles Algernon, it suddenly occurs to me that he and I are the sole survivors of our race. When Providence sees fit to call us to itself, there won't be a single wopse left in entire neighbourhood!

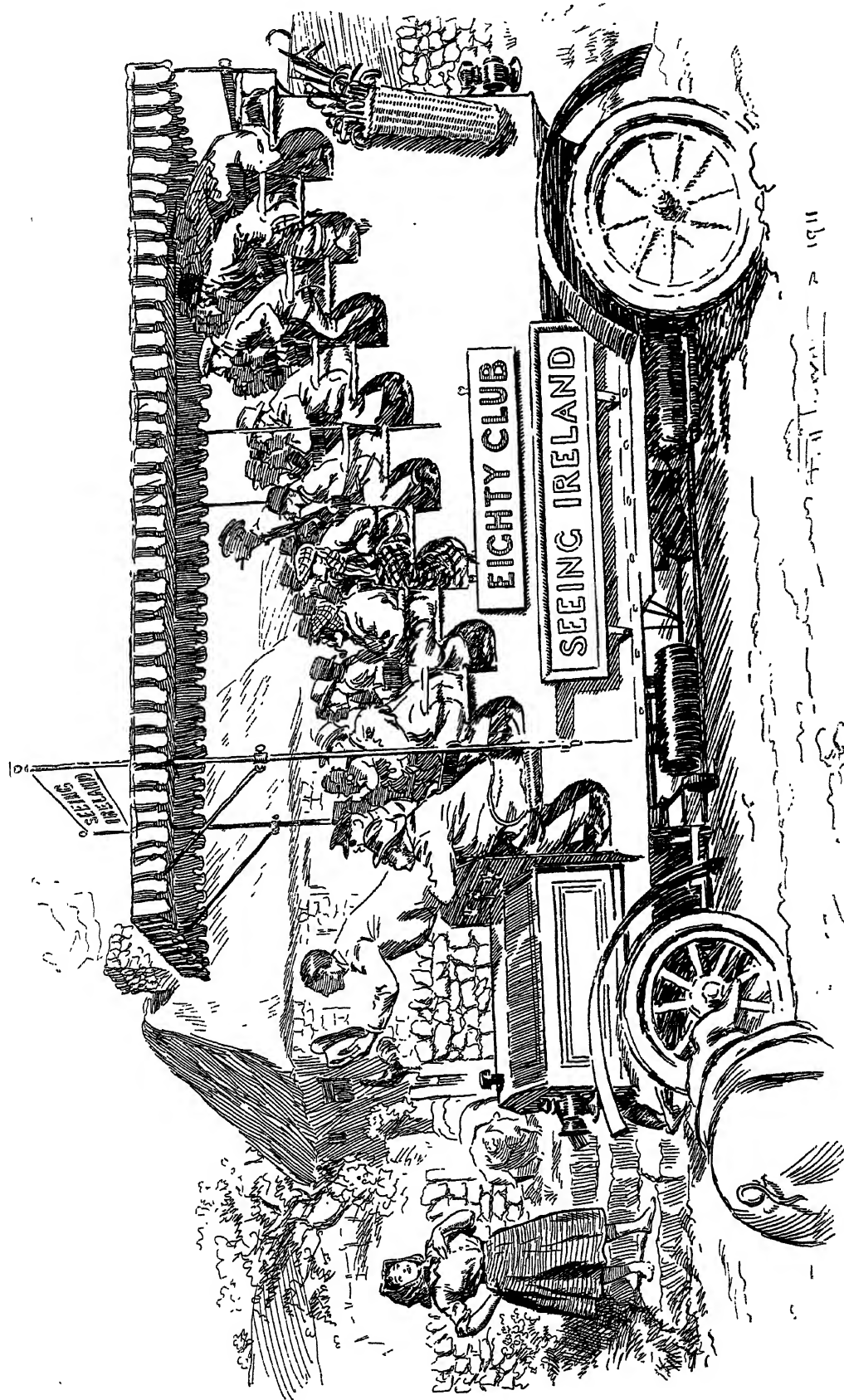
Linger with Charles Algernon outside Grocer's. Depressed by sight of corpses, all relations or dear friends, piled a foot deep inside window panes. "And to think," says Charles Algernon, "that, with only a little more self-restraint, every one of those fine fellows might be with us yet!"

True enough—but Charles Algernon hardly the insect to say so, never having been exposed to *real* temptation. If he'd ever come across it—say in the form of a beer or treacle jar—would have fallen in to a dead certainty. Well-meaning wopse, in his way, but weak. Have sent him on to scout.

He returns with report of excellent opening at house down next street. Accompany him to window, and find I've been there before. Occupier a peevish old person, who flaps about him with napkin. Doesn't do much execution with that—but rather nippy with butterknife. I know, because only a fortnight since he chopped a favourite uncle and two second cousins in halves before my very eyes. . . . Stop on sill, and let Charles Algernon go in first. . . . According to him, everything as it should be; table laid for breakfast, nice fire, nobody about. . . . Think I may venture in. Any strawberry jam going? No jam, according to Charles Algernon, only marmalade. Tut-tut! how *can* people be so inconsiderate? Factory marmalade never *does* agree with me. Of course, if it's home-made. Charles Algernon, already inside cut-glass bowl, declares it *is* home-made—and most luscious. Not sure that I'm in the mood for marmalade this morning. Shall sit on edge of bowl and see how Charles Algernon gets on. Surface strikes me as looking a trifle tricky. "Safe enough," he assures me, "so long as you keep on the peel." Perhaps, after all, just a taste. Few things more wholesome than genuine home-made marmalade—always provided you don't over-eat yourself. Afraid that's just what Charles Algernon's doing—his face is a perfect mask of marmalade already! Feel it my duty to warn him against excess. He seems offended; says I needn't be afraid for *him*, as he knows perfectly well where to stop. He may—but the syrup is hardly the safest part to stop in. He tells me it's far the sweetest, and I've no idea how delicious it is, and goes on wallowing. Won't look at him—can't bear to see *any* wopse making such a beast of himself. . . . This peel is certainly a little too acid. Syrup might act as a corrector. Anyway, *one* sip can't hurt me. . . . Charles Algernon right about its being sweet. *Quite* excellent! Luckily, unlike some wopses, I know when I've had enough. . . . Remind Charles Algernon that we'd better be going. He begs me to wait for just another minute—he'll be out directly. Will give him a little longer—may as well have one more go at the syrup. . . . That last mouthful not so good—cloying, somehow. If Charles Algernon won't come out, I shall simply go *without* him, that's all!

He assures me he would be only too glad to get out, if he could, but he can't. There! I *told* him how it would be—but he wouldn't listen—and now, oh, Charles Algernon! that *you* should have come to such an end as this! . . . Well, I can do nothing for him, except leave him to his fate. . . .

Very odd—but I find it's more of an effort to get away than I expected. Can't feel my feet in this confounded



“A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.”

MEMBER OF EIGHTY CLUB (*to Gay and Prosperous Damsel*). “COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME WHERE WE CAN FIND A POOR, DISTRESSFUL WOMAN OF THE NAME OF ERIN? WE’VE BEEN HUNTING FOR HER EVERYWHERE.”

GAY AND PROSPEROUS DAMSEL. “SURE, ’TIS MESELF, Y’R HONOUR.”



Waitress. "YOU'RE NEVER GOIN' TO EAT BROWN SUGAR WITH AN ICE?"
 Artist. "I AM. IT GIVES IT TEXTURE."

syrup. This will be a lesson to me. Must give up marmalade after this!

Still floundering; horrid doubt whether marmalade will give me up. Gather from Charles Algernon's *antennæ*—all I can see of him—that he is feebly amused. Heartless! . . .

It's all over with the pair of us—unless—Why not? No sense in *both* of us losing our lives—and such valuable lives! . . . If I can only struggle up to Charles Algernon . . . I have. "Keep cool, old fellow, leave everything to me. Here, I say! What are you doing? Don't be an ass, dear old chap! You're shoving me under!" . . .

Simply no words to express my opinion of Charles Algernon's conduct. Instead of allowing me to clamber over him, he's deliberately got on top of me! He is still there, callously engaged in cleaning his wings. As soon as they are serviceable again, he flies to edge of bowl, from which he addresses me. "Augustus Henry," he is saying, his *antennæ* quivering with real or assumed emotion, "you have saved my life by an act of heroic self-sacrifice which I shall always remember with gratitude. May that thought console you! And now, farewell!"

I suppose I must let it go at that. All the same, it is annoying to think that it should be Charles Algernon who will now be the Last of the Wopses! F. A.

Our best condolences to PRESIDENT TAFT on the new weight that has fallen on his broad shoulders—namely, the white man's BORDEN.

QUIS CUSTODIET—?

I WALKED with Phyllis ("Nurse") on a day,
 When Corydon in martial trappings came;
 Their tender dalliance left me free to stray,
 And stray I did, and had a high old game!
 Anon by "early bed" my pride was humbled,
 While more, I fear, in anger than regret,
 Beneath the intempestive sheet I grumbled:
 "Custodem ipsam quis custodiet?"

Upon my honeymoon, though short of pelf,
 I tipped the guard a not ungenerous fee,
 In hope of thus securing to myself
 (And Her) seclusion in some small degree.
 But when he ushered in (the bribe once taken),
 With vague apology, an alien set,
 I said, while likening him (in brief) to BACON,
 "Custodem ipsum quis custodiet?"

Mother of Parliaments! in days gone by
 What altruistic zeal did you display!
 Rejoicing in your power to "self-deny"—
 A nation's gratitude your only pay!
 But when £400 apiece per annum
 Our wealth's trustees arrange for "selves" to get,
 Is it unjust with winged words to ban 'em?—
 "Custodes ipsos quis custodiet?"

THE COMPLETE NOVICE.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This monograph is intended primarily for the young golfer who is desirous of reducing his handicap from 36 to 24, and is written in the inspiring manner of the recognised text-books on the game. At the same time, it will be found equally helpful, it is expected, to the young billiard player, to the lawn-tennis tyro, and to all those who are just taking up badminton. Chapters I. to XIII., dealing with such technical points as *The Origin of the Jigger*, *The Buff in Macbeth's Time*, *Championships I Have Won*, etc., etc., are omitted here as being rather too advanced for the ordinary novice.]

CHAPTER XIV.—THE DRIVE.

IN considering the importance of the drive it must be remembered that this is the first stroke to engage the player's (and caddie's) attention, all games commencing from the tee. The novice will therefore naturally wish to master this stroke, and it is to help him in this laudable endeavour that I propose to enlarge for a moment upon the proper method of striking—or rather, as will be seen in a moment, sweeping away—the ball when teed up upon sand. It is obvious that it is easier to strike—or rather, sweep away—a ball teed up than one in a cuppy lie (as will be shown when I come to deal with cuppy lies in a later chapter); but at the same time the young golfer generally finds in the initial stages of the game that the drive is the most difficult stroke with which he is called upon to deal. Why this is so I cannot say.

THE GRIP.

The first essential for a true and proper stroke, such as will despatch the ball some two hundred yards or so upon its course, is a proper grip. It is difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rule about the grip, as some golfers adopt one method and some another. A photograph of my own grip appears on page 31, and I may say roughly that I wrap the little finger of the right hand twice round the thumb of the left hand before interlocking it with the middle finger, a sectional view taken from above showing that only the top joint of the fourth finger of the right hand is visible at Greenwich. This grip, however, is not recommended to the novice as it demands exceptional strength in the digital muscles, and generally speaking it must be remembered that a grip which suits one man may not necessarily suit another. At the same time it may be laid down as an essential to the proper guidance of a club that the grip should be firm, and yet not unduly firm, and that the left hand should hold the club rather more tightly than the right, although, of course, the right hand will always maintain a strong and even pressure upon the leather.

THE STANCE.

Having obtained a happily modulated grip, as explained above, the novice will now have to consider the question of his stance. The stance is one of the most important essentials for the proper despatching of the ball, and it will frequently be found that a foozled stroke may be traced directly to the fact that the player was standing too close to, or, on the other hand, too far away from the ball. Again, the question of the square as opposed to the open stance is one that has exercised the minds of golfers for generations. For myself, as will be seen on page 82, I adopt the open stance, but I am far from insisting that my readers should do likewise. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. Similarly the distance at which one should stand from the ball is one that will vary according to the physical peculiarities of the player, and it is impossible to lay down any golden rule upon the subject. Generally speaking, however, it is better to be too near the ball than too far away from it, if by adopting the latter position there is any possibility of being out of reach of it altogether.

THE SWING.

Having obtained a nicely graduated stance, as explained in the last section, the business of the swing will now commence. Upon a proper swing the whole success, or otherwise, of the drive will turn, and I shall therefore endeavour to analyse it with some particularity.

Having placed the club head behind the ball the player must then take it away with a sweeping movement along the turf, trending around the legs as far as is allowed by a circular movement of the arms. The right elbow must be bent closely into the side, this action coming into operation before the club is allowed to describe the segment of a circle in an upward direction. The spine meanwhile has been held rigid, the upper vertebræ being, if anything, slightly more tense than the lower, and as the club ascends the wrists are drawn inwards and towards the right side, while the shoulders swing easily round the central vertebræ, the neck being kept taut. When the player has gone far enough upwards, he commences the downward swing, reversing the process described above in every detail until the club head again reaches the ball, whereupon he will continue the swing in an upward direction again, only this time from right to left, the vertebræ, however, remaining north and south as before.

This appears to be a delightfully easy proceeding, but too much pains cannot be taken over doing exactly what I have described. The faults into which the tyro most commonly allows himself to slip are—

1. The locking of the wrists.
2. The involuntary stiffening of the upper vertebræ.
3. The lack of abandon in the action of the deltoid muscles.

Unless the novice can cure himself of these faults he can never hope to be a golfer.

Apart from this, however, there are certain accidents which happen even to the best intentioned drive, and it may be helpful to give the reasons for them in a brief and comprehensive form.

Slicing. Hands not kept out properly at the finish.

Scuffling. Right knee too much bent.

Bulging. Spine not sufficiently taut.

Boosting. Neck a little over-braced.

Glumphing. Vertebræ insufficiently alert.

Sometimes, however, the player may find it necessary to bulge on purpose, as for instance if he wishes to carry the ladies' tee in a stiff nor-easter. To do this he must revolve subtly round the hips *before* commencing the circular movement with the wrists—the spine, however, remaining calm.

[Several more chapters like this omitted.]

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSION.

I have now come to the end of my task, and it only remains to express a hope that the reader who has followed me intelligently throughout has learnt sufficient to put him in the way of becoming at some future date a first-class player. At the same time it must be emphasised again that in golf, as in every other game, the old dictum, "Practice makes perfect," holds true. The novice whose heart is in the game, and who can spare the time and the money to devote himself to it exclusively, should, if he have considerable natural aptitude for athletics, be able in time, with sufficient practice, to hold his own with any player of his own calibre. And if I could feel that I have in any way helped him towards this consummation I shall not have written in vain. A. A. M.

"Though I have not had the hairs of my head numbered I have had one weighed. It equalled some trifle in millimetres which I could not translate into the necessary fragments of a British ounce."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Oh, but why not? Have a dash at it. Reduce them to rupees first of all, and then by way of hogsheads and cubic feet to ounces.



A PEEP AHEAD.—THE FIRST DAY OF WAR.

Yeomanry Officer. "WHY AREN'T YOU FELLOWS FORWARD WITH YOUR SQUADRON?"

Yeoman. "THE REGULARS ARE OUT AFTER REMOUNTS, SIR, SO WE'RE HIDING OUR HORSE."

THE MUSICAL UNREST.

THE Royal Musical Commission held its fifteenth sitting last Saturday, the Commissioners present being Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE (Chairman), Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON and Sir HENRY WOOD.

Mr. Popoloffsky, the first witness called, who is the Honorary Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Instrumental Musicians, stated that his baptismal name was Jeremiah Bolster, but that he had taken the name of Popoloffsky in self-defence, owing to the enormous demand for Muscovite music and musicians.

In reply to Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS, the witness said that his sympathies were entirely with native musicians, and that he hoped under happier circumstances to resume his patronymic, but to do so now would be suicidal. He had never been in Russia, and could not say whether it was north or south of the Equator. He had not been to see MORDKIN or PAVLOVA.

Sir HENRY WOOD: Can you give any specific instance of intimidation by foreigners? The witness replied that on his refusing to eat some sauerkraut offered him by a German horn-player at a Viennese bakery the alien threatened to horsewhip him with a sausage.

Answering further questions by the President he said that he was not a Syndicalist. He played the tuba, and found it hard to make both ends meet.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON: A case of the twopenny tuba, I fear. (Laughter.)

Proceeding, the witness said he thought it a crying shame that the *Cor Anglais* was not called the English Horn. He was not aware what event took place in the year 1812, but he believed it was the battle of Waterloo, or perhaps the death of NELSON.

Miss Jemima Owbridge, the next witness, said that, after singing with marked acceptance in the provinces, she came up to London to seek engagements. She accordingly sang before the Manager of the Empress Hall, who admired her voice, but said he could

not give her an engagement unless she took finishing lessons in singing from a Polish master and studied deportment under M. NIZJNSKY. He also wanted her to change her name. She refused the offer, and had in consequence been reduced to earning her living as a Masked Pierrette. In her opinion England was being devastated by Dagos, and it was high time for Parliament to intervene. She had no confidence in Conciliation Boards unless Russians and Prussians were excluded, especially Russians. Her motto as a patriotic musician was "Britons never should be Slavs."

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE: Is that your own *jeu d'esprit*?

Witness. I thought of it the moment I saw it in *Punch*, some months ago."

"The day's bag was 200 brace, no fewer than 50 brace falling to His Majesty's rifle."

Daily Mail.

No stags seem to have been killed, but that must have been because the KING had left his shot-gun at home.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HOPE."

Two are the aims that lie before the promoters of the Annual Autumnal Show at Drury Lane. One is to ravish the senses of their audience with spectacular effects; the other to "free, arouse, dilate" their consciences with soul-stirring drama. At first blush, the latter would seem to be the loftier aim. Yet in the former there are uplifting motives at work; for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS is not content to give us scenes of unimagined beauty or terror; he must also educate our minds with the reproduction of actualities, such as the interiors of the Diwan-i-khas at Delhi, of the saleroom at Newmarket, of the weighing-room at Epsom.

Unfortunately the two aims are sometimes found in collision. Clearly the movement of the plot cannot be allowed to be checked while the eye is being instructed. By consequence we have the most poignant things occurring against backgrounds where in real life the methods of the higher drama are almost habitually neglected. Thus I have nothing but praise for the scenery and costumes designed for the Viceroy's Ball in the Diwan-i-khas, but,

speaking from limited experience (for I have supped only once in this room of the Peacock Throne, and danced but once in the Diwan-i-am, on the floor below), I cannot easily imagine circumstances in which the Viceregal festivities would be suddenly arrested while an English female tourist, occupying the centre of the floor, denounced, in clear and bell-like tones, the alleged infidelity of her lover, before a curious circle of soldiers, officials, and native princes.

Again, I admit that I have only assisted at one blood-stock sale at Newmarket, but on that occasion I saw no probability that Messrs. TATTERSALL's representative would ever call an interlude for the express purpose of permitting a separated couple—the man an ex-acrobat, and the lady a retired don of Somerville College—to command the middle of the ring while employed in comic ex-

changes on the theme of reconciliation. Even in the scene at Carysfort Chase (a work of fancy) I doubt if the two butterflies that fluttered about the flowers with so natural an abandon were justified in ceasing their activities with the idea of concentrating their attention on the dialogue.

But, after all, Mr. COLLINS knows the tastes of his audience better than I can ever hope to do, and if they swallowed it all without flinching who am I to cavil at improbabilities? Yet I must doubt—so colossal has grown their appetite, thanks to a glut of previous miracles and to the concerted ecstasies of the Press—whether they were quite satisfied with the two

man who had wronged her—a secret that ordinary human pressure had failed to extract. It is true that her father might have been more usefully occupied at so deadly a juncture than in perusing the letter that endorsed the girl's confession. It is true, too, that the secret was no concern of the other girl's, since her own lover's innocence had been already sufficiently proved, and the name of the actual villain could only have been for her an object of idle curiosity. But this was no fault of the earthquake, which did all that was asked of it.

What I missed most in the play was a heroine. Miss EVELYN D'ALROY (surely meant for better things) was charming and graceful as ever in the part so labelled; but a lady who refuses to believe in the rectitude of her lover (and he an officer in the Rifle Brigade), though she has it from his own lips and those of the girl whose wrongs have been laid at his door, and will not be satisfied till she gets at the name of the real villain (as if that helped), is no heroine for me.

Mr. KEIGHTLEY, with his pleasant face and angular poses, was an inoffensive hero. Mr. LYLE was more comfortably at home in his part of the villain, played with commendable reserve, and he received his due meed of hisses from an audience quick to distinguish the subtle differences between vice and virtue.

I confess that I was never properly heartbroken with sympathy for the wrongs of *Olive Whitburn*. I might have forgiven her acceptance, though in execrable taste, of the villain's illicit advances, but to follow him off the polo-ground into his club, on the excuse that she wanted him to marry her, was most unwomanly conduct. And there was very little in Miss MADGE FABIAN's playing of the part to make me really anxious as to what became of her. Miss KATE RORKE was a sound dowager; and Mr. ROSS revealed the generous nature which, from a superficial study of their overtures, I have always attributed to the best money-lenders.

To Miss FANNY BROUGH (who deserved a better scope) and to Mr. CHARLES ROCK (always merry and bright) was assigned



SOCIETY SCANDAL AT DELHI.

Captain Hector Grant
Brenda Carlyon
Lord Norchester

... ..
... ..
... ..

Mr. LYSTON LYLE.
Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.
Mr. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY.

pièces de résistance: the Derby, run on a rotatory platform—the oldest of *vieux jeu*—and the rather tawdry earthquake with its ineffective crowd. I liked much better the scene of the preliminary shock—the interior of a room in the Hotel Umberto at "Massiglia." It is always a great thing if you can get the elements to harmonise with the play of human passions.

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect; Swift ran the searching tempest overhead..." And here the sudden crack in the wall, the crash of priceless articles of *vertu*, the swift approach of the flames, the jamming of the doors of the only convenient exit—all made an excellent accompaniment to the heart-shocks that were going on independently in the foreground. But the joint authors did better than that. They utilised these irregular workings of Nature to wring from a poor scared girl the name of the

the comic relief—*basso-rilievo*, as the hall-porter of the Umberto might have called it, for it was never very profound, but just slightly raised above the flat.

In conclusion, to all who are about to book accommodation for the Delhi Durbar at £8 *per diem*, my advice is to go and see Mr. COLLINS'S Second Act at Drury Lane instead. If Hope, in a general way, is the expectation of things not seen, *The Hope* of Drury Lane shows you them while you wait. True, you will miss the elephants and the VICEROY, but you will get a lot of drama thrown in that never occurs in quite the same shape out there; and the cost is comparatively trifling. I grant that you will have to do without your photograph in *The Sketch* as one of that remarkable and intrepid band of voyagers, but perhaps some day the Editor will find a still more compelling reason for its insertion.

If, however, the play is, after all, the thing, I would appeal to every patriot to attend, if only for a few hours, and note what sort of drama it is that comes home so straight to the bosoms of the British public. They will find that its heart is in the right place; that it can appreciate Poetic Justice when it sees it.

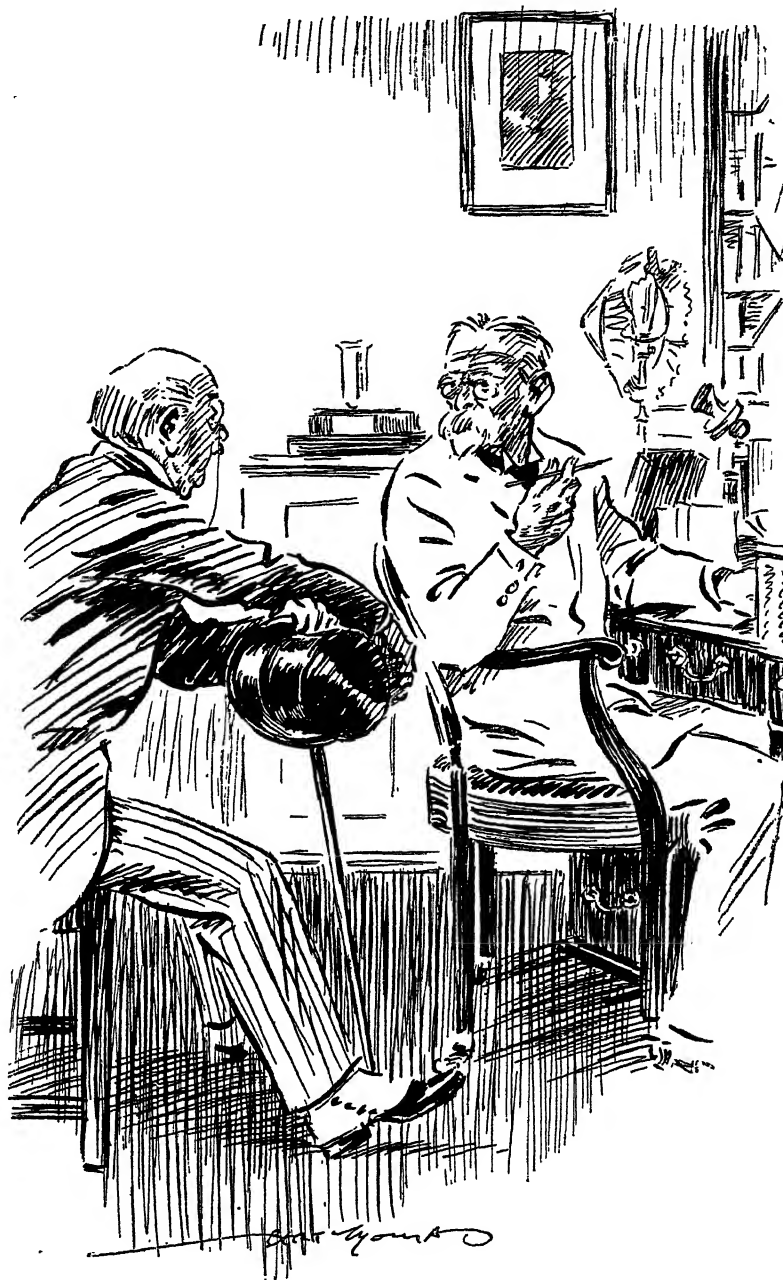
So let us hear no more talk of our national decadence. O. S.

HOW IT'S DONE.

["The naval airship at Barrow is now much lighter than it was, having been relieved of much of its weight."—*Evening News*.]

Now that that is satisfactorily settled, let me confess that I was worried about it. I had reasoned out, with the assistance of my brother Henry, that there were two separate and distinct ways of lightening a naval airship. My brother Henry and myself had discussed it at breakfast; and although our conversation had to be carried on when the waiter was out of the room I pride myself that we handled the discussion with masterful directness. (You see, we, my brother and myself, live in a boarding establishment where they have a German waiter; and of course you follow me when I say that matters of grave national importance cannot be mentioned before aliens.)

Well, I pointed out to Henry that the logical way of lightening a naval airship was to pump (I believe they pump) more gas into it, and so make it lighter in effect, so to speak. I was rather particular about that "so to speak," because it really wouldn't be any lighter, you know; but, of course, I did not let my brother Henry know that, and so the subtlety of my reservation was lost on him. But he had



Patient. "I HEAR THEY'RE SAYING THAT JONES, THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN TREATING FOR LIVER COMPLAINT, HAS DIED OF HEART TROUBLE."

Doctor (acidly). "WHEN I TREAT A MAN FOR LIVER TROUBLE HE DIES OF LIVER TROUBLE."

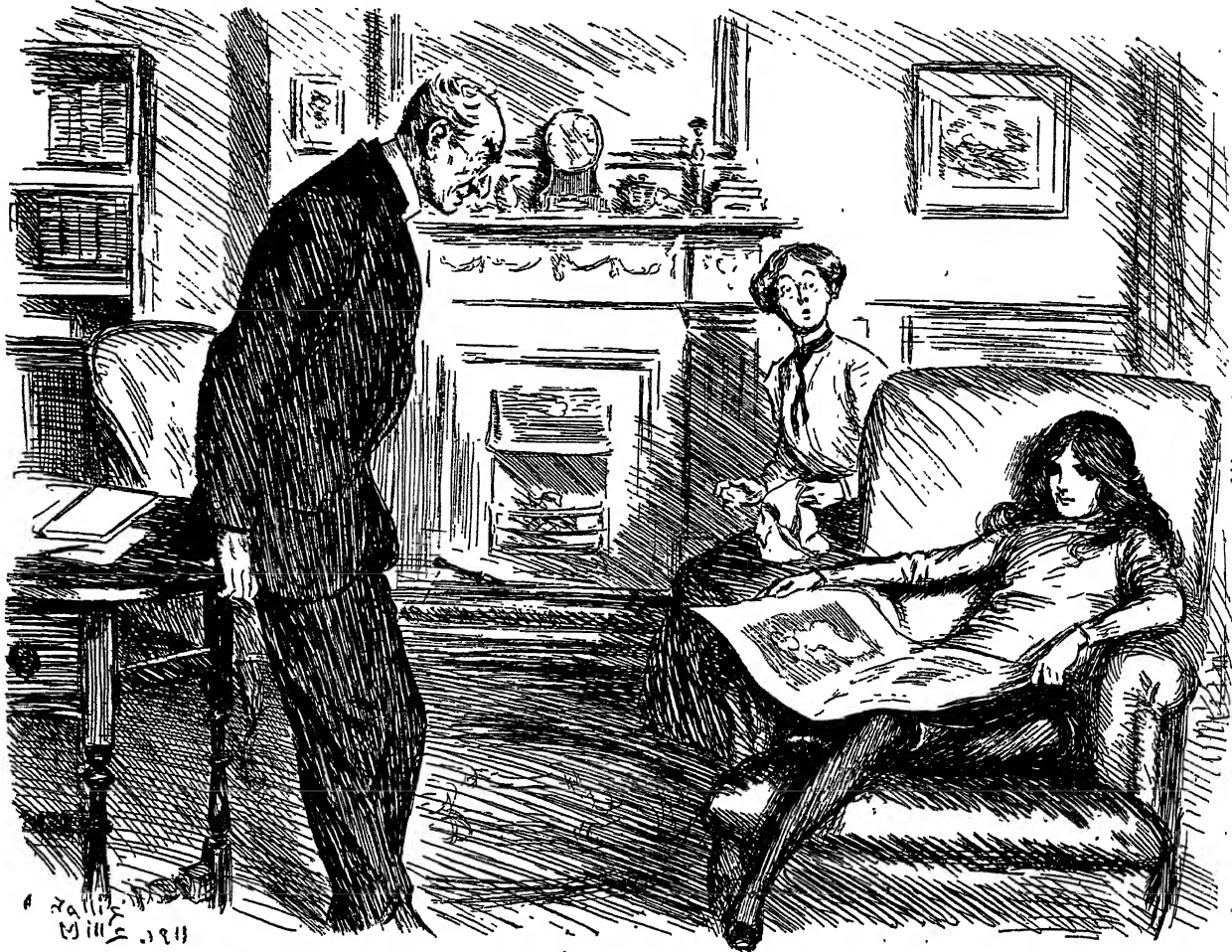
his own view of the question, and said that, in his opinion, if you wanted to lighten an airship, all you had to do was to take some of the heavy parts away, and that the parts so removed could follow the airship about in an Army Service wagon. Poor dear Henry, he had evidently forgotten the crux of the matter, and the entrance of the waiter only just prevented him from being angry when I pointed out that it was a naval airship, and the wagon might not be built for heavy seas. Still I allowed his suggestion to stand on the con-

dition that he should recognise the "so to speak" on my part.

Now, you see, we have the thing in a nutshell. Either they pump more gas into it, and make it lighter (so to speak): or they leave some of it to follow them about.

* * * * *

I see now how they overcame the difficulty. It is gratifying to us Englishmen to know that our authorities are not asleep to national dangers. Still, I can't help thinking that CHARLIE BERESFORD would have pumped more gas into it.



The Rector. "Now, MOLLY, WOULD YOU RATHER BE BEAUTIFUL OR GOOD?"
Molly. "I'D RATHER BE BEAUTIFUL AND REPENT."

THE RE-UNION.

I suppose it is because we have been parted so long that we met again to-day with—on my part—such sincere and hearty delight. Never, I think, do I remember so long a break in our companionship. Other years, even at times when we were not living in actual daily association, there were sure to be odd occasions (evenings mostly) when he would turn up unexpectedly, and we would enjoy a quiet hour or so together. But this year it has been different. I had almost forgotten what he was like.

Judge then of my emotion this evening when I entered my study, all unprepared, and found him there in his old place, as though the interminable months since we parted had never been. I protest the whole room looked different. With a cry of welcome I ran forward and held out both my hands to him. On his side, too, the greeting was as warm as ever; his cheery face positively glowed in a way that did one good to witness.

"This is glorious!" I said. I pulled my chair forward close beside him, quite in the old intimate fashion, and prepared the first really enjoyable pipe for many months. He gave me a light, though it is but seldom that he smokes himself, and we settled down together for a jolly evening.

It was so restful having him there, hearing now and again that quiet, appreciative chuckle of his, which is for me infinitely preferable to the epigrams of the most brilliant talker that ever silenced a dinner-table, that, little by little, I fancy I must have slipped into a *reverie*, not far removed from slumber. I was thinking drowsily of all the scenes in my life that this friend has shared with me, when I roused myself with a start and a chill of desolation. He had gone out while I slept. So great a while is it since we were together that I had forgotten his little fancies, the occasional caress, the offer of refreshment, failing which he will often, as now, steal from one unobserved.

It is possible, however, that even yet

he is not wholly gone. He may be hiding in some obscure corner, and in that case fortunately I shall know what to do. A little coaxing and the proffer of the morning newspaper make an unfailing lure. I thought so; he is creeping back. Already behind the outstretched paper I can hear welcome sounds of his return. I must be more careful in future. Not willingly, after a whole summer spent in contemplating an empty hearth, will I forego the companionship of My Study Fire.

"20,000 unused Edison cylinder records for sale. Owner deceased. A dead bargain."
 —Advt. in "Daily Mail."

Obviously; but need they have put it quite so crudely?

At a tank performance by the Channel Hero:

He: BURGESS is a resident in France; I believe?

She: Oh, yes. Don't you remember the BURGESSES were settled in Calais centuries ago? I seem to remember that six of them were there in QUEEN ELEANOR's time.



SELF-DEFENCE.

JOHN BULL (*of the new Volunteer Police, to Trades Union Leader*). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I'VE BEEN HEARING A GOOD DEAL OF TALK OF 'RECOGNITION,' WELL, I REPRESENT THE PUBLIC, AND IT'S ABOUT TIME MY INTERESTS WERE 'RECOGNISED.'"



REMARKABLE DISCOVERY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE OFF-SEASON.

Having exposed certain purely hallucinatory and unflattering resemblances to public men, we need hardly apologise if we turn for a moment to a genuine and really astonishing case of what we may call geographical persistence of feature. If we look in at the House of Commons, now in the hands of the lowly but invaluable char-lady, we are absolutely staggered by an undeniable familiarity of feature and expression. (The loss of a certain distinction and intellectuality is almost more than compensated by a new breeziness and freedom of deportment.)

A BALLADE OF DRIVEN GROUSE.

YE say that your gun's fair gone gyte,
That you're missin' the coveys a' through,
An' your language is that impolite
Fowk wad think ye'd the de'il in your moo;
Here's a ferlie I'd bring tae your view,
(Though aiblins professors 'ud froon,)
An' ye'll kill once ye ken the way hoo—
It's aye best tae haud into the broun!

They grouse has a gey nesty flight,
Yin that fair gies a body the grue,
When they link doon the win' quick as light,
An' ye never could shoot when it blew,
Though ye're fine at a hare on the ploo
Or a crow when he's branched up aboon;
Ay, there's mony a lad that's like you,
An' he's best haudin' into the broun!

There's some has a skill an' a sight
That can pick their birds oot o' the blue,
Be the braes in their braws, or in white
Wi' snaw-wreaths o' winter-time's brew,
Come they single, or packed in a crew,
Clean killed, I wad wadger a croon,
But the likes o' that kind is gey few,
Ye'd be best tae haud into the broun!

ENVOY.

Losh, Prince, but ye've got it the noo,
Yon's a brace an' a half ye ca'd doon,
You're right gin ye ken whit tae do—
It's aye best tae haud into the broun!

"Mayor of Hull.—I am entirely opposed to the proposed fight at Earl's Court, or any such brutal exhibition."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.
The Earl's Court Exhibition is not really brutal, whatever the Mayor says.

REVELATIONS.

(Being Platform Essays in the Unexpected.)

THE Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., was the chief speaker at a great Unionist demonstration held at the Albert Hall. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, speaking with even more than his usual verve and lucidity, devoted the introductory portion of his speech to an elaborate disquisition on the True and the Beautiful as exemplified in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's financial system, and particularly in that Rt. Hon. gentleman's celebrated Limehouse oration. Mr. BALFOUR continued as follows:—

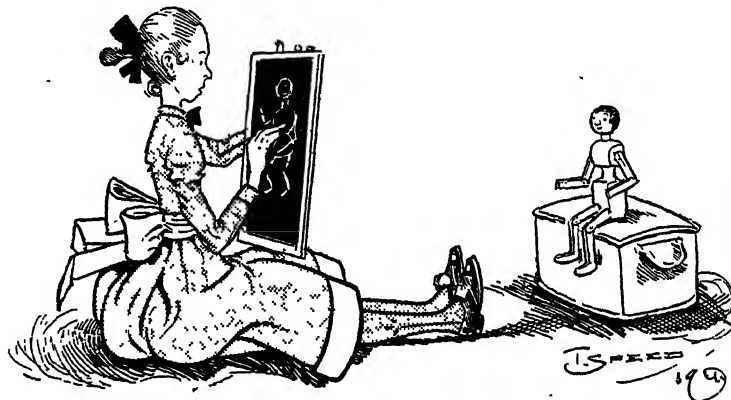
"If, however, I am asked whether I place the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER first in my list of the great benefactors of humanity, I must answer unhesitatingly that there is one whom I am forced to rank above him. Need I say that I refer to a former colleague and loyal supporter of my own, that brilliant and inspiring statesman, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. But for his superb and indefatigable genius we might not now be living in the anticipated enjoyment of a strong protective tariff. For me, indeed, the cause of Protection pure and simple is something more precious than life itself. To that cause I shall continue to devote myself heart and soul with such poor energies as nature has placed at my disposal. I am, as everybody knows, and always have been, an ardent supporter of a tax on corn and meat and every other article that the designing foreigner may, in his efforts to destroy British industry, import into our markets. In comparison with this noble and salutary movement Home Rule is a mere triviality and the defence of the House of Lords a thing of no moment." Mr. BALFOUR concluded with a warm eulogy of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and resumed his seat in dead silence after speaking for an hour and a quarter.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., addressing a crowded gathering of working men at Tonypany, dealt incisively with the recent strikes and the riots that followed them. "I have come to the deliberate conclusion," he said, "that in the long and turbulent history of industrial disturbances there has never been a strike so senseless or so devoid of justification as this. The men were wrong from beginning to end, and their leaders were, if possible, more foolish and criminal than the poor fools who followed their advice. Faced with this unexampled disturbance to the comfort of the public the Government could only take one course, and to their everlasting credit they did not hesitate to take it. As guardians of civilisation it was their plain duty to call out the military to protect the Railway Companies and shoot down the wicked and wanton disturbers of the peace. These are my opinions, and it is just as well that the public should know them." The hon. gentleman, after finishing his speech, was accompanied to his lodgings by a mixed force of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers.

Sir EDWARD GREY, M.P., yesterday made an important pronouncement in regard to the Morocco crisis at the dinner of the Stock Exchange Liberal Association. "The true cause of all our present anxieties," said the FOREIGN

SECRETARY, "must be sought in the arrogant and brutal methods of the German Government. It is useless to disguise the fact that every effort at a settlement has been frustrated by the Germans. What would have been said of us if we had acted as the Germans have, if we had first sent a warship to a place where she had no business to be and had then refused to recall her unless we were heavily paid for our complaisance by the cession of territory and the grant of special privileges? Every indication of a conciliatory disposition on the part of the French has been met by increased claims on the part of the Germans. The French have throughout behaved with the greatest courtesy and forbearance, but if things go on as they have been going the breaking point will soon be reached. Great Britain is prepared to support France with all her military, naval and pecuniary resources. That being the case, you will, I am sure, not misjudge me if I say emphatically that I do not care twopence for the GERMAN EMPEROR, for Herr KIDERLEN WAECHTER, or the whole boiling of them. Let 'em all come, and the more the merrier. Blackmail as a national policy has never yet succeeded and never will." The FOREIGN SECRETARY spoke with great emphasis, and his frankness made a most favourable impression on his audience.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Stoke Poges Die-hards, the Earl of HALSBURY called on all present to sink their differences and rally in support of their great and cherished leader, Mr. BALFOUR. It was painful to have to notice the obloquy with which Mr. BALFOUR had been assailed by those who ought to know better. Mr. BALFOUR had been compared to a grand-



A STUDY FROM THE NUDE.

mother. The mere suggestion was monstrous, and he repudiated it with all the power at his command. He himself, Lord HALSBURY added, had been accused of nepotism, but he had scorned to defend himself against so preposterous a charge. As for the House of Lords, the sooner they reconciled themselves to their new conditions the better for all concerned. At the subsequent business meeting of the society, Mr. BALFOUR and Lord LANSDOWN were, on the motion of Lord HALSBURY, elected Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year.

The Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., who has been cruising in his silver-gilt 1,000-ton yacht *Imperientia* (his diamond-crusted motor-car is at present being repaired), has arrived at Liverpool and has confided to a gathering of his supporters his opinion on the condition of political parties in the country. Mr. SMITH declared that he was growing more and more deeply impressed with the fact that the Liberals had been in office nearly six years. They had great qualities, which none appreciated more highly than he. He desired to warn his fellow Conservatives against the employment of flippancy and frivolity in place of solid argument. Mere badinage was never likely to carry a politician far.

We understand that, if the WELLS-JOHNSON fight takes place, the Earl's Court Exhibition will be known as the Black-and-White City.



G. L. STAMP.

Stranger. "IN THAT PARCEL, SIR, UNDER YOUR SEAT, I HAVE THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. IT CONTAINS THE MOST DEADLY AND POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE EVER DISCOVERED. I'M GOING TO PATENT IT TO-DAY IF IT DOESN'T GO OFF ACCIDENTALLY BEFORE I GET TO LONDON."

Nervous Gentleman. "B-BUT S-SUPPOSING-IT-DOES-GO OFF-IN HERE-W-WHAT THEN?"

Stranger. "THEN, SIR, IT DOESN'T MATTER; THE SECRET DIES WITH ME."

STATESMEN AT PLAY.

[With acknowledgments to *The Daily Chronicle's* revised version of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's picnic and to Mr. T. W. BURGESS's recent statement as to his diet.]

We are glad to be able to put a much more favourable construction on the deplorable incident recently reported from North Wales. According to the original account, Mr. LULU HARCOURT and Mr. MASTERMAN, while the guests of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at his stately home in the Principality, went shrimping near Criccieth. As the day was very hot, the illustrious statesmen, who are both enthusiasts for this exhilarating sport, removed portions of their habiliments before venturing forth into the briny waves which lave the verdant shores of Cambria, and left them in the vicinity. While they were occupied with their catch, the minions of a feudal tyrant who dwells in the neighbourhood swooped down on the scene and, after indulging in hideous and insulting language, carried off the unoffending

raiment of the illustrious shrimpers. Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. MASTERMAN were left in an extremely delicate position, but, with the resourcefulness that is the true index of greatness, they swathed their nether men in seaweed and regained the land. Unfortunately a severe thunderstorm supervened, and it was not until after darkness had set in that they were enabled to make their way back to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's mansion.

Careful investigations, we are rejoiced to say, now establish the fact that this circumstantial and appalling narrative has no foundation. Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. MASTERMAN, it is true, did indulge in the refreshing pastime of paddling, to the immense gratification of the natives, but without removing any portions of their clothing, with the exception of boots and socks, and contenting themselves with rolling up their trousers only as far as the middle of their splendidly developed calves. Nor was it the case that any gross interference with their enjoy-

ment was attempted by the miserable lackeys of any feudal satrap. What really happened was that they were both rather badly stung by some ill-conditioned sea-anemones, and had to beat a hasty retreat amid the sympathetic cheers of the populace. Their countless admirers will be rejoiced to learn that both patients are convalescent, and that Mr. HARCOURT is already so far recovered that he was able, according to latest advices, to take a little arrowroot for breakfast.

The statement that Mr. SAMUEL, M.P., was recently attacked by a venomous snake while shooting oyster-catchers on his own oyster-beds, is, we are glad to say, much exaggerated. It appears that one of the guns, while on the way to the shoot, flushed a tame Welsh rabbit and brought it down, to the inconsolable grief of its owner, a venerable dairy-farmer named Owen ap-Pendragon. It was owing to a clerical error arising out of this name that the sensational report gained ground. Latest accounts make it clear that

Mr. ap-Pendragon has been mollified by a handsome solatium from the reckless sportsman.

Erroneous statements having been freely circulated that during a recent round of golf at St. Andrews Mr. BALFOUR partook of various forms of nourishment, we are glad to be able to state, on the authority of the Opposition leader himself, that the only refreshment he indulged in was a bottle of ginger-beer washed down by three cracknel biscuits, two penny buns and a digestive tabloid.

THE MODERN ORPHEUS;

OR, A NEW WAY FOR TROUBADOURS.

[A lady farmer has discovered that she improves the condition of her cows and the quality of their milk by playing the mandoline to them daily.]

BENEATH your casement, Matchless Maid,

Full oft I've longed to stand,

Playing a drowsy serenade

With no unskilful hand;

But I felt sure that you'd disown

A swain so out of date

(Your worthy sire, I've also known,

Could shoot uncommon straight).

But now at last a chance has come

To sing my loving vows:

The light guitar I'll gaily strum

And carol to your cows;

From ten to midnight I'll engage,

Though rain in torrents falls,

Unfailingly to take the stage

When they are in their stalls.

Hard by the portals of their house

Or in the dewy mead

I'll play them little lumps of

STRAUSS,

And bits of EZRA READ,

Or comic songs, though some of these

Perhaps 'twere wise to shun;

"Ginger, you're balmy!" might not please

Dora, your docile dun.

So late, so oft, I'll linger there,

Their coats shall shine like silk,

And further proofs of Harold's care

Will come home with the milk;

And they will plead my cause with you,

My advocates they'll be,

Since every lowing voice will moo

Soft memories of me.

Where to find the Doctor.

"The remedy used by most rural folk is to bathe the wound with sweet oil and administer a fomentation of ammonia. The aid of a doctor should always be sought, however, to arrest complications.

This creature is found in chalky and stony districts, and sometimes frequents heaths and woodlands."—*Southend Daily Post*.

THE FACE ON THE WALL.

WE were talking of the supernatural—that endlessly alluring theme—and most of us had related our pet instance, without, however, producing much effect. The little man with the anxious white face had been silent, until someone said to him—"And you, Sir, have you no story for us?"

He thought a moment. "Well," he said, "not a story in the ordinary sense of the word—nothing, that is, from hearsay, like most of your examples. Truth I always hold is not only vastly stranger than fiction but also vastly more interesting. I could tell you an occurrence which happened to me personally, and which, oddly enough, completed itself only this morning."

We begged him to begin.

"A year or so ago," he said, "I was in rooms in Great Ormond Street—an old house on the Holborn side. The bedroom walls had been distempered by a previous tenant, but the place was damp and great patches of discolouration had broken out. One of these—as indeed often happens—was exactly like a human face, but more faithfully and startlingly like than is customary. Lying in bed in the morning and putting off getting up, I used to watch it and watch it, and gradually I came to think of it as real—as my fellow-lodger, in fact. The odd thing was that, while the other patches on the walls grew larger and changed their contours, this one never did. It remained identically the same.

"While there I had a very bad attack of influenza, with complications, and all day long I had nothing to do but read or meditate; and it was then that this face began to get firmer hold of me. It grew more and more real and remarkable. It dominated my thoughts day and night. There was a curious turn to the nose, and the slant of the forehead was unique. It was, in fact, full of individuality—the face of a man apart, a man in a thousand.

"Well, I got better, but the face still controlled me. I found myself searching the streets for one like it. Somewhere, I was convinced, the real man must exist, and he and I must meet. Why, I had no notion; I only knew that we two were in some way linked by fate. I frequented places where men congregate in large numbers—political meetings, football matches, the railway stations where the suburban trains pour forth their legions on the City in the morning and receive them again in the evening. But all in vain. I had never before realized, as I then did, how many

different faces of man there are, and how few. For all differ, and yet, classified, they belong only to as many types as you can count on your hands.

"The search became a mania with me. I neglected everything else. I stood at busy corners watching the crowd until people thought me crazy and the police began to know me and be suspicious. Women I never glanced at; men, men, men, all the time."

He passed his hand wearily over his brow.

"And then," he continued, "at last I saw him. He was in a taxi, driving East along Piccadilly. I turned and ran beside it for a little way, and then saw an empty one coming. 'Follow that taxi,' I gasped, and leaped in. The driver managed to keep it in sight, and it took us to Charing Cross. I rushed on to the platform and found my man with two ladies and a little girl. They were going to France by the 2.20. I hung about to try to get a word with him, but in vain. Other friends had joined the party, and they moved to the train in a solid body.

"I hastily purchased a ticket to Folkestone, hoping that I should catch him before he sailed; but at Folkestone he got on board before me, with his friends, and they disappeared into a large private saloon, several cabins thrown into one. Evidently he was a man of wealth.

"Again I was foiled; but I determined to cross too, feeling certain that when the voyage had begun he would leave the ladies and come out for a stroll on the deck. I had only just enough for a single fare to Boulogne, but nothing could shake me now. I took up my position opposite the saloon door and waited. After half-an-hour the door opened and he came out, but with the little girl. My heart beat so that it seemed to shake the boat more than the propeller. There was no mistaking the face—every line was the same. He glanced at me and moved towards the companion-way for the upper deck. It was now or never, I felt. 'Excuse me, Sir,' I stammered, 'but do you mind giving me your card. I have a very important reason for wishing to communicate with you.' He seemed to be astonished, as indeed well he might; but he complied. With extreme deliberation he took out his card and hurried on with the little girl. It was clear that he thought me a lunatic, and considered it wiser to humour me than not.

"Clutching the card, I hurried to a deserted corner of the ship and read it. My eyes dimmed: my head swam: for on it were the words "Mr. Ormond



*Rector (concluding discussion with confirmed pessimist). "WELL, YOU HAD AN EARLY HARVEST, ANYWAY."
Confirmed Pessimist (grudgingly). "Y-E-S; BUT LOOK WOT A TURRIBLE LONG WINTER IT 'LL MAKE."*

Wall," with an address at Pittsburg, U.S.A.

"I remember no more until I found myself in a hospital in Boulogne. There I lay in a broken condition for weeks, and only a month ago did I return."

He was silent. We looked at him and at one another and waited.

"I went back," he resumed after a moment or so, "to Great Ormond Street and set to work to discover all I could about this American in whose life I had so mysteriously intervened. I wrote to Pittsburg; I wrote to American editors; I cultivated the society of Americans in London; but all that I could find out was that he was a millionaire, with English parents who had resided in London. But where? To that question I received no answer.

"And so the time went on until yesterday morning. I had gone to bed more than usually tired and slept till late. When I awoke the sun was streaming into the room. As I always do, I looked at once at the wall on which the face is to be seen. I rubbed my eyes and sprang up in alarm. It was only partly visible. Last night it

had been as clear as ever; almost I could hear it speak. And now it was but a ghost of itself.

"I got up, dazed and dejected, and went out. The early editions of the evening papers were already out, and on the contents bill I saw 'American Millionaire's Motor Accident.' I bought a copy and read at once what I knew I should read. Mr. Ormond Wall, the Pittsburg millionaire, and party, motor-ing from Spezzia to Pisa, had come into collision with a waggon and were overturned. Mr. Wall's condition was critical. I went back to my room, still dazed, and sat on the bed looking at the face on the wall. And, even as I looked, suddenly it disappeared.

"This morning I found that Mr. Wall had succumbed to his injuries at what I take to be that very moment."

Again he was silent.

"Most remarkable!" we all said. "Most extraordinary!" and so forth. And we meant it too.

"Yes," said the man at last, "there are three extraordinary, three most remarkable, things about my story. One is that it should be possible for

discolouration in a lodging-house in London not only to form the features of a gentleman in America, but to have this intimate association with his existence. It will take science some time to explain that. Another is that that gentleman's name should bear any relation to the spot on which his features were being so curiously reproduced by some mysterious agency. Is it not so?"

We agreed with him, and our original discussion on supernatural manifestations set in again with increased excitement, during which the narrator of this amazing experience rose and said "Good-night." Just as he was at the door one of the company recalled us to the cause of our excited debate by asking him before he left what he considered to be the third extraordinary thing in connection with his deeply interesting story. "You said three things, you know."

"Oh, the third thing," he said, as he opened the door; "I was forgetting that. The third extraordinary thing about the story is that I made it up an hour ago. Good-night again."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE was once a man named *Loudon Dodd*, artist and virtuoso, who, after various adventures in Paris and San Francisco, turned his attention to the South Seas, dabbled in opium, failed, received a legacy, and at last became an amateur schooner captain. I don't know whether Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE (part author of *The Wrecker*) had the gentleman in his mind when he wrote *The Kingdoms of the World* (METHUEN), but there is something in the career of *Matthew Broughton*, who, reversing the process, leaves the islands to look for a job on the mainland, which reminds me (alas! too faintly) of the whimsical fortunes of *Jim Pinkerton's* friend. For Mr. *Matt Broughton* is no idler, but a downright hard-working young man, in love with a beautiful girl, but dogged by ill-fortune because he alone possesses the knowledge of the whereabouts of *John Mort*, white king of a tropical island, but earnestly sought after by personages of great importance in another hemisphere. Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE knows how to keep our interest from flagging, he has plenty of humour (was he not also part author of *The Wrong Box*?), and no one can give him points in the matter of rigging and sailing a yacht and running a motor-car. But though he has spun us a very tidy yarn of mystery I sometimes think that there is only one secret hidden in the South Seas, and that is the magic of a golden pen which lies buried in Samoa.

Not until I had done with my pleasure of reading *The Miller of Old Church* (MURRAY) and had forced myself to consider it from a business point of view did it occur to me that the story is a very ancient one, and that Miss ELLEN GLASGOW has been very lavish with coincidence and death to attain her happy solution of it. As long as lovers persist in marrying unloved strangers because their beloved is momentarily reculant, the author has no alternative but opportunely to destroy the stranger if there is to be a satisfactory conclusion; and the more lovers there are who behave thus foolishly (there are many in this book) the more destruction must there be. But Nature herself is not above ancient plots, sometimes destroys a stranger or two, and certainly is not wholly innocent of opportune coincidence. At any rate, the persons of Her caste are exactly as Miss GLASGOW portrays them. From the fine fool of a miller

down to the hardened old cynic, *Adam Doolittle*, her characters are beyond reproach. Never has such impartial justice been done to her own sex by a woman, and rarely has the inner knowledge of the female been so skilfully blent with the outside observation of the male as in the presentation of that attractive child of nature, *Molly Merryweather*.

To conclude a notice which is intended for a whole-hearted recommendation, plot notwithstanding, be it remarked that, of the many good and humorous things that our authoress has to say, all are said from conviction and with a purpose, and none merely for effect.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

IX.—A RACING REPORTER TRYING TO IMPROVE ON HIS USUAL HAPPY PHRASE, "THE YOUNGSTERS WHO FACED THE BARRIER FOR THE TATTENHAM NURSERY NUMBERED ONE SHORT OF A BAKER'S DOZEN."

Scandal about QUEEN ELIZABETH has long been a tempting bait, both for the novelist and the historian. It has now impelled Mr. H. C. BAILEY to write *The Lonely Queen* (METHUEN). Putting aside a certain prejudice, to which I must confess, against the "predestined" type of story, I find this as clever a piece of fiction as I have read for some time. Naturally its interest depends, not on the question of "whether she marries him in the end," but on the drawing of the central character. It is a deserved tribute to Mr. BAILEY to say that this seems to me to have been done with quite remarkable skill. From the moment when ELIZABETH is first met, a neglected child full of precocious cunning, at that strange Court crowded with past or prospective relations-in-law of the royal widower her father, she is a human being, absolutely alive. There is nothing here of the gorgeously-draped lay-figure familiar in historical novels. This ELIZABETH, with her craft, her controlled passion, her egotism, is shown to us altogether the creature of her circumstances and development. It is fine and subtle portraiture. There are other minor sketches, miniatures of character, surrounding the central figure: her first love, the Lord Admiral SEYMOUR; her sister MARY and the Spanish consort; her brother the boy KING (who fares remarkably ill at Mr. BAILEY's hands), and many besides. Together they make up a book that is exceedingly well worth reading.

The Times on the Irish railway strike:

"One message from the Midlands says: 'The supply of Guinness porter is practically exhausted, and a strong feeling exists that the Government should now intervene.'"
It might send over a South Western porter or two.

CHARIVARIA.

FROM *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of the world's news, containing notes of disaster, unrest and upheavals, we cull the following item:—"The *Chink in the Armour*, our serial story, is continued on page 7."

No sooner had we mastered the geographical position of Agadir and learnt all those facts which a young man ought to know about Morocco, than Italy starts operations on Tripoli. So now we shall have to begin all over again; but, mind, this is the last time. If any other European State starts business in these out-of-the-way spots, it will be without recognition on our part.

There is one note of relief to the prevalent disputes, internal and international. *The Westminster Gazette* has publicly forgiven Tariff Reformers for their jubilation over the issue of the Canadian elections.

That autumn has officially begun is apparent from the fact that those persons who, for reasons best known to themselves take a daily cold bath, are now resuming their virtuous airs.

The pursuit of the boojum, the mysterious animal at random in Sussex, is being maintained with great activity. In spite of the optimism of *The Daily Mail*, grave fears are entertained that the boojum may turn out not to be a snark after all.

Ulster, in the worst event, is going to demand a separate government for herself. Rather than put up with Home Rule, she would adopt home rule.

When one read the other day that the naval airship was inflated, one knew at once that this was the pride that comes before a fall.

The millionaire who left the *Olympic* in such a hurry and at once chartered a special to catch another at Liverpool, makes much of his race against time. It is like these millionaires to imagine that Time varies his ordinary pace just to compete with them.

A foreign woman, having cause, some time ago, to appear before the Liverpool magistrates, was forbidden by an expulsion order to set foot in England again. Having done so in spite of the

prohibition, she has now been ordered to be detained in an English gaol for three months. This is, of course, the homœopathic treatment.

In *The Daily Mail* we read: "On the Severn, at Kempsey, 300 anglers fished for *The Daily Mirror* cup and medals." Whether they caught them or not, nobody can say that this kind of sport is really brutal.

M. QUENISSET, at Juvisy, and Mr. F. G. BROWN, at Lee, have simultaneously discovered a new comet. The fairest method of division will

a duke. It now remains for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to speak in return a kind word for the dukes.

Sir G. R. ASKWITH has been invited to go to Abergeldie Castle, the seat of Lord CARRINGTON. We hope that he will settle the dispute, whatever it is.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has threatened England that, if she refuses to have his Insurance Bill, she shall be made to go without. It is a little difficult to know what to say next.

A doctor's generalization that all stepmothers are cruel has caused an outburst of public feeling. The Rev. J. CARTMELL-ROBINSON has saved the situation and brought it within the legitimate sphere of humour by a timely reference to mothers-in-law.

Meanwhile it has transpired that stepmothers are of the unanimous opinion that stepmothers are not cruel. They certainly ought to know.

Real geese are to appear at Covent Garden in HUMPERDINCK'S new opera, *Königskinder*. Since their celebrated performance on the Roman Capitol, they have been, theatrically speaking, "resting."

"Is sunstroke an accident?" was the question raised the other day at a County Court. Of course. Is it to be supposed that the sun (who is a gentleman) would strike a man from behind on purpose?

Mr. DENMAN has commented, at Marylebone Police-court, on the absurd demand by women for separation orders, one of them having alleged so trivial an excuse as that she had been married to the wrong man by mistake.

As the demand for alcoholic liquor diminishes, the thirst for information increases. Three men have been charged at Liverpool with stealing 700 dozen newspapers.

Now that we have 13.5 guns capable of smashing windows several miles distant by concussion we must modify an old proverb. People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

Cause and Effect?

"JOHNSON RETIRES."

TURKEY'S ANSWER."

"Daily Mail" Poster.



FORCE OF HABIT.
THE RESULT OF TOO LONG A HOLIDAY.

be for the former to split it into halves, and for the latter to have first choice.

"Many an inquisitive telescope will be raised to the heavens during the next few days to look at it," says a provincial newspaper. Still, the best way (even if old-fashioned) of satisfying curiosity would be to look for the object by night.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND, having entertained the Eighty Club at Dublin, is to be the guest of the Ninety-Five Club at Manchester, thus showing an improvement of 18.75 per cent.

Mr. FAY has generously informed the Railway Commission that personally he would as soon shake hands with a Trades Union official as with

A MAN OF PEACE.

[The General Manager of the North-Eastern, giving evidence before the Railway Commission, expressed a wish that they could have a revised vocabulary for strikes.]

I SAW his eyeballs rolling red;
I saw his savage teeth;
I also noticed on his head
A simple olive wreath.

"Good labouring man, I see you wear
The sign of Peace," said I;
"How comes it, then, you have an air
So warlike? Tell me why."

"I has my orders straight," said he,
"To teach this blackleg lot
They'd better strike in sympathy,
Or else they gets it hot."

"If I correctly grasp your phrase,
You are," I said, "at fault
Thus to convert them from their ways
By violent assault."

"Not violence, guv'nor—no, not that:
We just puts in our spoke
Talking persuasive" (here he spat)
"Like brothers, bloke to bloke."

"And, if they don't agree, why then
We takes a firmer line,
And, ten to one, all loyal men,
Hustles the dirty swine."

"We hunts 'em home with jeers and
hoots,
We scares their kids and wives,
We makes 'em shake inside their boots
For terror of their lives."

"If private freedom you invade
And to persuasion add
Intimidation's dreadful aid,
What means this wreath, my lad?"

"Such rude behaviour makes," I said,
"The wonder still increase
Why you should wear upon your head
The holy sign of Peace?"

"What do I wear this green stuff for?"
Replied that labouring man;
"To show I'm not a man o' war
Nor yet no hooligan."

"Don't fret yourself for me, old sport,
The coppers' hands is tied;
We got the Government's support;
We got the Law our side."

"How is it done? We keeps a tame
Vocablery, and there
They knows me by the blessed name
Of 'Peaceful Picketer.'" O. S.

Extract from a speech by the President of California University:—

"There is an ancient rule of health which runs in this fashion: 'Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible.'"

People who stay in bed till they are twenty-six never look really healthy.

THE LAIRD AND THE MEENISTER.

(After "Tay Pay.")

OF all the stately houses at which it has been my lot to be an honoured guest none has impressed me so strongly with its hospitable culture as Skibo Castle. From the first notice at the entry to the domain, "This wa tu the goff linx," the keynote of culture is struck.

But when I entered the stately dining hall, a little while ago, and beheld twelve stalwart pipers playing beneath a motto, "Peas and Good Will," whilst my host and the kilted CHANCELLOR danced a gay reel before dinner I felt that this was one of the greatest days of my life.

I can but Boswellise such fragments of conversation as I caught during the meal at the moments when the pipers stopped from exhaustion.

"Although, of course, of pure Welsh blood, I was actually born in Manchester," said the CHANCELLOR. ("Order Manchester five Free Libraries," said Mr. CARNEGIE to the Library Secretary, who always stands behind him at a meal.) "But I owe everything to the inspiration of the wonderful Welsh hills near Criccieth." ("See if Criccieth has had a Library. If not, why not?" murmured the Laird.) "Had it not been for Criccieth there might have been no Limehouse." ("Limehouse, one. Make a note of it," said Mr. CARNEGIE). "From a child the tyranny of the landed proprietors sank deeply into my soul; now they talk about my tyranny—"

"Just their lack of culture," interrupted Mr. CARNEGIE. "If they'd had a Library in the neighbourhood they'd have been reading my 'Triumphant Democracy,' a work without which no Library is complete."

"Now if you could use your influence to introduce phonetic spelling into Wales—"

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the CHANCELLOR with sparkling eyes, "Welsh is the only language which is spelt precisely as it is pronounced." "Make a note," said Mr. CARNEGIE to his secretary, "to provide a National Welsh Library at Aberystwith."

"My idea about the settlement of Labour disputes is the intervention of a man of supreme tact at the critical moment."

"No, Sir," said the millionaire, "you should take a hint from Pittsburg, where I made my pile. Surround your works with barbed wire fencing; charter an armed force of PINKERTON'S de-

tectives; put up a notice, 'We shall shute if yu kum,' so that the strikers will readily comprehend it; provide a Free Library for the defenders, and there you are."

"But, my dear Laird, what about the votes?"

"You see," said the CHANCELLOR, "you pay fourpence a week and get nine pennyworth of benefit. The sick get attention, the unemployed relief, the doctors get more pay, the employers get better labour."

"Why, your Bill is almost as great a blessing as a Protective Tariff."

"And yet," sighed the CHANCELLOR, "people are discontented with it."

"Just the same with a Protective Tariff. But dear rails in the States mean cheap Libraries here."

"The bravest deed I ever heard of!" said the CHANCELLOR meditatively. "It was during the recent strike. We felt strongly that the ordinary routine of civilization must go on. Unless the Post-Office could be kept in operation there would be serious difficulty and delay in the collection of the taxes. So with calm courage my colleague, SAMUEL, faced the Dictator and demanded passes for the mails."

"Splendid!" cried the Laird. "Make a note of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S name for the Hero Fund."

"Hurroo!" I shouted, carried away by this prompt tribute to bravery. The Laird's genial eye settled upon me. "And two Free Libraries for the Scotland division of Liverpool," he added. "They'd better throw books than bottles there."

Our Foreign Correspondents.

Two examples of the business letter from abroad, showing the commercial mind at work:—

(1) *From Japan:*—
"Now, There have been established so many Shops, selling Ham and Bacon from Japan in the City. But very sorry to speak, some of them are supplying with bad Ham which is a dishonor to a good one."

(2) *From Malta:*—
"When addressing our argument, we humbly mean to signify through (ourselves), the consistence of a latent reflection on the various phases of the virulent epochs of commerce, where our long experience and our moderate skill, have methodically followed the strange fluctuations, and brought out practically a conclusive end, firmly keeping meanwhile on practice, the firm's name old standard within the limits of honour, in the intricate hints of life."

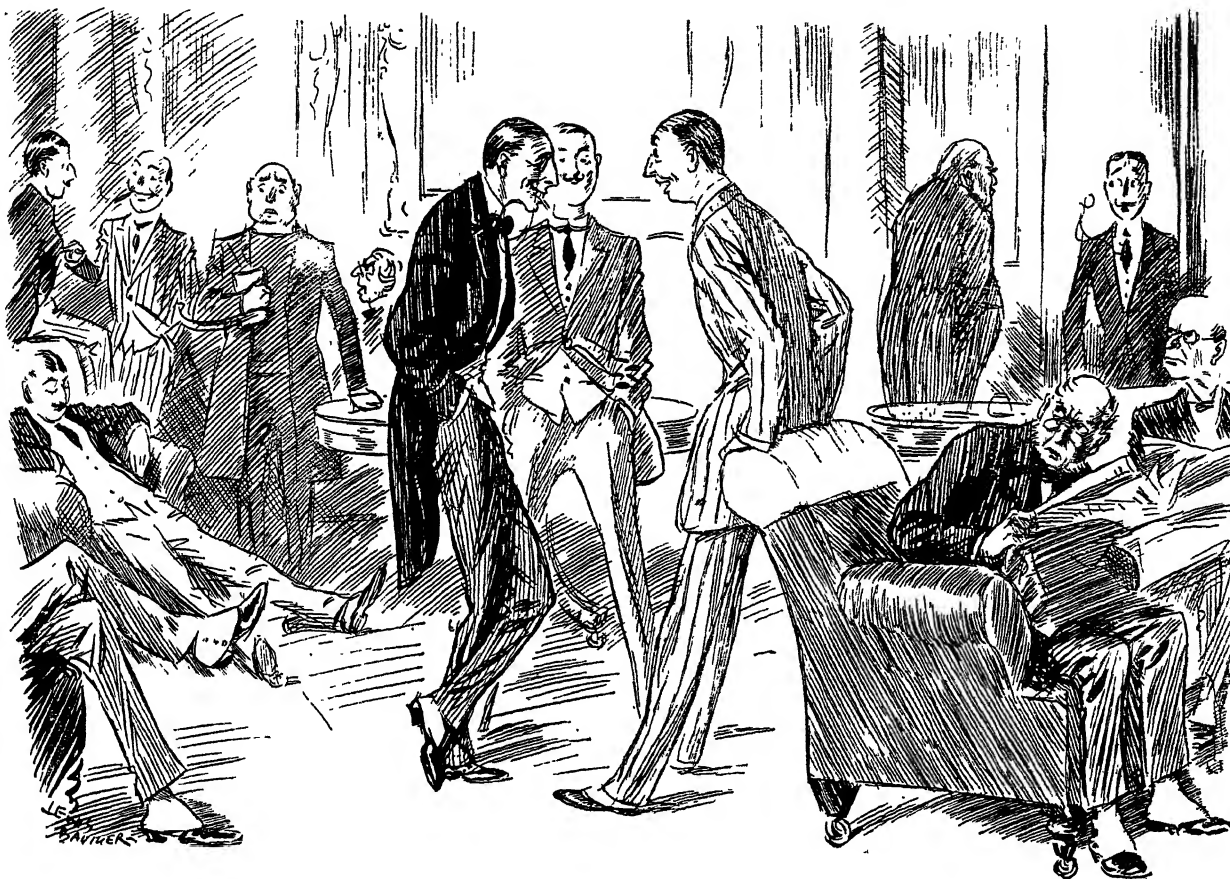
"Lady Astyl is certainly much loved in the village," Chaloner agreed, a little stiffly, whereat Saydie—mentally, so to speak—made a face.—"Morning Leader" feuilleton.

After all it is absurd only to talk about the mind's eye.



SCALPS ON THE GREEN.

SIR EDWARD CARSON ("Big Word," the Ulster Brave). "TIME TO BEGIN THE WAR DANCE!
I CAN HEAR THE TRAMP OF THE ENEMY TWO YEARS AWAY."



THE PREMISES OF THE JUNIOR SANDOWN CLUB BEING CLOSED FOR THE ANNUAL CLEANING, THE MEMBERS ARE RECEIVED AS GUESTS AT THE MEGATHERIUM.

BORROWED NAMES.

LETTERS from various well-known writers in reply to the request of a novelist that they should consent to the use of their names among his *dramatis personæ* have recently appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*. We are glad to be able to supplement the list with a few more characteristic answers from living luminaries.

Thus Mr. HENRY JAMES, invited to accept the rôle of a dog-fancier, sent the following luminous reply:—

"Much as I should, in ordinary circumstances, and in view of a natural if somewhat detached predilection in favour of poodles, appreciate my identification with one who, presumably, cannot be supposed to be wholly inimical to that attractive if strangely caparisoned sub-species, I must, I fear, though even at the cost of a misunderstanding which I greatly deplore, deprecate the honour which you so frankly and beautifully propose to confer on a novelist who, strange as it may seem in an age when the *rapprochement* between men and animals has been so markedly and insistently developed, has never, to his

own regret and the surprise of those of his friends who are more or less—and especially those who are more—addicted to sport, kept a dog."

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has written from Villa Cinq-Villes, Paris, as follows:—

"I should have no objection to your using my name as that of a hatter if it were not for the fact that on page 597 of my forthcoming novel, *Matilda Moreways*, I announce my intention of devoting the next volume but fourteen of my Novel-cycle to a history of the boyhood of *Matilda's* fourth son, *Joseph*, who by a curious coincidence is apprenticed to a hatter. In the circumstances I must beg that you will abstain from associating my name with the calling in question, though I have no objection to your affixing it to, say, an operatic tenor or an American oil king."

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY has kindly consented to the use of his name as Lord-Lieutenant of Leicestershire. He writes:—

"Though my democratic views naturally incline me to a critical attitude towards the country gentry, I readily admit their great qualities—

their laconic reticence, their stoicism, and the grace and dignity of their deportment even when wearing old clothes. If, therefore, I am to appear in the guise of a county magnate, I beg you will be careful to invest me with attributes consonant with that position. A Lord-Lieutenant should be scrupulously well-groomed, a good shot, and show a serene indifference to the criticisms of Labour leaders. Above all he must have a dog with a Christian name."

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has wired from H.M. Majesty's Theatre to say that he has no scruples about appearing in a work of fiction as a distinguished actor.

Commercial Candour.

"Send 1s. 6d. for a small Box of Buttons and Trimmings. A useful lot. Money lost on every Parcel."—*From a Circular.*

"To a vessel were conveyed a couple of loads of timber for transit to Belfast. A responsible official refused to accept the consignment and ordered the drivers to take it back. The timber merchants who sent the stuff were equally determined in their attitude, and absolutely declined to have it despatched."

Daily Telegraph.

Then why worry?

SOLDIERS ALL.

[Being an extract from that popular music-hall sketch "The Fighting Carson."]

[The scene is an open place before one of the walled cities on the way to Cork. The new Ulster Constitution is in being, the salaried positions have been distributed, and the Great March from Belfast to Cork has begun. Enter President Carson followed by Field-Marshal J. B. Lonsdale, Archbishop Craig, Lord Chief Justice Moore, and the rest of the indomitable Orange Army.]

Field-Marshal Lonsdale (to his troops). Now then, fall in there, please. Knickerbockers one pace to the front. Trousers one pace back. That looks much better. Private Tomkins, I don't think you will want your macintosh; the weather seems to be holding up. Gentlemen, the President will now address you on the eve of battle.

President Carson. Gentlemen of the jury—

A Voice. Ass, we're soldiers.

President Carson. My error; what I meant to say was this:

[He draws his umbrella and holds it sternly above his head.]

Orce more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the walls up with our Ulster dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As (say) a tidy practice at the Bar—
Confusing issues, making black look white,
And bullying a witness in the box;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the orange,
Puff out the cheeks with apoplectic rage
Well paragraphed and nicely advertised.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect—
Like this; and let the overhanging brow
Bulging with brains (as noticed by *The Post*)
Give it an air of deadly resolution.
And now, ye noblest of the Irish race,
Whose blood is come from fathers proved in words,
Fathers that like so many Edward Carsons
Have in these parts from morn till even talked
Nor ever failed for lack of argument—
Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Speaker,
My lords and gentlemen, your ludship, Sir,
The game's afoot! Courage, brave hearts, and take
A sip of water, clear your throats and cry,
Ulster and Carson, Keeper of the Faith!

[Alarums. Excursions. Private Tomkins breaks his spectacles.]

Field-Marshal Lonsdale. Well, gentlemen, you've heard the inspiring address of the President, and it only remains to put the question to the vote.

Archbishop Craig. This is not a parish meeting, idiot, it's a forced march.

F.-M. Lonsdale. Tut, tut, so it is. Well, anyhow, has anybody else got anything to say before we resume our march?

A Soldier. Yes. How far is it to Cork?

F.-M. Lonsdale. That we shall ascertain, I hope, at the next sign-post. But it can't be very far now.

The Soldier. Oh, well, I thought I'd ask because I've got a man coming to lunch on Thursday.

Another Soldier. How long are we going to stay in Cork?

Archbishop Craig (grimly). Who knows? We may never come back!

The Soldier. Then all I can say is I wish I'd brought another clean collar. I've only got two, and one of them isn't so very—

F.-M. Lonsdale. Silence in the ranks. The President wishes to address you again.

President Carson. Methought I heard an inner voice cry "Treason!"

Carson hath uttered treason!" "Carson" and "treason"—

Who but a fool could put such words together?

When have I been disloyal to my King?

I fight his Army, yes—but not the King;

I fight his Navy, yes—but not the King;

I take up arms against his Government,

But that is not to fight against the King;

When have I hurt the person of the King.

I who have taken oath to serve the King?

Lord Chief Justice Moore. I will make a note of your point, President. Believe me, I quite appreciate it. Of course the position is really this. Ulster will not submit to the Irish Parliament, therefore it cannot be governed by the Irish Parliament. But it must be governed somehow, therefore it is the duty of every loyal and patriotic Irishman to establish an Ulster Parliament. Now a Parliament formed by loyal and patriotic Irishmen must be a loyal and patriotic Parliament, from which it follows that any Government which differs from it is *ipso facto* disloyal and unpatriotic. Hence the King's Government at Westminster is disloyal and unpatriotic, and therefore in resisting it by force we are only doing our duty as loyal and patriotic Irishmen. That, I take it, is the situation in brief?

A Soldier. I don't want to interrupt, but the situation can be put much more briefly than that. It's simply this. Some silly ass has forgotten the ginger ale!

TABLEAU.

A. A. M.

"GUARDSMAN" (D.O.D.)

DIED Of Distemper! Dread decree of doom—

Or, otherwise expressed, "unkindest cut"—

To blight a beagle puppy in his bloom,

And glory's portal in his face to shut.

He took a "first" in the unentered class;

The pride and pick of all the pack was he;

Renown lay spread before him, when, alas!

He d.o.d.

Plumb straight was Guardsman, splendidly ribbed up,

Plenty of heart room, finely carried stern,

Wonderful bone, a real good-looking pup,

Brimful of character, and quick to learn.

On matters of his pedigree and pace

Verbose and fluent were we apt to be;

Perhaps we swanked too much—in any case

He d.o.d.

If in his next world hares are ever found,

If Mercury, the fier, hunts a pack,

If minor deities behind him pound,

With panting goddesses, still further back,

Through asphodel will Guardsman show his worth,

Hunting a line down some Olympian lea

And give the field good sport—but here on earth

He d.o.d.

The *Eastern Daily Press* of Sept. 20th remarks *à propos* of the railway strike in Ireland:

"Up to last night no mails had reached Birr for forty years."

And we complain if they're a week late. "Wait till you come to forty-year!" as THACKERAY said.

THE ROYAL MUSICAL COMMISSION.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

THE Royal Musical Commission held its thirty-first sitting on Saturday last. The Commissioners present were Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE (Chairman), Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Madame CLARA BUTT and Mr. ALGERNON ASHION.

Mr. HENRY BIRD, the first witness, declared that he had no animus against foreigners, or indeed against anyone. He had accompanied songs written by composers of every European nationality with equal zeal, and he might be allowed to add that he was very partial to Charlotte Russe, Neapolitan ices and French beans. But he could not help feeling gravely disquieted by the announcement that forty geese were to be employed in the forthcoming production of HUMPERDINCK'S *Königskinder*, in view of the widely-current belief that they were to be imported from Strasbourg. Gastronomically considered, he was quite prepared to admit the excellence of Strasbourg geese, but he was convinced that the English variety was fully equal to the needs of the situation alike in histrionic aptitude, stage presence and intensity of sibilation.

Signor Annibale Spaghetti, the President of the Amalgamated Society of Savoyard Piano-organists, described the circumstances which had led to the sympathetic strike declared by his union during the recent railway troubles. It was due, he said, to the friendly attitude of Sir EDWARD GREY to the Young Turks, which, in view of the troubles in Tripoli, constituted a deliberate challenge to the important community settled in Saffron Hill. The music-famine in the East-end had, he admitted, been attended with painful results, and street-dancing had almost come to a stand-still; but they had no option in the matter. During the strike his men had subsisted almost entirely on the flesh of their monkeys. (Sensation.)

Mr. Max Bamberger, who wore a kilt and was attended by his wife and his two twin sons, Wolfgang Bartholdy and Johann Sebastian Bamberger, said that his Scotch nationality had won for him respect in all quarters of the globe. When he was kidnapped by terrorists at Odesa, a few words in Gaelic and the slogan of the Clan Bamberger had reduced his savage captors to coma. Personally he was strongly in favour of free trade in music, and he knew that his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, shared his views. If Russians were



The Professor. "NOW LET ME SEE. WAS MY WIFE WITH ME WHEN I STARTED, OR WASN'T SHE?" [The position of lady in question is indicated by a X.]

boycotted in England, he would be unable to carry the banner of England into Patagonia, Waziristan, Nova Zembla and elsewhere with the same freedom that he had hitherto enjoyed, and this, from the point of view of the Press, would be little short of a national calamity.

Mrs. Bamberger briefly endorsed her husband's views; and Messrs. Wolfgang Bartholdy and Johann Sebastian Bamberger indicated their approval in a spirited unison fantasia in the whole-tone scale.

Sir Pompey Boldero, who next appeared, said that he was the father of Mrs. Bamberger and the father-in-law of Mr. Bamberger. It was also true that he was the grandfather of the

two last witnesses. It was a great privilege, and the consciousness of it had supported him during the recent unrest. At this point Sir Pompey was overcome by emotion and was assisted from the room by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Madame CLARA BUTT. The Commission adjourned for a fortnight to enable Sir Pompey to recover fully before continuing his evidence on the subject of the recognition of international musical unions.

Commercial Candour.

"During Franjée's Sale no one should lose time to procure their requirements for Xmas and New Year Presents for friends at Home and here, as this time the Sale will be a *bona fide* one."—*Advt. in "Madras Mail."*

THE BREAKING POINT.

I AM not of the tribe of those
Who maim the solemn rites of golf
By publishing abroad their woes
When things do not, as they suppose,
Come rightly off;

Who, careless what the cause may be,
Give every care an instant voice
With terms suspiciously like D—,
Or, if there's something still more free,
Use that, for choice.

For me, whate'er of sorrows come,
I seldom seem to care a fig;
The blows whereat they make things
hum
I bear with placid *otium*,
And equal *dignitas*.

If I should leave the narrow "line,"
Or fizzle whereso'er I go,
I think, no doubt, the fault was mine,
(A soothing thing) and I decline
To care a blow.

And, when some fair and dazzling shot
Lands in a hazard's horrid grip,
Misfortune is the common lot,
I recollect, and I do not
Let myself rip.

And thus, secure from verbal lapse,
I hold in check my secret bile,
And wear upon my frosty chaps
A smile—it is not much, perhaps,
But still, a smile.

But, when at length I reach the goal
And, wearing still my stoic mask,
Have nought before me but to roll
The ball into a yawning hole
(An infant's task),

And when, for some unfathomed cause,
That callous ball disdains the tin,
Goes here, goes there, or dares to pause
(Ah piteous!) on its very jaws,
But won't go in,

There comes upon me such a sense
Of being doomed—a thing accursed—
Of mystery, of impotence,
That I, in very self-defence,
Must speak, or burst.

Ah yes. The harmless "pooh" or "tut"
Suffice me, nine times out of ten,
Through evil chance or error—but
If once I'm fairly off my putt,
You hear me then.

DUM-DUM.

"Ealing is to have another All-British Shopping Week this year. In cases where the All-British article is dearer than the foreign article it is suggested that a special discount be allowed to the public, thus making the cost of the two articles the same."—*Evening News*.

Why did no one think of this before?
It seems so simple.

THE SUK-SUK.

"MOIRA," I said, "the Garden Suburb is full of young wives; it is full of sweetly pretty EDWARD-VII.-style bijou cottage maisonnettes; it is full of husbands as affectionate as I am; but I decline to believe that the ladies whom I encounter drifting about in djibbas ever touch a brush or a dust-pan, or that their abodes are so uninhabitably speckless as ours. Therefore I propose——"

"I know what you propose." Moira put down the dust-pan and sat on the landing stairs. "You propose that we should keep a second servant. Well, it is a peculiarity of Garden Suburb bijou Edwardian maisonnettes that the kitchen premises accommodate one servant only. If we had two, they would have to stand on each other's shoulders: the lower one to cook, the upper one to polish the silver. When you can find a pair of unimpeachably respectable female acrobats anxious to abandon the glamour of the stage——"

"My dear, you are too hasty!" I sat down beside her, upsetting the dust-pan through the banisters into the lobby.

"Impulsiveness has always been my failing, hasn't it?" She peered mournfully after the dust-pan. "Yes, thanks, Mary" (to the servant below), "you'd better sweep up the pieces of that electric-light bulb. A caller might tread on them. Yes, dear?" (to me). "You were proposing that——?"

"That we should introduce some science into our house instead of this wearisome and unpractical hand-work. As SHAW says, 'The human hand is a clumsy tool.' No doubt some manual cleansing is unavoidable; but surely this meticulous attention to the carpets and the stairs might be done away with if we employed a Suk-Suk."

"A what?"

"A Suk-Suk. It's a new kind of vacuum cleaner."

"Too expensive for us."

"Hasty again!" I reproved her. "Its price is one guinea."

"Then it's no use."

"That remains to be discovered. I have bought a Suk-Suk. The errand-boy is at this moment delivering our Suk-Suk at the door. I knew that unless I forced labour-saving methods on you it would be futile to plead for them. Yes, here it is. (Thank you, Mary. Yes, you can put the parcel down there.) Now we shall see whether science cannot lighten your tasks." I proceeded to unwrap the Suk-Suk.

It emerged from its swathings, a spidery instrument with a long metal

neck sprouting from a frog-like pair of bellows actuated by a sort of winch. "Charming, isn't it?" I said. "It is a French invention, and just as good as our most costly English things. The French housewife is so practical. Here are the directions."

The leaflet of polyglot instructions for the use of the Suk-Suk was adorned by a coloured picture of an aproned houri propelling the machine, with languid grace, across a vast interior. The carpet was black, except in the wake of the Suk-Suk. Amazing Suk-kuk! Wherever it had browsed it revealed that the carpet (you'd never have guessed it) was, beneath its grime, a gorgeous cross between Axminster and Persian, with a dash of croquet-lawn as groundwork.

"That," I said, pointing to the picture, "is how the Suk-Suk works. That is what our carpets will look like in future."

"Let us hope not." Moira was dubious.

"Ten minutes' run round the house of a morning with the Suk-Suk, and you'll be able to go a-drifting in djibbas with the best of 'em," I added proudly.

"Let us try it," said Moira.

I placed the Suk-Suk in position, ground the winch, and directed the mouth (it had a curious uncanny mouth—a sort of grin of a mouth—rather a sardonic grin, from certain aspects) at the carpet . . .

The carpet didn't, somehow, look so very different. No pattern emerged in the path of the sardonic grin. However, to expect anything else was absurd, unless the Suk-Suk nibbled off the whole pile and uncovered the foundation below; for the carpet was a plain felt.

"Is it really gathering up the dust?" asked Moira. "I don't see much alteration."

"Microscopic particles are whirling down its rapacious maw in millions," I explained; "*It Gulps Grime*, the advertisement says."

"Not in my house!" (Moira is so literal.)

"You cannot see the vanishing dust, of course. But when we open this box at the bottom we shall find how searching is the vacuum method of cleaning."

I worked for a while. "Now we shall see what we shall see." I opened the box.

But the box was empty. No swathes of dust lay within, no nauseating mats of cobwebs.

"Odd! I suppose I wasn't grinding hard enough. No, I have it! You've already cleaned this part, Moira. Why didn't you say so?" I mopped my



Jewel Thief (mistaking his taxi). "WAY YE GO, JIM, HARD!"
Chauffeur (with his mouth full, deliberately). "WELL . . . I WAS JUST GETTIN' MY BIT O' DINNERR. . . ."

brow indignantly. "Look here—I must be off in a minute to my study; I've an article to write. But before I go I'll just show you, experimentally—"

I took a letter from my pocket, tore it into small fragments, and scattered them on the floor. "Now watch!"

Madly I ground the winch and pushed the sardonic grin across the floor over the papers.

Queer; they didn't budge.

I ground harder and harder, and pressed the sardonic grin tightly down. "Mustn't let the air run in from the side," I panted.

But the bits of paper only glued themselves more obstinately to the floor.

"It's a splendid invention," remarked Moira, "for flattening carpets. Ours never *would* lie quite flat. If you will go through every room, Ralph, ironing down the carpets with the Suk-Suk—"

"Moira"—I dropped the handle of the winch and allowed the sardonic grin to subside at my feet—"don't be funny. That fool of an ironmonger has sent a broken Suk-Suk. I'll return it and get another. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I shall pick up the bits of paper while you go and compose an angry letter to the shopman. By-the-by, did you test the Suk-Suk before you bought it?"

"Test it? How could I test it in a shop? I'd have looked silly, shouldn't I, grinding away at this winch, in a shopful of women?"

"That's what I looked—silly, but oh, so practical!"

"How do you mean?"

"Dear old boy, do you think that when a guinea vacuum cleaner was advertised, I missed it? I positively ran to the ironmonger's, and made a perfect fright of myself, testing every Suk-Suk in the place, in the frantic hope of finding one that would work. The whole shop was full of women (djibba women, too!) eager to try them. We fought with each other for them—and then, having tried every single one, returned home sadly to our brooms and dust-pans. Last time I was in the shop I was told that the whole stock of Suk-Suks had been returned to the makers. 'A French toy,' the shopman

called them. 'We've returned all but one, which was shop-soiled,' he said. 'How we'll get rid of it, I don't know.'"

I looked at Moira. Then I looked at the Suk-Suk. "Yes," said Moira, "that's the one. You've bought it. I recognise it."

"They'll have to take it back!" I frowned fiercely.

"Oh, they'll take it back, if I ask them very nicely. They know me; and I'll explain that it was only my husband who bought it, and that, being a man, every allowance—"

This is where the end comes—in the story.

Darwin Vindicated.

"To Mr. and Mrs. —a daughter (née Woolley)."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Mr. Lloyd George was seen yesterday to walk to the Treasury unrecognised."

South Wales Echo.

Perhaps it wasn't Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"A motor mishap of an alarming nature occurred at Killiecrankie through the skidding of a car from Alloa."—*Greenock Telegraph*.

This must be the longest slide on record.



Gallant C.O. (returning to Scouts' Camp). "Now, THEN, I WON'T HAVE THIS TALKING GOING ON; IF IT DOESN'T STOP AT ONCE I SHALL HAVE YOU BOYS PUT IN THE GUARD TENT."

Small Voice (after long pause). "Please, Sir, this is the guard tent."

THE BLACK PERIL.

[*"African chief desires his two sons to be educated in England under home-like, wholesome conditions."*—*Advt. in morning paper.*]

"DEAREST IVY,—The two sons of King M'Bhumpo arrived to-day. It is awkward, especially as Mamma has always thought such a lot of birth and position, but they pay extravagantly, and Papa has been nearly ruined by the last Budget. They are coal-black, with wide staring eyes and large lips and feet.

They are called Sloko and Shanti. Their manners at dinner were quite foreign. Sloko threw chicken bones over his head and hit Benson behind

him, and Shanti asked Papa how many wives he had. They thought the mutton was bulldog.

The use of the bathroom was explained to them, and they each had a bath in the morning, and screamed all the time. They declare they cannot sleep another night under a roof, and have built a wigwam in the garden and lit a fire beside it. The dogs were frantic, and the gardener has given notice. In the evening the vicarage people dined with us; Mamma thought it would be a good influence for heathen boys. Shanti played the tomtom very loud, and Sloko explained to Miss Montgomery, the Vicar's daughter, that

he had a complete history of his country tattooed on his back, and would be very pleased to show it to us.

Next day—hunting. Sloko killed the carriage dog, and Shanti speared a swan and two of the ducks. We were not in time to stop them, as they shout very loud when excited, and cannot hear. After lunch they offered to perform their war dance and song in the drawing-room, but, as Mamma is dreadfully particular about the furniture, Papa told them we could not think of trespassing on their generosity. Sloko is a captain in his father's army; he says he had to take an oath to kill two white men before he is twenty-one. He hasn't killed anybody yet.

National Day of Lamentation in M'Bhumpoland, so it appears. Shanti sacrificed a hen in the garden; both stayed for hours in their bed-rooms and moaned a good deal. Mamma sent up Benson with a Church Catechism, but they took no notice. At last Papa gave them enough opium to poison several men, and they went to sleep till next morning.

Sloko very ill. Refused to see a doctor—he says he wants an African medicine man. Shanti beat a tom-tom in his room and closed the windows and chimney to keep out devils. Papa feared the sleeping sickness, but Benson says it is only the effects of having taken a bath. Sloko recovered by dinner-time, and proposed to me afterwards, also to Miss Montgomery. Papa feels depressed about his efforts to train them in the customs of English gentlemen.

Sloko showed signs of insanity next day; Shanti says it is hereditary in their tribe. Papa cabled to King M'Bhumpo to remove them.

Shanti has caught insanity. He has turned so pale that we are afraid Sloko may mistake him for a white man and kill him.

Papa thought it better not to wait for the King's reply, and has had them removed. We feel more comfortable now. We shall not be taking any more African princes just at present.

Yours, GLADYS.

The Red Indian.

"Mrs. —'s charming face, with soft, drooping curls, is alive with the picturesque stripes and colours of a Romany shawl."

Liverpool Courier.

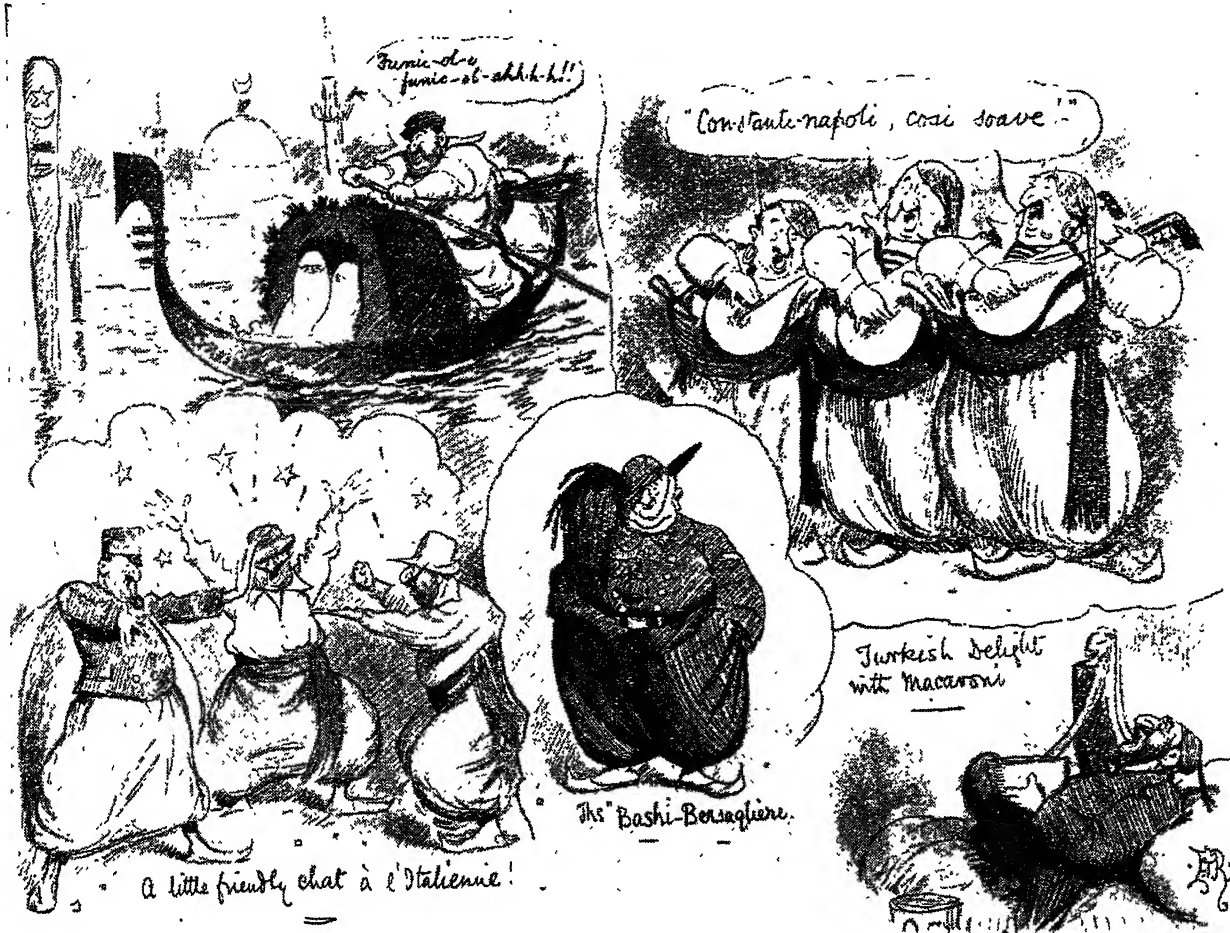
"All the prisoners of the Jail are Gonds, that is aborigines (*sic*) and the remaining ones are illiterate." A gentleman who spells aborigines in this original fashion is obviously an authority on illiteracy.—*Statesman.*

And a gentleman who comments on a gentleman who spells aborigines in this obvious fashion is certainly an authority on stumors.



THE SHOCKER SHOCKED.

GERMANY (*pained at Italy's behaviour*). "WHAT MANNERS! I CAN'T THINK WHERE MY YOUNG FRIEND PICKED 'EM UP!"



IF TURKEY BECAME ITALIAN!

(Our artist is perfectly capable of persuading himself that he can soothe the feelings of anyone who feels the above drawing to be somewhat unkind by showing, another week, the effect of a Turkish occupation of Italy.)

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MARIONETTES."

I WROTE a fortnight ago of a perplexed husband at Wyndham's. His wife, you may remember, had threatened to leave him, but his sister, Mrs. Margell, thought of a plan. "It was," I explained, "quite a simple plan—the dear old one, in fact, which gets another woman into the house in order to make the wife jealous. Mrs. Margell was, no doubt, a great playgoer, and had seen this plan working successfully on the stage hundreds of times; so she had confidence in recommending it."

That was only a fortnight ago. To have seen the same plan working again at The Comedy would have been too much; I don't know how one could have dealt with it. Luckily M. PIERRE WOLFF has hit upon an entirely different plot. In *The Marionettes* it is the woman who flirts with another man in order to make the

husband jealous! You would never have thought of this.

Well, that finishes it. I don't see what variations are left to the playwright now, unless of course he persuades the children to kiss the nurse in order to make the mother jealous. Yes, I have been hasty; there is still that to come. In the meanwhile we must content ourselves with what we can get at The Comedy. Anyhow we get Sir JOHN HARE and Miss MARIE LÖHR. It is Miss LÖHR who makes her husband (Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER) jealous; but you mustn't think that Sir JOHN is left out in the cold. As a young man he had written a love-letter to himself in order to make his wife jealous—with, I need hardly say, the usual success.

His niece is stimulated by the relation of this episode, but I fancy she must also have been a little piqued to find that, after all, her plan was not an original one. By the way, this uncle, M. de Ferney, is a very old man. It

is just possible that in him we have discovered the first and only begetter of the Great Idea, seeing that he was working it fifty years ago.

The acting was excellent. It was delightful to have Sir JOHN HARE back again and in a character so perfectly suited to him. Miss LÖHR, as charming as ever, had to play something more emotional than the light comedy parts to which she has been accustomed lately, but she was fully equal to it. Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER was a little angular but very much in earnest as the husband, and Mr. C. M. LOWNE helped the play along enormously with much happy conversation. It was always a pleasure to see his head come in at the door; if he had only looked in for his music he could still be relied upon for a chat. M.

"BONITA."

A "Prologue," very tragic for a "comic opera," but otherwise superfluous, shows us the death of an English

officer on a small Portuguese battle-field in the dark (1810), his native wife being in attendance. Subsequently (present day) the great-grandson of this officer, and the great-granddaughter of the officer's wife (why this invidious distinction is made in their parentage it is not for me to conjecture) meet in exceptional circumstances. Exceptional, because it is contrary to habit for the heir to an English title to run over to Portugal for the purpose of unearthing a possible claimant to that title. However, I do not quarrel with this design, nor with his arrival at a little Portuguese fishing village in full military uniform, accompanied by part of a squadron of British troopers, and a slight American accent. These things happen in comic opera, or, rather in musical comedy. What I do complain of, and bitterly, is that he and his Lancers should be dressed in the crudest vermillion, to the great detriment of a very charming colour-scheme. For I could not desire a more attractive scene than this of the sunny village by the quay, with its climbing street (practicable throughout), its garrulous folk in their picturesque dresses (the women swaying nicely from the hips), and its pleasant harmonies of local colour. And then came the vermillion Lancers, terribly British, and made everything silly and banal. Up to this point the play had gone gaily and with the right air of whimsical frivolity. Even the settled gloom of *Bonita's* rejected lover—you can picture Mr. CHARLES MAUDE looking exactly like himself, and singing, with a touch of the Portuguese method in his enunciation—

"She is fair

Beyond-a compare"—

was a source of general merriment; but the arrival of the vermillion Lancers changed everything. If only the tenor-hero (Mr. WHEATLEY) could have worked himself into the spirit of the scene I might have forgiven him his uniform. But with his stout figure and his stodgy personality he might have stepped clean out of second-class "Grand" Opera. He gave the atmosphere no chance. How *Bonita* preferred him to the slim and agile gentleman who played the *soi-disant* villain I cannot imagine. It is true that, on the first appearance of the hero, she

sang what I understood to be a song of farewell; but this must have been a mistake on her part, for she really loved him at sight with all the fervour of a life-long devotion.

Over the second scene—laid in a cloister, very formal in the regularity of its ruins—the shadow of the Lancer still lay, though he troubled the stage very little with his actual presence. It was vain to hope that the ordeal of St. Antony would fail to consign *Bonita* to the arms of that unsympathetic lover. Indeed, the interest rather lay with the minor characters, of whom



OPEN-AIR LIFE IN A PORTUGUESE VILLAGE.

A Typical Dancing Floor.

<i>Bonita</i>	Miss CLARA EVELYN.
<i>Lieut. Mannerton</i>	Mr. WHEATLEY.

the well-named *Perpetua*, a venerable and importunate virgin, always at hand on the off-chance of catching *Frederico* in a mood of self-committal, gave Miss EDITH CLEGG a chance of showing a nice gift of quiet humour.

Miss CLARA EVELYN, in the title rôle, sang gracefully, but her dancing seemed rather meaningless and artificial, hampered as it was by the perilous slope of the stage, and the necessity (so restricted was the area of the quay-side) of including the top of the sea-wall in the scope of her operations. I could tell at once that the Portuguese style of dancing is not seen at its best on the top of a sea-wall.

Mr. VOLPE was rotund in his mirth, and Mr. MARK LESTER had his droll

moments, though the sneezing-fit that crowned them did not perhaps offer the very freshest material. Finally, if sinuous gestures and a most intelligent energy could have done it, Mr. MACKINDER as *Frederico* would have snatched a triumph for the piece.

Mr. FRASER-SIMSON'S music was pleasantly fluent, and Mr. WADHAM PEACOCK'S lyrics, of which from time to time I caught a phrase or two, seemed passable, if not up to the standard of Mr. ADRIAN ROSS. The house, on the second night, was friendly in patches, one very loyal patch being contingent to my own stall. I should be sorry to predict failure for an opera that shows at least some novelty of idea in a very pretty setting. Besides, it takes a lot to make any comic opera fail. But I do not think it will set either the Thames or the Tagus on fire.

Yet there must be something more in it than catches the eye, or why, you may well ask, should Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER have done it the compliment of "producing" it? At present the mystery lies unsolved. Can he conceivably have an interest in the Booth Steamship Company, Limited, which "kindly lent" the pictures in the foyer, illustrative of the beauty-spots of Portugal and the best sea route for getting at them?

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

The worst of modifying an old theme on the stage is that it lets loose the pedantry of the critics. Personally I think that, while he was about it, Mr. AUSTIN STRONG might have seized the chance of a

satire on modern developments in England. But, if he has succeeded in transmuting baser metal into gold of even ten carats only, it is a graceless task to remind him that he has been tampering with the original.

Like many other playwrights he has made the mistake of spreading himself at the start as if he had all eternity before him; lavishing on his First Act a wealth of detail out of all relation to its value as a contribution to the main issue. For result, by the time he reaches his climax he runs the risk of exhausting himself, or his audience, or both. Certainly I was a little disappointed over the reunion (loudly eulogised in the Press) between *Rip* and *Minna*. Miss WINIFRED EMERY

had been extraordinarily good just before in her passage of reminiscence; but somehow—well, perhaps Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's make-up was too repulsively venerable (after all, he need only have been about seventy), and one felt that the fact of his not having had a bath for fifty years must have mitigated the loyalty of the most devoted of lovers.

For the rest, one's interest, on the ethical side, was perhaps not too closely arrested, but one's ordinary senses, like *Rip's*, were kept on the alert. He had all five of them on the stage at once dancing gracefully in gauzy draperies to the designs of Miss INA PELLY, and one never knew but what at any moment the most appalling of bogies might emerge from behind a Kaatskill rock.

The episode of the copper-bowl, whose refurbishing was to be the test of *Rip's* reformation, was a pleasant piece of symbolism; but I confess that, apart from the moral significance of his effort, I wish that he had let the thing alone, for I greatly preferred the look of it in its original state.

Mr. MAUDE, both in youth and old, was admirable, and proved once more that, like SHAKESPEARE, he is not for any particular age, but for the whole gamut of them. The minor characters were all efficient, and the children charming, especially one pert little prodigy. Perhaps they had been a little over-drilled; for their movements were rather too uniform for spontaneity.

Mr. JOHN HARWOOD, as the two *Dobbies*, grandson and grandfather, both patrons of the gentle art, played with great naturalness. Following so close upon a similar attraction in *Pomander Walk*, it looks as if this item—a fisherman, always on the stage and never getting a bite—was to be a permanent feature at *The Playhouse*. I hope so, for indeed it is always a moving spectacle.

I must not conclude without mentioning the dog *Schneider*. The meeting between him and the young *Rip* was among the most pathetic incidents of the play. It was for this beloved sheepdog that *Rip's* first enquiries were made on returning from prison. Yet *Schneider* received the news of his master's home-coming with something worse than indifference. His nose recoiled with apparent repugnance from *Rip's* embraces, and he scooted off at top speed the very moment he was released.

Subsequently we were given to understand that *Rip* had mislaid *Schneider* in the course of his pilgrimage into the hills; but the cold fact is that the dog couldn't be induced even to start with him. O. S.



"YE DIDNA STOP AT THE CURLER'S ARMS THE LAST TIME YE CAM' UP FOR THE FUSHIN', SIR?"

"QUITE RIGHT; BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN?"

"BECAUSE YER GAUN THERE THIS TIME."

ANOTHER OF MUSIC'S CHARMS.

[Singing, it is said, prevents *emboupoint*. Our experience of *prime donne* leads us to doubt this; but let it pass.]

LONG had I laboured to combat obesity,
Striven to gain the physique of a
sprite,

Run every morning from Peckham to
the City,

Skipped in the garden for most of
the night,

Lunched every noon off a bun or a
banbury,

Dined off the merest suspicion of
sole,

Shunned all the products of TRUMAN
AND HANBURY,

Keeping my appetite under control.

Spite of this very curtailed commis-
sariat,

Hateful alike to my palate and eyes,
Vainly I struggled to keep Little Mary
at

Even a fairly respectable size.

Wholly defiant of anti-fats (various),
Ever my girth grew the greater, until

Someone commended a tonic sol-fa-
rious,
And I proceeded to bawl with a will.

Now I give rein to my native voracity
And, as I dine off the fat of the land,
Joy that a kindly adviser's sagacity
Showed me how simply my bulk
could be banned.

Slender I am and so graceful and
willowy

That, down at Margate, when gazing
upon

My fairy form as it bathed in the
billowy,

People remarked, "What a beautiful
swan."

"The latter vessel reports having a hole forty
feet long across the bows—due to the impact of
stopping the engines. She was badly out by
the starboard propeller."—*The Statesman*.

"The latter vessel reports having encountered
a whale, forty feet long, across her bows. The
impact stopped the engines. The whale was
fearfully cut by the starboard propeller."

The Englishman.

Anyhow it was forty feet long. That's
the point.

CRAGWELL END.

PART I.

THERE's nothing I know of to make you spend
A day of your life at Cragwell End.
It's a village quiet and grey and old,
A little village tucked into a fold
(A sort of valley, not over wide)
Of the hills that flank it on either side.
There's a large grey church with a square stone tower,
And a clock to mark you the passing hour
In a chime that shivers the village calm
With a few odd bits of the 100th psalm.
A red-brick Vicarage stands thereby,

Breathing comfort and lapped in ease,
With a row of elms thick-trunked and high,
And a bevy of rooks to caw in these.

'Tis there that the Revd. Salvyn Bent
(No tie could be neater or whiter than his tie)
Maintains the struggle against dissent,

An Oxford scholar *ex Aede Christi*;
And there in his twenty-minute sermons
He makes mince-meat of the modern Germans,
Defying their *apparatus criticus*

Like a brave old Vicar,
A famous stickler

To Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus.

He enjoys himself like a hearty boy

Who finds his life for his needs the aptest;

But the poisoned drop in his cup of joy

Is the Revd. Joshua Fall, the Baptist,

An earnest man with a tongue that stings—

The Vicar calls him a child of schism—

Who has dared to utter some dreadful things

On the vices of sacerdotalism,

And the ruination

Of education

By the Church of England Catechism.

Set in a circle of oak and beech,

North of the village lies Cragwell Hall;

And stretching far as the eye can reach,

Over the slopes and beyond the fall

Of the hills so keeping their guard about it

That the north wind never may chill or flout it,

Through forests as dense as that of Arden,

With orchard and park and trim-kept garden,

And farms for pasture and farms for tillage,

The Hall maintains its rule of the village.

And in the Hall

Lived the lord of all,

Girt round with all that our hearts desire

Of leisure and wealth, the ancient Squire.

He was the purplest-faced old man

Since ever the Darville race began,

Pompous and purple-faced and proud;

With a portly girth and a voice so loud

You might have heard it a mile away

When he cheered the hounds on a hunting day.

He was hard on dissenters and such encroachers,

He was hard on sinners and hard on poachers;

He talked of his rights as one who knew

That the pick of the earth to him was due:

The right to this and the right to that,

To the humble look and the lifted hat;

The right to scold or evict a peasant,

The right to partridge and hare and pheasant;

The right to encourage discontent

By raising a hard-worked farmer's rent;

The manifest right to ride to hounds
Through his own or anyone else's grounds;
The right to eat of the best by day
And to snore the whole of the night away;
For his motto, as often he explained,
Was "A Darville holds what a Darville gained."
He tried to be just, but that may be
Small merit in one who has most things free;

And his neighbours averred,

When they heard the word,

"Old Darville's a just man, is he? Bust his
Gills, we could do without his justice!"

A NEW WAY WITH FOREIGNERS.

THE world is full of phrase-books in foreign tongues; but none says the right things and all demand pronunciations by the owner. What is wanted is a swift and efficient means of communication between traveller and waiter without the humiliation of distorting one's honest English mouth and debasing one's good English accent. After much thought we have invented a new medium, superseding both speech and the clumsiness of the phrase-book, namely, a series of inexpensive cardboard discs, which can be carried easily in the pocket or reticule, and may on occasion be reclaimed by the prudent and economical (or might indeed be thrown back at them with lightning speed), on which will be printed the controlling sentences of a foreign tour.

To print the whole series would be too considerable a task and would involve loss of profit to the inventors; but a few specimens may be given.

For ticket-inspectors on Continental trains:

I know I am in a first-class compartment with a second-class ticket, but there are no seats in the second-class and this compartment was empty. Still, if you will only stop talking and gesticulating and looking like the man who runs the guillotine, I will move quietly into the corridor and stand for the rest of the 500 miles.

Please hold up as many fingers as there are minutes to wait at this station.

For porters:

I want one porter, and one only, to carry these two small bags. To that porter I will give 50 centimes for each bag; and no more. Howsoever many men you allow to help you I shall pay only one.

For hotel managers:

I know that your hotel is absolutely free from mosquitoes; but please have mosquito curtains fixed to my bed.

For waiters:

We are very hungry and tired. Bring the wine at once, and some butter. We should like other things too; but bring the wine, even if the order strikes you as insane.

For a guide:

I do not want a guide.

For the same guide, two minutes later:

I still do not want a guide.

For the same guide, at intervals:

I do not want a guide.

For a barber:

I want almost nothing taken off; just the merest trim.

For the same barber at the end of the sitting:

I said I wanted only a mere trim. You have made me look like a billiard ball. You are an incapable.

From the specimens given it will be gathered that the traveller will not only simplify his daily life abroad but endear himself to all he meets.



Visitor (after looking for missing tennis-ball for half-an-hour). "OH, COME ON! LET'S PLAY WITH FIVE!"
Daughter of the House. "HOW CAN WE? IT'S THE NEW ONE."

DANGEROUS LIVING.

WHEN wakeful Hebe brings me up
 My seeming harmless early cup,
 Science reminds me I've enjoyed
 A highly poisonous alkaloid
 Which slays the nerves with its abuses
 And plays the deuce with all one's
 juices.

The breakfast coffee I adore so
 Is just as fatal, only more so.
 The glass of lager, icy cool—
 Pray, who would touch it but a fool
 When in its amber depths one sees
 Gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease?
 Black whisky bottle, come not nigh
 To scare my apprehensive eye,
 For in thy dark recess reposes
 Grim liver trouble and cyrrhosis;
 In alcohol, whate'er its form,
 A million million perils swarm.
 But deadlier yet the rain-cloud's
 daughter,
 The much-belauded fatal water;
 The monstrous regiment of germs
 In this clear death-trap sports and
 squirms;

Nay, even graver yet its faults:
 It holds such minerals and salts
 As fill your gall with chalk and rubble
 And start all kinds of kidney trouble.

Meat? Why, a man had better eat
 Henbane and aconite than meat.

It breeds a poison, well defined
 And of the most insidious kind;
 Nor can one well be too emphatic
 In stating that it's eezematic.

Cooked vegetables, as one knows,
 Are simply starch and cellulose,
 While salads and their like are rife
 With baneful microscopic life.

Nor is it with our food alone
 That we are in the danger zone.
 Suppose you like to lie in bed
 With breezes blowing round your head,
 Beware of chills! But if at night
 You fasten doors and windows tight
 You risk asphyxiation through
 Excess of deadly CO₂.

If, like a healthy man, you feel
 Disposed to take a good square meal,
 Your system will be incommoded
 And seriously overloaded.
 But if, again, you peck some toast
 You'll turn into a weakling ghost,
 And should a microbe come your way
 You fall at once an easy prey.

If, like a Spartan, you forbear
 From woolly warmth in underwear
 In hopes of growing tough and hard,
 Oh, pray, be always on your guard,
 And never let it be forgotten
 Pneumonia lurks in risky cotton.

The ordinary man is keen
 On keeping reasonably clean,
 But dangers lie along his path—
 Immense the perils of the bath.
 If in a chilly tub you plop,
 As like as not your heart will stop;
 While if, again, you fill the room
 With clouds of steam, you seal your
 doom:
 You undermine your circulation
 And slowly die of enervation.

If, to keep fit and well and strong,
 You labour bravely all day long,
 And if your toil you never shirk,
 Then you will die of overwork;
 While if, in fear of breaking down,
 You take a fortnight out of town,
 Who knows what consequences may
 Result from such a holiday?

To dry oneself with careful rub,
 To dress, still dripping from the tub,
 To aim at cheerful wit, to brood
 In pensive, melancholy mood,
 To bar tobacco, and to smoke
 Whene'er the spirit moves a bloke,
 To laugh, to weep, to yawn, to
 sneeze,
 To wake, to slumber—each of these
 Means life, while also each of these is
 The cause of all our worst diseases.
 In short, a man can scarce be said
 To live in safety till he's dead.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOMEONE once said to me about a novel by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "I feel as if all the characters were my relations, and I didn't like them!" Without myself sharing this feeling, I can understand it rather better after reading *Hilda Lessways* (METHUEN). For a whole year I have been waiting for this book, chiefly to know why *Hilda*, having engaged herself to *Clayhanger*, almost immediately afterwards announced her marriage to *George Cannon*. And now that I do know all about it, and all about *Hilda*, and about her parents, and upbringing, and circumstances to the remotest particular I am aware somehow of a very slight feeling of disappointment. One thing I am sure of, that *Hilda Lessways*, as a book, is not such a good story as *Clayhanger*; though as a single character study it is as clever as anything that Mr. BENNETT, or for the matter of that any author I can remember, has yet done. For this very reason I suspect that it may prove a test of faith for his admirers; the devout (amongst whom I unhesitatingly enroll myself) will read every word with keen interest and enjoyment; the faint-hearted may incline to wish that a little more happened, or that *Hilda* were not quite so fond of examining her own emotions over apparently trivial events. The story I need not tell you. To readers of *Clayhanger* much of it is already known, and the one problem turns out after all to have a very simple solution. But to say that the book is worth reading is greatly to understate my own personal estimate of it; its minute and laborious analysis of one character must give *Hilda Lessways* a high place in the list of Mr. BENNETT's already amazing achievements.

Winnie Maxon's quarrel was with the world. The world says that if a man is neither unfaithful nor cruel to his wife it is the duty of the wife to stay with him. Mrs. Maxon protested against this theory. After a few years of married life she could stand that deadly prig, *Cyril Maxon*, no longer; so she left him. The story of her search for a real mate is told by Mr. ANTHONY HOPE in *Mrs. Maxon Protests* (METHUEN). Given his central character and his situations, Mr. HOPE can be trusted to get the most out of them—to tell his story, that is, in the best way. Where he fails in this book is in his inability to make real for us his central character. It

is difficult to believe in *Winnie*. She seems at first to be just the sort of fluffy shallow creature for whom the world's laws are made; afterwards she asks our sympathy as a suffering woman buffeted by the world unfairly; she claims our acquiescence in her special right to hold herself above the conventions. A woman like *Winnie*, with her curious readiness to love every man she meets, is the last person to support a Theory. Her pretty shoulders were never made for burdens of that kind. She may think she is protesting against the world, but in reality she is protesting against her own temperament. Her temperament makes an excellent story but a very poor case. If it were not that the atmosphere of the case hangs over it I would

congratulate Mr. HOPE unreservedly on his story. At the least, I can thank him for introducing me to the *Aikenheads*; they, anyhow, are real enough.

Charms and the man I sing, or rather Mr. HAROLD VALLINGS does in *Enter Charmian* (SMITH, ELDER). *Charms* herself is all right. She deserves her pet-name. The difficulty is to find the man. As somebody in the book says, "She might, as far as one can see, be either *Lady O' Gormon*, *Mrs. Millington Brind*, *Mrs. D'Abernon of D'Abernon Monachorum*, or—yes, easily enough, if she gave her mind to it for a week—the *Honourable Mrs. Eustace Bere!*" Of the other permutations and combinations in this pleasant comedy-idyll of courtship and marriage I have, even after a second reading, rather a hazy idea. There are, I think, some eight engagements in the story, which, even though two of them are broken off, is a fair allowance

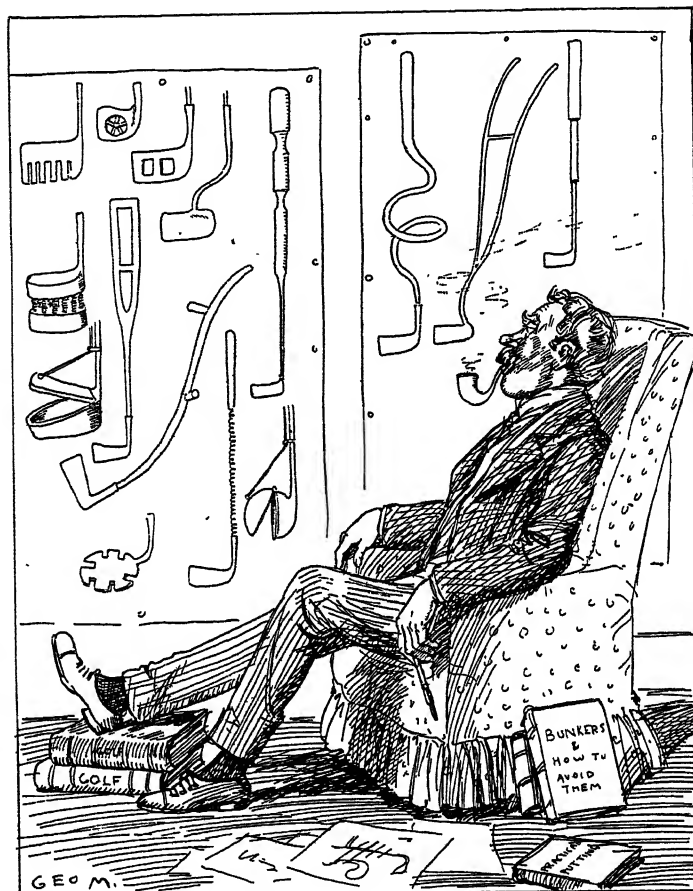
for a community of half-a-dozen families. And all in six months too. Still, the picture of the somewhat purposeless life which better-class people with fair incomes are apt to live in the depths of the country is well drawn, and the characters are distinct and lifelike. And, after all, Devonshire lanes were made for courting.

"Another Big Hit.
'Your Eyes Have Told Me So.'"

Song advertisement.

Tut, tut. Where was the Rev. Mr. MEYER?

"In the interests of sport the cinematograph should be excluded from the Ring," says a boxing writer. An expert tells us this is actually the custom under Queensberry rules, only the principals and the referee being allowed inside the ropes.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

X.—A GOLF PROFESSIONAL THINKING OUT NEW DESIGNS FOR CLUBS.

CHARIVARIA.

ITALY, it is said, was at one time prepared to pay two and a-half million pounds for Tripoli. Now, however, that the place has been so much injured by a bombardment she will expect to get the damaged article for a very much lower price.

There is just this excuse for Italy: with the advent of the cold weather a desire for "a place in the sun" is, we suppose, not altogether unnatural.

"We have a Tripoli of our own in England," says a paragraph in *The Daily Chronicle*. "It is Plymouth, which, when spoken of collectively, is always termed locally 'The Three Towns.' This may be so, but it is surely madness to let Italy know it."

"The general municipal council of Corsica," we read, "has protested against cinematographers representing the island as a land of brigands." It certainly does seem a shame, in view of recent events, to particularise any one part of the Italian Kingdom in this respect.

M. DELCASSÉ has decided to do away with Powder B. in the French Navy in view of its obvious dangers. As Germany succeeded recently in persuading Turkey to purchase two of her old battle-ships, diplomatic pressure, it is rumoured, will now be exerted by France to get Turkey to take over this discarded powder.

Mr. EDISON has expressed the opinion that the English are the highest type, physically, morally and mentally, in Europe, and some of our friends on the Continent are saying that this is the most remarkable invention that the veteran scientist has ever made.

A number of manuscript plays belonging to M. ALPHONSE FRANCKE were recently stolen, and thrown into a rubbish heap, whence they were ultimately rescued. They had, however, to be disinfected. We can hardly dare to hope that many of the manuscripts of our British playwrights will be transferred to the rubbish heap; but is it too

much to ask that they should at least be disinfected? *

The Dublin Corporation has changed the name of Great Britain Street to Parnell Street. And now we are trembling lest, when the Home Rulers are invested with still greater powers, they shall change the name of our little island itself to Parnell.

At Bournemouth the Government auditor has refused to sanction the

in the London Fire Brigade one day's rest in seven is being considered once more. Meanwhile foreign merchants and others will greatly oblige if they will have their fires on other days than Sundays.

Nervous maiden ladies living in the neighbourhood were thrown into something approaching a state of panic on hearing a wild rumour, the other day, that an "osculator" had been installed at Earls Court Station. We have much pleasure in stating that the word should have been "escalator."

It is rumoured that a number of kind-hearted persons in America, touched by our grief at losing Tattershall Castle, are raising a fund with a view to presenting the people of Lincolnshire with a New York sky-scraper which is about to be demolished owing to its being out-of-date.

The wave of humanitarianism which threatens to affect everything connected with our prison system is spreading. A Black Maria completely broke down at Shepherd's Bush the other day.

"All Cats' Day" was held for the first time on the 1st inst., when lovers of cats throughout the country were asked to make some little effort "to lighten the lot of these neglected and misunderstood animals." Dogs are of the opinion that it is only because these creatures are misunderstood that they are tolerated at all.

Much sympathy is still being shown in U.S.A. about Canada's Declaration of Independence. It is felt to be in the true spirit of reciprocity.

There are now 75,967 recipients of old-age pensions in the London County Council area, which is more than double the number of pensioners at the inception of the scheme. We always thought the idea was bound to prove increasingly popular.

"The Bakerloo Tube was recently disorganised by a train jumping the points at Westminster Bridge Road Station and damaging the permanent way." More railway unrest!



Consumer. "ARE THESE PORK OR MUTTON CHOPS?"

Waiter. "CAN'T YOU TELL BY THE TASTE, SIR?"

Consumer. "No!"

Waiter (quarrelously). "THEN WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT THEY'RE CALLED?"

expenditure of over £900 in entertaining the mayors who visited the town for the centenary fêtes last year, and it is thought that, when the time comes, the celebration of Bournemouth's bicentenary will be an extremely quiet affair.

A picturesque harvest festival service was held at the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, Billingsgate, the building being decorated with every fish known to our islands. The conceit of the first periwinkle that ever went to church was said to be very marked.

The advisability of granting all men

ON MIXED SHOOTING.

LET my Bettina take it not amiss
 Nor deem that from my side I wish to shove her
 If I forego the too, too poignant bliss
 Of her adjuvance in the hedgerow's cover,
 Where I propose to lurk
 And do among the driven birds some deadly work.

Linked in the dance, you cannot be too near,
 Nor where the waves permit our joint immersion;
 Dinners or theatres yield an added cheer
 With you beside me to afford diversion
 From thoughts of play or platter,
 And not of fundamental things that really matter.

But here, where my immortal soul, afire
 With fervour savouring almost of religion,
 Fain would pursue, unvexed, its one desire—
 To down the partridge or the errant pigeon,
 What if you stood (or sat)
 Close by and asked me if I liked your latest hat?

I could not bear it; you would sap my nerve;
 My hand and eye would cease to work together;
 I could not rightly gauge the covey's swerve,
 And, swinging round to spray the rearmost feather,
 I might mislay my wits
 And blow your smart confection into little bits.

Go rather where he stands, a field away,
 Yon youth who likes himself; go there, my Betty,
 Beguile his vision; round his trigger lay
 "One strangling golden hair" (D. G. ROSSETTI).
 That ought to spoil his feats
 And keep him fairly quiet in between the beats.

But later, when the luncheon-hour is come,
 Be near me all you will; for then your prattle
 Will be most welcome with its pleasant hum
 So out of place amid the stress of battle;
 Over an Irish stew,
 With "Bristol cream" to top it, I am *tout à vous*.

Not that your virtues have no higher use;
 Such gifts would grace the loftiest position;
 But where the birds come down wind like the deuce
 I mark the limit of your woman's mission;
 In other circles, elsewhere,
 "A ministering angel thou;" but not just there.

O. S.

OUR COMPLETE NOVELETTE.

[Printed backwards, for the convenience of those readers who prefer to know the end first.]

CHAPTER VI.—EVENING.

PHILIP sat in the library of his father's house, studying idly the illustrated papers. Little recked he of the turn his affairs had taken since the morning.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Even that did not fill him with vague apprehensions. "Come in," he said merely.

It was a telegram—a telegram from Eva. Philip opened it and read.

"Well, I'm blest!" he said.

THE END.

(Printed by the One and Only Press, London and Edinburgh.)

CHAPTER V.—LATE AFTERNOON.

It was a passionate and tear-stained Eva that sat down at her escritoire to write the fatal letter, the letter which

should terminate for ever her betrothal to Philip Stanmore. The tense silence of the room was unbroken save by the scratching of her pen. Twice only she paused in her writing. Did she waver in her purpose? No. Her difficulty was purely technical. When one is breaking off an engagement, can one address the other party as "Dear," if only "Sir"? When one has broken off one's engagement, can one then sign oneself "Yours," if only "truly"? Then a naughty devil in her whispered a tempting and easy way out. She picked up a telegraph form.

CHAPTER IV.—EARLY AFTERNOON.

The sister and the *fiancée* stood face to face. To each, the face of the other appeared repulsive—repulsive in itself, and repulsive because it belonged to its owner. Eva had called Jane Stanmore "My dear," and had meant the worst that could be said. Jane had called Eva "Darling," and had meant the worst that could be thought. So now they stood face to face, Eva alleging regrets that she must go, Jane pressing her to stay yet awhile. In such words as these the most violent passions and the most burning animosities of the drawing-room are expressed.

No sooner was the door closed behind the departing Eva than "Yellow!" shrieked Jane hysterically, raising her hands to heaven in scorn. "Yellow! and she knows my complexion can't stand it. Deliberate spite I call it. Yellow! The cat!" Bursting into tears, she almost wished she were dead. She quite wished Eva were dead. Death, however, being out of the question, she determined to make life unbearable to Philip, Philip her inoffensive, you might have even supposed irrelevant, brother.

Meanwhile Eva was being driven, furious in heart, she knew not where. "Blue!" she was crying to herself, "my goodness, blue! The commonest, most out of fashion colour she can think off. Blue! The cat!"

CHAPTER III.—LATE MORNING.

As the two girls were rapidly passing from the utmost affection to the merest politeness, Philip entered. The situation was explained to him. He smiled confidently.

"Eva says yellow, Jane says blue," said he. "Why not split the difference and have green?"

"Green?" asked Eva, with scorn.

"Green!" cried Jane, with derision. For a moment it seemed as if the two were to be driven into alliance. But no.

"At any rate, it is better than blue, my dear," said Eva.

"And yet," said Jane, "I believe I'd sooner have even green than yellow, darling."

CHAPTER II.—EARLY MORNING.

The two girls rushed into each other's arms between every sentence. The history of the proposal finished, they came to business. "I refuse to be married to Philip unless you will be my chief bridesmaid," said Eva.

"Oh, but I should love it!" answered Jane, and they kissed with renewed fervour. "And what about the colour of the bridesmaids' dresses? What do you think of blue, for instance?"

"Blue would be simply sweet," said Eva, a little firmly. "But do you know, I almost think I prefer yellow?"

"Yellow!" said Jane.

CHAPTER I.—OVERNIGHT.

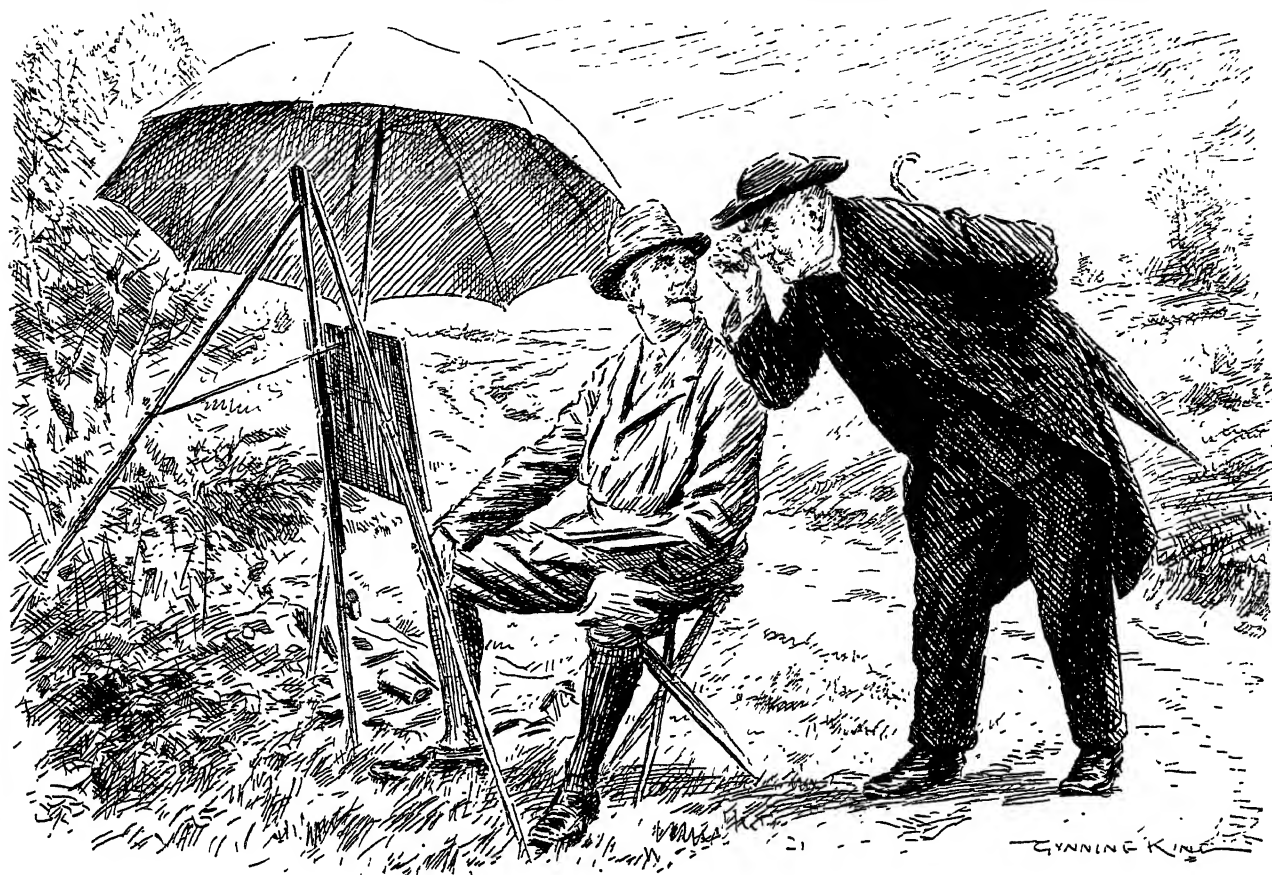
Philip kissed Eva for the last time but one before parting for the evening. "And whatever happens, through thick and thin and right till the very end, you will stick to me, my darling?" he whispered.

"Sweetest," said Eva, looking into his eyes with her own fearless and undoubting gaze, "nothing shall ever part us."



THE WELSH NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

"'OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN, WHITHER SO HIGH?'
'TO SWEEP THE STEEPLES OFF THE SKY.'"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Parson. "VERY NICE! VERY EXCELLENT, INDEED! AND WHERE IS IT?"

THE £400 LOOK.

WE are to-day able to publish the exclusive information that certain of our Members of Parliament are not quite satisfied, all things considered, that they should receive payment for their services. This noble little band of amateur politicians has adopted the plan, we understand, of quietly slipping the first quarterly cheque in at the back of the fire without a word to any one. But we doubt if they will be quite able to retain their former status. Our representative interviewed the Editor of *The Sportsman* last night, who confirmed our view that any amateur, wittingly competing against a professional, thereby became *ipso facto* a professional.

Yet it can hardly be that these little acts of unostentatious self-sacrifice should be in vain. Already it is leaking out. Despite all efforts at concealment, rumours of the New Altruism are abroad. Among secretaries of charitable institutions—who are quite as wide-awake as you and I—the present is considered a good moment for appeals. Those who are asking definitely for the sum of £400 ("to

clear off the remaining debt") are now admitted to have made the stupid blunder of forgetting the Income Tax. The popular figure ("urgently needed to meet an unexpected emergency") is £385. We do not know how far this movement is meeting with success, but we may say, as a mere straw to show the direction of the wind, that we have heard to-day of a projected cottage hospital in one of the Northern counties whose site has suddenly been removed without explanation from a Liberal constituency into a Unionist one.

We have every reason to hope that the New Altruism, as yet in its infancy, will have a profound and far-reaching effect upon our national life. If Members of Parliament in any great numbers take up the position that they will not be paid for their services because they like doing that sort of thing, depend upon it they will not be allowed to stand alone. Others will follow. We believe that the moment is a good one and that public spirit is ripe. People are beginning to recognise, for instance, that the whole of the agitation which resulted in the suppression of the WELLS-JOHNSON fight would have fallen to the ground had the

two combatants come forward at the beginning and frankly announced that they had no desire to be paid for their services, for boxing was its own reward.

We learn in the same connection that there is no little searching of heart among the paid officials of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. We should not be at all surprised at the announcement that they also had decided to accept no further remuneration for their labours on the ground that they do it for the sheer love of the thing.

Other significant information reaches us from Scotland. There is a growing restlessness, it seems, among the old-age pensioners in the poorer parts of Glasgow. They do not wish to be regarded as professionals and they very strongly object to have their age and poverty flung in their faces. There is some talk of forming a Society of Passively Resisting Septuagenarians, whose members will bind themselves to abstain.

"Braid lost the tenth through putting 40 yards into the rough."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Never up, never in," but this is over-doing it.

THE HOTEL CHILD.

I was in the lounge when I made her acquaintance, enjoying a pipe after tea, and perhaps—I don't know—closing my eyes now and then.

"Would you like to see my shells?" she asked suddenly.

I woke up and looked at her. She was about seven years old, pretty, dark, and very much at ease.

"I should love it," I said.

She produced a large paper bag from somewhere, and poured the contents in front of me.

"I've got two hundred and fifty-eight," she announced.

"So I see," I said. I wasn't going to count them.

"I think they're very pretty. I'll give you one if you like. Which one will you choose?"

I sat up and examined them carefully. Seeing how short a time we had known each other I didn't feel that I could take one of the good ones. After a little thought I chose quite a plain one which had belonged to a winkle some weeks ago.

"Thank you very much," I said.

"I don't think you choose shells at all well," she said scornfully. "That's one of the ugly ones."

"It will grow on me," I explained. "In a year or two I shall think it beautiful."

"I'll let you have this one too," she said, picking out the best. "Now shall we play at something?"

I had been playing at something all day. A little thinking in front of the fire was my present programme.

"Let's talk instead," I suggested. "What's your name?"

"Betty."

"I knew it was Betty. You look just like Betty."

"What's yours?"

Somehow I hadn't expected that. After all, though, it was only fair.

"Orlando," I said.

"What a funny name. I don't like it."

"You should have said so before. It's too late now. What have you been doing all day?"

"Playing on the sands. What have you been doing?"

"I've been playing in the sand too. I suppose, Betty, you know nearly everybody in the hotel?"

"Oh, I play with them all sometimes."

"Yes; then tell me, Betty, do you ever get asked what time you go to bed?"

"They all ask me that," said Betty promptly.

"I think I should like to ask you too," I said, "just to be in the movement. When is it?"

"Half-past six." She looked at the clock. "So we've got half-an-hour. I'll get my ball."

Before I had time to do anything about it, the ball came bouncing in, hit me on the side of the head, and hurried off to hide itself under an old lady dozing in the corner. Betty followed more sedately.

"Where's my ball?" she asked.

"Has it come in?" I said in surprise. "Then it must have gone out again. It noticed you weren't here."

"I believe you've got it."

"I swear I haven't, Betty. I think the lady in the corner knows something about it."

Betty rushed across to her and began to crawl under her chair. I nervously rehearsed a few sentences to myself.

"It is not my child, madam. I found it here. Surely you can see that there is no likeness between us? If we keep quite still perhaps she will go away."

"I've got it," cried Betty, and the old lady woke up with a jerk.

"What are you doing, child?" she said crossly.

"Your little girl, madam," I began—but Betty's ball hit me on the head again before I could develop my theme.

"Your little girl, Sir," began the old lady at the same moment.

"I said it first," I murmured.

"Betty," I went on aloud, "what is your name, my child?"

"You've just said it."

"I mean," I corrected myself quickly, "where do you live?"

"Kensington."

I looked triumphantly at the old lady. Surely a father wouldn't need to ask his own child where she lived? However, the old lady was asleep again. I turned to Betty.

"We shall have to play this game more quietly," I said. "In fact, we had better make some new rules. Instead of hitting me on the head each time, you can roll the ball gently along the floor to me, and I shall roll it gently back to you. And the one who misses it first goes to bed."

I gave her an easy one to start with, wishing to work up naturally to the *dénouement*, and she gave me a very difficult one back, not quite understanding the object of the game.

"You've got to go to bed," she cried, clapping her hands. "You've got to go—to bed. You've got—to go—to bed. You've——"

"All right," I said coldly. "Don't make a song about it."

It was ten minutes past six. I generally go to bed at eleven-thirty. It would be the longest night I had had

for years. I sighed and prepared to go.

"You needn't go till half-past," said Betty kindly.

"No, no," I said firmly. "Rules are rules." I had just remembered that there was nothing in the rules about not getting up again.

"Then I'll come with you and see your room."

"No, you mustn't do that; you'd fall out of the window. It's a very tricky window. I'm always falling out of it myself."

"Then let's go on playing here, and we won't go to bed if we miss."

"Very well," I agreed. Really there was nothing else for it.

Robbed of its chief interest the game proved, after ten minutes or so, to be one of the duller ones. Whatever people say, I don't think it compares with cricket, for instance. It is certainly not so subtle as golf.

"I like playing this game," said Betty. "Don't you?"

"I think I shall get to love it," I said, looking at the clock. There were still five minutes, and I rolled down a very fast googly which beat her entirely and went straight for the door. Under the old rules she would have gone to bed at once. Alas, that—

"Look out," I said as she went after it, "there's somebody coming in."

Somebody came in. She smiled ruefully at us and then took Betty's hand.

"I'm afraid my little girl has been worrying you," she said prettily.

"I knew you'd say that," said Betty. A. A. M.

Little Known Facts about the Education Office.

"Mr. Steer denied that in passing the motion they were following a dead horse. The horse was not dead, and its spirit still reigned at the Education Office to the detriment of fully qualified teachers."

"A local Italian, on being asked whether he had been summoned home for military service, replied in the negative, adding that he was 'a crystallised Englishman.' After a few minutes of mental research his interrogator came to the conclusion that what the descendant of the Romans meant was 'nationalised.'"

Rothersey Express.

And after another few minutes of mental research we have come to the conclusion that what our contemporary meant was "naturalised."

"Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, who once suggested that a man was too old at forty and utterly useless for all practical purposes after sixty, has been appointed, at the age of sixty-two, Silliman Lecturer at Yale University for October 1912."

Very appropriate he must consider it.



BRITISH GOLF AMERICANISED.

[Designed from a report of Mr. HINTON's experiences during the final of the American Championship.]

THE ABSENTEES.

A DUOLOGUE.

[While Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. BIRRELL have been acting on the principle that "Ireland is a grand country to live out of," Mr. JIM LARKIN, the *protégé* of the Castle officials, has apparently not allowed the sacred rights of illegality and disorder to suffer from undue discouragement.]

B. FAR from the Castle and the stream,
Whose odours hem the Phoenix
Park in,
Say, ABERDEEN, what fitter theme
Could we discuss than JIMMY
LARKIN?

A. Agreed, dear BIRRELL, for I find
That care has lost the power of
carkin'
Since I resolved to leave behind
As acting-Viceroy, JIMMY
LARKIN.

B. Why should I sacrifice my ease
And slave at dull laborious
clerkin'
(I, too, can clip my final g's),
When I can count on JIMMY
LARKIN?

A. Old HEROD was an iron rule—
He made a hobby of tetrarchin'—
But HEROD was a perfect fool
Compared to Mr. JIMMY LARKIN.

B. If Dublin's babies cry for bread,
Let Yorkshire send them lots of
parkin,
And Banbury its cakes, instead;
But do not bother JIMMY LARKIN.

A. I think as little of my foes
As of a plug that fails in sparkin';
Lapped in majestic repose
I leave it all to JIMMY LARKIN.

B. Superb was NELSON at the Nile,
Superb was the notorious
TARQUIN
(The rhyme, I own, is simply vile),
But more superb is JIMMY
LARKIN.

A. Me Scotland draws with ancient ties,
I claim, you know, with Lochin-
var kin.

B. Me Wales enchants with brassy
lies—

Both. Ireland we leave to JIMMY
LARKIN.

"A thin, slender figure of middle height, the face which surmounted it, with its thin, greyish-white beard and much-bitten moustache, so trimmed as to make the upper part of his face and head look even broader than it was, gave the impression of an old ecclesiastical ascetic, and the wrinkled chin around his eyes increased the look of age."—*Morning Post*.

We often wrinkle our chin in anxious thought, but we can never get it higher than the nose.

LATEST WAR NEWS

(From all sources).

CORFU. *Tuesday*.—The DUKE OF ABRUZZI has threatened to bombard Preveza unless the two small motor canoes at present in the harbour are surrendered.

ROME. *Wednesday*.—It is officially denied that any attempt will be made by Italy to bombard Preveza. It is known, however, that there are two small motor canoes hiding in the harbour, and the DUKE OF ABRUZZI has ordered a strong squadron of the Italian fleet to intercept them should they attempt to escape.

MALTA.—Heavy firing has been heard at sea, and it is surmised that Tripoli is being bombarded.

Later.—A heavy thunderstorm is also reported, so it may be this.

PEKIN.—A wireless message from Tunis states that the Italian fleet is bombarding the Metropolitan Railway.

The Italian Embassy has issued an official denial of the above, and states that the Metropolitan Railway is still running an efficient though restricted service. This statement is borne out by the Special Correspondent of *The Sporting Radical News*, who had a capital view of the bombardment through opera-glasses from 85 miles away, and can vouch for the fact that not a single private Tripolitan was injured.

The massing of Turkish troops on the Albanian coast has begun. Fourteen men, under the command of an officer, have concentrated at Elassona.

The above message was telegraphed from Bergen *via* Ristovac in consequence of the censorship.

The Daily Mail special correspondent at Lucerne says that the *Secolo's* Rome correspondent telegraphs that the *Tribuna* states that a special edition of *The New York Herald* gives credence to a rumour in the *Matin* that the KAISER has despatched a lengthy telegram to the SULTAN.

It is now thought, says the *Paris Journal*, that the second pair of Turkish motor punts supposed to have been sunk by the Italian fleet is probably only the first pair over again under assumed names. In Milan this theory is regarded with suspicion.

WAR ITEMS.

"Trips to Tripoli" will be the subject next Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument.

Two Italians appeared at Bow Street yesterday charged with assaulting a total stranger who was entering a Turkish Bath.

The Rev. F. B. MEYER denies that he is determined to stop the fight or that he has offered to go over to Rome in any sense whatever.

JAMES BRAID considers the Tripoli Golf course one of the finest that he has ever laid out.

In 1862 Mr. Gladstone said, "Turkey's adversity is Europe's opportunity."

It is not generally known that MARK ANTONY once fought and lost a naval battle at Actium in B.C. 31.

SHAKESPEARE alludes to "Tripolis" three times in *The Merchant of Venice* and once in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Miss Maudie Trevelyan is singing a new song at the Tooting Hippodrome with the haunting refrain, "Take, take, take me to Tripoli, do! do!! do!!!"

GREATNESS.

As, many years ago, a poet

Rose at a single bound to fame—

I can't remember which one (blow it!)

But you, perhaps, recall his name;

'Twas he who woke one morning (it's alleged)

A lion, so to put it, fully fledged;

Or as a modest man who dashes

To stop a horse that runs amuck,

Arrests it, so that nothing smashes,

And gets applauded for his pluck,

The crowd, who watched and thought

to see him dead,

Collecting round to cheer and pat his head;

So Glory came, when least expected

To shine upon my humble way;

So Fame her sudden beam directed

Upon my head the other day;

Though I had made no verses worth a

toss,

Nor rushed along the street to stop a

hoss.

I had done nothing, yet 'twas pleasant

To feel that I was really great,

To know that all and sundry present

Were envious of my lofty state,

To catch the sidelong glances thrown

at me,

And hear the youngsters whisper, "Look

at 'e!"

How oddly Fate bestows her bounty!

For this is how it came about:—

The Wolves were playing Derby

County,

And as we watched them coming

out

Their International half-back, McCRAKE,

Nodded at me in passing (by mistake).

"ARMY AIRSHIPS.

RIPPING PANEL EXPERIMENT."

Morning Post.

How jolly! We wish we'd seen it.

ARE GRANDPARENTS JEALOUS?

INTERESTING SYMPOSIUM.

THE statement recently made in court by Lord Justice Starling, that a sinister feature of modern life was the bitter jealousy of their juniors exhibited by grandparents, has elicited a number of remarkable pronouncements from leading luminaries of the Church, the Stage and other prominent callings, from which we cull the following representative utterances:—

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

My opinion, take it for all in all, as your divine SHAKESPEARE has it, is simply this, that a well-regulated (*bien rangée*) grandmother, or even a great-grandmother, should be incapable of jealousy of any of her descendants. But then she must possess genius, magnetism and the gift of eternal youth.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

Nothing is more painful than the artificial apotheosis of old age due to modern aids to longevity. In Mayfair it is the commonest thing to see bejewelled and painted grandmothers entering into unfair competition with their granddaughters, dancing all night and bridging all day, while the young people sadly accept the rôle of wallflower or find solace in slumming. No, grandparents are not jealous; but grandchildren are envious.

MR. LEMUEL TALLMARSH.

When I was an undergraduate at Balliol the question of the relation of the young and the very old once cropped up at a dinner-party given by JOWETT to CARLYLE, the BROWNS, FROUDE and my grandfather. My grandfather, whose Greek iambs excited the envy of GAISFORD, hazarded the view that the lack of respect and affection which characterised the rising generation would, if not checked, tend to civil war. CARLYLE, who was in, for him, a most playful mood, turned to me and said, "Has the unending ass tried to teach you to suck eggs yet?" I was torn in two between loyalty to my grandfather and a natural respect for the renowned Sage of Chelsea, and maintained an embarrassed silence. The tension was, however, happily relieved by a genial sally from FROUDE, who observed that a civil war was better than an uncivil peace,—a felicitous paraphrase of THUCYDIDES' *ἡ πόλις ἀνοικαλή* which immensely tickled JOWETT. I remember, and I may be pardoned for quoting from my *Oxford Memories* (Fourth Series, vol. iii., pp. 243-4), my notes on the conversation that ensued:—



Manageress (to customer about to light a cigar). "NO SMOKING IN HERE, SIR, PLEASE!"

Customer. "BUT YOU'VE GOT 'SMOKING ROOM' ON THE DOOR THERE."

Manageress. "THAT IS THE DOOR OF THE NEXT ROOM, SIR."

Customer. "THEN WHAT'S IT DOING IN HERE?"

"BROWNING, who curiously enough was the only person present who wore a black tie, noted the strange fact that while we always spoke of grandparents, grandfather and grandmother, it was optional whether we used the phrase grand-uncle or great-uncle. FROUDE thought this illustrated the flexibility of our vocabulary; but my grandfather demurred and also expressed the view that the word 'grandchildren' was a misnomer, observing that the French, with their greater lucidity and logic, employ the form *'petit-fils.'*"

The jealousy of grandparents, it will be observed, did not directly engage the conversationalists on this occasion, and neither CARLYLE nor JOWETT were capable of discussing the point from personal experience. But I remember

distinctly that CARLYLE smoked a clay pipe after dinner, to the obvious dissatisfaction of my grandfather, who held that the introduction of tobacco by RALEIGH was the starting-point of England's decadence. JOWETT, so far as I remember, never smoked, but in later years I have seen him toying with an unlighted cigarette in order to countenance his guests.

THE POET LAUREATE.

If pessimists who dare to tell us That grandfathers are growing jealous Expect me to expound my view, I answer them serenely, "Pooh!"



SPORTING HINTS.

Village Dame. "SCUSE ME, ZUR, WON'T YOU, BUT MY OLD HEN 'AVE JUST GONE INTO THAT WOOD. I DO HOPE HER WON'T BE UNFORTUNATE!"

TO ANY HAIRDRESSER.

THINK of me what you will: as one demented,
Or far too poor to pay the price you rush,
Or weary of strange liquids, lotus-scented,
And guaranteed to make the top-knot lush:
Think of me as a man in grief immersed,
Likely to let the dam thing fall and burst,
Or having such a dickens of a thirst
That I should drink it (Yes, the medium brush).

But by the sacred Muscs and Apollo
I would not take a sample bottle free
Of your ambrosial bear's-grease; I can follow
Your arguments, young man: I plainly see
The little pool you pour into your palm,
How odorous it is, how clear, how calm!
If there is anywhere in Gilead balm
This is the A1 blend; but none for me.

Senators, Kings, and Mr. LEWIS WALLER
Most likely use it; it has steeped with myrrh
The radiant locks and dripped into the collar
Of editors and viscounts; do I err
In thinking, if I rubbed the sacred fat
On to my winter overcoat, like that,
Or dropped a little on the front-door mat,
Next morning I should find them fledged with fur?

Hardly; and now, with bated breath and quieter,
Tell me what distillation of rare flow'rs,
(Known only to yourself and the proprietor)
Gathered in Orient lands, by midnight hours,
Produced the bally stuff; how other cures
Are simply patent advertisers' lures,
But, secret of the sons of Israel, yours
Evolved in SAMSON his peculiar pow'rs.

I quite believe you; yet with deep emotion
I tell you once again, for all your vows,
I will not buy that pestilential lotion;
If I had farms and vineyards I would souse
The fields with it, and make the mangels grow,
And all the vales with peace and plenty flow,
But not a drop of it, Narcissus, no!
Shall fall upon these Muse-devoted brows.

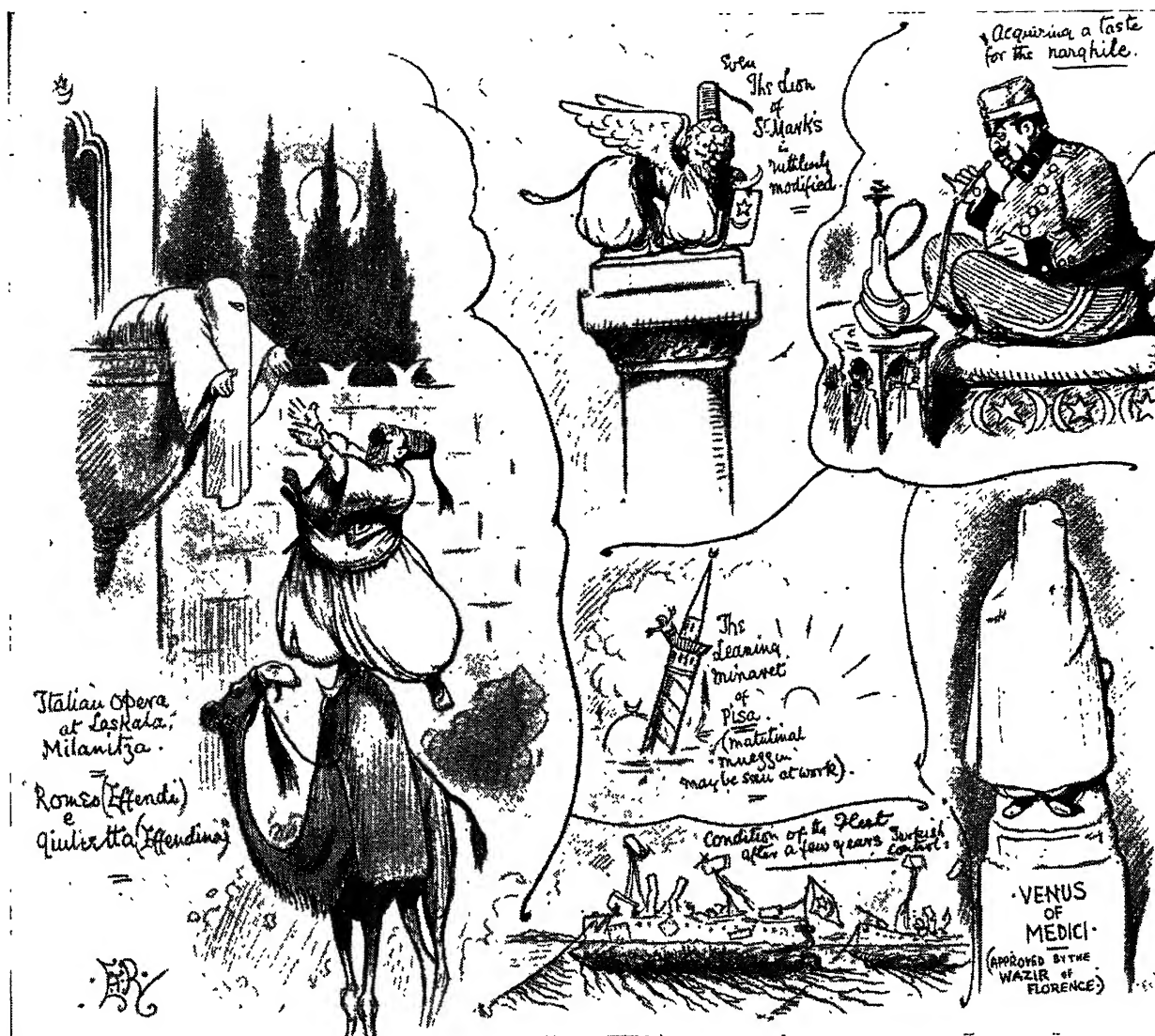
I shall grow bald then, shall I? Thank you,
barber;
That is the goal I look to; be it soon!
The day of cloudless skies, of stormless harbour,
When I shall come no more to hear you croon;
No more the unguent that offends my sight,
No more the sacrificial garb of white,
But all things tranquil as a summer night
Lit by a large, low, round and hairless moon.

EVOE.



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

DAME EUROPA (*of the Hague Academy for Young Gentlemen*). "I THOROUGHLY DISAPPROVE OF THIS, AND AS SOON AS EVER IT'S OVER I SHALL INTERFERE TO PUT A STOP TO IT."



IF ITALY BECAME TURKISH!

(Which, judging by events so far, is a somewhat large hypothesis.)

LAVENDER'S FOR LADIES.

LAVENDER's for ladies, an' they grows it in the garden;
Lavender's for ladies, and it's sweet an' dry an' blue;
But the swallows leave the steeple an' the skies begin to harden,

For now's the time o' lavender, an' now's the time o' rue!

"Lavender, lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
All down the street an old woman will cry;
But when she trundles
The sweet-smellin' bundles,
When she calls lavender,—swallows must fly!

Lavender's for ladies, (Heaven love their pretty faces);
Lavender's for ladies, they can sniff it at their ease,
An' they puts it on their counterpins an' on their pillow-cases,
An' dreams about their true-loves an' o' ships that cross the seas!

"Lavender, Lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
Thus the old woman will quaver an' call

All through the city—
It's blue an' it's pretty,
But brown's on the beech-tree an' mist over all!

Lavender's for ladies, so they puts it in their presses;
Lavender's for ladies, Joan an' Mary, Jill an' Jane;
So they lays it in their muslins an' their lawny Sunday dresses,

An' keeps 'em fresh as April till their loves come 'ome again!

"Lavender, lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
Still the old woman will wheeze an' will cry.

Give 'er a copper
An' p'raps it will stop 'er,
For when she calls lavender summer must die!

"He was then actually overhanging his prey, but succeeded in shooting a fine tahr with 12-inch horns, falling unfortunately 300 feet. This is nearly always the result of this kind of shooting."—*Field*.

"This is getting quite monotonous," murmured the sportsman as he found himself whizzing down the mountain side for the third time that morning.

AT THE PLAY.

"SUMURÛN."

THOUGH the cuckoo is not in a position to announce it, *Sumurûn* "is icumen in" again. In reviving this fascinating musical - play - without-words, The Savoy has also restored its original fulness, as made in Germany. It is not easy to recapture one's early difficulties with the plot, but I doubt if the new scenes contribute much to its lucidity, though they are a delightful addition to the gallery of pictures. I hardly dare to suggest that they rather spoil the balance of the design, but it certainly seems that a disproportionate space is now devoted to horse-play with the body of the *Hunchback*, and to the processes of manœuvring him into the harem.

The moving frieze of the *parabasis* still remains the most attractive feature of the play; but there is a pleasant new scene in front of the *Sheikh's* palace, where *Sumurûn's* maid, in the gay and charming person of Fräulein MÜLLER, attempts the peaceful persuasion of the harem-pickets. A large bucket, designed for hoisting goods to an upper storey, looked like the very thing for introducing *Nur-al-Din* and the *Hunchback*

into the palace. But it was strangely inoperative. It never raised its human contents more than a yard or two; and I could trace no relation between its movements, such as they were, and the handle that was supposed to work it.

You might imagine that the elemental crudity of this story from *The Arabian Nights* demanded no very great *finesse* of gesture or facial expression. But you would err. And indeed the play itself shows here and there a nice sense of human nature, as when *Sumurûn*, though on the point of deceiving her detested lord, is so humbled by the preference he shows to the slave-girl that for the moment, in her wounded pride, she repels the lover whom she adores; while, on the other side, the slave-girl, though she has a lover of her own, and, anyhow, would not be likely to find much attraction in the

veteran *Sheikh*, can yet enjoy her triumph over his lawful wife.

Fräulein VON DERR repeats her portrait of *Sumurûn* with all its former grace and liveness and subtle simplicity. Fräulein KONSTANTIN, as the slave-girl, has lost nothing of her original force, and still contrives, in presenting a fairly straightforward character (I speak without moral prejudice) to impart to it an air of mystery. Herr LOTZ, as *Nur-al-Din*, is still the perfect type of devout lover (I continue to speak without moral prejudice), absorbed in the object of his worship, and almost too modestly incredulous of his good fortune.

little tired of the filthy bodice and general repulsiveness of the old lady, who practised, among other unsavoury habits, the art of charming snakes. Snakes would seem to be easily pleased.

My best congratulations to Professor MAX REINHARDT on the deserved enthusiasm with which his production was received. Though the stage at The Savoy is a little too confined for broad effects, the new environment, with its more congenial atmosphere, should be a source of fresh attraction. And then the play has all the evening to itself, and the elect are spared the suspicion (so painfully felt at The Coliseum) that some of the house might be taking

Sumurûn on sufferance while waiting the turn of Mr. FRAGSON or a family of acrobats.

O. S.

THE DIVING-LESSON.

It was last August. I woke up with that vague feeling of mental discomfort which I have often experienced during my service abroad when there is some disturbing or unusual event on the programme of the coming day. On the night before—my first in England for many years—I had been entertaining my widowed sister-in-law and her daughter Nita, with whom I am spending the

first month of my furlough, with an account of some of my adventures after big game in India. The successful tracking and destruction of a rogue elephant I kept till the last, and finished it and the bottle of port—my poor brother collected some excellent port—at the same moment. Nita listened intently, and then said, with the charming irrelevance of fifteen, "Uncle Spencer, will you teach me to dive?" "I don't know that there is much to teach," I replied lightly; "it's all a matter of confidence." "Like elephant stories?" asked Nita—everything is a story to a child. "Then we'll start at half-past seven." Half-past seven seemed a long way off and I hesitated to make what might prove a useless admission.

A man's brain, especially if he has been trained, as I have, in a career



"NOW, GENTLEMEN, BEAR IN MIND, EVERY OLD MASTER SOLD IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS THE GENUINE SIGNATURE IN THE CORNER, AND YOU DON'T NEED TO SCRAPE THE VARNISH OFF TO FIND IT."

Herr HERZFELD, the new *Hunchback*, and a fine actor, bore the physical strain of his part (assisted, I hope, at certain crises by a dummy) with great intrepidity and resourcefulness. Herr CONRAD, if perhaps he yielded a little in the matter of appearance and deportment to the original *Sheikh* of Herr ROTHAUER, was sufficiently imposing. The *Sheikh's Son* (now played by Herr ROTHAUER) was formerly described as his "friend." This promotion to sonship adds a certain impious piquancy to his offences (including a scheme of murder) against that venerable *flâneur*.

I suppose that, just as a little humour (of no very high order) was judged necessary to relieve, by anticipation, the ultimate tragedy, so a note of ugliness was demanded as a foil to so much beauty. But I confess that I grew a

which requires above all things the habit of swift and sober decision, will often, in the clear morning light, refuse to ratify over-night engagements entered into under the obscuring influence of enthusiasm or wrung from the indulgence of a kindly nature. It is said of HENRY LAWRENCE, who served for many years in the same Province as myself, that when he had stroked his beard and looked once at the sky and once at the earth, he made the right decision. I wear no beard, but as Nita brought in my tea I looked once at a very cloudy sky, and in a flash the difficulty was solved. Nita asked how long I should be dressing. I said, why did she ask? Breakfast wasn't till nine. She said it would take a quarter of an hour to walk down. I expressed bewilderment, and she was forced to open the attack. But that was the limit of my success. I said, "Not to-day, my dear. I have no—" She said, "How lovely! I've brought you one for a birthday present."

If I had not swallowed some tea the wrong way, I think I could still have retrieved the position, but when I stopped coughing she was gone, and called out from the passage, "Put a coat over it and come down." I realised, after a little, that she referred to the costume, not to the tea on the pillow, and when I had got the thing on—it was made for an under-sized man with loud tastes—I was glad to take her advice. On the way down, however, she insisted several times on partial unveilings, and though her repeated assertions that it was lovely received unexpected corroboration from a passing milkman its shortcomings, when I removed my coat on the beach, were so obvious that I sought the shelter of the water and sat down quickly with the assistance of an enormous wave. The sudden movement was disastrous to my birthday present, and with one hand engaged as a safety-pin I struggled into deeper water. Though considerably exhausted I contrived to swim round the end of the breakwater, and, utilising it both as a support and as a screen, shouted to Nita to stay the other side. At that moment a large wave washed me higher on to the breakwater and, passing, left me suspended. Instinctively I clambered up, and a rending noise warned me that my troubles were not all behind me. From a sitting posture, and with my arms crossed over my breast, I then executed a dive, of which I can only say that it showed resource, courage and originality, entailing two complete somersaults and a fine hearty splash.

Nita's appreciation was tempered by



Taxi-driver (to gentleman who has given a shilling for a tenpenny fare and demanded the change). "OPE YER DIDN'T MIND ME GIVIN' IT YER ALL IN COPPERS, GUV'NOR?"

doubts whether she should not begin with the simpler kinds, but I firmly refused to indulge her lack of enterprise, and gave her instead a short course of instruction in the art of dressing in the water, the utility of which she admitted when I pointed out the frequency of shipwrecks in the middle of the night. To add piquancy to the display it was arranged that the beach was the sinking ship; Nita enacted the part of an heroic stewardess, and I was a lady-passenger precluded for obvious reasons from revisiting the wreck. My lifelike rendering of the unhappy lady's distress

when the stewardess, tempted by the beauty of my teagown, threatened to leave me to my fate, partly made up for the disappointing nature of the final performance, and I had to admit that, though the principle is the same, the feat is more difficult in deeper water.

Nita asked whether I could dive with a coat on.

She expects too much.

The Weekly Budget advertises "The Mystery of O.B." But surely Mr. OSCAR BROWNING has always been obvious to the public eye?

CRAGWELL END.

PART II.

THE village itself runs, more or less,
On the sinuous line of a letter S,
Twining its little houses through
The twists of the street, as our hamlets do,
For no good reason, so far as I know,
Save that chance has arranged it so.
It's a quaint old ramshackle moss-grown place,
Keeping its staid accustomed pace;
Not moved at all by the rush and flurry,
The mad tempestuous windy hurry
Of the big world tossing in rage and riot,
While the village holds to its old-world quiet.
There's a family grocer, a family baker,
A family butcher and sausage-maker—
A butcher, proud of his craft and willing
To admit that his business in life is killing,
Who parades a heart as soft as his meat's
tough—

There's a little shop for the sale of sweet stuff;
There's a maker and mender of boots and shoes
Of the sort that the country people use,
Studded with iron and clamped with steel,
And stout as a ship from toe to heel,
Who announces himself above his entry
As "patronised by the leading gentry."

There's an inn, "The George";

There's a blacksmith's forge,

And in the neat little inn's trim garden
The old men, each with his own churchwarden,
Bent and grey, but gossiping fellows,
Sip their innocent pints of beer,
While the anvil-notes ring high and clear
To the rushing bass of the mighty bellows.
And thence they look on a cheerful scene
As the little ones play on the Village Green,

Skiping about

With laugh and shout

As if no Darville could ever squire them,
And nothing on earth could tame or tire them.

On the central point of the pleasant Green
The famous stone-walled well is seen
Which has never stinted its ice-cold waters
To generations of Cragwell's daughters.
No matter how long the rain might fall
There was always enough for can and pail—
Enough for them and enough to lend
To the dried-out rivals of Cragwell End.
An army might have been sent to raise
Enough for a thousand washing days
Crowded and crammed together in one day,
One vast soap-sudded and wash-tubbed Monday,
And, however fast they might wind the winch,
The water wouldn't have sunk an inch.
For the legend runs that Crag the Saint,

At the high noon-tide of a summer's day,
Thirsty, spent with his toil and faint,

To the site of the well once made his way,
And there he saw a delightful rill
And sat beside it and drank his fill,
Drank of the rill and found it good,
Sitting at ease on a block of wood,
And blessed the place, and thenceforth never
The waters have ceased but they run for ever.
They burnt St. Crag, so the stories say,
And his ashes cast on the winds away,

But the well survives, and the block of wood
Stands—nay, stood where it always stood,
And still was the village's pride and glory
On the day of which I shall tell my story.
Gnarled and knotty and weather-stained,
Battered and cracked, it still remained;

And thither came,
Footsore and lame,

On an autumn evening a year ago
The wandering pedlar, Gipsy Joe.
Beside the block he stood and set
His table out on the well-stones wet.
"Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" was the call he cried
As the folk came flocking from every side;
For they knew their Gipsy Joe of old,
His free wild words and his laughter bold:
So high and low all gathered together
By the village well in the autumn weather,
Lured by the gipsy's bargain-chatter
And the reckless lift of his hare-brained patter.
And there the Revd. Salvyn Bent,
The parish church's ornament,
Stood, as it chanced, in discontent,
And eyed with a look that was almost sinister
The Revd. Joshua Fall, the minister.
And the Squire, it happened, was riding by,
With an angry look in his bloodshot eye,
Growling, as was his wont, and grunting
At the wasted toil of a bad day's hunting;
And he stopped his horse on its homeward way
To hear what the gipsy had to say.

FICTION AND FASHION.

WE observe with interest that in a note to a short story in the current issue of a popular sixpenny magazine the editor writes: "Lady readers of the following may be glad to learn that the illustrations have been executed by a dress expert, and represent the latest models for the forthcoming autumn." This seems to us to open up new prospects for our neglected novelists. May we not look to find something like the following in the literary Press before long?

DRESS AT THE LIBRARIES.

Ultra-smartness, combined with a suspicion of *diablerie*, will be found to be the note of the gowns worn by the heroine of Mrs. GLYN's new novel, *A Ducal Divorce*. The publishers are proud to call attention to the fact that Chapters VI. and VII., dealing respectively with the Foreign Office reception and the ball at Chiffon Castle, have been supervised by the talented author in conjunction with a well-known Paris modiste, thus ensuring that every costume depicted shall be a masterpiece of creative art. The reputations alike of author and *costumière* are a sufficient guarantee that a romance of special interest should result.

MR. J. M. BARRIE writes: "When I described the heroine of one of my novels as wearing a dress 'of some soft clinging material' I meant the new washable *foulardette* at three eleven three-farthings, and no other." Invaluable for all emotional work.

To gentlemen-authors commencing: If you feel inclined to dress your characters in "crash and bombazine, trimmed with *revers* of *eau-de-nil passementerie*," avoid solecisms so fatal to real popularity by consulting the Literary Dress Agency. Every MS. has personal attention. Send your female characters to us, and we undertake to turn them out worthy of the best publisher in London.

Fictional Fashions: Read the book reviews in *The Tailor and Outter*.



Village Tenor (hearing complaints of the singing in the choir on Sunday). "WELL, I DO ALL I CAN, MA'AM, BUT IT'S THEM BOYS, YOU KNOW; I ALWAYS 'AN TO 'URRY WITH MY TENOR AND GO BACK AND 'ELP 'EM WITH THEIR TREBLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Jim Davis (WELLS AND DARTON) is a book that would have delighted STEVENSON. You remember how, in one of the letters, he describes the way a story ought to begin—about the strange craft that must ha' dropped into the bay a little afore dawn, or words to that effect? Well, this is very much the kind of thing you get in Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's latest, a tale of Devon and the sea, of night-riders and preventive men. A capital tale too, and well told. Young *Jim Davis* himself (apart from his one great adventure) does nothing especially heroic, being for most of the time in a condition of very natural and human funk. But there is an excellent person, a smuggler called *Marah*, who makes full amends for this. And from the moment when the lad *Jim* stumbles upon the secret of the cave, and is forced by the fearful smugglers to become one of their band, adventures and fights and escapes follow each other in quite the right breathless fashion. With it all there is a distinction and an atmosphere, such as you would now naturally look for in Mr. MASEFIELD's work, which raise the whole far above the countless tales in which the same incidents have been employed. There was one passage in particular, of a boat being pushed at night out of a cave, which I had to read five or six times for sheer joy of its beauty, before I could get on with the page. Once or twice, however, I was puzzled. For example, it was a little shock to me, archæologically, to find persons at the beginning of the last century described as sitting down to lunch in the

middle of the day. Of course this may be all right; but it sounded strangely modern.

There is a great deal to be said for Mr. PETT RIDGE, and I intend to say some of it now in respect of his *Thanks to Sanderson* (METHUEN). It is not to be accepted as an axiom that if a railway servant, having risen by his own effort and merit to an inspectorship, educates his children to a higher standard of culture than his own, the children will inevitably become ashamed of him and cut themselves off from the family or the family from them. But it is more than probable that when such a lamentable development occurs it must be on the lines sketched in the hard case of the *Sandersons*, the bad tendency getting the better of the children only by slow degrees and the ingrates themselves showing in the process that they are not altogether without redeeming points. For Mr. PETT RIDGE is a most competent optimist—optimist, because he can find a good side to everybody; competent, because he sees a bright side which exists and does not invent one which, if he had the ordering of the universe, might be incorporated in human nature. And, if he does not deal in the subtleties of souls and the clash of intellects, he gives you a truer and more delightful account of the elemental humours of the lower middle class than any man I know. The opportune appearance of the book is an additional point in its favour. The careful study of the personality of a railway employee is at the moment valuable, and happy, moreover, since it confirms the favourable opinion derived from one's own experience. Certainly it suggests a doubt whether his

motive in striking so often and capriciously is always, or indeed ever, his own.

Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage (MILLS AND BOON) is a chronicle of excessively small beer. But it is free from acidity or sourness, and those who find the beverage refreshing may here drink to their hearts' content. Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT's most prominent failing is that she is wearisomely amiable. She thinks it worth while to record her friends' remarks verbatim, though their interest for the ordinary reader does not extend beyond the range of the nursery. She proudly prints facsimiles of commonplace letters from ARTHUR SULLIVAN, CHARLES READE and LONGFELLOW. Occasionally she brightens her story with reminiscences of her own *jeux d'esprits*. Over the space of more than half a century she recalls how, hearing that a friend was "accepting little attentions" from a Mr. BRANDON, she said, "Well, Mary, I wouldn't be seen with a brand on." Quick as lightning flashed the retort. "Well, your taste I call vert." Cal-vert; you take it? Ah, how the jests used to flow in those days! And yet, brought up in girlhood in the school of strolling players of which Mr. Crummies was a shining star, Mrs. CALVERT might have given us some good stories and some interesting descriptions. They do not seem to have occurred to her.

The supply of novels of the Historical-Romantic-Swashbuckler School is to-day, I should judge, not very far short of the demand, and when a thing can be had for the asking one is inclined to insist on a generous money's-worth. Speaking for myself at least, I know that when I see a book whose title suggests the Middle Ages I grow instantly censorious, and adopt what is probably an altogether unfairly critical attitude. In this spirit I began to read *For Henri and Navarre* (HUTCHINSON), by Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS, and for just a few pages at the opening I expected to be able to take full marks for intuition. But, thank heaven, the greatest of us make mistakes at times. It is one of the finest stories of the kind I have met for years, and I don't blame Miss CONYERS a bit for telling the publisher it is the best thing she has ever written. There is nothing in trying to describe what it is about. The ingredients of this sort of tale—love, intrigue and desperate straits—are all much the same. Everything depends on how you mix them, and how much life you can get inside the fancy dresses. I really think Miss CONYERS has done both about as well as they can be done.

The eight tales contained in *The Earthen Drum* (MILLS AND BOON) deal principally with love in the eternal

East and prove—if such proof is needed after *The Veil*—that Miss E. S. STEVENS may rest assured of an audience whenever she cares to beat her drum. Perhaps some of the stories may be a little highly flavoured for those who expect all love-affairs to be conducted on strictly British lines; I am not, however, saying this in order to depreciate Miss STEVENS's book, but by way of warning to people of insular prejudices. As a matter of fact, although the author's work is of the East—very Easterly, yet apart from one or two stray remarks, which may titillate the pruriently minded, she has maintained a praiseworthy reticence in dealing with subjects (the theme, for instance,

of "The White Mouse") that lend themselves to a broader and less artistic treatment. The story, however, which gains my unqualified admiration, is called "The Silly Young Cuckoo," an adorable piece of imaginative work. For a volume of short stories, a rare feature in this book is the fact that its contents are now on view for the first time; or so I judge from the absence of all reference to the courtesy of Editors and Proprietors of Magazines, a class that always seems to insist that its virtues, whenever utilised, should receive public recognition.

An epidemic of odd titles is abroad and Mrs. MANN's *There was a Widow* (METHUEN) is the latest. There is, however, nothing startling or indecorous about the widow, who is a nice, demure, penniless, feckless and not very perceptive person of the kind that attracts (in novels) strong, silent, content-to-wait men. Of such is the *Dr. Burden* who succeeds to her husband's practice and acquiesces in a situation which does more credit to his heart than his head. After due separation

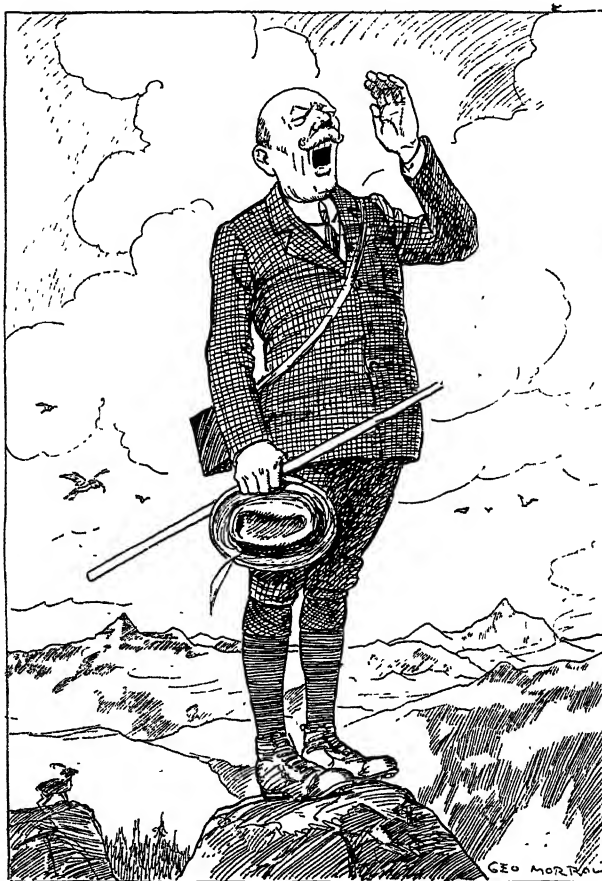
all ends well. The minor characters, for the most part mildly unpleasant, are well and definitely drawn; but *Diana Todd*, the husband-huntress, and *Lionel*, the bad young man who marries the housemaid, are perhaps not quite convincingly realised. And, to be frank, there were few traces of the "humorous pen" which the publishers promised me in a kindly summary upon the cover.

An Unfair Division.

"Mr. J. Buchanan on Saturday, on the football ground, beat Mr. J. R. Mackridge in a run of 100 yards. Buchanan had five yards start and Mackridge had muscular trouble."

Mr. BUCHANAN presumably won the toss and chose the five yards start.

"The first real touch of winter was experienced during the night of Thursday week, when the thermometer fell to 27 Fahr.—or in other words, three degrees of frost were recorded. In another part of the village we hear of five degrees being registered."—*Grantham Journal*. Perhaps they were merely better at subtraction in "another part of the village."



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

XI.—A CITY TOAST-MASTER TESTING THE ECHOES IN SWITZERLAND.

HOW I SPEND MY FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.

SIR,—It is with reluctance that I accept any emoluments from a rebel Government which defies the lawful authority of the Belfast Parliament. I may say that I purpose spending my year's salary in the purchase of a second-hand military airship (with gas-bag complete). It is not my intention to use this on circuit.

Yours valiantly, EDWARD CARSON.

SIR,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I behold any strengthening of those pecuniary bonds which, light as air yet strong as steel, bind England and Ireland together far more firmly than any corrupt Act of Union. I hope to spend my salary entirely on public purposes. I have already bought a red-white-and-blue waistcoat (to be worn on oratorical tours in the English provinces), and a large Union Jack (to be hoisted over my London house when in residence), and I intend offering a prize of £100 for the best rendering of *Rule Britannia* in Erse.

Yours for the flag,

JOHN REDMOND.

SIR,—Three hundred and ninety-five pounds of the unsought salary forced upon me by the worst

Government which ever misruled England I intend to give to the Welsh Establishment Defence Fund; the remainder I shall spend on articles likely to be of use in the campaign—notably a biretta for platform wear and a foghorn for service in the House of Commons.

Yours for the faith, HUGH CECIL.

SIR,—It is my intention to spread political light amongst my constituents by distributing one hundred copies of that favourite organ of the democracy, *The National Review*, every month. The balance of two hundred and fifty pounds I shall spend on a political breast-pin. It will bear upon it in sapphires the mystic initials, "B.M.G." Whatever the Party Whips say or do, it is my intention to wear this in the House.

Yours faithfully, ROWLAND HUNT.

P.S.—B.M. really G.

SIR,—My public salary will be entirely devoted to those black races which are crushed under the foot of the white oppressor. I am sending £50 to the Anti-Lynching Society (U.S.A.); to the JOHNSON testimonial fund as a protest against the wrongs he received in our white courts; to the Indian National Congress Fund; to the CETEWAYO monument; to the Chimney-Sweepers' Benevolent Society; and to the Homes for Aged Negro Minstrels. It is also my intention to send something to support the poor heathens who play at Blackheath.

Yours truly, W. BYLES.

P.S.—The only honour I could accept from the Government is that of a nighthood. If I can but get the Black

with the greatest possible regret as a felon), in subscribing to the Party press. It is my purpose to purchase regularly that excellent monthly, *The Observer*, edited by my distinguished follower, Mr. LEO GARVIN.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

SIR,—I am spending my salary on myself. Yours truly,

G. L. COURTHOPE.

(Mr. Punch wishes to congratulate Mr. COURTHOPE on his excellent choice.)

SIR,—My salary will be spent on preparations for the campaign. I have already secured a set of ditching tools, an Orange flag, a white do., a breast-plate, a Maxim, and twelve drums. If any balance should be left I desire that it be added to the CRAIG Monument Fund at the end of the campaign.

Yours ferociously,
C. C. CRAIG.

SIR,—Unfortunately my entire salary has been annexed by my wife. It is my intention to move at an early date in the House, "That the power of woman has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Yours indignantly,
AN M.P. WHO
PREFERS TO REMAIN
ANONYMOUS.

SIR—It is my intention to spend my

salary on my King's Lynn constituents. I am at present doubtful whether it would be best to distribute 8,000 rabbits, 2,400 ducks, 1,600 pheasants, or 480 barrels of beer amongst them. Let the Radicals say what they will, my constituents, at any rate, will find that their food will cost them less.

Yours bountifully, H. INGLEBY.

From an Indian theatrical announcement:—

"Our keen crystalised actors will put their usual enactments."

Good!

"'Blyford Church, Suffolk,' is in the artist's own inimical style, and yet it portrays the true Suffolk atmosphere."—*East Anglian Times*.

We are glad that the artist does not carry his hostility to Suffolk to extreme lengths.



A SUGGESTION TO MOTOR SCORCHERS.
CARRY A DUMMY INSPECTOR AND SAVE YOUR FINES.

Eagle of Prussia in recognition of my protests against militarism I shall die happy.

P.P.S.—I am desirous of contributing to some fund for the victims of this war. Could you inform me whether the Turks or the Italians have the darker complexions?

SIR,—It has been pointed out to me that it is in some respects desirable that the leader of a party should keep in touch with the journals of the day. Though a certain detachment from current thought has its advantages, still I am ready to fall in with the wishes of my loyal followers. In future, in addition to following current politics closely in the *Hibbert Journal*, as has been my custom, I intend to devote a portion of the funds supplied to me by my Right Honourable friend, Mr. ASQUITH (whom I must characterise

THE ARMISTICE.

[The Editor's Room of any morning paper, any evening, about 9 o'clock.]

Editor. I'll want something about Tripoli to-night, of course.

Leader Writer (reproachfully). I wrote last night, and there was nothing to say then. It's a rotten topic. Has anything happened?

Ed. Yes. An armistice is imminent.

L. W. Yes, but it's been imminent ever since war was declared.

Ed. I know. But it's still more imminent now, and people will expect something about it.

L. W. Is this last Tuesday's armistice, or a new one?

Ed. I don't know.

L. W. (persuasively). You see, this may only be a contradiction of the rumour that last Tuesday's news of an imminent armistice was premature.

Ed. We needn't worry over refinements like that. The German Ambassador at Constantinople has expressed his belief that war will be over by the end of this week. Besides, MUNIR PASHA is reported to have 20,000 men on the outskirts of Tripoli, ready to hold back the Italian army.

L. W. That doesn't sound like an armistice. Who is MUNIR PASHA?

Ed. I never heard of him till to-night. You'd better look him up in *Who's Who*. But that's not all. Germany is bargaining with Italy for a naval base in Tripoli. We must stop that, of course.

L. W. Of course. (More cheerfully) I did the fourth hole in two to-day.

Ed. That sounds pretty useful. And there's unrest in Bulgaria, too. You might mention that. You see there are plenty of points.

L. W. I suppose our line is to welcome the imminence of peace, while expressing doubt whether Italy's military task in Tripoli is really begun, and to insist firmly that Germany must not get a foothold in—what did you say was the name of the place?

Ed. Bomba, I think.

L. W. Where is Bomba?

Ed. I'm not at all sure. You'd better ask the foreign editor.

[In the Sub-Editors' room.]

L. W. (to Foreign Editor). I understand, Mr. Park, that you have arranged an armistice for to-night.

F. E. Yes.

L. W. I suppose it's given you a good deal of trouble. Do you mind telling me where Bomba is? I suppose it exists—outside of musical comedy?

F. E. Bomba is near Derna, to the eastward. If Germany squatted there she would command our approach to Suez. Would you like to see Bomba on the map?

L. W. No, thanks. All I've got to do is to prevent Germany from going there.

F. E. (helpfully). There's some interesting stuff to-night about Torbruk, P. A. Special. It's a magnificent natural harbour.

L. W. Thanks. Anything else?

F. E. Nothing much. Some looting by Moslems at Hodeidah.

L. W. Italian example, no doubt. You might let me know if anything fresh comes in.

[Leader Writer's Room, about an hour later.

He is finishing up his article.]

"Italy has asserted during recent days that the time for peace negotiations is not yet, and it was not without reason that she insisted that she must have Tripoli firmly

in her power before arranging the terms upon which the Italian flag shall permanently replace the Crescent. (*Good old Crescent*.) But this new readiness to treat may be explained partly by the warlike demonstrations of MUNIR PASHA and partly by the fear that the exacerbation (*That's a better word than irritation*) of German and Austrian public opinion might lead to serious embarrassment or even open rupture with her allies. Our concern in the matter is that the mailed fist of Germany must not be permitted to obtain any *locus standi* in Bomba."

F. E. (entering hastily). There's something fresh in. A snapshot says great naval battle off Mitylene.

L. W. It's too late. My stuff is just finished.

F. E. Heavy firing in the Aegean.

L. W. (testily). Look here, Mr. Park, this won't do, you know. Mine is a peace leader, and you were all for peace at nine o'clock. And we've always taken the line that Turkey's fleet is bottled up, even if she had one. We can't have the whole scheme of the war altered suddenly without notice. Have you told the editor?

F. E. Yes. He would like you to bring it in at the end of your article.

[F. E. vanishes. L. W. goes on writing. Twenty minutes elapse. Telephone bell rings.]

L. W. (speaking to Editor on telephone). Yes, Mr. Park told me. Yes, I have lugged it in in my last par. Oh, it's contradicted, is it? I thought myself it was probably an echo of the bombardment of Tripoli. Oh, no, I don't mind a bit. It would do quite nicely for to-morrow night, with a little revision, and perhaps something may really happen by then. Good night.

POMONA.

THE hive's full of honey, the studding of stacks,
The stubbles are bare to the sunshine again,
There's a wind in the branches that eddies and backs
That whispers of Autumn, that whispers of rain.
The orchards are mellow with red globes and yellow,
The matronly months of fulfilment are now,
So now must we turn to their goddess, and yearn to
Pomona, beloved of the fruit-burdened bough!

The swallows have gone from the eaves and the spire,
From the garden has faded the pomp of high June,
But crimson's the maple, the woods are a-fire,
And filling with woodcock beneath the new-moon;
Folk say that she lingers with berry-stained fingers
On field-paths that clamber by cottage and croft,
Pomona, dear maiden, whose brown arms are laden
With fruit and with fulness for cellar and loft!

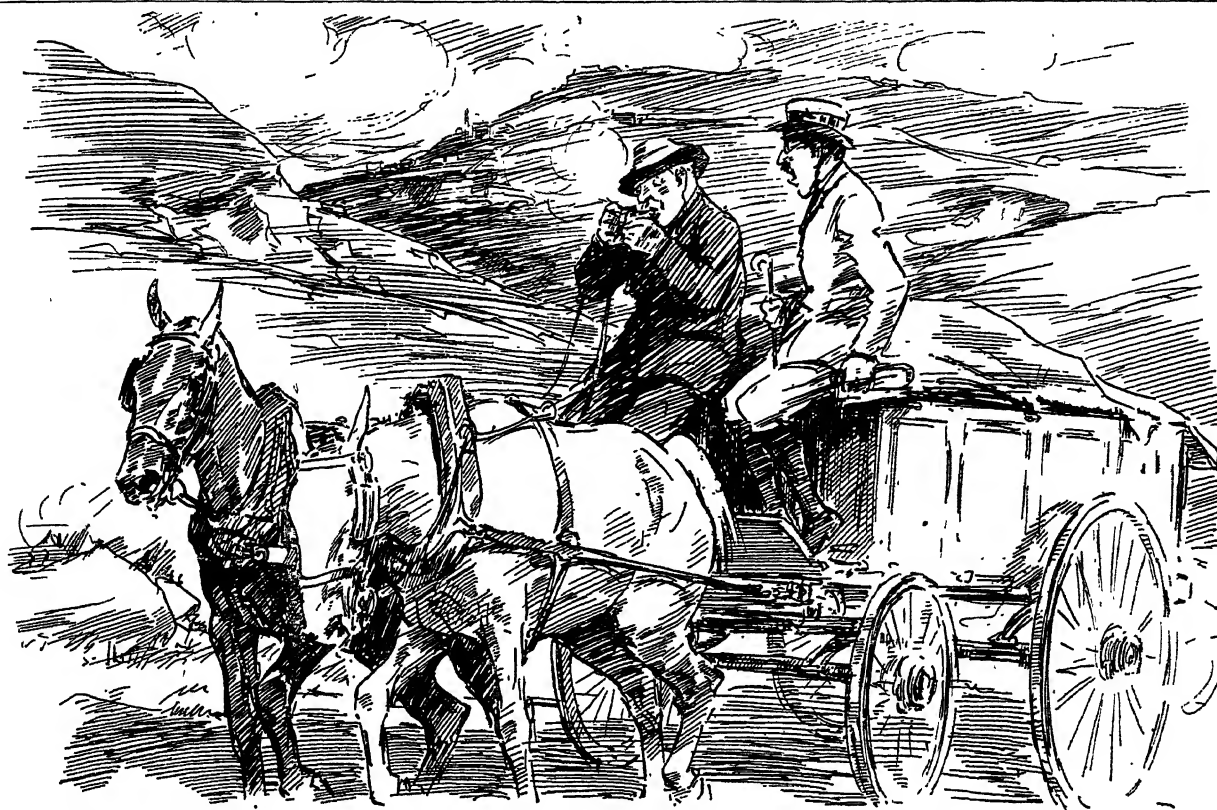
Oh, some may build altars for Dian, and some
For Cyprian Venus who rose from the sea,
And some for the Muses the learned and glum,
But no such fine ladies for mortals like me.
No doubt they are charming; I'd find them alarming;
And when did they offer to quench a man's thirst?
Pomona, provider of tanged autumn cyder,
Our lady of apples, she's easily first!

* * * * *
Since you'd offer libation, this method is mine—
Go up by the footpath (the high roads I shun),
And ten miles of walking will show you her shrine,
An inn with a settle that faces the sun;
And absent if She be, an apple-cheeked Hebe
Shall pour you her nectar that winks and that swirls;
She's brown and she's smiling, she's plump, she's
beguiling,
Perhaps not the goddess, but one of her girls!



THE OPTIMISTS.

FIRST IMPORTED AGITATOR (to his comrade, as they watch Mr. Sydney Buxton). "DON'T BE DOWN-HEARTED. LET'S HOPE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO MAKE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS BEFORE."



Hospitable Carter (after borrowing a match from stranger to whom he has offered a lift). "Y' SEE, I B'AIN'T ALLOWED T'AVE NO MATCHES WHEN I BE CARTIN' BLASTIN' POWDER FUR THEM OLD QUARRIES UP ALONG."

THE GREAT WAGER.

["M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer, has wagered £80 that he will succeed in landing at New York and reaching Boston, Massachusetts, without being interviewed by American reporters."—*Daily Press*.]

M. MAETERLINCK is a man of ideas, as those who have read his books and seen his plays need not be told, but even he is not above taking counsel, and in order to help him carry out this great enterprise—for £80 is a sum worth winning—he has permitted inquiries to be made of a number of persons likely to be of assistance.

Some of the replies are subjoined.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: Any assistance that I can give is at the service of my *confrère*. Literary artists should stick together. One of the best disguises is that of the one-legged man. This is painful, as it means bending the calf of the other leg backwards against the part above the knee and pushing the result into a truncated trouser; but it can be done. No one would expect M. MAETERLINCK to have but one leg. The twisted lip is useful too, but one must remember that American interviewers have sharp eyes.

Sir GILBERT PARKER: I can offer no advice as to how to enter America without being interviewed, because I have never tried it and never intend to.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: I have given much thought to this subject and I think I have hit on a good working plan. Let M. MAETERLINCK go just as he is. But let him, when he lands, take with him a body-companion disguised as a desperate character, carrying a square brown-paper parcel under his arm. This parcel must contain a well-painted copy of the "Monna Lisa," and the paper must be just enough torn to permit a sight of her face through it. In the ensuing riot M. MAETERLINCK will have no difficulty in escaping.

Mr. W. CLARKSON: Leave it to WILLY. Meanwhile extraordinary preparations are being made by the New York press to cause the dramatist to lose his money. One manoeuvre that is recommended is to interview every one on the ship, down to the meanest scullion, and to open every conversation—even to ladies—with the words, "Good morning, M. MAETERLINCK, I hope you have had a good passage." This plan, however, cannot be carried out owing to the time it would occupy and the dislocation—beyond that now permitted—of the business of landing and emerging alive from the Custom House.

An amendment suggests that an enormous megaphone should be placed on the statue of Liberty, and should

address every steamer entering the harbour from England with the words, "Good morning, M. MAETERLINCK, I see you are there. I hope you have had a good passage. Anything that you do not tell me about the impression America is making on you will be taken down in writing and used as evidence against you." This device, it is held, will be so comprehensive as to embrace M. MAETERLINCK sooner or later, and it has been held by a first-class United States lawyer that even if he did not hear the words the address and threats would be tantamount to an interview. On the other hand there is considerable objection to the proposal on the ground not so much that it is perhaps not altogether sporting as that it leaves too little opportunity for papers to exercise that rivalry which is the breath of their life.

Meanwhile a strong feeling exists among the New York interviewers that the author of *The Blue Bird* is not quite playing the game. He says nothing of when he intends to cross. It is held that dates should be given in order that the great contest may be fair to both sides.

"Lost, on Tuesday, from a meadow at Hevingham, a young Bud."

Advt. in "East Anglian Times."

Has anybody seen our blade of grass?

CRAGWELL END.

PART III.

THEN the pedlar called to the crowd to hear,
And his voice rang loud and his voice rang clear;
And he lifted his head and began to troll
The whimsical words of his rigmarole:—

"Since last I talked to you here I've hurled
My lone way over the wide, wide world.
South and North and West and East
I've fought with man and I've fought with beast;
And I've opened the gates and cleared the bar
That blocks the road to the morning star!

"I've seen King Pharaoh sitting down
On his golden throne in his jewelled crown,
With wizards fanning like anything
To cool the face of the mighty King:
But the King said, 'Wizards are off,' said he;
'Let Joseph the gipsy talk to me.'

"So I sat by the King and began to spout
As the day drew in and the sun went out;
And I sat by the King and spun my tale
Till the light returned and the night grew pals;
And none of the Wizards blinked or stirred
While the King sat drinking it word by word.

"Then he gave me rubies and diamonds old;
He gave me masses of minted gold.
He gave me all that a King can give:
The right to live and to cease to live
Whenever—and that'll be soon, I know—
The days are numbered of Gipsy Joe.

"Then I went and I wandered on and on
Till I came to the kingdom of Prester John;
And there I stood on a crystal stool
And sang the song of 'The First Wise Fool':
Oh, I sang it low and I sang it high
Till John he whimpered and piped his eye.

"Then I drew a tooth from the lively jaw
Of the Prester's ebony Aunt-in-law;
And he bubbled and laughed so long, d'you see,
That his wife looked glum and I had to flee.
So I fled to the place where the Rajahs grow,
A place where they wanted Gipsy Joe.

"The Rajahs summoned the turbaned hordes
And gave me sheaves of their inlaid swords;
And the Shah of Persia next I saw,
Who's brother and friend to the Big Bashaw;
And he sent me a rope of turquoise stones
The size of a giant's knuckle-bones.

"But a little brown Pygmie took my hand
And rattled me fast to a silver strand,
Where the little brown Pygmie boys and girls
Are cradled and rocked to sleep in pearls.
And the Pygmies flattered me soft and low,
'You are tall; be King of us, Gipsy Joe.'

"I governed them well for half-a-year,
But it came to an end, and now I'm here.
Oh, I've opened the gates and cleared the bar,
And I've come, I've come to my friends from far.
I'm old and broken, I'm lame and tired,
But I've come to the friends my soul desired.

So it's watches and lockets, and who will buy?
It's ribbon and lace, and they're not priced high.
If you're out for a ring or a golden chain
You can't look over my tray in vain:
And here is a balsam made of drops
From a tree that's grown by the Ethiops!

"I've a chip of the tooth of a mastodont
That's sure to give you the girl you want.
I've a packet of spells to make men sigh
For the lustrous glance of your liquid eye—
But it's much too dark for such wondrous wares,
So back, stand back, while I light my flares!"

Then he lit a match, but his fingers fumbled,
And, striking his foot on a stone, he stumbled;
And the match, released by the sudden shock,
Fell in flame on the old wood-block,
And burnt there very quietly—
But before you could have counted three,
Hardly giving you time to shout,
A red-blue column of fire shot out,
Up and up and ever higher,
A marvellous burst of raging fire,
Lighting the crowd that shrank from its flashes,
And so decreasing,
And suddenly ceasing
As the seat of St. Crag was burnt to ashes!

But in the smoke that drifted on the Green
Queer freaks of vision weirdly wrought were seen:
For on that shifting background each one saw
His own reflection and recoiled in awe;
Saw himself there, a bright light shining through him,
Not as he thought himself, but as men knew him.
Before this sudden and revealing sense
Each rag of sham, each tatter of pretence
Withered and vanished, as dissolved in air,
And left the shuddering human creature bare.
But when they turned and looked upon a friend
They saw a sight that all but made amend:
For they beheld him as a radiant spirit
Indued with virtue and surpassing merit,
Not vain or dull or mean or keen for pelf,
But splendid—as he mostly saw himself.
Darville and Fall were drawn to one another,
And both to Bent as to their heart's own brother;
And a strange feeling grew in every breast,
A self-defeating altruistic zest.
But when they sought the Gipsy, him they found,
His dark eyes staring, dead upon the ground.

THE END.

R. C. L.

The Heavy Weight.

"Mr. —, who had a bedroom on the second floor, escaped by jumping from a window on to the bowling green. The damage is estimated at £5,000."—*Daily News*.

You could almost get a new bowling green for that.

"Wacha was wonderfully steady except towards the end of Friday afternoon when Brooke's and Douglas's long defensive stand had broken his heart. Hard as the pitch was he broke from both sides."—*Times of India*.

After a serious double fracture like this WACHA may well have been unsteady for a moment.

Reciprocity.

"Suspicion was first aroused against the man by his foreign appearance."—*Morning Paper*.

Later on it transpired that he was a German, and the police at once arrested him.

THE CORNER IN STAMPS.

Now that some months have elapsed and the national resentment at the new issue of stamps shows no sign of abating, those of us who had sufficient foresight to hoard our old stocks are apparently to meet with our reward. It is common knowledge that the buying of "King Edwards," as they are conveniently called, has been going quietly on for several weeks, and now that the large towns have been practically depleted much business is being done in the smaller and more remote country post-offices. Already a small premium has had to be offered in some few cases, but by far the greater proportion of these parcels, varying from two or three to several dozen, have been acquired at their face value. It is indeed the story of the old furniture over again. The country districts are being ruthlessly pillaged before they have discovered the true importance of their goods. Before the year is out it is probable that nine-tenths of the remaining stock will be held by the various members of the ring, who are looking confidently for a smart advance in prices in the spring.

It is not considered likely by the prime movers in this speculation that "King Edwards" will continue to be used by business firms in the course of their ordinary correspondence. These have already been forced to bow to the inevitable and accept the new stamp, though many of them insist upon having the improved variety sold at a premium of two per cent. by the National Re-gumming Co., Ltd., which is doing a fine body of business. The demand from philatelists is also quite negligible. But they are firmly convinced that they may count upon sufficient support among the cultured classes, for private correspondence, to secure a steady and progressive market. In artistic circles there are many who feel so strongly upon the point that they are quite willing to deliver their letters entirely by hand rather than disfigure the envelope with the current penny stamp.

Fashion also has her say in the matter. It is already laid down in the most exclusive circles that "King Georges" may not be used for a dinner invitation, and no guest's bedroom in any smart country house is regarded as properly furnished without its little box of "King Edwards," while a large cheque to a fashionable charity calls inevitably for a receipt stamp of the old issue. The campaign cannot, it is true, be carried on for long on this lavish scale. But even when the scarcity is severely felt and high prices are being



Motor-bus Driver (who has closely followed the events at Tripoli). "WOT YOU DOIN' 'ERE? I 'EARD AS 'OW ALL THE RESERVISTS 'AD BEEN CALLED BACK."

paid, wedding invitations and acceptances are certain to bear the stamp of the last reign. Nor will it matter, according to the experts, what the denomination of the stamp may be. When the pennies and halfpennies are exhausted users will be forced to go slowly up the scale till the really smart wedding of ten years hence will probably be heralded by envelopes bearing the shilling "King Edward."

Should the venture be floated (as it may be) as a limited liability company we should like to offer one word of warning to intending shareholders. Over the whole undertaking, so rosy in its aspect at first sight, hangs a dark cloud of uncertainty—the danger of a new issue.

"There are 44 musicians, of whom 27 are stringed instruments."—*Evening News*. We have heard a man called a four-wheeled cab or a stove, but this is even more insulting a comparison.

TO THE EAST WIND
(which is said by a weekly paper to be the secret of the hardness of the Englishman).

TIME was when you delivered
Your usual nasty blow,
I simply sat and shivered,
Cursing you high and low.
The Sunny East's ejection
Of you I deemed unkind,
And clamoured for Protection
Against imported wind.
Ah! but I clamoured blindly,
Not having understood
Your aim was really kindly—
To foster hardihood.
When next you chill the bard, he
Will look no longer glum,
But whisper, "Kiss me, hardy
I'm anxious to become."

"The office of Chief Rabbit was in his day no bed of roses."—*Sunday Times*.
No bed of lettuces, shall we say?

ANOTHER NEW CLUB.

"WHERE'S Baby?" said Jeremy to his wife. "My dear, do listen. I said, 'Where's Baby?' Summon the family to the drawing-room. Father wishes to make a pronouncement."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Jeremy. "I'll tell Baby anything she ought to know."

"I think it would be more impressive if I addressed you both. My idea was that you and Baby should sit on the sofa together, and I would rest my right elbow on the mantelpiece and expound to you—gesticulating, if necessary, with the left hand."

"Well, don't knock anything over. What is it? Something in the silly old paper?"

"My dear," Jeremy remonstrated, "you mustn't talk like that about the Press. If it hadn't been for our independent Press we should have known nothing about the Health and Beauty Butter-Scotch which has done so much for our child."

"Done so much! You made her sea-sick twice with it."

"*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* However, this is something different." Jeremy took up a commanding position on the hearth-rug. "My dear wife," he said solemnly, "I have to inform you that I am about to become a member of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club."

"You've got one golf club already," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"The Willoughby-de-Broke Club is not a golf club," said Jeremy patiently. "On the contrary. Its motto is 'B.M.G.'"

"That's a new kind of tobacco, I suppose?"

"It is not, dear. It stands for 'Balfour must go.' Balfour is the well-known golfer."

"I suppose it's something to do with politics. I'm glad I don't know anything about politics."

"A wife's politics are the same as her husband's," explained Jeremy. "If you remember, you swore to love, honour and obey me. I say nothing about the obey, because you slurred it over rather, but you can't honour a person nowadays if he differs from you in politics. You have to call him a felon, and no one really honours a felon."

"All right, dear. Then am I going to be a member of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club too? Because if so, I shall want a new frock."

"If there is ever a Willoughby-de-Broke Ladies' Club, you shall certainly belong, and Baby too, as soon as she can say 'B.M.G.' But just at present I shall be the only representative of the family in the club. 'Mr. Jeremy

Smith of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club'—you know, I think that will look rather well in the local paper. 'The annual meeting of the Cottage Gardeners' Association was held last night, Mr. Jeremy Smith of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club being in the chair.' 'Mr. J. P. Smith, the well-known Willoughby-de-Broke clubman, met with a slight accident yesterday, falling off his bicycle at the bottom of Latchley Hill.' 'On Saturday next, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Peter-Smith are giving a tea to the old people of the village. Mr. Peter-Smith, it may not be generally known, is a popular figure in London Society, being a member of the Willoughby-de-Broke and Leo-Maxse Clubs.' I think, dear," said Jeremy, "as soon as I am elected to the Willoughby-de-Broke Club, we shall have to call ourselves the Peter-Smiths."

"You may be blackballed," said Mrs. Jeremy hopefully.

"Not if I say 'B.M.G.' with sufficient firmness. In fact it is my idea this morning to spread the news in the village. I shall probably return in triumph, a hundred eager hands having dragged the horses from the shafts and harnessed themselves to the carriage. Do you think we shall get the horses back all right? I often wonder what happens to them on these occasions."

"It's only a pony," said Mrs. Jeremy. "Still, we can't go giving ponies away. Perhaps I'd better have the bicycle out instead."

Jeremy came back to lunch very much depressed and refused a third helping of beef.

"What a life of stagnation this country life is!" he said. "We are only sixty miles from London, and yet we are centuries behind it in ideas. What do they know here of all the great modern movements and the leaders of modern thought? Why, take this morning; you will scarcely credit it when I tell you that I said 'B.M.G.' to Cobb and he hadn't a notion what I meant. And he'd never even heard of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

"Then they didn't drag the chain off the bicycle and push you home?"

"No. The suggestion never arose at all. You know, I'm not at all sure now that I shall join the Willoughby-de-Broke Club."

"Well, you'll save the subscription."

"If I can't say 'B.M.G.' to anyone down here without being thought a raving lunatic, I don't see the good of joining."

Mrs. Jeremy looked at him in surprise. "Is that all they do at the Willoughby-de-Broke Club?" she asked.

"Of course. What did you think?" He got up and stood in his favourite position with his back to the fire. "On Monday they all say, 'Balfour must go,' to each other, and on Tuesday they say, 'I say, look here, you know, this will never do; Balfour must go,' and on Wednesday they say, 'Well, there's only one thing for it, Balfour must go,' and on Thursday they trot off to hear him make a magnificent fighting speech, and on Friday they come back and say, 'Once again our great leader has given a trumpet-call to every patriot in the country,' and on Saturday they say, 'All the same, you know, Balfour must go.' And next week they do it all over again. It's tremendous fun."

Mrs. Jeremy got up.

"I don't think I need tell Baby about the Willoughby-de-Broke Club," she said. "She'd think it so silly."

A. A. M.

THE MEETING OF TWIN SOULS.

JOHN is twenty-seven years of age and describes himself, in his income-tax returns, as following the trade, vocation, employment or profession of a musical critic. The profits do not, he tells me, look imposing on paper, but his compensation is his reputation among the dear philistines. Mrs. Wodehouse, for instance, asked him to dinner on the strength of it alone, adding, in a personal postscript, that "my young friend Gladys Pethick, an amateur pianist of great talent, with whom I am sure you will have much in common," was coming also. Thinking more of the dinner than of the guest, he accepted, and in due course met, held converse with, and became engaged to this Gladys. It is at their joint request that I publish this true account of the discovery of their affinity.

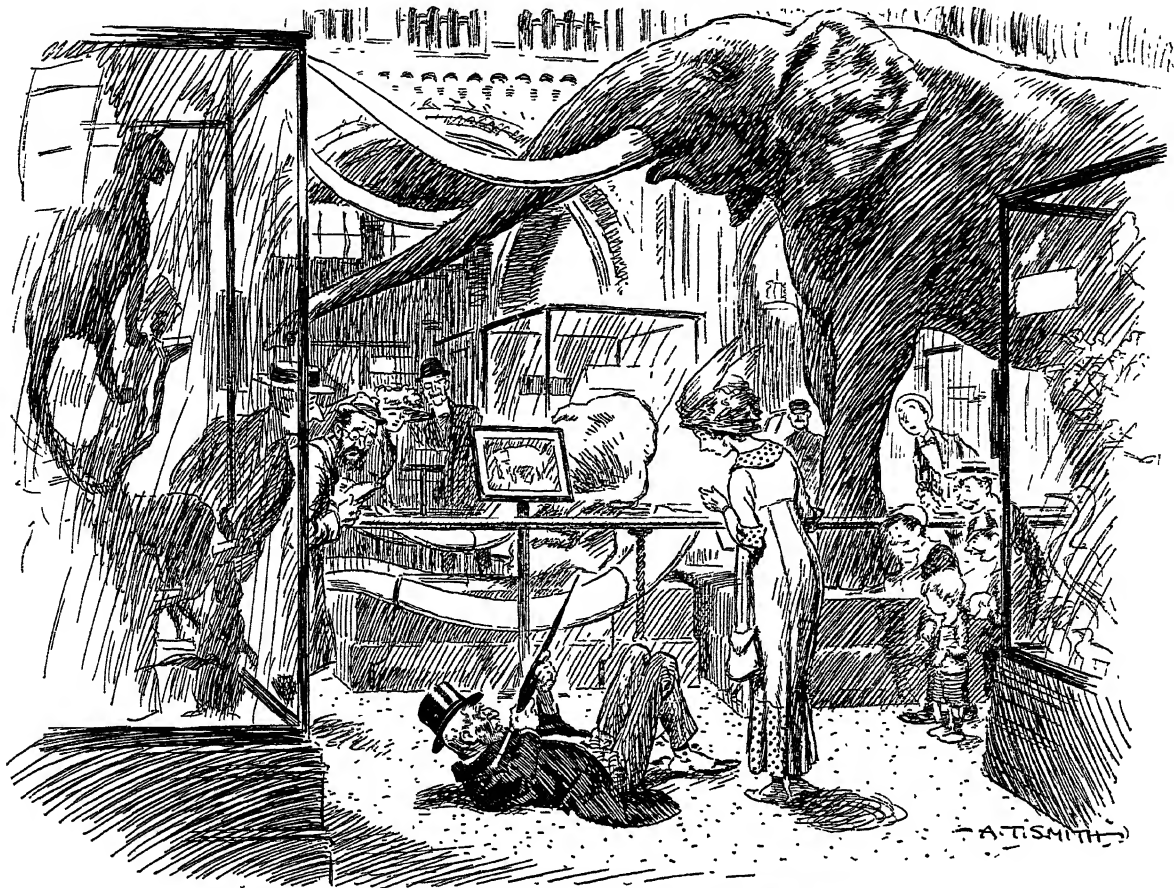
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"Gladys," said Mrs. Wodehouse, introducing them, "this is Mr. John Bantock. There, now you know each other, and I am sure you will have a lot to say to each other about your beloved music."

A little later, Mr. Wodehouse had a communication to make to John, which required to be stated apart, in a whisper. "Bantock, will you take Miss Pethick in to dinner? She's very keen on music and all that sort of thing, and my missus thought you ought to meet and exchange views."

"What do you think of PUCCINI?" asked John, dutifully and much against the grain, as soon as they were seated.

"I don't," said Gladys, "but I will try to, if you will give me a lead. To tell you the truth—"

"It is a little early for that, isn't



HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN.

Colonel X. (who has presented elephant to museum and is naturally excited when seeing it for the first time properly installed). "NARROW SHAVE WITH THIS CHAP; FIRST SHOT EIGHTH OF AN INCH TOO HIGH; TURNED AND CHARGED. LOOKING ROUND FOR SECOND RIFLE, FOUND BEARER FLED. STARTING TO RUN, TRIPPED, FELL. ROLLING OVER QUICKLY, LIKE THIS, JUST TIME TO RAM CARTRIDGE INTO BREECH. LIFE DEPENDED ON SNAP-SHOT. BANG! DROPPED DEAD WITHIN FIFTEEN INCHES OF ME; BULLET THROUGH HEART."

it? Anyhow, who is your favourite composer?"

"Oh, it is much too early for that," smiled Gladys. "Let us eat a little of our salmon first."

"It is very good salmon," said John, more happily, "and I don't know of many things in the world better than that. Mind you, I rather think I prefer it cold, but no doubt the cook has thought the matter out. Compensation is certainly coming, for I notice from the menu that there is on its way an ice pudding. Of all the adorable things in the universe——"

"You are a musical critic, aren't you?" interrupted Gladys.

"So I am. I had forgotten."

"And Mrs. Wodehouse is watching us. Tell me all about—er—musical criticism."

Enthusiasm died out of John's eyes as he resumed his duty.

"And now," said John, when he had said all the old things about all the old masters, "it is your turn. You were asked here to meet me, and you have

done it. I, for my part, was asked here to meet you. So fire away." Then he turned his attention to his quail on toast, while Gladys hunted round for topics.

"I was at the opera, the other night," she began at last.

"You were indeed, for I saw you there. You had a blue dress on."

"Did you like it?" asked she eagerly.

"No," said John; "I adored it."

"And it was all my own idea. Yes, I think I may say it was a good idea, but even now, you know, I am not quite certain that it was not a little too severe. I love simplicity, but there are limits. You see the girl opposite us? Obviously pink isn't her colour, and she hasn't an idea how to wear her clothes, but I must confess that I envy her just that touch of——"

"And they told me you were an amateur pianist," said John.

"If I must be, then I am . . . I love my piano. It has seven octaves and eighty-five keys. I counted them this morning. There are two candlesticks

outside, and the inside is full of wires. There is a photograph on the top, which falls down whenever I get *fortissimo*. The piano-tuner comes regularly once a quarter. F sharp is my favourite note, although it is black. Does the ice pudding come up to expectations?"

"I have only one criticism."

"Is that a musical one?"

"No; so I'm afraid it won't interest you. It is that the colour of it does not come up to that of your dress."

The first real step towards a proposal was made later at the piano, when Gladys had just finished playing neither of them ever knew what (by request).

"Delightful!" said John, who was standing by in case of emergencies.

"What?" said Gladys.

"The way you do your hair."

"Oh," blushed Gladys.

And Mrs. Wodehouse is still happy in the belief that the subsequent event arose from nothing else but a mutual and intense sympathy in the matter of harmonics and counterpoint.



Constable (trying the good old test upon belated person who persists he was "ner" shobrer in 's life"). "CAN YOU SAY 'BRITISH CONSTITUTION'?"
Belated one (with strongest "Die-Hard" convictions). "THERE ISN'T ONE NOW!"

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

["Sir ABE BAILEY has sent eleven head of South African venison to the Church Army. The meat will be distributed among the Society's Labour Homes and other institutions."—*Times*.]

STIMULATED by the example of the South African magnate, several other of our prominent plutocrats have, it is asserted, determined to manifest their munificence on similar lines.

Mr. J. B. JOEL, considering Sir ABE's gift incomplete, is providing such accessories to the venison as red currant jelly, and has also arranged for a larder in which the meat may hang until ready for the table.

Baron DE FOREST has sent 14,000

cold storage plovers' eggs to be distributed amongst the poorest of his supporters in West Ham.

Simultaneously advices arrive from Cambridge to the effect that Sir ERNEST CASSEL has despatched twelve motor lorries laden with caviare to the Master of the Newmarket Workhouse for the Christmas dinner of the inmates.

A telegram from Dornoch, Sutherlandshire, states that the entire neighbourhood has been thrown into a state bordering on delirium by the announcement that the Laird of Skibo has presented a three-manual organ with 100 stops to each of the caddies on the Dornoch links.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, not to be outdone, is sending to the Salvation Army headquarters 250 illuminated missals of the thirteenth century to be divided among the Night Shelters of London.

Sir ALFRED MOND, so it is stated on the unimpeachable authority of the Welsh vernacular press, has despatched 150 kegs of Macassar oil to be distributed on Guy Faux day to the children of the Cardiff Band of Hope.

Lord CHARNWOOD has materially increased his enormous popularity at Lichfield by declaring his fixed and unalterable intention to present copies of all his speeches at the recent Church Congress, bound in vellum with gilt edges, to every baby in arms in the locality.

Lastly, we learn that Lord PIRRIE is about to present a portrait of himself in his robes as a Knight of St. Patrick, framed in brilliants, to all the inhabitants of Belfast who are in receipt of outdoor relief.

ANOTHER BEAU'S STRATAGEM.

WHEN I proposed, my Ermyntude,
And you politely answered "No,"
Then offered me your sisterhood
By way of solace for the blow,
I wonder if you really knew
The sort of bargain you had struck;
If so, it seems apparent you
Possess abnormal pluck.

No longer will each fatuous word
Of yours be deemed a pearl of wit;
If what you say appears absurd,
I shall not fail to mention it;
The honeyed speech I used of yore
Belongs not to your altered rank;
A brother's normal tone is more
Unflatteringly frank.

Thus, using my fraternal right,
I feel I need not hesitate
To say you've looked a perfect fright
In all the hats you've worn of late;
Your love of red, I also think,
Proves you a veritable goose;
It does not suit you, dear, while pink
Makes your complexion puce.

You see, it is a brother's way
To mention little things like these,
And I shall treat you day by day
To kindred candid pleasantries,
Till, as in course of time you find
A sister's lot is fraught with pain,
You drop your status, change your
mind,
And bid me hope again.

The Fruitful Vine is announced by the publishers. Whenever we have seen him he has taken about two hours to make forty.



THE PEN IS HANDIER THAN THE SWORD.

THE TURK. "HI, HI! I'M THE GENTLEMAN WHO'S FIGHTING ITALY. TAKE ME TO THE BATTLEFIELD."

BELLONA. "SORRY, SIR; CAN'T BE DONE."

THE TURK. "BOTHER! THEN I SHALL HAVE TO WRITE ANOTHER CIRCULAR LETTER."

THE ADAPTABLE DEMOSTHENES.

It has no doubt occurred long ago to Mr. F. E. SMITH and the other oratorical aviators who fly from district to district at the bidding of a grateful Party, that it would be very refreshing if they could, at the end of each "vol-plane," take on a little of the local colour of their new surroundings; it would certainly be an added joy to their audiences.



Notice on the beach in Portland Bay:—

"ADMIRALTY TORPEDO RANGE.

The Public using the adjacent foreshore are warned that, when a red flag is hoisted at the Torpedo Firing House in Binclaves Groyne, torpedoes are being adjusted on the range, and, as a torpedo is liable to deviate from its course and run ashore, it would probably cause injury should it strike any person in its direction."

The words italicized express the only unfavourable criticism that can be urged against these jolly little fellows.

"A fish that travels overland is well known in China. Sometimes it travels a mile on its way from one stream to another."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

It must put up a packet of sandwiches and come to England some day. We can guarantee it a job in a music-hall.

"BALLOON RACE.

SEVEN COMPETITORS FALL OUT."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

The great thing in a balloon race is not to fall out.



From the "General Directory of South Africa":—

"Somerset West, also known as West Somerset, to distinguish it better from Somerset East."

We thought that there must be some far-reaching design behind what at first sight appeared to be a mere whim.

"The Merchant of Venice was presented last evening, Miss Glossop-Harris taking the part of Portia and Mr. Collier playing Hamlet. It was a well-balanced performance."

Wolverhampton Express.

It doesn't sound so, somehow.

"The Chairman suggested that all strangers joining a Hunt should be 'cupped,' meaning that they should have an empty cup shown to them."—Nottingham Guardian.

This would be more than flesh and blood could stand.

"The convict was overpowered and removed to separate cells."—Yorkshire Post.

He must have been overpowered rather roughly.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HONEYMOON."

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

THIS is what the fascinating widow, *Flora Lloyd*, discovered one hour after her marriage to *Cedric Haslam*—and a hundred years after *BYRON*.

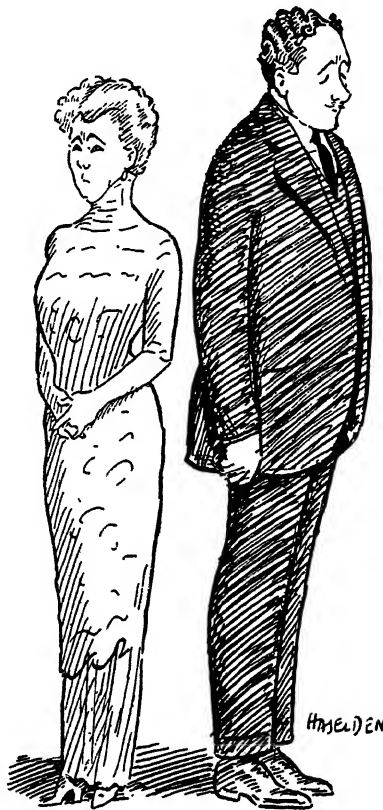
She might have found it out earlier seeing that the late *Mr. Lloyd* had been a successful stockbroker "in the Kaffir Circus," where love does not commonly intrude, but perhaps her marriage to him was never meant for anything but a business arrangement. Anyhow, when *Cedric*, the leading English airman, proposed to cut the honeymoon short in order to forestall a German in the first flight over *Snowdon*, *Flora* was deeply hurt. No good for *Cedric* to say that it was for the honour of England; he didn't really love her, if he put his aeroplane first.

Even in America one could hardly ask for a separation at tea-time on the day of one's marriage, and yet the difference between husband and wife was not a mere lover's quarrel to be patched up with kisses and tears. A *deus ex machina* was wanted here, and *Mr. BENNETT* cleverly produced him in the shape of a Bishop, who had just made the discovery that the curate who married them was a bogus one. Whereupon *Flora* (twice a widow now) thinks that, after all, she *won't* get married again. But meanwhile *Cedric* hears privately that the German airman has broken his leg. There being now no need to cut short the honeymoon, he hastens to confess that he was wrong and that love is much more important than aeroplanes. "Has anything happened to make you change your mind?" asks *Flora*, who has also heard privately about the leg. "Nothing," swears *Cedric*. "Liar," says *Flora* in effect, "and I love you for it." For though the position of aeroplanes in *Cedric's* scheme of life may still be doubtful, it is at least plain that honeymoons take precedence of honour. Which is one up for honeymoons.

Mr. BENNETT's play is extraordinarily ingenious; but the dialogue is so fresh and the characters for the most part so natural that his artifices do not intrude themselves unduly. He has, too, a disarming way with him. Just as you are going to point out that the bogus curate is more like a novel than real life, one of his characters makes that very observation; and at a family council upon the broken engagement *Flora* herself comments on the staginess of it with the remark, "As

I said to *Cedric* in the First Act." But there is no one to prevent me from lodging an objection against the Bishop. I have only once been within three yards of a Bishop, but I am sure they don't really pat women's hands and call them "my dear lady." I object also to the Swiss waiter's comments on English life; *Mr. SHAW* does both comments and waiters so much better.

The opening of the First Act, brilliantly played by *Miss MARIE TEMPEST* and *Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE*, is the most delightful thing I have ever seen on the stage. *Miss TEMPEST*



THE HAPPY COUPLE.

Cedric Haslam ... *Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE*.
Flora Lloyd ... *Miss MARIE TEMPEST*.

continued to be delightful all through, but *Mr. BROWNE* was not quite big enough for the later scenes. In the Third Act he never for a moment gave the impression of a man who has sacrificed his honour to his love. *Miss KATE SERJEANTSON* and *Messrs. DENNIS EADIE*, *DION BOUCAULT*, and *BASIL HALLAM* were all as good as they could possibly be. M.

"A quice which evidently does not object to street noises and other distractions, has built a nest in a tree which overhangs the Banbury-road footpath. The nest is only some ten feet or so from the ground, but the bird takes no heed of passers-by."—*Oxford Times*.

Never having seen a quice we are left cold.

MODUS OPERANDI.

"DEAR," said *Olive*, "will you just run out and post this letter for me?" And this at half-past nine in the evening, when I supposed I had settled in comfortably for good!

Our flat is up four flights of stairs and the pillar-box is just round the corner to the right, but to reach it it is necessary first to go down the four flights of stairs. Life is very hard.

"I will go down-stairs," I said, forcing myself to be cheerful, "I will go round the corner to the right, and I will slip the letter into the slit provided for the purpose." I illustrated this by a gesture. "But first I will put on my hat."

"Goodness gracious," said *Olive*, there being no such thing as gratitude, "whatever do you want to put on a hat for?"

"And also," I said, forgiving her, "I will put on an overcoat."

Olive, to be sure of making her coming sarcasm heard, followed me out into the hall. As she was there, I thought she might as well be used, so I compelled her to put the letter down on the hat-stand and to help me on with the coat. "Will you not also take a packet of sandwiches," she asked, "in case?" With that she hurried back into the drawing-room to avoid a possible back answer, and slammed the door.

"To show that I am undefeated," I said to myself, "I also will slam a door," and I was glad to hear that a front door can express even more indignation than a drawing-room door. "And now," I added jocosely, "I will take steps."

At the bottom of the first flight, "I will run down the next to keep my legs warm," I said; at the bottom of the second flight, "I will put my hands in my pockets to keep them warm"; at the bottom of the third, "I will turn up my collar to keep my neck warm"; at the bottom of the fourth, "I will now cease running, so as to avoid the suspicion of the policeman at the corner."

At the corner the policeman said "Good night, Sir," and I still felt warm all over. "This is splendid," I said; "I will now go direct to the pillar-box."

Arrived there, I contemplated the important slit and a last bright idea occurred to me. "And now," I said, "I will go back and fetch the letter."

"Serious fire on the Manchester Ship Canal," said the posters last week. What Lancashire does to-day, the Thames may do to-morrow.

THE FINISH.

MORNING had broken upon a chill white fog, eloquent of the fact that already November was within measurable distance. As the day advanced, however, this vanished before a mild but persevering sunshine, which towards three in the afternoon contrived to make the exuberance of indoor fires somewhat oppressive. About then the Hostess began to do mysterious things in the garden with a thermometer. She brought back the result triumphantly. "I really don't know why we shouldn't," she said, "just for the last time." The girl who was staying there, appealed to, also saw no reason why they shouldn't. The master of the house was naturally ignored. Thus it happened that basket-chairs and a tea-table were carried out, and that the Constant Guest, dropping in about four o'clock for his weekly refreshment, found them all seated, a little with the demeanour of adventurers, under the familiar tree at the far corner of the tennis-lawn.

The lawn itself was not yellow-brown, as it had been lately, but of a vivid green, unkempt and pitted with tiny earthworks of black soil. Faintly through this could be traced the chalk lines of the courts. Decaying leaves were everywhere, and the whole thing was undeniably damp. But the guest ignored this.

"*Tout comme autrefois!*" he exclaimed reminiscently.

"Isn't it?" said the Hostess. "Don't you feel that you present what the sea-side column of *The Telegraph* calls an animated and summer-like appearance? We do."

"Glorious!" murmured the Guest, accepting his cup from the Girl (who had been staying there so long that she didn't even need to ask him how many lumps); "I never thought to sit under this jolly old tree again for months. What a year; and what times we have had, we four, in this garden!"

"Yes," said the Girl. The Master, who had that very morning been dunned for payment of a lost bet, looked up sharply.

"Well," the Hostess observed, "this must be the end of it, anyhow. A little final P.P.C. call, and then definitely good-bye."

"What are we waiting for, you and I?" murmured the Guest dreamily.

"Personally, for a match. Thanks!" The Host put down his cup and rose. "This St. Luke's summer business may be romantic but it is also rheumatic. Marion—to the Hostess—" come and show me where you want those new hybrids for next year." They strolled



A SUGGESTION.

ADMIRABLE AS IS THE MOVING STAIRCASE AT EARL'S COURT STATION, WE THINK THAT THE PASSENGER TRAFFIC MIGHT BE "SPEEDED UP" STILL MORE WERE THE OFFICIALS TO MAKE USE OF THE PARCEL CHUTE FOR THAT PURPOSE.

off arm-in-arm, leaving the Girl and the Guest together by the tea-table.

"Do you remember the wasps?" the Girl began rather nervously; "we couldn't have sat here quietly like this a month ago."

"Glorious!" murmured the Guest again; "'kiss me once—I beg your pardon!'"

Then she recovered herself. "Oh, Tosti, of course! I'd forgotten it was a quotation."

"What did you think it was?"

"There's the very place where you slipped that afternoon we were at deuce for twenty-five minutes. I can see the mark now. What fun it was!"

"The painful is always humorous. But you haven't answered my question. What did you think—?"

"Shall we go and advise them about the roses? I feel quite a proprietary interest in this garden by now. Don't you?"

"We've been here together so often, you mean? Yes. But I'm still waiting. Please be quick, because we're both catching cold, and I shan't move till you answer."

The Girl looked down. "Please don't be so silly!" she said.

"Then I shall have to do it for you. You thought it was a suggestion, and you were quite right. *It was.*"

Away in the rose-garden, where there were still a few tight, heart-shaped buds that appeared always about to blossom and never did, the Hostess was glancing back towards the pair under the tree a little wistfully.

"Don't forget that five shillings," she reminded the Host. "You were so certain that he would before the summer was over. I wish I'd lost!"

"I wish you had, too. This gardening is an expensive job. Why can't all these buds earn their guano by coming out, instead of malingering on like that? They're chilled. Take them indoors and give them hot water and brandy."

"I did read something about warm water," began the Hostess dubiously. Then she gripped his arm. "Oh, George, look!" she said in an excited whisper. "I believe he *has*!"

The Host looked. "Won on the post!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Mid-October, but that counts as summer in a year like this, anyhow with garden-tea. That's five bob towards the new roses!" He sneezed; and they crept quietly into the house.

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest news about the war is to the effect that the Turks and the Arabs in the vicinity of Tripoli are looking forward with keen pleasure to the arrival of the eight monoplanes and two biplanes which the Italians are bringing over, aviation displays being comparatively rare in that part of the world.

"What," enquires "Observer" in *The Observer*, "is the principle on which a war acquires its name? Why is the Tripolitan conflict called the Turco-Italian war rather than the Italo-Turkish war?" A Turkish gentleman informs us that the war is so called because the Turks are ultimately going to come out on top.

A Tripolitan Arab, hearing some Italians in a Paris café congratulating one another on the capture of Tripoli, seized one of them by the legs and hurled him through a plate-glass window. It is thought that the Tripolitan Arab must have lost his temper.

The *Dreadnought* belonging to the Portuguese Royalists which figured in our newspaper columns has not yet been discovered. No doubt she is lurking somewhere in shallow waters disguised as an outrigger.

The Marquis DE SOVERAL, interviewed by a representative of *The Daily Chronicle*, informed him that KING MANUEL was greatly interested in the Royalist rising in Portugal. Those who were fighting there for His Majesty will, we are sure, be glad to hear this.

The Admiralty has accepted an offer from the Liverpool Navy League to present an aeroplane to the Navy. The War Office would like it to be known that it also is open to consider charitable gifts. Horses in small or large quantities would be especially acceptable, it being desired to form as large a force as possible of Mounted Cavalry.

A burglar who broke into a house at Hamburg was, *The Express* tells us, so busy trying on a flowered waistcoat in front of a looking-glass that he did not notice the entrance of the owner accompanied by a policeman. We trust that this moral story, showing the danger of vanity, may be copied into all the Sunday School books.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE are about to issue a book of the KING'S Speeches. We understand that it will be published on the royalty system, but its price will not be a sovereign.

"A new type of Music Hall song," we read, "will be heard this winter. It is 'the surprise song.'" Dare we hope that the surprise will consist in its being a song with some sense in it?

In an article entitled "Why Peers Marry Actresses," which appears in the current number of *The London Magazine*, the writer asks, "Against their well-turned weapons, what chance has a mere peer, all unlearned in the arts of war?" This is, of course, peculiarly true when the Peer is an officer in the Guards.

We are always glad to see attempts to brighten up our English watering-places. Among the attractions of a cinematograph theatre at Folkestone, we saw announced the other day, were "Animated Pictures" of the funeral of local celebrity.

The children at an Erith school were taken, the other day, to a travelling menagerie and circus in order to give them a practical lesson in natural history. Later on, we understand, they are to be taken to see a classical dancer in order to learn anatomy.

Fire broke out in a small wild beast show in the Nottingham Goose Fair last week, but the roaring of the lions gave the alarm in time to prevent serious damage. We consider that, as a mark of appreciation, the intelligent beasties should now have pretty ribbons tied round their necks and be given their freedom.

At a show held at Dereham, Norfolk, horses and ponies aged 29, 28, and 26, secured awards. The old fellows, we understand, met afterwards and had an interesting chat about the days when there were no motor-cars.

The police dog Mylord has been sent away in disgrace from the Louvre owing to his irrepressible terror of an Egyptian sphinx. He has been succeeded by a dog named Max. The incident has caused a good deal of quiet satisfaction in Berlin.

A feature of the annual display of fashions in the Longchamps enclosure on the occasion of the Autumn Grand Prix was a number of complete costumes of fur. Rough-coated dogs are claiming that the idea originated with them.

Smart women, we are told, are now expected to carry coloured umbrellas which harmonise with their costumes. This reminds us of the lady who walked into a Circulating Library the other day, and, when asked what book she required, said, "Oh, one to match my dress, please."

Gowns with bodices designed like the knights' armour of mediæval days are one of the latest fashions in Paris. We are not surprised at this, for suits of armour always had one point in common with modern dress. They had no pockets, and the problem as to where the knights of old placed their handkerchiefs has never been satisfactorily solved.

A new crown worth £65,000 is to be made for the KING to be used during the Delhi Durbar. One hears much about the extravagance of women nowadays, but we doubt whether a member of that sex has ever given so much for her head-gear.

Up to the year 1842, we are told, there was no organ in the church at Elmton, Derbyshire, and the parish clerk used to whistle the tunes facing the congregation. Here, perhaps, we have a hint as to how church services might be brightened up to-day.

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of 1,259 letters pointing out that Corsica is not part of the Italian Kingdom, as alleged in last week's number. Mr. Punch, however, has a reputation as a prophet to keep up; as a student of human nature he knows how the passion for annexation grows upon one, and all he says just now is, "Wait and see."



Brown (rising in bed). "No, no, it's all right; I don't mean to interfere with you. I was only going to ask if you'd mind taking away the ornamental watch-dog you'll find in the garden."

AN INSTALLATION.

FAIR Mystery, and here at last thou art.
 Much have I sighed for thee in this high den
 Wherein at intervals I sit apart
 Driving a hard but fairly rhythmic pen.
 O thou that with thy soft and whispering tone
 Bringst me the commune of my fellow-men
 When I am bored and weary of my own,
 I give thee cheer, glad cheer, my Telephone.

Yes, I have sighed for thee. In that dull mood
 That breaks upon the stubborn quest of rhyme,
 Oft I have yearned for someone to intrude
 Upon my loneliness—not waste my time,
 But cheer me with sweet converse, and begone,
 Leaving me my Parnassian heights to climb;
 Not like the well-beloved but tactless John,
 Who ruins all because he will stay on.

But now henceforth that genial soul may be
 Mine in a moment (and cut off at will);
 I summon George; a voice responds; 'tis he:
 I would have speech with Thomas or with Bill;
 They answer: nay, the greatest of the town
 Are at my call, those barren moods to fill;
 A stirring thought, that for one trifling brown
 I may almost ring up the very Crown.

Nay, there is better. Take, for instance, Jones;
 Jones, as a comrade, has no parallel;
 His wit is Attic, his mellifluous tones
 Are, in their timbre, suggestive of a bell.

Strange, is it not, that with such vocal grace
 His countenance can make you quite unwell?
 'Twere sweet to have my Jones about the place;
 In all his charm, without that silly face.

There are, I know, that gaze on thee awry,
 As one wherewith the hostile may profane
 Their holiest privacy, but not so, I;
 Only the green, methinks, need thus complain.
 Me, it shall be a privilege most rare
 To learn thy "call," and one that few shall gain;
 Others may search the book, for all I care;
 They will not find it; it will not be there.

And there is she. Henceforth for ever near,
 Maiden, all coyly on this wavering line
 I will breathe nothings in your shell-like ear,
 You will, no doubt, breathe nothings into mine.
 Oh, this is wondrous, truly this is great!
 O magic Telephone, what powers are thine,
 That can unite true lovers, and abate
 The toils of letter-writing, which I hate. DUM-DUM.

The Navy League Spirit.

"The Navy League of Victoria, B.C., has bought the old surveying ship *Egeria* for six million five hundred dollars.—*Reuter*."

Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Hang the expense. We must have a navy.

"Full moon on Sunday," we read under "Local Intelligence" in the *Arbroath Herald*. "Full moon on Sunday, visible at Arbroath," is how it is generally announced in the London papers.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE world at large and Italy in particular are indebted to Mr. GEORGE TREVELYAN for his record of the career of GARIBALDI. Already he has written of what is perhaps the least-known episode—GARIBALDI's defence of the Roman Republic. He has told the fascinating story of the descent upon Sicily, and now completes the trilogy in a volume, published by LONGMANS, entitled *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*. It is possible exigent readers may complain that for immediate effect the book is, more especially in the battle scenes, overladen with detail. It is certainly waterlogged with footnotes reciting authorities that might well be taken for granted. Except to the man of leisure on a desert island, footnotes are tiresomely superfluous. Admitting the exception, here comes in one of the little ironies of life, for the man of leisure so circumstanced has not access to one of Mr. CARNEGIE's Libraries where he might verify the references. Ignoring the footnotes and discreetly skipping some of the topographical details of the battles, one has a moving story of the making of Italy and of the men who accomplished the task. We see VICTOR EMMANUEL, genuinely touched by GARIBALDI's marvellous achievement, ready to hold him in fraternal embrace, after a certain point abruptly drawn off by the subtle statesman whose policy it was that the monarchy should profit by GARIBALDI's chivalry, and that when he had made possible the unification of Italy under the Savoy dynasty, he should be more or less rudely thrust aside. Through the tangled drama shines the steadfast presence of GARIBALDI, simple in manner, dauntless in courage, consumed by the one desire to free Italy. "What a noble human being!" TENNYSON exclaimed, after making his acquaintance during his visit to England.

SHERIDAN, it was said, was deterred from writing more plays because he was afraid of the author of *The School for Scandal*. So it might be said that his gifted compatriots, Miss SOMERVILLE and "MARTIN ROSS," have of late years been afraid of the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* Well, after reading *Dan Russel the Fox* (METHUEN) we can assure them that they need labour under this apprehension no longer. Their new novel is as good as anything they have done: indeed in sheer virtuosity of expression it eclipses their previous efforts. In wealth of humour it ranks with the *R.M.*; in penetrating insight it is on a par with *The Real Charlotte*. They have, in short, not only equalled their best, but they have achieved the well-nigh impossible feat of writing a sporting novel which will give thrills to a tailor. And the characters, such is the prodigality of their invention, are all new. *Katharine Rowan*, a somewhat priggish young lady de-intellectualized by the

ecstasy of the chase, is a fine study, but the conversational gifts of Mrs. FitzSymons and the buccaneering tricks of the *Widow Delanty* are our chief delight in this exhilarating entertainment. By the gash of war—to quote from the book itself—it beats bees in the making of wax!

Fearful that in these days it may not be taken altogether as a compliment, I hazard the opinion that Madame ALBANESI's work is instinct with womanliness. One does not expect from her anything strikingly original in the form of plot, but she can be trusted to provide a clean entertainment, and this is to be found in *Poppies in the Corn* (HUTCHINSON). The author's forte is rather to produce atmosphere than to draw character, and the description of the farm where the heroine lived with an old servant is given with a fragrance and pathos delightful to remember.

On the other hand, Madame ALBANESI's bad people are too saturated with sinfulness, and her good people unnaturally near to saintliness. Both the perfidious *Leila Arundale* and the perfect *Katherine Fenimore* would have been more human if the one had possessed a saving virtue and the other even a minor fault. Fiction teaches me that hereditary quarrels end in lovers' meetings, a benign arrangement which I devoutly hope is as usual as novelists would have us believe. Anyhow, Madame ALBANESI has persuaded me that such a result is possible, and for this and also for an excellently-written book I tender her my thanks.

It was all the fault of *The Little Green Gate* (CONTABLE), through which *Peter* came from the beechwoods into the garden and the life of the woman of the brown earth and the flowers. They,

were young and they loved; and for four sweet June days and through the midsummer madness of the thunderstorm sent to them by fate on their last evening together, before the fiercer storm of life burst upon them, they shut out the world; and the garden and the woods were for them twain the Garden of Eden. But outside its sanctuary there were other people. Most of all there was the girl to whom *Peter* had given his word before he blundered through the little green gate into the other woman's heart. So they were up against the old problem of the conflict between love and duty, which, I have an idea, can only be solved rightly by those who, like *Peter* and the lady of the garden, are wise and strong enough to see that they are one and the same thing. Let me advise you to lift the latch of *The Little Green Gate* and learn for yourself the rest of the story, which STELLA CALLAGHAN tells with so much understanding of the beauty and sadness and humour of life.

"The menu was as follows:—Natives. Turtle soup. . . . Mousse of chicken a la toulouse. Roast fillet of beef. Horse a la toulouse. Roast fillet of beef. Horsetoes."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*.
No, no horse at all, thanks.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

XII.—THE GASTRONOMICAL EXPERT OF A FAMOUS WEST-END RESTAURANT INSPECTING NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES.

CHARIVARIA.

WHAT MR. LLOYD GEORGE has for a long time been wanting to know is: Why are they called *Friendly Societies*? Well, he knows now.

Some persons, when once they begin to pretend, seem to find it difficult to know where to stop. The Portuguese Pretender has, according to all accounts, only been pretending to fight.

Some recently published statistics show that Denmark possesses only two centenarians. With a view to increasing their number the Danish Government, we understand, intends to institute Old Age Pensions payable at the age of 101.

Congressmen in America, we learn from *The Pittsburg Dispatch*, are entitled to free Turkish baths, free Roman baths, free shower baths, and free shaves. This explains why American politics are so clean.

"Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD CATTERNS, of Sutton (Suffolk), have recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. CATTERNS still wears the same waistcoat he wore on his wedding day." Frankly, while we admire the omniscience of *The Daily Mail*, we fail to see what end is served by circulating petty scandal of this kind.

Commenting on the fact that a certain lady declined in favour of giving a Park to the people of Sheffield instead of having a fine set of jewels for herself, *The Observer* remarks that her name should have been GODIVA. This insinuation that the lady in question usually wears nothing, not even jewels, has, we understand, given grave offence.

Eleven ladies were refused admission to a whist drive at Brooklyn on the ground that they had entered into a conspiracy to cheat. It is only fair to the ladies to say that they did not know that cheating was not allowed.

While the Rev. H. E. WILLIAMS, curate of St. Augustine's, Fulham, was at evening service on Sunday his residence was entered by burglars, furs, silver cups, and money being taken away. This would make some men give up going to church, and it speaks well for Mr. WILLIAMS' grit

that he is, we understand, determined that it shall make no difference to him.

Annoyed at the statement that divorces are more frequent among authors than among other classes, several actors have written to deny indignantly that this is so.

No fewer than two instances of bullocks forcing their way into milliners' shops were reported last week. It is thought that the practice of supplying animals with sun-bonnets during the hot weather has given some of them an appetite for finery.

The Express describes a glutton belonging to the Zoological Society as "The Greatest Eater on Earth," and many parents are regretting this

FACTS WORTH FILING.

(With the usual acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

IN ALGERIA the horses outnumber the human beings; in Venice it is the other way about.

THE INVENTOR of pyjamas died without realising any considerable fortune from his idea.

AN ORDINARY beer-bottle cork if thrust to the bottom of a bathful of water, will, when released, rapidly come to the surface. This can be tried at home.

THE LONDON sparrow will not, as a rule, attack a man unless provoked.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY the offence of "masquerading in female attire" is not now punishable by death.

WHALEBONE has been suggested as the best material for golf-balls, but nothing has as yet come of the idea.

A GERMAN archæologist has conclusively proved that there were no railings round the Garden of Eden.

USED WAX MATCHES have little or no commercial value in Iceland.

THE COMMON house-fly can lift nearly eight times its own weight, but it is seldom employed for this purpose in the British Isles.

CORNISH FISHERMEN will refuse to go out with visitors who use rabbits as bait.



IT IS REPORTED THAT THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ACROBATS' COMIC ASSISTANTS MAY CALL OUT ITS MEMBERS AT ANY MOMENT. EMBARRASSMENT OF A PERFORMER WHO QUITE EXPECTED TO BE CAUGHT BY HIS COLLEAGUE.

attempt to put little boys on their mettle.

Those who are interested in curious names will be pleased with an advertisement, appearing in *The Daily Mail*, which began as follows:—

PERSONAL.

Will any Solicitor who has since the year 1900 prepared any Will for the above named deceased, &c., &c.

Speaking to an interviewer on the aims of the new Cavendish Club, the Honorary Secretary said, "We are not admitting clergymen to membership." As the Honorary Secretary is the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, the situation is decidedly piquant.

"MORE READABLE THAN EVER DESPITE ITS PICTURES," advertises *The Bystander*. Our contemporary is really too modest. In our opinion its pictures are not half bad.

By SUPERSTITIOUS people green figs are considered to be a sign of a severe winter.

"EMIGRATION.—Look what Sacrifice this means; Inld. Rosewood Drwg-rm. Suite, Cabnt. Piano, Table, Wtr Clr Drwngs, Prize Set Fr-irons, Overmtel, Oak Bureau, Bdm. Suite, Hall Std., Crpts, Linos, Blk. & Cprt Bdstds, Wire Mtrss. Gas Stoves, Dng. Table, Lthr. Couch, Arm Chairs, Vowel Washer." *Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The "Vowel Washer" (if you got as far as that) seems to have had a busy morning.

The Simple Life.

"Tsen Chum Hsuan, the Viceroy, who has been sent to deal with the rebellion in Szechuan, has been described as an Oriental Kitchener with a penchant for cutting off heads. He is a strong man of simple tastes."—*Daily Chronicle*.

But even men of simple tastes have their little hobbies. With some it is fretwork; with HSUAN it is cutting off heads.

THE LOYALISTS.

(Suggested by SOUTHEY'S "The Battle of Blenheim.")

[The period is some 55 years hence. Lord HALSBURY, by now a veteran of advanced years, is explaining the crisis of 1911 to two of his remote descendants, christened after the great WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and the famous F. E. SMITH.]

It was an autumn evening,

Old Die-hard's work was done,
He had, in fact, attained the age
Of seven-score years and one;
And with him chatted at his knee
His great-great-grandchild, Willoughby.

Upon the floor the latter's twin,
Young Effie, sat and played
With something sharp and smooth and fine

And lettered on the blade;
And asked if it was used in war,
And what the B.M.G. was for.

"That is the trowel," he replied,

"With which I was to pat
The Die-hard Club's foundation-brick,
Only the scheme fell flat;
'Tis a memento dear to me
Of the great age of loyalty."

"But tell us what the letters mean,"
She asked with eager shout.

"BALFOUR Must Go," said he, "but why
I could not well make out;
But this at least for sure I know
That anyhow he didn't go."

"And who was BALFOUR, tell us that?"

"Our noble chief," he said.
"And was there anyone who wished
To be the chief instead?"

"No. Things like that aren't done,"
said he,

"By men of simple loyalty."

"Dear great-great-grandpa," said the boy,

"Didn't you think it strange,
If they were all such loyal men,
That they should want a change?"

"You are too small to grasp," said he,
"The rules of party loyalty."

"They loved him, oh so well, but
thought

He sadly wanted grit;
They felt that if they kicked him hard
He might improve a bit."

Said Effie: "Well, it seems to me
A funny sort of loyalty."

"I am an old man," Die-hard said,

"But I was younger then,
And possibly was flattered by
These loyal gentlemen."

Said Effie: "Still it seems to me
A funny sort of loyalty."

"Kind words the Duke of MARLBOROUGH
spoke,

And our good SELBORNE too."

"But wasn't it," said Willoughby,

A rotten thing to do?"

"I grant that it was not," said he,

"The usual kind of loyalty."

But none the less the Chief sat tight

And never turned a hair."

"And did he thank you," asked the boy,

For all your loving care?"

"One doesn't want reward," said he,
For acts of simple loyalty." O. S.

HOME RULE FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

"North Close," Oct. 22, 1911.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it would be a ripping idea if you would let me contribute my views on the Home Rule question to your paper. There's so much rot written about schoolboys only thinking of games and grub, that I want to show people we've got views about the Empire a-jolly sight more sensible than most of the putrid rot the rotters stick in the papers. There's a fellow in *The Observer*—of course we take in all the best papers—who's allowed three long columns every week and sometimes four, to say just what he likes in. That's what I should like, but as it would take up about five pages in *Punch*, I suppose you would consider it a bit too hefty for a start.

I'm writing this during English hour with the Head. Of course I wouldn't dream of doing it under Old Beefy's nose—that's Mr. Calthrop, our house-master. He's got an eye like a gimlet and can spot you through a brick wall, though now he's married he's not quite the man he was. I always think marriage is a mistake for any ush. It makes him soft.

This Home Rule matter is a bigger thing than most people think—you can take that from me. It's not going to stop with Ireland. When I was a house prefect—I got reduced, you know, over that row with the Head—I could see quite clearly what a ripping idea it is to let men govern the men whose tricks they understand. Do you think there was any ragging or slacking in my preps? You bet not—I'd done most of the tricks myself, so I knew! Let REDMOND take prep. in an Irish Parliament, and he'll know how to keep them in order and make the beggars behave like good little boys.

I said Home Rule's not going to stop with Ireland. Home Rule's what we want. Of course we've got a little of it already in the prefect system, but not enough by a hundred miles. You read an awful lot of rot in the papers about the defects of a public school education, but there's some truth in it, and it's all due to the rotten idea that middle-aged fossils know what's best for boys. Let the middle-aged

footlers make rules for the other middle-aged footlers, say I, and let boys—I mean of course the sensible fellows with a real knowledge of the world—make rules for boys.

Don't you imagine that we'd cut out work altogether, or any rot like that. Work is jolly good discipline for kids, who want their little noses held down to the bally grindstone. But the older fellows—men of the world, you know—ought to be allowed to choose how much time they'll give to work and what subjects they'll go in for. Take my case. My pater wants me to go into Parliament some day, and as he's got the cash we can take that as settled. Now what use is Latin and Greek to me when I get into Parliament? Nowadays they only jeer at you if you try and quote Latin and Greek in the House, like BURKE and MACAULAY and APPISON and those sort of fellows used to do.

If I had my choice I'd swot at something a jolly sight more useful. I'd have an ush specially to teach us repartee and polite slanging—I mean like knowing how to call a man a-bally liar without his being able to object. Of course we know something about repartee already, considering we spend most of our spare time trying to score off one another; but when a grown-up hears it he calls it "rude" or "vulgar." Men's repartee is just the same thing, but it's put in polite language, and I admit ours isn't. For instance, when that sarcastic little scug Ironsides said to me the other day, "I hear Mrs. Beefy is trying to improve your dear little minds at North Close with Sunday readings from DANTE," which is quite true, I replied, "You ought to. Your ears are big enough. When you flap them in chapel you send a draught down our necks like the Piccadilly Tube."

Now I wonder how you'd construe that in parliamentary English?

I hope you'll be able to print this letter, because, for another reason, I could do with a little cash. I've promised to dine my uncle at the Troc. on term-holiday, and I want to do the thing in style.

Yours truly,
P. H. ROGERS.

"They ride up silent and unchallenged to the walls, they smile at us the smile of a friend, and without more ado we lower the portcullis."
Morning Post.

Now, we ask—is that the act of a real friend? If the writer had simply raised the drawbridge directly they were in sight or challenged them and told them that they couldn't come any further, we should have said nothing. But this is treachery.



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

SCENE.—*An Historic Costume Ball.*

MR. BALFOUR (as Charles II., to Mr. Austen Chamberlain as James, Duke of York). "WHAT WAS IT I SAID TO YOU SOME TWO OR THREE CENTURIES AGO: 'THEY 'LL NEVER KILL ME TO MAKE YOU KING'? STRANGE HOW THE WORDS COME BACK TO ME."



Macpherson (about to drive at the eighteenth tee, and breaking the silence which has been maintained since the start). "DOR-R-R-MY."
Macphail. "CHATTER-R-R-BOX!"

THE GEORGE EDWARDES BANQUET.

PORTENTOUS PREPARATIONS.

A FEW further particulars of the dinner to Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES which is being arranged for next month in honour of his completion of twenty-five years' management of the Gaiety Theatre have reached us. We can now definitely assert that the chair will not be taken by Mr. JAY GOULD, as was at one time feared. Who was to be chairman was naturally a question of the gravest importance, and Lord LANSDOWNE, as the head of the majority of the House of Lords (for which Mr. EDWARDES has done so much) was naturally first invited. Circumstances preventing Lord LANSDOWNE, the invitation was passed on to Lord ROSEBURY, who is, it was felt, the one peer with enough eloquence to do justice to the great merits of the genial entrepreneur. Lord ROSEBURY also failing, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has consented to officiate and say pretty things about the sacred lamp and all the rest of it.

The other tables will be presided over by Lord ESHER, Herr LEHAR, Herr OSCAR STRAUSS, Mr. LIONEL MONCKTON, Mr. J. L. TANNER, Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, who has undertaken to keep his "in

a roar." Among the old allies of Mr. EDWARDES who have already promised to attend we may mention the Duchess of Southsea, formerly Miss Ruby Twist; the Countess of Strewth, formerly Miss Lucie Rogue; the Marchioness of Findon, formerly Miss Gladys Hopp; and Lady Bridgeparty, formerly Miss Zena Wunce. It is also hoped to obtain acceptances from such old Gaiety favourites—familiar among the Chorus to all who rented pews in the 'nineties, even if their voices were never heard except more or less in unison—as Miss Lardy de Mar, now the Hon. Mrs. Burtty; Miss Carrie Quince, now Lady Stowett; Miss Alumette Bryant, now Mrs. John W. Rosenheimer, of New York; and Miss Rosie Cheeke, now Mrs. Cyrus K. Poodler, of Chicago.

To every guest a souvenir will be given in the shape of a miniature silver statuette of Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Lord LONSDALE, it is believed, will read a message in Portuguese from KING MANOEL, and the Marquis DE SOVERAL will recite a comic sonnet, of his own composition, in which Mr. EDWARDES is compared to PRINCE HENRY the Navigator.

Various addresses, we understand, will be presented to the hero of the evening. Amongst these special interest attaches to that of the White

Rose Society, in which stress is laid on the fact that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is the greatest peeress-maker since CHARLES II.

The Amalgamated Society of Minor Poets have prepared an Ode of Gratitude to Mr. EDWARDES, composed by sixteen writers, and emphasizing the services he has rendered to their cause by the practice of encouraging literary co-partnership.

Another gratifying tribute will be the address presented by a deputation from Brighton, headed by the Mayor and Corporation, expressing their indebtedness to Mr. EDWARDES for encouraging his companies to recruit their energies at that favourite resort, and thus assisting to revive the splendours of the Regency epoch.

In addition to leading lights of the stage, all the jockeys who have carried Mr. EDWARDES' colours to the winning-post will be present, a saddle of mutton having been ordered for each.

Members of the Press will be invited, with the exception of the representative of *The Westminster Gazette*.

"Played at Gloucester to-day, the teams not having previously met for 29 years. There were several changes on both sides."

Yorkshire Post.

Grandfather was very sorry, but he simply couldn't turn out.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME AUTUMN TOPICS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little rage this autumn for *needlework* and *womanliness*, and it's not incorrect to mention *home* now and then. Someone that you know has re-discovered the needle as a feminine weapon with immense possibilities, and *toutes celles-là* have followed suit. It's usual now at calling time to be found with a bit of stitchery in your hands, the plainer the better,—the harmless, necessary hemming is as piquant as anything. In a *tête-à-tête* (and here the real value of the revival comes in) with anyone you're *particularly interested* in, my dear, a bit of needlework, properly exploited, is simply enormously effective and appealing. For drawing out his mind and winning his confidence, a needle in the hand is worth two cigarettes in the mouth!

"Olga," who is always there or thereabouts, is showing the *sweetest* little afternoon sewing-frocks. She has just made some for me, of which the most convincing, perhaps, is a dove-grey satin-cashmere; *domestic happiness* is indicated by the straight, simple draping and the small embroidered satchel for needles and cottons hanging to the girdle, while elusive touches of crimson-and-gold passementerie hint at the fireside, and the sincere yet subtle arrangement of the corsage-folds means, *I am a woman in whom you may safely confide*.

Wear one of these little frocks, have your hair done *meekly*, bend pensively over your work (it doesn't matter in the least whether you can work or not), speak rather slowly, in the new, soft, needlework-voice, and the chances are that, whoever and whatever he is, he will deliver himself a captive into your hands! It's usual to *frame* the little bit of work one was doing when some *particularly* momentous confidence was given. For instance, I've framed the bit of hemming I was engaged on when Giovanni Allegretto, of the Italian Staff, a nice boy whose mind I've been forming lately, confided to me as

a secret that his country was going to war. Of course I told everybody, so no one was surprised when it happened.

Stella Clackmannan, next to your own Blanche, has made the greatest success with the cult of the needle. I must own the dear thing looks simply too sweet for words with her sewing-frock on, her hair parted, and her neck gently bent, as she looks demurely down at her great, fearful stitches. Ray Rymington, who's been devoted to her for ages, has committed some verses that begin like this:—

Lady of Mine, Lady of Mine,
Meekly stitching, with wondrous art

("with wondrous art" is quite lovely, considering *how* she works!),

means to set to work looking out old diaries and letters, and getting her *Memoirs* under way. The people who don't care say *Do!* And the people who *do* care say *Don't!* Upon which the Dowager tells these latter: "Well, you must make it worth my while to *don't*." After a lot of haggling they come to terms, and she goes on for another year or so, when it's *da capo* with the whole performance. And so it comes to pass that the Dowager Needmore lives by *not* writing her *Memoirs*!

The new toque is distinctly sweet. It's of fur, with a little pocket-nest on the top to hold a weeny doggie. You slip the little thingy-thing in, and its little heady-head, looking about, forms the trimming. Pom-pom being black, I wear him in a chin-chilla or ermine toque; Beryl wears her Peky-Peky in a dark sable one.

Ever thine,
BLANCHE.

THE SHOW PLACE.

"You do really want to see the house, *honestly*?" asked the guide. The anxiety in his tone showed me that my *role* of sight-seer must have been suffered to lapse somewhat. I hastened to make amends. "Of course," I said; "I was only wonder-

ing whether we oughtn't to wait till there was a sufficient party, or anything like that."

He considered me, in the reflective way that guides have, when they happen to be rather less than six years old. "You do say funny things, don't you?" he observed; "I laugh ever so, sometimes."

Then we proceeded. The mansion, over which I was to be conducted, occupied a commanding situation on one corner of the nursery table—what auctioneers would call a well-built family residence, brick faced, standing in its own grounds of bright green, which must have extended fully two inches beyond the walls on every side.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed rapturously as we came in sight of it. "That's—that's something like a house, isn't it?" It was; it was also much more like a large box. Considering, however, that this was not my first view of the



Mrs. Higgins (witnessing performance of "Hamlet"). "Well, I call this a fair job. THESE 'ERE JOKES ARE STALE. I 'EARD 'EM TWENTY YEAR AGO IN THIS SAME PLAY!"

That needle of Thine, that needle of Thine
Is Love's own dart,
Piercing my heart,
Lady of Mine, Lady of Mine.

It's to be published this autumn in his new collection of poems, *Heart Spasms*.

Talking of publishing, *ma chérie*, we often hear of people who live by writing, but did you ever hear of anyone living by *not* writing? That is how the Dowager Lady Needmore lives. She knows all about everyone, is very poor, very clever, very malicious, and has a fearful memory, by which I don't mean that she *forgets* things but that she remembers 'em. When she finds herself very stony, she gives out that the publishers have made her a big offer for her *Memoirs*, if she'll call everybody by their right names, "extenuating nothing and setting down everything in malice," as *Hamlet* says. She says that she can't afford to refuse, and



Mrs. A. "THEY SAY YOUR NED'S WANTED BY THE POLICE."

Mrs. B. "WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTIN' FOR TASTES."

property (I had, indeed, in my capacity of honorary uncle, arranged the present lease, through the agency of the Army and Navy Stores, only last birthday), I flatter myself that the surprise and enthusiasm were fairly creditable. Peter, at least, seemed satisfied.

"There!" he said. "Now we go inside." As a matter of fact it was less our going in than the house coming out, by means of a detachable front arrangement that permitted us a generous and comprehensive view of the interior. The guide—or Peter, as you like—was watching me closely for appreciation.

"They won't mind us?" I whispered, indicating the Family, who were obviously in residence at the moment; the noble owner in the dining-room (stretched, I regret to add, under the dining-room table); his lady in the *salon* above stairs; the infant heir enjoying a bath, to which he appeared permanently attached, in the bedroom; and a very large domestic (who presumably slept out) dominating the kitchen. They seemed an unsociable lot. "What I mean is," I added, "it must be such a nuisance having

tourists going all over one's place when one's there oneself."

"They won't mind," said Peter; which, to do them justice, they didn't appear to; their high-bred indifference to our proceedings could hardly have been surpassed in the most aristocratic circles. Peter restored the master of the establishment (who was dressed in a sailor suit and looked young for his responsibilities) to an upright position. "He's got 'digestion,'" he explained charitably, "like you."

"I can well believe it," I said with an involuntary shudder. I was looking at the kitchen, on the table of which stood a made-dish of repellent aspect and at least twice the size of the unhappy sufferer. Something else in the kitchen also struck me. I sniffed once or twice; in a more complex establishment one would have said that the drains wanted looking to. Peter explained. "It used to be *such* a dear little crab when it ran about on the sands," he said reminiscently, "and I brought it home all the way in the train in my pocket, and now it isn't well."

Peter has (I think) the softest and most wonderful eyes in the world.

They were regarding me now so wistfully that I hastened to replace my handkerchief with what was almost an air of guilt. Not for so small a matter must the popularity of an uncle be jeopardised; and somebody in authority was bound to find out about it before long anyhow.

"But it *is* a nice house, isn't it?" demanded Peter, suddenly forgetting (to my relief) the deceased crustacean and clasping one of my hands in the estatic manner peculiar to him at emotional moments.

"It's perfect," I said, and meant it. "One doesn't know which is the nicest, the kitchen, or the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or the bedroom. Which do you like best?"

Peter considered. "I know which *they* like best," he said decisively, indicating sailor-suit and his spouse.

"Which?" I asked.

"The nursery," he answered with entire confidence. He was already arranging the couple, still to all outward appearance apathetic, about the tin bath. "They must do," he explained, "'cos their little boy lives there."

I apologised.

THE DIARY OF A CINEMA ACTOR.

Sunday. I had hoped to stick to the "legitimate" all my life, but now that that has failed me there seems to be only one thing left for me to do, for I have always been told that I have not enough personality for the halls. To-morrow I start my engagement with the Grand Auto-Bio-Cinematograph Company. It is not quite what I looked forward to when I first went on the boards, but one must earn an honest penny somehow. To-morrow we do "When Father Paid the Rent." Action, of course, is what is wanted in a Cinema play, and there should be plenty of action in this.

Monday. A terrible day. I must really go into training.

I called at Mr. Brown's house for the rent at ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Brown, who has a keen sense of humour, had tied a string across the bottom of the door, and I came in quickly (the essence of the Cinema drama is quick movement) without noticing it—until, that is to say, it forced itself on my attention. Then I picked myself up and turned back to the door in surprise, Jane seizing that moment to come in with the breakfast things. (Very late the Browns breakfast.) Again I failed to notice her until it was too late, and my simulation of anger at receiving the contents of the coffee-jug down my neck was excellent—even without the words, which in a Cinema play are, of course, unnecessary. Hearing the noise Mrs. Brown came in from the kitchen, where she was making the pastry (extraordinary hours the Browns keep) and poured a basin of flour over me—I can only suppose under the mistaken idea that flour removes coffee-stains.

My one thought now was to escape, for I saw by this time that the Browns had no serious intention of paying the rent. The only available exit was the chimney, one of those large old-fashioned ones often seen in country houses. I accordingly made for it, discovered at once that it had not been swept for years, and had got quite half way up before Brown came down from the top and met me. We finished on the hearth-rug together, myself on the underneath berth. As I rose to my feet some instinct seemed to warn me that Brown had chosen this day for having the painters in. My instinct did not play me false; I met them at the window. But it was certainly a surprise to me that he was having his house done with *blue* paint. The taste for blue paint is an acquired one; even *half* the large helping I had off the

brush would have convinced me of this.

I am very tired to-night and can only hope to-morrow will not be so strenuous. To-morrow we do "An Interrupted Proposal." It sounds pretty and sentimental, but—well, we shall see.

Tuesday. I shall go to bed early to-night—as soon as ever I have written up my diary.

Being told by the maid that Miss Hilda Brown was at home, I followed her into the drawing-room, taking my silk hat with me in case I might be wanted to sit down on it. In a little while Hilda and I were seated side by side on the sofa, holding each other's hands and gazing into each other's eyes. I could have gone on like this for a long time, but, as the manager says, what is wanted is action. Brown came in furiously and stood over us, angrily waving his arms. I implied with a slight gesticulation that my intentions were serious, that I had an income of £500 a year, and that Hilda and I loved one another. Brown answered in dumb show that he was going out to loose the bull-dog. At this Hilda fainted on my top-hat, and I hurried out after Brown with the idea of trying to make the bull-dog think that we had *both* loosed him, and that the right gentleman was still in the drawing-room. In less than a minute the chase in the garden had begun. In my youth I had been a noted runner, and as the bull-dog was now in his prime the spectators were assured of a good race. At the end of the third lap I was still leading, and by just enough to allow me to jump at an overhanging branch and swing myself out of danger. For a moment I feared a protest from the manager that the new situation—myself sitting on the branch, the bull-dog sitting below—lacked action, but I soon saw that I had no reason for alarm on this point. There was an ominous snapping noise above me, a still more ominous snapping noise below me; and then we were all on the ground together. In the dramatic scene which ensued my representation of The Dying Lion-tamer was, the manager tells me, remarkable. Fortunately at the moment when I seemed to him to be overdoing the part the camera stopped clicking.

To-morrow we do a moving drama, entitled, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." I am getting a little nervous now about anything connected with love; still more about anything connected with laughs. But I hope for the best.

Wednesday. The drama was different from what I expected. My own part in it was small; I had to understudy the heroine in the scene where

she falls into the lake and the hero rescues her. For some reason the heroine didn't think she could make this "go" properly. Dressed in a coat and skirt similar to the one she had been wearing throughout the play, and with my face hidden by a thick veil, I fell into the part at once; but the hero's idea of towing me out again was immature to a degree. He is the worst rescuer I have ever met. As we came up for the third time, I said, "Unless you do something quickly, I shall have to tow *you* out. It isn't even as if the water were filtered." Thus spurred on, he managed to pull me to shore safely.

The manager says he will write and let me know when he wants me again, but, anyhow, it won't be to-morrow. So I have *one* day off.

Thursday. Spent the morning in bed, and in the afternoon wandered into a picture palace and saw some cinema photographs of growing flowers. Delightful. I spoke to the manager of this palace afterwards and asked if he could give me a job. I fancy myself particularly as a growing lily, though I daresay I should get a good "house" as a crocus unfolding or a laburnum tree bursting into bud. The truth is I am really too old for my other work, and since Fate has turned me into a cinema actor I ought to be looking about for something quiet; this flower business would just suit me. The manager, however, was rather curt about it. Returned home a little disappointed and went to bed.

Friday. Got up to find a letter from my own manager asking me to come round at once and play an important part in the new sensational melodrama "Gored by Wild Bisons." It's very nice of him, but I can't quite bring myself to take advantage of his kindness. Of course I *might* be the Wild Bison and do the goring, but I think it is more likely that I should be the gentleman who has the goring done to him. Telegraphed my refusal, therefore, and returned to bed.

Saturday. Permanently in bed.

A. A. M.

Morality and the Stage.

Complaint is made by a dramatic critic that there is no rake on the stage at Covent Garden. Why doesn't he try the other side of the river?

"We are pleased to think that Lady Macbeth in a different environment might have been a great saint instead of a great singer."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

We prefer the *Lady Macbeth* of "Oh, dry those tears!" and "The Garden of Sleep."



"ARE THERE DRAGONS, MOTHER?"

"OH, NO, DEAR."

"WHY NOT?"

THE INDOMITABLES.

A melancholy exercise in the manner of the admirable and persevering "Truth."

I TAKE this opportunity of warning my readers against Mr. Lazarus Moss, of 493, Jermyn Street Chambers, who is ostensibly a reasonable lender of money to young gentlemen in monetary difficulties, but is really a blood-sucking spider into whose toils it is dangerous to be drawn. Mr. Moss is, I need hardly say, the most philanthropic of men, and is prepared to advance sums up to any amount on note of hand only. Having my suspicions aroused, I have been to the congenial trouble of inquiring into Lazarus's past, and I find that he is none other than our old friend, Samuel Harris, who was, if you remember, unmasked in the issue of this paper for March 8, 1878, and was there shown to be a recrudescence of the notorious Haman Levi, whose ingenious practices for fleecing young aristocrats were detailed in our issue of September 4, 1872. This man's real name is Henry Biggs, who, for some years before he took to money-lending, was the champion begging-letter writer of the Midlands.—*February 9, 1884.*

The blood-sucking scoundrel, Lazarus Moss, of whom I had something to say in the issue of February 9, 1884, is still at his old game, and the gilt-edged youth who wish to raise the needful quickly at several hundred per cent. have no occasion to go further afield than 40A, Curzon Street Mansions, where he sits in a handsome office dictating letters on note-paper announcing that he has no connection with any firm of the same name. Let no one, however, be deceived, for this Lazarus Moss is the identical Lazarus Moss (whose real name is Biggs), against whom I have already frequently warned my readers.—*June 10, 1887.*

A correspondent writes to me complaining of the money-lending circulars which he has received from many firms, the chief offenders being Messrs. Chetwynd and Co., 189, Piccadilly Court. He asks me what he should do. There are only three things to do. One is to ask for an injunction against Chetwynd and Co. to restrain them from pestering you; which would be a very expensive luxury. Another is to return the letter in an envelope without a stamp; and the third is to tear it up and forget it. A few inquiries which I have caused to

be made have established the fact that Chetwynd and Co. are no other than the irrepressible Lazarus Moss, *alias* Haman Levi, *alias* Samuel Harris (who was once Biggs, the begging-letter writer of Edgbaston), against whom I have already done my best to warn readers.—*October 23, 1891.*

Once again it is my duty to call attention to the case of those usurious Shylocks, Chetwynd and Co. (*alias* Lazarus Moss, *alias* Haman Levi, *alias* Samuel Harris), whom I last pilloried in the number for October 23, 1891. In spite of all I said then and formerly, they continued their malpractices and are now as flourishing as ever; but a recent transaction, of which I have all the facts, should be their last. Suffice it to say that they have been dealing upon incredible terms with a minor who has, for them, the unfortunate merit of being nearly related to a Judge. What the sequel will be time alone can show; but I feel fairly confident that Chetwynd and Co., under whatever name they may assume, will have to choose either another line of business or another country to pursue it in.—*December 8, 1895.*

In our issue for December 8, 1895,



WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE LATEST SCHEME OF THE WAR OFFICE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY IS THE FORMATION OF A "VETERAN RESERVE" COMPOSED OF ALL WHO HAVE AT ANY TIME BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE REGULAR OR AUXILIARY FORCES. OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GLANCING INTO THE FUTURE, SENDS A PICTURE OF ONE OF THESE PATRIOTS, WHO, ON THE ORDER FOR MOBILISATION, UNDETERRED EVEN BY AN ATTACK OF GOUT, IS SEEN SUPERINTENDING THE TRANSPORT OF A FEW SIMPLE NECESSITIES.

I drew attention to a singularly audacious financial transaction on the part of a firm of money-lenders calling themselves Chetwynd and Co., whom I had proved to be no other than Lazarus Moss, Samuel Harris, and Haman Levi, all previously attacked in this paper, and all pseudonyms of the infamous Biggs. Nemesis, I thought then, had a rod in pickle; but I seem to have been mistaken, for I have discovered that Mr. Vandyck Sturmer, of 241, Duke Street, St. James's, who is so freely papering London and the provinces with his offers for instant accommodation on the easiest terms, comprises in himself all these old friends of ours. Well, I can do no more than issue my warning, and once again I caution my readers against having any dealings with this audacious swindler, who would extract blood from a stone with more ease and success than any apparatus ever invented by Mr. EDISON.—*January 14, 1901.*

A correspondent in Rugby has sent me an account of his son's dealings with a London money-lender that are

so extraordinary in character as to cause even me—accustomed as I am to revelations of this kind—to blush for my fellow-creatures. It appears that the young man, as young men will, became involved and had recourse to a financier whose circulars he had often received, a certain Marcus Swithin, of 301, Sackville Street Chambers, who turns out to be none other than the usurer whom from time to time I have exposed in this paper under various *aliases*, the last of which was Vandyck Sturmer. The rate of interest demanded was no less than 400 per cent., of which a large portion has been paid. I have strongly advised the boy's father to see that no more is paid, and to call in the aid of the law to insist upon the refunding of what has already passed into Swithin's hands.—*April 20, 1908.*

P.S.

From *The Christian Commonwealth*, November 8, 1911:—

Biggs.—On the 5th, at 204, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., Henry Biggs, in his 89th year. Dearly beloved and much respected. No flowers, by request.

Another Feat of Endurance.

"A. C. Lee twice accomplished the fourteenth hole (measuring 294 yds.) of the West Essex Golf Course, last Saturday."—*Peking Times.*

And got the ball right into the little tin at the end? No! However long did it take him?

"A marriage prohibition decree has been announced at Samoa, writes the British Vice-Consul, forbidding unions between whites and natives, whites and half-caste class-natives, whites and half-caste classed as natives, half-castes and half-castes classed as natives, and between half-castes and natives."

Bloemfontein Post.

We have repeated this correctly and demand the bag of nuts.

"After a minute or two United's goal was a sort of Ladysmith, and it was all hands to the pump for United."—*Sheffield Sports Special.*

"How we kept the powder dry at Ladysmith."

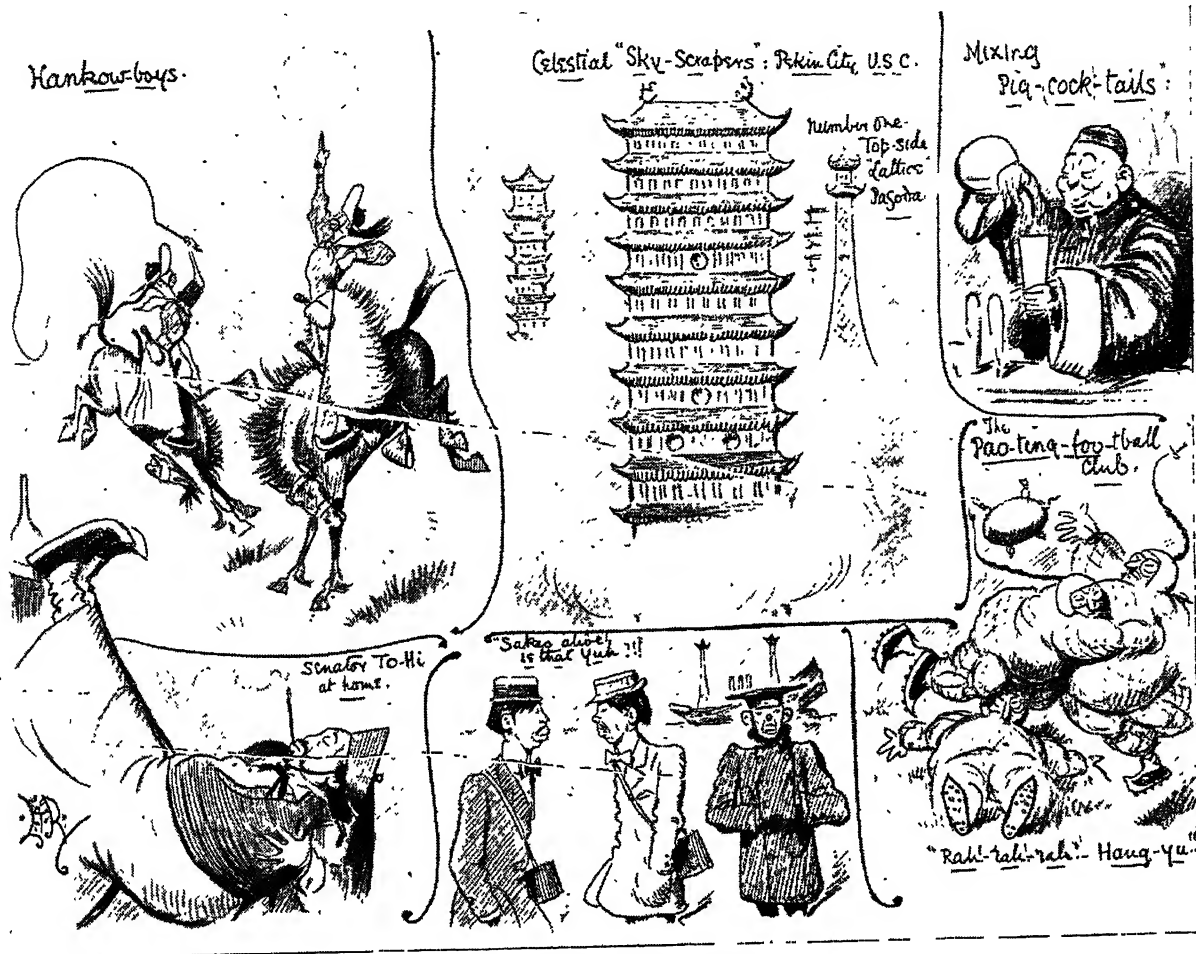
"White flannel pyjamas. Gentlemanly stripes."—*Adv. in "Daily Mail."*

Pyjamas with really gentlemanly stripes generally speak of themselves as "slumberwear." It is more genteel.



“THE HEATHEN CHINESE IS PECULIAR.”

ITALIAN OFFICER (*reading news from China*). “A WAR WITH A BATTLE! THAT LOOKS LIKE BAD MANAGEMENT.”



IF CHINA WERE AMERICANISED.

"The idea is to model China on the plan of the United States. . . . If the revolution succeeds the world will be astounded at the revolutionaries' genius for organisation."—An interview in "The Morning Post."

A QUESTION OF VALUE.

[It is declared in some quarters that 30 years or more must elapse before the great Land Valuation can be completed.]

I OWN a plot (or hereditament),
Fenced in by battered rails and rusty wire,
Some rods (or poles or perches) in extent,
In summer mostly dust, in winter mire;
This I let out on hire,
And therein parsnips lie in ill-made beds
And sundry cabbages uprear their heads.

Not to be coveted, my little plot.
No Eligible Building Site, alas!
In fact, the man who'd hit on such a spot
To build a house would be a silly ass.
But let such trifles pass;
It's mine entirely, if it is absurd,
This hereditament (I love that word!).

And this announcement (see above my mem.)
Fills me with pain and disappointment, too;
When will they value my Estate (ahem!)
If this is how they mean to muddle through?
No, it will never do!
In thirty years I may be dead and gone;
I'm youngish yet, but still I'm getting on.

I want to see how well my name will look
When written large (it would, of course, be big)
In that, the second, greater Domesday Book,
With, it may be, a Diagram or Fig.;
If I should fail to dig
(Through early death, we'll say) a road to fame,
I want at least to leave behind a Name.

And if I live I want things managed so
That men years hence may have the chance to bring
Their homage to the proper place, and know
The spot from which their Monument should spring;
I seem to see the thing,
A graceful column, carved about the base—
"The Poet, J. J. Jones, once owned this place."

And more, I yearn, I really yearn, to see
With how much justice Valuers hold the scales;
What worth, in their opinion, there may be
In these few yards of dirt and shattered rails,
A holding which entails
Upon its owner (as I've said, it's mine)
An average annual loss of 3s. 9d.

Perils of the Back-to-the-Land Policy.

"It has been found in Warwickshire that the development of allotment gardening is seriously affecting the attendance at football matches."
Daily Express.

LORD HARTINGTON.

(REMINISCENCE EXTRACTED FROM THE
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

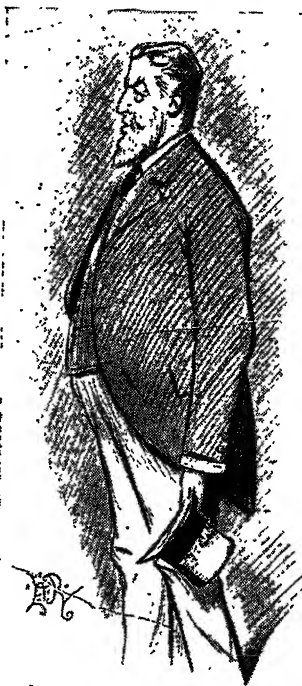
MR. BERNARD HOLLAND properly gives to his monumental work published by LONGMANS the title "Life of the Duke of Devonshire." It was, however, as Lord HARTINGTON that one of the chief pillars of the State during the latter half of QUEEN VICTORIA's reign was known to the people, a title that comes more readily to tongue and pen. Mr. HOLLAND brought to the accomplishment of his task a personal knowledge of its subject, with whom he was during two important years associated as Private Secretary. He has made profound study of the historic times in which Lord HARTINGTON played a leading part. The result appears in the most valuable addition to English biographical literature made since the appearance of Lord MORLEY's "Life of Gladstone," of which it is in large measure the complement. On page 407 of the first volume there is a slip of pen or printer's stick so obvious as to be immaterial. But to old Parliament men it is delightfully incongruous. It credits "Mr. CALDWELL" with the system of Army Reform established between the 'sixties and the 'eighties of last century. Of course, for CALDWELL we read CARDWELL, and pass on.

Towards the close of his life, when he had come into the dukedom, Lord HARTINGTON, taking the undergraduates at Cambridge University into his confidence, made a striking remark. "All through life," he said, "I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I do, and I have found this a great disadvantage." It may be true, but his slow process of thought invariably led him to the right conclusion. Through a long series of crises, of common importance but of varied character, Lord HARTINGTON without exception came to what proved to be a sound conclusion.

Some of the colleagues with whom he worked were men of brilliant parts, eloquent in ordered speech, sparkling in conversation, equally capable of moving the masses and charming the social circle. Lacking possession of these gifts, Lord HARTINGTON was a man of supremely sound judgment, one to whom his audience closely listened, whose advice they pondered over. As a public speaker he did not create immediate effect. He had not a pleasant voice and scorned approach to elocutionary art. He belonged to the class whose speeches are more effective when read than when spoken. Reading the many extracts Mr. HOLLAND gleans from

speeches delivered in the House of Commons (most of which I heard) one is struck by their lucidity and force. These qualities shine throughout the correspondence largely quoted.

The great perplexity of Lord HARTINGTON's public career was Mr. GLADSTONE. "I can never understand him in conversation" he forlornly wrote to Lord GRANVILLE on the eve of final separation. Admiring his Titanic genius, distrustful of his own capacity, he was instinctively inclined to follow his leader, and was constantly pulled up by finding himself among the breakers. The consequence was that he fell into the habit of what is known in domestic service



LORD HARTINGTON.

"Patiently trudged along."

as "giving notice." The letters written to his chief, in which he either threatens resignation or tenders it, are models of well-reasoned perspicacity.

Lord HARTINGTON was a Minister of the Crown *malgré lui*. Constitutionally indolent, he hankered after the leisure and the pleasures of a country gentleman's life, with Newmarket thrown in. But the supremely dominant force with him was a sense of duty. As he was more than once reminded when the strain of Ministerial life seemed too heavy to bear, the CAVENDISHES have always taken a leading part in affairs of State, and it did not become their latest descendant, heir to their name and estate, to walk apart. Lord HARTINGTON accordingly bent his sturdy shoulders under the yoke and patiently trudged along, hauling his burden with a groaning of the spirit hidden from the looker-on

but revealed in some pathetic passages of his correspondence and conversation.

His greatest sacrifice was made when he reluctantly undertook the thankless post of Leader of a distraught Opposition left in a hopeless minority. A condition of their servitude, more strictly enforced in those old-fashioned days than is now the case, was that the Leader on either side of the Table was expected to be in constant attendance from the time the SPEAKER took the Chair till the welcome cry, "Who goes home?" rang through the Lobby. That was a discipline hateful to Lord HARTINGTON's nature. Like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, he was sorely tempted to make up for arriving late by going away early. He never over-mastered the passion for unpunctuality. It was characteristic of him that, when still a young Member lately appointed to the War Office and having in hand the task of introducing a departmental Bill, he arrived so late that, the Order of the Day being called on, one of his colleagues was hurriedly put up to talk against time till the dallying Minister strolled in.

Habitually arriving late, he never attempted to hide his delinquency by furtive entry from behind the SPEAKER's Chair. With right hand in his pocket, swinging his hat in his left, he walked the full length of the floor, to be seen of all men. Once arrived and condemned to a long, frequently a tedious, sitting, he remained at his post with head thrown back, hat tilted over his nose, both hands in his pockets, a monument of silent uncomplaining martyrdom. Thus he sat on the historic night when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, rising from the Radical camp below the Gangway, hailed him, amid raucous cheering, as "Late the Leader of the Liberal Party." Had the taunt been addressed to a stone image it would not have led to less perceptible change of countenance.

A tower of strength to any Administration in which he served, Lord HARTINGTON's value as an asset was—if paradox be permitted—lessened by his implacable honesty. Not a party man, he was unselfishly loyal to his Party. But there was a limit beyond which neither personal friendship nor political advantage could drag his foot. It was marked by conviction that the proposed step was lacking in honourable purpose or that it was hostile to the truest interest of the country. No British statesman of modern or ancient times had a purer record than Lord HARTINGTON. His life was twice blessed. In action he did the State high service. At rest he leaves behind a memory inspiring to his successors.

A SUSPICIOUS CASE.

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LORD HARTINGTON.

(REMINISCENCE EXTRACTED FROM THE
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

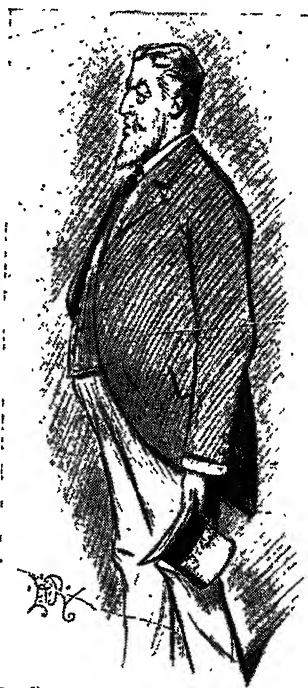
MR. BERNARD HOLLAND properly gives to his monumental work published by LONGMANS the title "Life of the Duke of Devonshire." It was, however, as Lord HARTINGTON that one of the chief pillars of the State during the latter half of QUEEN VICTORIA's reign was known to the people, a title that comes more readily to tongue and pen. Mr. HOLLAND brought to the accomplishment of his task a personal knowledge of its subject, with whom he was during two important years associated as Private Secretary. He has made profound study of the historic times in which Lord HARTINGTON played a leading part. The result appears in the most valuable addition to English biographical literature made since the appearance of Lord MORLEY's "Life of Gladstone," of which it is in large measure the complement. On page 407 of the first volume there is a slip of pen or printer's stick so obvious as to be immaterial. But to old Parliament men it is delightfully incongruous. It credits "Mr. CALDWELL" with the system of Army Reform established between the 'sixties and the 'eighties of last century. Of course, for CALDWELL we read CARDWELL, and pass on.

Towards the close of his life, when he had come into the dukedom, Lord HARTINGTON, taking the undergraduates at Cambridge University into his confidence, made a striking remark. "All through life," he said, "I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I do, and I have found this a great disadvantage." It may be true, but his slow process of thought invariably led him to the right conclusion. Through a long series of crises, of common importance but of varied character, Lord HARTINGTON without exception came to what proved to be a sound conclusion.

Some of the colleagues with whom he worked were men of brilliant parts, eloquent in ordered speech, sparkling in conversation, equally capable of moving the masses and charming the social circle. Lacking possession of these gifts, Lord HARTINGTON was a man of supremely sound judgment, one to whom his audience closely listened, whose advice they pondered over. As a public speaker he did not create immediate effect. He had not a pleasant voice and scorned approach to elocutionary art. He belonged to the class whose speeches are more effective when read than when spoken. Reading the many extracts Mr. HOLLAND gleans from

speeches delivered in the House of Commons (most of which I heard) one is struck by their lucidity and force. These qualities shine throughout the correspondence largely quoted.

The great perplexity of Lord HARTINGTON's public career was Mr. GLADSTONE. "I can never understand him in conversation" he forlornly wrote to Lord GRANVILLE on the eve of final separation. Admiring his Titanic genius, distrustful of his own capacity, he was instinctively inclined to follow his leader, and was constantly pulled up by finding himself among the breakers. The consequence was that he fell into the habit of what is known in domestic service



LORD HARTINGTON.

"Patiently trudged along."

as "giving notice." The letters written to his chief, in which he either threatens resignation or tenders it, are models of well-reasoned perspicacity.

Lord HARTINGTON was a Minister of the Crown *malgré lui*. Constitutionally indolent, he hankered after the leisure and the pleasures of a country gentleman's life, with Newmarket thrown in. But the supremely dominant force with him was a sense of duty. As he was more than once reminded when the strain of Ministerial life seemed too heavy to bear, the CAVENDISHES have always taken a leading part in affairs of State, and it did not become their latest descendant, heir to their name and estate, to walk apart. Lord HARTINGTON accordingly bent his sturdy shoulders under the yoke and patiently trudged along, hauling his burden with a groaning of the spirit hidden from the looker-on

but revealed in some pathetic passages of his correspondence and conversation.

His greatest sacrifice was made when he reluctantly undertook the thankless post of Leader of a distraught Opposition left in a hopeless minority. A condition of their servitude, more strictly enforced in those old-fashioned days than is now the case, was that the Leader on either side of the Table was expected to be in constant attendance from the time the SPEAKER took the Chair till the welcome cry, "Who goes home?" rang through the Lobby. That was a discipline hateful to Lord HARTINGTON's nature. Like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, he was sorely tempted to make up for arriving late by going away early. He never over-mastered the passion for unpunctuality. It was characteristic of him that, when still a young Member lately appointed to the War Office and having in hand the task of introducing a departmental Bill, he arrived so late that, the Order of the Day being called on, one of his colleagues was hurriedly put up to talk against time till the dallying Minister strolled in.

Habitually arriving late, he never attempted to hide his delinquency by furtive entry from behind the SPEAKER's Chair. With right hand in his pocket, swinging his hat in his left, he walked the full length of the floor, to be seen of all men. Once arrived and condemned to a long, frequently a tedious, sitting, he remained at his post with head thrown back, hat tilted over his nose, both hands in his pockets, a monument of silent uncomplaining martyrdom. Thus he sat on the historic night when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, rising from the Radical camp below the Gangway, hailed him, amid raucous cheering, as "Late the Leader of the Liberal Party." Had the taunt been addressed to a stone image it would not have led to less perceptible change of countenance.

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"I understand," I said, "though I cannot quite see how, that when I produce the case to a friend it will burst out in coloured lights and flash the legend 'Smoke and Enjoy Blank and Co.'s Bond Street Cigarettes.'"

But no: it was not even that.

When one gets as far as I had got in an argument with a shopman, one has of course lost. In the end I left with the first hundred cigarettes in my hand, and in my ear his ringing promise to have the case ready, duly monogrammed. "We shall see you again in the morning, then, Sir?" he concluded blithely.

"Get along with you," said I. "You know quite well that you will have belted with the cash by then."

"Good evening, Sir," he laughed.

you miserable. What with the certainty that you have been done by the Company, and the impossibility of finding out how, and what with the wild hope (which you know to be desperate even as you hope it) that you have done the Company, you would get so irritable that even the five hundred excellent cigarettes, smoked on end, would not calm you.

I did make one more attempt to get at the truth. "Friend," I said, calling on him at his shop, "it is now your turn to avail yourself of my splendid offer. Here is another thirty bob. It is yours on one small condition. I have smoked the last cigarette of the last row of each box, and they were all up to sample. The thirty bob is yours and secrecy guaranteed, if you will tell

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

"In any case the cat is a stray," remarked Reginald, "and a hideous stray at that."

"Yes, dearest," replied his wife, "but it's a *cat*, and *as such* appealed to both of us when it crept into the scullery door that snowy night last February."

"Kindly remember, Mabel, I was against your letting it in," returned Reginald.

"You may have been," she replied; "I also remember you were the one to warm the bread and milk for it and give it one of your flannel shirts to sleep on. You were also the one to—"

"Pray let us be reasonable. We've only tolerated it because we're sorry



FRIEZE FOR THE SHINGLESEA TOWN HALL.

TO COMMEMORATE THE GLORIOUS AND PROLONGED SUMMER SEASON OF 1911.

"Good-bye," I answered bitterly.

However, there he was next morning, with the case ready for me.

"And the other four hundred cigarettes we will send you from time to time, as you order them?"

"I will take them all now," I declared suddenly, and watched his face narrowly. No ghastly pallor on his cheeks, no blue at the lips, no sign of the villain foiled, not even a wince!

"It is no good," I said; "I see that I have got to be done. Probably you have been sitting up all night doing something to my four hundred; taking the tobacco out of the paper, or putting cheap paper round the tobacco." And with that we parted.

I do not give you the address, though you could easily find it for yourself by trying every shop in Bond Street, for one reason because we do not advertise in this part of the paper, and for the other because, if I did and you went and did likewise, it would only make

me where the catch is. For that there is a catch in it somewhere you know as well as I."

The man said there was no catch in it, smiled happily, refused the thirty bob and offered me another cigarette out of the Company's box.

"Mr. Giles was formerly employed in London both as a booking-office clerk and as a dramatic critic. He knew Miss Madge Robertson (afterwards Mrs. Kendall), David Garrick, and Sothorn."—*Daily Sketch*.

GARRICK's famous *bon mot* about the South-Eastern Railway was, in fact, first made to Mr. GILES.

"Mr. Wood, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Wood have been entertaining at Hengrave this week for shooting the Marquess and Marchioness Douro, Viscount and Viscountess Deerpurst, Lord and Lady Bateman, Mrs. Montagu Tharp, Miss Beare, Lieutenant Eyres-Monsell, M.P., and Mrs. Eyres-Monsell, Mr. Quilter, M.P., Mr. Bevan, and Mr. Jack Wood."—*The Times*.
A fairly useful bag.

for the ugly little brute; but now, as you can't find a home for it, our only possible course is to have it destroyed before the place is swarming with kittens, all resembling their mother, only more so."

"We could drown them," said Mabel; "at least, *you* could."

"Thanks," said Reginald coldly.

"Well, the greengrocer's boy would do it for threepence."

"No doubt; but you know, when it came to it, you'd never let him."

Mabel did not reply, but scratched the scraggy back of the object under discussion with the point of her slipper instead. It was an ugly cat, with a large pink nose, no chin to speak of, a crafty pair of eyes, and a coat that had probably seen better days.

"The best thing to do," said Reginald, "is to tell the chemist to give it a dose of prussic acid."

"I wouldn't for worlds," replied Mabel; "prussic acid hurts awfully.

No, the only *kind* thing to do is to send it to a lethal chamber, and let the poor thing sleep out of one world into another. But in either case it's sheer murder."

"Well, do that," said Reginald; "I'll risk being hanged."

"I think you are frightfully callous and selfish," said his wife. "Although you claim a future existence for yourself and deny it to animals, you destroy their one little life without any compunction, but set a ridiculous value on your own, although you have got another to follow."

"Well, take your choice of the two methods," he said indifferently, "but I should think the chemist's would be handier."

"No, it isn't, as a matter of fact," replied Mabel, "because Dunham the Vet. has a lethal chamber for cats, and all you have to do is to send him a postcard asking him to fetch them away."

"Then do that," said her husband, as he prepared to start for the City, "only remember," he added authoritatively over his shoulder, "*I wish it done.*"

"Very well, dear," said Mabel, and set to work to write the postcard, but found the drawing-up of the death-warrant no easy matter, for she had not the heart to say she wanted the cat destroyed in so many words. In the end she compromised by addressing it to Mr. Dunham, The Lethal Chamber, High Street (Local), and asking him to fetch the cat away that afternoon. Then, leaving half-a-crown with the maid to defray the charge, she went up to town, hoping that a *matinée* might divert her mind from the tragedy.

"The boy fetched it this afternoon," she said reproachfully to Reginald later in the day; "I was out, but he took it in a basket, and said there was no charge. I think Mr. Dunham is a humane man and a credit to his sex."

"So do I," said Reginald with heartless gaiety; but he missed the cat, all the same, and it was quite a week before Mabel recovered her usual spirits. Still, lots of things happened that summer—two weddings in the family, then the Coronation, and after that their summer holiday, which was really like a second honeymoon, until one morning a letter arrived bearing a half-penny stamp and with the flap folded inside.

"I told them *not* to forward circulars," grumbled Reginald.

"I don't think it's a circular," said his wife, "it looks like a bill."

Reginald frowned and opened it. It was a bill, and read thus:—



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"Saml. Dunham, Veterinary Surgeon,
M.R.C.V.S.

To	£	s.	d.
One cat, full board (March 31 to July 31) ...	2	4	0
4 kittens, ditto (April 30 to July 31) ...	2	8	0
	£4	12	0

A remittance will oblige."

"What does this mean?" said Reginald fiercely, pushing the document across the table.

"I don't know," said his wife, pushing it back, "unless," she added thoughtfully, "he didn't put our poor pussy in the lethal chamber after all."

"But you wrote and told him to?"
"Well, as far as I remember, I told him in my postcard to fetch the cat away, and addressed it to the lethal chamber. I didn't say 'destroy it,' in black and white, because I hadn't the heart to, but I thought he'd understand what I meant. Now I see why there was no charge."

"No charge!" howled Reginald. "Is £4 12s. 0d. no charge? That's what your soft-heartedness is going to cost me. Do you know I've been keeping

that rat-tailed animal and its progeny for all these months, because you are pleased to have so much consideration for a cat and so little for my pocket?"

"I think we have been done," said Mabel calmly. "He probably *did* kill the cat and he's trying to swindle you. I shouldn't pay."

"I won't!" thundered Reginald, "I'll fight it!" and he wrote to Mr. Dunham to that effect. Mr. Dunham however replied that he had now destroyed all the animals, was sorry the mistake had occurred, but must insist on payment, and was always prepared for litigation.

In the end a compromise was effected. The Vet. took three guineas and Mabel went without another new (and unnecessary) muslin frock. Reginald said he thought it would be a lesson to her. She quite agreed, and got the frock a fortnight later.

Answer to correspondent in *The Star*:

"To row your existence with your eye firmly fixed on some definite goal instead of just drifting is wise."

True; but then it's so difficult to row that way round.

THE HALSBURY CLUB.

THE weekly meeting of the Halsbury Club was held yesterday at the new Moridure Hall specially re-named by the Club for this purpose. There were present, amongst others, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., Lord MILNER, Lord SELBORNE, Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., and Mr. LEO MAXSE (guest). Members of the Press were not admitted, but our own special investigator has supplied us with the following account of the proceedings:—

Lord Milner. Where's HALSBURY—er—I beg pardon—where is our revered President?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. No doubt the old buster—tut, tut, how silly I am!—no doubt our noble friend, never more noble than in this time of trial, will be here as soon as his numerous and important engagements permit. In the meantime I suggest that the Secretary—(at this moment a loud shout of "What cheer, boys!" was heard outside, the door was violently opened, a big drum and a policeman's helmet were flung into the room, and were immediately followed by Lord HALSBURY tastefully attired as a boy scout. The noble Earl, having turned three cartwheels and four somersaults, alighted on the wooden circumference of the drum and trundled it round the room with his feet. He then sprang lightly on to Lord SELBORNE's shoulders, kissed his hand to the assembled Die-Hards, and popped off safely on to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's lap, and so into the Presidential chair).

Lord Halsbury. That knocks 'em, I don't think—eh what? All (enthusiastically). What a boy it is!

Mr. Leo Maxse (in a frenzy of admiration). B.M.G.! B.M.G.!! B.M.G.!!! Oh, what it is to be alive and in England! Oh, the traitors, the double-distilled, disloyal, bloodthirsty, venomous, lickspittle, mean-spirited, thrice damnable traitors! B.M.G.! B.M.G.! Show me the scuttlers! Let me get at the shufflers! I'll cut their hearts out! I'll massacre them! Oh, oh, oh!!! (He foams at the mouth and falls on the floor.)

Mr. F. E. Smith (jealously, to Lord SELBORNE). Pretty trick, isn't it? He does it with a bit of soap, you know.

Mr. J. L. Garvin. This is stupendous. But where in the world did you get the drum and the helmet?

Lord Halsbury. Took the drum from a Salvation Army band. Drummer objected. Bagged his wind, bowled him over, and away I went with his drum. Policeman interfered. Bagged his helmet, and here I am.

All (ecstatically). What youth! What exuberance! What innocent animal spirits! Was there ever such a boy!

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (impressively). Lord HALSBURY teaches us all a lesson.

Lord Halsbury (from the Chair). Now then, boys, business, business. WILLOUGHBY, old son, we'll take your blessed minutes as read. Is there anything more? I'm playing half back for the Peckham Scorchers this afternoon, so I can't stay long.

Mr. George Wyndham. I've a little thing here on "Ronsard and the Unionist Party." May I read it to the Club? It won't take a quarter of an hour.

Lord Halsbury. Who's Ronsard?

Mr. George Wyndham. Oh, well, Ronsard, you know—

Lord Halsbury. We'll hear all about him next time. Anything more?

Lord Willoughby de Broke. We've got to pass our usual vote of confidence in the Mandarins—ahem, I mean our great leaders, Mr. BALFOUR and Lord LANSDOWNE. Who'll propose it this time?

Mr. Leo Maxse (faintly, from the floor). I will. B.M.G.! B.M.G.!

Lord Willoughby de Broke. Who'll second?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (with determination). I will.

Lord Halsbury. Right! Passed with acclamation. Catch! (He lobs the inkstand gracefully to Lord SELBORNE, who misses it). Butter-fingers! Oh, by the way, I think I ought to tell you the story of why I made GRANTHAM a judge. It's a splitter. (He tells it, and the meeting is dissolved in laughter.)

THE TWO HOUSES.

"HILLVIEW" is my villa (or "Woodside,"

I always forget which is mine);

They stand in Dene Road, on the good side,

The first of their line.

The rest of the road is a huddle

Of masons and mortar and muddle;

The opposite path is a puddle,

But ours is quite firm, when it's fine.

I can go up to town by the G.C.,

Which runs at the top of the road;

But it also is equally easy

To leave my abode

And walk in the other direction

To catch the Great Western connection;

There is nothing to sway my selection,

And that is the cause of this ode.

On returning at night from the City

(A thing I invariably do)

I behold, with a pang of self-pity,

"Woodside" and "Hillview."

I am hungry, and hence my emotion;

They're as like as two drops in the ocean,

And I haven't the foggiest notion

As to which is my own of the two.

If the route up to town were not double,

My house would be second, or first,

From the Station, thus stopping the trouble

With which I am cursed;

But my memory's really so rotten

That I've always completely forgotten

If I caught the 6.12 to Hill Wotten,

Or the 6.17 to Wood Hurst.

And to me all such names as "Fernhollow,"

"Fairhazel," "Poldune," or "Tremunse"

Seem alike; I suppose it must follow

That I am a dunce,

That my mind what it meets barely skims on;

But I'll get my house painted bright crimson,

And I'll give it my own name, "James Simson,"

And then I shall know it at once.

A Chinese Puzzle.

We have not told our readers much about the Chinese army yet. Well, let us begin this week.

"Altogether 28 divisions have been formed, or are in process of formation; but it is understood that only ten are complete. These ten are numbered from one to nine, except No. 7, which is in arrears." *Morning Post.*

"The advent of real geese which will appear in Humperdinck's 'Königskinder,' is anticipated with considerable interest. These birds are now undergoing a special training for the event. Their *métier* will be to follow the goose-girl and to quack as little as possible. Geese are not remarkable for any special intelligence."—*Standard.*

True, but they are probably intelligent enough to know that they are not ducks.



Old Doctor (who has been gossiping for three-quarters of an hour). "Well, well, I must be going. I've got to visit an old lady in a pit."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HYNDMAN'S *Record of an Adventurous Life* (MACMILLAN) is handicapped by three false starts. In a preface accounting for the appearance of the book he calls in aid the venerable excuse of the "pressure of friends" inducing him to write it. In his opening sentence we find a cheap jocosity: "There is every reason to believe I was born at 7, Hyde Park Square, on the 7th of March, 1842; though birth, being the most important incident in the life of men, is precisely that which none of them can remember, and I am of course no exception to the rule." Referring to "my dear old friend Michael Davitt," he turns aside to inquire, "What would the Hyndmans of old time have said of such friendship!" Well, *noblesse oblige*. Mr. HYNDMAN tells us his grandfather was a slave-running planter in the West Indies, and might have been fastidious in respect of the choice of his grandson's companions. Having known DAVITT publicly and privately I should say the grandson was honoured by the acquaintance of a gentleman of chivalrous nature and charming manners. These banalities apart, and his political views not taken too seriously, Mr. HYNDMAN has written a book of considerable human interest. Like Ulysses, he has travelled much. Many cities has he seen, and his range of acquaintance with men of the last half-century is wide and various. Of his politics it may suffice to say that he speaks of the occupation of Egypt as "a monstrous conquest"; of the action of a Government confronted by the conspiracy of the Land League and the episode of the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH as "intolerable tyranny"; and of the administration that

has brought India to its present state of unparalleled prosperity as "ruinous misrule." Preaching these and similar doctrines as he went his way he found himself occasionally misunderstood. A published commentary upon the drift of things in the United States brought upon him caustic rejoinder. "England," wrote a New York paper, discussing his screed, "sends many fool-travellers to the United States, but never before such a fool as this." Perhaps the most delightful chapter in the book contains his account of a morning call upon DISRAELI, whom he desired to convert in his old age to Socialistic principles. The interview lasted three hours. "Lord Beaconsfield," writes Mr. HYNDMAN, with the *naïveté* that endears him to the reader, "had an attack of illness shortly afterwards and died within a few weeks."

One trivial objection I have to make against LUCAS MALET'S long-expected new novel, *Adrian Savage* (HUTCHINSON), and then I can get on with the more congenial task of praising it whole-heartedly. Since, to one who knows anything whatever of the neighbourhood, the identity of her "Stourmouth" (with its undercliff drives, its pine forest and its consumptives) positively leaps to the eye, I was constantly irritated at the superfluous and unconvincing disguise. Why on earth not say Bournemouth, and have done with it? Still, this is a tiny blemish on a very remarkable achievement—the best thing, I incline to think, that Mrs. HARRISON has yet given us. There are two sets of characters in the book, only united so far as they touch the fortunes of *Adrian Savage*—the charming society of upper-class, artistic Paris, amongst which he moves as journalist and man of affairs;

and the provincial circle of Branksome Park (to discard pseudonyms) into which his duties as a trustee take *Adrian*, and where he meets *Joanna*, who falls in love with him. *Joanna*, the warped, unlovable heiress of a bullying father, not only imagines herself engaged (on wholly inadequate grounds) to her wonderful young cousin, but incidentally in doing so simply swamps every other character in the book. It is no disparagement to the author's skill to say that beside the tragedy of this one figure the rest seem puppets. *Joanna*, with her luxurious empty life and her delusions, is almost terribly alive; she dominates author and reader alike. Her story could hardly be a cheerful one; but of the force and insight with which it has been told there can be no two opinions. A book that lingers in the memory.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE was not a romantic prince, as Miss MARJORIE BOWEN is the first to admit. His political and military genius is a matter of historical record; but the man himself had not the dramatic touch, the gift of appreciating and living up to the sentiments which his deeds might be expected to arouse in his audience and indeed in himself. It is certain that he displayed no emotions; it is doubtful if he felt any; in the result, he could not inspire popularity. Categorically insisting on this fact, Miss BOWEN has yet contrived to weave a most romantic and dramatic tale from the incidents of his career. LOUIS, JAMES, MARY and ANNE and all the protagonists of the time appear, but the central figure is always WILLIAM'S: and, without any distortion of the known facts, you are

compelled to follow his story as you would follow that of the most popular hero imaginable. The truth is that he is stated to be one thing and portrayed as another; for, if you take the trouble to refer back, when your first excitement has abated, you will find that he says and does no single thing that is not intensely attractive and, in the better sense, theatrical. For your own enjoyment, however, you will do well to leave that objection, together with a split infinitive or two, to the pedants, and read *God and the King* (METHUEN) for a magnificent story quite magnificently told.

I can remember a very good short story by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS about a highwayman, and in *Good Boy Seldcm* (METHUEN) he has told us another, a long one this time, with the Strand for the highway and flash-light advertisements for the pistols of his hero. *Good Boy Seldcm*, whose other name was *James Enderby Wace*, came from Yorkshire, and to the Yorkshireman's hardness of body and head he added a dreamy metaphysical bent, which made him averse

from trafficking in the mere sordid realities of commerce. "Anything is worth what people can be got to give for it," was his motto, and from such small beginnings as the sale of the right to kiss his little sister for a halfpenny (but a penny in the case of *Livy Ryder*, her sweetheart) he rose to the giddy heights of the "Lola Cigarette" and the "Great Exhibition," and finally to juggling with six limited liability companies on the capital of one. Mr. ONIONS has written, as I say, a very good story, and for two things especially I thank him: he has made me sympathise with a hero who was an absolute scoundrel from beginning to end—always a grateful sensation; and he has described so intimately the life of certain citizens of Ford, and especially

the social organisation of the *Warrender Square* Congregational Chapel, that I began to think at one point that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT must look to his laurels. During the later part of the book the author has not taken much trouble to avoid suggesting certain living personalities, and in more than one way he sails very close to the wind indeed. But he sails with a fine buccaneer on board, and when the Official Receiver and the rapacity of a musical comedy star caused between them the collapse of Mr. Wace's paper piracy, and he was obliged to flee for the Spanish main in good earnest, I confess without shame that I was sorry.

Pasted on the paper wrapper of *Contraband Tommy: a Tale of the Dreadnought Era* (JACK), by Mr. CHARLES GLEIG (late Lieut. R.N.), I find this bald statement: "The £200 Prize Story for Boys." Just that. Neither inside the book nor out can I find

a word about the offer or the competition or the conditions. And that means that there are things going on which even the most alert of us miss. Still, I am afraid a young friend of mine, who would certainly have had a cut at it because he badly wants a new bicycle, would not have won even if I had given him the tip. Mr. GLEIG has earned the money. Personally I am not altogether sure that I approve of a young rascal of a ship's boy who "pinches" a middy's uniform, joins his ship in his name, saves the Commander's life from the fury of King Wanga Wanga of Tabonga, gets mentioned in dispatches, and eventually wins from the Admiralty his gunroom rating. But he'll go down right enough among the youngsters who are destined to make his acquaintance, and that's the great thing.

Sins of Society.

It is announced that the list of "doubtful baronets" will be published by the end of the year. A monograph on shady viscounts is also being prepared for the Press.



"RACE-CARD, SIR?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest Unionist rumour is to the effect that the peacemakers have prevailed over the pacemakers, and the title of the Halsbury Club is to be changed to the Balfourbury Club.

It seems queer that the East should have a nicer idea of what is sportsman-like than the West. In the first engagement, at any rate, the Chinese Government saw to it that the odds were even. According to *Reuter*, no overwhelming numbers, but 2,000 loyal troops engaged 2,000 revolutionists. That's cricket.

"We have," said the GRAND VIZIER, speaking for the Turkish Government, "no aggressive intention, no ambitious designs, against any country or any state. It is, on the contrary, our most ardent desire to respect the legitimate rights of all countries." This disposes once and for all of the rumour that, if defeated by Italy, Turkey would seek compensation by taking Germany.

It is pretty to see allies helping one another in their difficulties. *Dalziel* tells us that great numbers of Germans and Austrians are arriving in Turkey to take the place of the deported Italians.

It is scarcely fair to say that Mr. STEAD's peace mission to Constantinople has had no effect. Mr. STEAD, we understand, is a distinguished Non-conformist, and many Turks, it is said, are now in favour of a policy of Passive Resistance.

The French Minister of Finance has ordered his officials to exhibit a cheerful demeanour when collecting taxes. They would be well advised, however, not to be too playful. Taxpayers are peevish animals, and any attempt to chaff them about the object of his visit might have serious results for the collector.

"Punishment," says Dr. DEVON, "never did anybody any good." Chorus of schoolboys:—"Devon, glorious Devon!"

The United States Navy Department has refused a silver tray, bearing the figure of BRIGHAM YOUNG and the Mormon Temple, offered by Salt Lake

City for the new battleship *Utah*. In view of the popular belief that Jack has a wife in every port, the refusal has caused some surprise.

LORD ROSEBERY's proposal that there should be a holocaust of books is still being vigorously discussed in literary circles. What has surprised us for some time is that certain modern novels of an advanced type have not perished from spontaneous combustion.

Mrs. PANKHURST, speaking at a

cannot be stopped, would it not be possible, when future lists are published, to divide them into two categories, the distinctions which are given for merit being headed "HONORARY HONOURS"?

Some of the more enterprising of our newspapers have published photographs of the new FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. The likeness to the late HOME SECRETARY is astonishing.

The statement that a Nobel Prize is to be awarded to Mr. THOMAS EDISON for Physics has aroused a considerable amount of pleasurable excitement among children all over the world, who take it to mean that a really tasteless Castor Oil has been discovered at last.

Mr. EDWIN SACHS, the Chairman of the British Fire Prevention Committee, has been pointing out how the dangers of fire as regards children may be minimised. We should have thought it would have been possible to render them absolutely fire-proof by treating them with certain chemicals, as is done in the case of stage properties.

Truth will out even in a misprint. The following statement appeared in *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of Mr. BIRRELL's Home Rule pronouncement:—

2. This Irish Parliament will have full legislative powers and control over purely Irish concerns.
3. In considering what these "concerns" shall be, the Government are taking a wide view, in order "to satisfy a national A serious explosion has occurred at the demand for national responsibility."

"A seventeen year-old youth was charged with pedalling without a certificat." *Leeds Mercury*.

This comes as a distinct shock to pianola artists.

"THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO BIG FOR HER SHOES. READ ABOUT HER INSIDE."

So runs the invitation on the cover of *The Home Circle*. But we get more than enough of this kind of thing in *The Lancet*.

"Tommy Burns stated in an interview that he was anxious to meet Johnson anywhere in the world, preferably in Australia, with the stipulation that no churches be allowed.—*Reuter*."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

This seems to be a hit at the Rev. F. B. MEYER.



"MAN WULLIE, THEY TELL ME THEY 'VE GOT A THREE-LEGGIT CALF UP AT JEMIE SAMSON'S."

"DO YE TELL ME!!! HE'LL BE AWFU' PROOD ABOUT IT?"

"PROOD!! MAN, HE'S PROODER THAN THE AULD COO HERSEL'."

suffragist meeting in Brooklyn, declared that she would not be a man for all the wealth in the world. This is fortunate, as it is rumoured that the lady could not if she would.

LORD HALDANE, in defending the Territorials, declared that he expects to be dead before any political party seriously suggests compulsory military service. We understand that, since making this statement, our War Minister has received a number of telegrams from Germany wishing him long life.

LORD SELBORNE has been inveighing against the selling of titles for the benefit of party funds. If the practice

BOOKS TO THE BONFIRE.

[A contribution to the discussion on the crying need for our libraries to be purged by fire.]

THIS weary mass of stuff that lines my wall,
With painted skins or buckram backed and flanked,
What is there in these objects, after all,
That they should seem to me so sacrosanct?
Row after row in steady iteration,
These little ink-marks, made on rag or pulp—
At the mere thought of their proposed cremation
Why does my larynx give a choky gulp?
Now that I think of it, I do not know
Why this is so.

Why do I guard (some do it under glass)
Each volume in its sacred niche or nook?
Is it for merit, first or second class,
Or just because it calls itself a Book?
Although of their insides and those who wrote 'em
Ninety per cent. induce a dull despair,
Yet, as a savage contemplates his totem,
So I assume with them a reverent air.
He worships it and would be much concerned
To see it burned.

Dry-eyed I mark my other goods decay;
Curtains and carpets fade and leave me cold;
The paper from my walls is rapt away
And new designs (at Spring) replace the old;
By decades I renew the kitchen boiler
And bid the relics to the scrapper go,
But on my precious books if Time the spoiler
Should lay his hand they stick *in statu quo*.
New ones may come and want a vacant site,
But they sit tight.

At times I think a sacrilegious thought:
I stop to ask why I, who have no use
For feats of prairie-trotters, ever bought
That tale, *Through Manitoba on a Moose*:
How one who loves to tread the Muse's track, but
Abhors the lesser guides, allowed himself
To have and keep *With Dulcimer and Sackbut*,
Or *Kindred Soul-Pants* on his poets' shelf.
These last were gifts, but still their natural fate
Is in the grate.

Though courtiers' gossip chills me to the bone,
And guardsmen bore me when their waists are slim,
Here's *Crowned Heads I have Patted* (gilt-edged roan),
And *Beauchamp of the Blues* (half-calf—like him);
And, though my views of life afloat are cynical
(It makes me sick and sailors are so blunt),
I cling to *Forty Years Aboard the Binnacle*;
Also to *Yoicks!* and yet I never hunt.
I have not read them since my childhood's day,
But there they stay.

The room to which their betters have a claim
(Pipe-racks, for instance, or a clear blank space)
They block; yet if I fling them to the flame
I smack my holiest instincts in the face;
My only hope of losing what I cherish
(To "Elia's" inspiration be the praise)
Is that my total house (insured) should perish,
And all this dry-rot swell the common blaze.
Roast pig was thus secured without a cook,
Why not roast book?

O. S.

TRIPOLI TRIALS.

"WHY not find an Italian?" said Mabel, as we discussed the dearth of British female labour. "She would keep us on thrushes and Chianti, and we could imagine we were living in Rome."

Mabel, I need hardly explain, is as yet young in house-keeping. That is why I watched the fog settling amongst the chimneys of Victoria Street, and made no audible reply.

Rosa Rosmunda came the next week.

Rosa Rosmunda is a dark, deep-voiced woman of forty-nine.

Even so early as the first day, Rosa Rosmunda sang a little. She affected the ultra-passionate mode. But Mabel's comprehension of Italian is not really nimble, and she seemed to think that the "amore" and "belle donne" brought a breath of the South into the flat.

Thus things were just possible until THE WAR broke out.

We were awakened one morning by the deep voice of Rosa Rosmunda chanting in tones of menacing resolution:

"Se Um-ber-to mi da la spa-da,
Quel-la spa-da
Quel-la spa-a-da,
Se Um-ber-to mi da la spa-da,
Quel-la spa-da por-ter-o."

The fact that her threatened assumption of the sword was made conditional upon its presentation to her by the hands of a King of Italy long ago dead, seemed to reduce a little the risks of the undertaking.

When the "spada" was quite finished with, the "fucile" was taken and exercised. After that, in turn, every known weapon in the arsenals of war, and after that—*da capo*. It was awful. There was a sentimental refrain which should have had its place in the chant; but in the ardour of patriotism this was generally forgotten. Battle was the business.

It went on for days. We did not know what to do.

Mabel maintained that no human being should be denied the gift of song—that it was to twist the neck of a lark to interfere. But I watched her colour fading daily, and my work had been at a standstill for a week, when we told Rosa Rosmunda that we feared she would not suit us.

Oh, the bliss that then reigned in our little home! The woman seemed to know her voice had been her ruin, and went about her tasks mouse-quiet.

It was all so pleasant that Mabel actually began to veer round towards her again. She came to the conclusion indeed that no loyal Italian could have acted otherwise. But she was sure that "silly old Tripoli" could interest *nobody* now. She argued, moreover, that the woman had had a lesson, and naturally would not sing again, and that it would be the height of foolishness to part with a good servant.

The end of it was, of course, that we told Rosa Rosmunda that, on reconsidering the matter, we found she would suit us very well.

* * * * *
"Se Um-ber-to mi da fu-ci-le,
Quel fu-ci-le
Quel fu-ci-i-le,
Se Um-ber-to mi da fu-ci-le,
Quel fu-ci-le por-ter-o."

Rosa Rosmunda's voice has gained in strength and volume during her recent period of depression. But after all, as Mabel said, even if we had a *Chinaman* it would be the same just now.

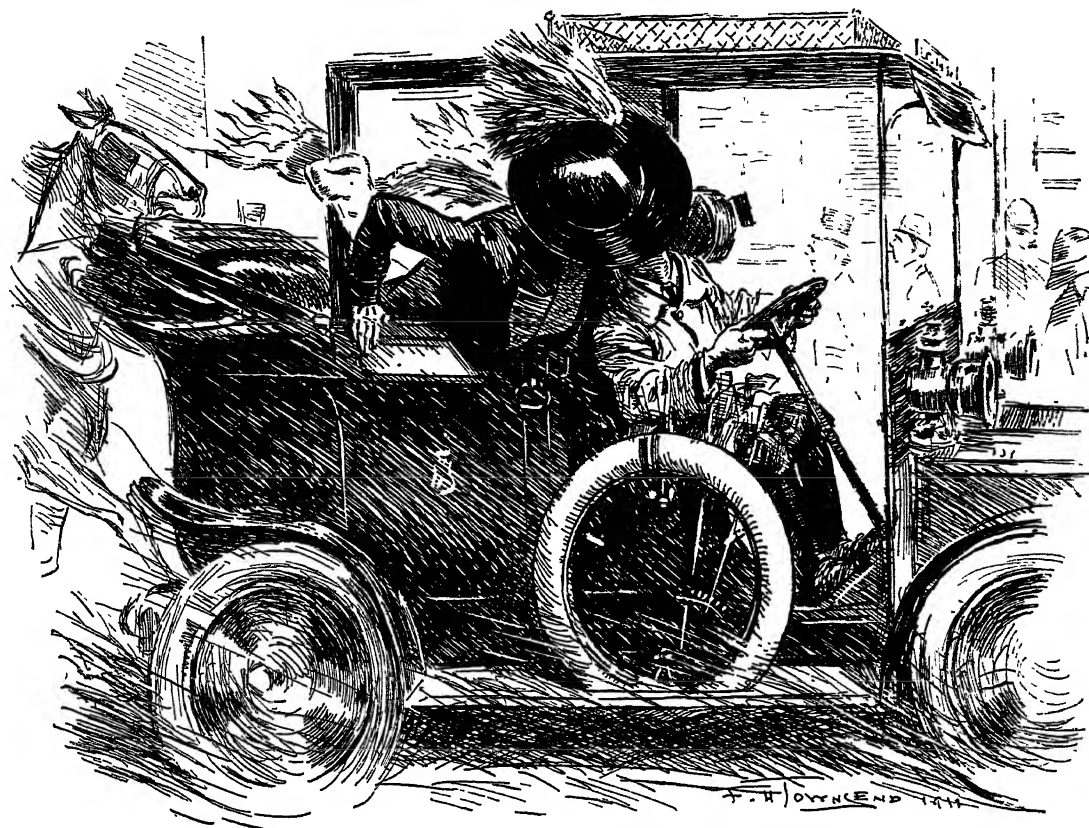
Motto for the Cocoa Peace Party: "The nib is mightier than the sword."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 1, 1911.



TOO FAIR TO LIVE.

Mr. PUNCH (observing *Arbitration* about to be burnt in effigy). "THE LADY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY POPULAR. I'M AFRAID SHE
WAS TOO STRONG A BIAS IN FAVOUR OF IMPARTIALITY."



THE COUNTESS AND THE TAXI-DRIVER.

RECEIVING THIS DRAWING BY MISTAKE, OUR FEUILLETONISTE, MISS VICTORIA GLENN, WROTE ROUND IT AS FOLLOWS:—"GLUEING HER LIPS TO HIS, 'FLY, ALBERT,' SHE CRIED; 'I HEAR MY FATHER'S 22-CYLINDER IN PURSUIT IN BELGRAVE SQUARE.'" BUT THE AUTHOR WAS IN ERROR. IT IS REALLY AN ILLUSTRATION FOR OUR "SHOPPING COLUMN," AND THE WORDS ARE SIMPLY, "STOP AT THE METROPOLITAN FUR STORES—THIRD ON THE RIGHT PAST BOND STREET."

ALL THE LATEST DANCES.

[Mlle. FELICIA, a Hungarian dancer, has been appearing at the Hippodrome. In her principal dance she obtains, it is said, "one of the most extraordinary effects by a curious movement of the nape of the neck upwards."]

At the Crematorium the chief attraction is Frl. Rollmops, whose dancing is full of the most singular suggestiveness. In one of her measures, appropriately entitled *Liebelei*, she does some incredible things with her calves, which are made to express a wide variety of emotions—now of coaxing tenderness, now of burning passion, and in the end of contemptuous rejection. Frl. Rollmops' performance is a stupefying revelation to those unacquainted with the more recent development of the terpsichorean art.

M. Djujitsovitch, who is to be seen at the Pandemonium, has introduced to London a dance which nightly holds an over-crowded house in an unparalleled grip. Attention is first riveted by a spasmodic twitching of the knee-cap; the movement then gradually spreads to other sections of the body, the dance finishing with a tremendous *tour de force* in the form

of a concerted jerk of the Adam's apple and the Achilles tendon.

The new Sardinian dancer at the Empyrean, Signora Rigli, created an immense *furor* at her first appearance the other evening. In the chief item of her repertoire she achieves an amazing sensation by a deft manipulation of her collar-bone, which is seen to move in a sinuous wave, culminating in a shudder that leaves the spectator clammy with a nameless terror.

It has been left to Miss Truly Allwright, who comes here with a big reputation from the States, to demonstrate to a British audience the subtle, yet staggering effect that can be produced in a dance by bringing into play the muscles of the ears. In a wonderful "Wag-time" number she employs these organs with irresistible charm, and the final flap invariably brings down the house.

We are asked to state that, owing to a slight dislocation sustained at rehearsal, Mlle. Cuibono, the "Venezuelan Venus," will be unable to give her famous spinal-cord dance at the Capitulum this week.

JOURNALISTIC DETACHMENT.

THE dogs of war are unleashed,
The eagles are waxing fat,
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Shots in a West-end Flat."

The news from Turkey is bad,
The news from China is worse,
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Actress robbed of her purse."

There are terrible scenes in Rome,
And horrible sights at Constant. O!
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Peer to play in a panto."

So I'm sure when the dreadful days
Of Armageddon arrive,
I shall read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Scene at a Welsh Whist Drive."

And when the last trump shall rend
The World to its midmost hub,
The Daily Thrill will adorn its bill
With "Raid on a West-end Club."

"We take great pains in fitting your feet," says a bootmaker's advertisement in *The Blairgowrie Advertiser*. With ordinary bootmakers we generally find that it is we who take the pains.

THE LUCKLESS PALACE.

IN addition to the public meetings to discuss the future of the Crystal Palace, other gatherings have met with the same purpose, but rather to arrange for private than public proprietorship or tenancy. We report the proceedings at the most influential of these.

The chair was taken by Lord AVEBURY, fresh from a sparkling evening with the Poetry of Action Society, and among others present, in addition to many shareholders, were Mr. F. E. SMITH (who is everywhere just now) and, with a watching brief for the Glaziers' Union, Mr. EDMUND PAYNE. Lord AVEBURY, in his opening remarks, said that he hoped there would be no violence during the proceedings. They must remember that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. (Laughter.) They were met to consider the future of the famous building. It would grieve him very much to see it go. He hoped that some practical proposition for saving it would be brought forward that afternoon. Life was real, life was earnest.

The Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., asked for the use of the building as a club-house for the Halsbury Club. His only fear, he said, was that it might not be large enough, but they were prepared to put up with a little inconvenience. The place, he said, peculiarly appealed to them and their revered leader by reason of the transparency of its walls, for they had nothing to hide and welcomed publicity. In fact, it was the attraction of publicity that had brought many of them together. Declined.

Mr. IMRE KIRALFY offered to purchase the palace and grounds *en bloc* for £500. His intention, he said, was to hold a series of annual exhibitions there, to be devoted to the various important countries of the world. The first would be a German Exhibition, as that was calculated to be popular and would have the support of the Editor of *The Nation* and a number of leading Radicals. The next would be devoted to San Marino. The next to Abyssinia, and so on. Fortunately it had been proved by ethnologists that all these nations shared a common passion for great wheels, flip-flaps, scenic railways, and witching waves, so that the public might be assured of fun while imbibing instruction. Declined.

A suggestion was made by Sir JOHN BENN that it would be to everyone's advantage if the roof, at any rate, were

removed from Sydenham and placed over Bond Street. Then Londoners could shop in the wet, as they cannot now do, in comparative comfort. Declined as too Utopian.

A letter was read from a well-known variety agent, offering to rent the Crystal Palace as a permanent school for the instruction of Russian dancers in sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of the thousand-and-one music-hall managers who must add this branch of entertainment to their programme. Declined.

A letter was read from Sir HENRY HOWORTH, offering to present a complete set of his letters in *The Times* if

an impression on it." Declined with thanks.

Finally, a letter was read from a syndicate of cinematoscope managers, offering a substantial rent for the Palace as the scene for their varied operations—battles, pursuits, tragedies and farces. After a long discussion it was decided that, for the present, this was the most reasonable offer, and that to accept it would be to increase the happiness and well-being of the country, which has so taken the cinema to its heart that it cannot be happy without it even in the smallest towns. A recommendation to open negotiations with the syndicate was therefore made and the meeting broke up.

A MATTER OF DETAIL.

"Don't forget to telephone to Olive," I said to myself as I took my place in the morning train, going Citywards. "Remember not to forget to telephone to Olive," I repeated solemnly to myself as I disembarked at Liverpool Street. "And, by the way, don't forget to remember not to forget to telephone to Olive," I added severely, still to myself as I mounted the steps of my business habitation in Austin Friars.

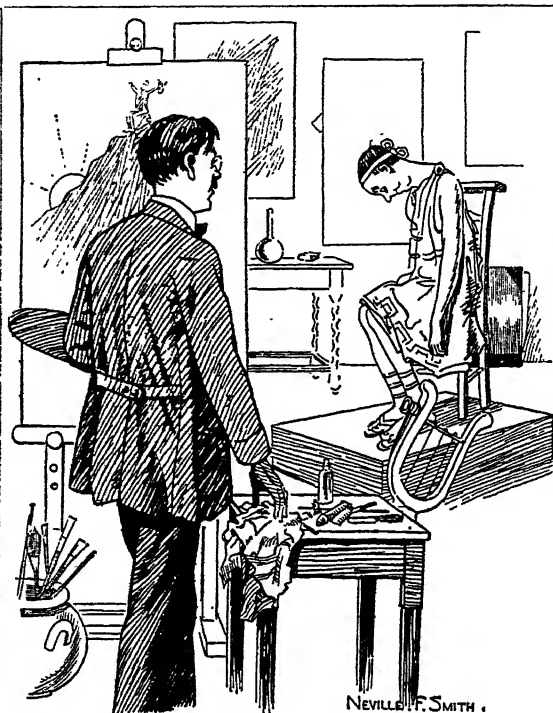
The characters of this little drama are myself, "my dear wife, A. B." (as she is described in the lawyer's precedent for the last will and testament of an affectionate husband), and Olive, the sister of my dear wife, who lives in an exclusive flat in Sloane Street, only connected with the outside world by the telephone. Our eligible suburban residence is not on the telephone, and, when my wife wants to avail herself of

that institution, she must needs go outside and to the public call-box round the corner. Her last remark, as I left for the office, was, "Now don't forget to telephone to Olive."

The successful man of affairs puts off the happy-go-lucky self of private life as he passes over the office threshold, and puts on the stern methodical self of business. Thus, I had forgotten all about Olive and her claims, until my partner came into my room to speak to me an hour or so later.

"By the way . . ." he began.

"Which reminds me," I answered, and I went to the telephone. "Are you 99999 Gerrard?" I began. "In other words," I continued, "are you Olive? Yes? I am delighted and surprised to hear it. I, on the other hand, am your sister's husband. The



Artist. "Now, THEN, MODEL, WAKE UP; IT'S TIME FOR A REST."

the Palace were maintained in good repair under the name of Howorth's Mammoth Fun City. Declined with groans and cries of "Help!"

A letter was read from Mr. CHARLES MANNERS suggesting that the Crystal Palace should be converted into a National Opera House with permanent quarters for himself as a manager in the North Tower, whence he proposed to conduct the performances from a captive balloon. Declined with cheers, tears and laughter.

A letter was read from The Human Ostrich, now exhibiting in a Dime museum in Indianapolis, who asked to be remembered if it was decided to demolish the building and any difficulty was found in disposing of the glass. "I do not promise," he added, "to eat it all; but given time I ought to make

other people whose remarks intervene from time to time do not matter. They talk, not because they have anything of importance to say, but simply because they cannot refrain from talking. It is their idea of pleasure. I, however, have a duty to perform. I was to remember to telephone to you. You see: I have remembered. Won't your sister be pleased, and aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Olive remarked upon the improvement in me, and Exchange, being of opinion that, when a thing is done, it is done and there is no use in talking about it, asked if we had finished.

"Yes," said I.

"No," said Olive.

"Of course," I said, "you want to remind me not to forget to tell my wife that I did telephone to you. Rest assured, my dear Olive. That is the sort of thing a man does not forget. You can rely on me. Good-bye."

"But what about the message?" cried Olive's voice, and my receiver did its best to reproduce her agitation.

"My dear girl," I remonstrated, "I am not perfect. When one has succeeded in performing a difficult duty, it is depressing to be called upon at once to perform yet another. Surely a man may be allowed to forget something? And the ingratitude of it and the greed of you!"

"Idiot!" said the voice briefly.

"And now you vituperate. Observe the reward of virtue. If I had omitted to telephone to you, you would not have said one cross word to me."

"You'll get it when you go home," said the voice with joy.

"And, yet again, you are spiteful. But you are also wrong. She will say, 'Did you telephone to Olive?' I shall answer truthfully, 'Yes.' I shall then get good marks and immediate reward. If anything depended upon this message, whatever it was, you will get the blame. So long," and I rang off.

Such was my forecast. You, in your wider experience, may say that wives never ask you if you have executed their commissions when as a matter of fact you have. We are both wrong. Women are more diabolically ingenious than even that. The first words that greeted me, on my evening return to the Eligible, were:—

"Did you give Olive my message?"

And, as Olive will discover later, I prevaricated.

"The orchestra, which was under the conductorship of Sir Henry Wood, also sang the 'Dance of Seven Veils' from the 'Salome' music very finely."

They *will* break out like this at times.



ZVNNIN-KINE

AS OTHERS HEAR US.

Shopman. "THE FRESH HERRINGS ARE VERY NICE THIS MORNING, M'M."

Lady. "ER—HAVE THEY ROES?"

Shopman. "WELL, M'M, ALL FISH IS DEARER AT THIS SEASON!"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

YE would-be bards whose course is not begun,

Whose infant Pegasus has yet to run, Listen, and I will tell you how it's done.

Do not imagine that the bard is born, Nor think the bay-leaf on his skull is worn

Because it grows there—like a bison's horn.

Not much. Nor yet by thought or studious care.

This is no intellectual affair; It isn't in the head; *it's in the hair!*

Yon man of song, whose overflowing mat

Floats down his neck and clusters round his hat—

Why do you think he goes about like that?

From force of habit? Bless your silly heart,

This is the very sinews of his art; Give him a hair-cut and he's in the cart.

Yet, though some help is patently required

By those whose locks leave much to be desired,

Not being there, or being there, but tired,

You need not fear the springs of song are shut,

Not though you've had the precious tresses cut;

Try some of HINX'S HAIR-OIL FOR THE NUT!

"Lord Rosse is at once a soldier, a scientist, and a musician; and those who were present at his wedding at Clumber will remember that at his request Beethoven's 'Hallelujah Chorus' was played when he and his bride left the chapel."—*Queen*.

This is certainly a testimony to the courage of the soldier.

"For nearly three-quarters of an hour the fire blazed without any real abatement, and it was only when it had burned itself out that there was any diminution in the intensity of the flames."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

Then the keen intellects of Scotland noticed it at once.

THE DOCTOR.

"MAY I look at my watch?" I asked my partner, breaking a silence which had lasted from the beginning of the waltz.

"Oh, have you got a watch?" she drawled. "How exciting!"

"I wasn't going to show it to you," I said. "But I always think it looks so bad for a man to remove his arm from a lady's waist in order to look at his watch—I mean without some sort of apology or explanation. As though he were wondering if he could possibly stick another five minutes of it."

"Let me know when the apology is beginning," said Miss White. Perhaps, after all, her name wasn't White, but, anyhow, she was dressed in white, and it's her own fault if wrong impressions arise.

"It begins at once. I've got to catch a train home. There's one at 12.45, I believe. If I started now I could just miss it."

"You don't live in these Northern Heights then?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes."

I looked at my watch again.

"I should love to discuss with you the relative advantages of London and Greater London," I said; "the flats and cats of one and the big gardens of the other. But just at the moment the only thing I can think of is whether I shall like the walk home. Are there any dangerous passes to cross?"

"It's a nice wet night for a walk," said Miss White reflectively.

"If only I had brought my bicycle."

"A watch and a bicycle! You are lucky!"

"Look here, it may be a joke to you, but I don't fancy myself coming down the mountains at night."

"The last train goes at one o'clock, if that's any good to you."

"All the good in the world," I said joyfully. "Then I needn't walk." I looked at my watch. "That gives us five minutes more. I could almost tell you all about myself in the time."

"It generally takes longer than that," said Miss White. "At least it seems to." She sighed and added, "My partners have been very autobiographical to-night."

I looked at her severely.

"I'm afraid you're a Suffragette," I said.

As soon as the next dance began I hurried off to find my hostess. I had just caught sight of her, when—

"Our dance, isn't it?" said a voice.

I turned and recognised a girl in blue.

"Ah," I said, coldly cheerful, "I was just looking for you. Come along."

We broke into a gay and happy step, suggestive of twin hearts utterly free from care.

"Why do you look so thoughtful?" asked the girl in blue after ten minutes of it.

"I've just heard some good news," I said.

"Oh, do tell me!"

"I don't know if it would really interest you."

"I'm sure it would."

"Well, several miles from here there may be a tram, if one can find it, which goes nobody quite knows where up till one-thirty in the morning probably. It is now," I added, looking at my watch (I was getting quite good at this), "just on one o'clock and raining hard. All is well."

The dance over, I searched in vain for my hostess. Every minute I took out my watch and seemed to feel that another tram was just starting off to some unknown destination. At last I could bear it no longer and, deciding to write a letter of explanation on the morrow, I dashed off.

My instructions from Miss White with regard to the habitat of trams (thrown in by her at the last moment in case the train failed me) were vague. Five minutes' walk convinced me that I had completely lost any good that they might ever have been to me. Instinct and common sense were the only guides left. I must settle down to some heavy detective work.

The steady rain had washed out any footprints that might have been of assistance, and I was unable to follow up the slot of a tram conductor of which I had discovered traces in Two-hundred-and-fifty-first Street. In Three-thousand-eight-hundred-and-ninety-seventh Street I lay with my ear to the ground and listened intently, for I seemed to hear the tingling of the electric car, but nothing came of it; and in Four-millionth Street I made a new resolution. I decided to give up looking for trams and to search instead for London—the London that I knew.

I felt pretty certain that I was still in one of the Home Counties, and I did not seem to remember having crossed the Thames, so that if only I could find a star which pointed to the south I was in a fair way to get home. I set out to look for a star; with the natural result that, having abandoned all hope of finding a man, I immediately ran into him.

"Now then," he said good-naturedly.

"Could you tell me the way to—" I tried to think of some place

near my London—"to Westminster Abbey?"

He looked at me in astonishment. His feeling seemed to be that I was too late for the Coronation and too early for the morning service.

"Or—or anywhere," I said hurriedly. "Trams, for instance."

He pointed nervously to the right and disappeared.

Imagine my joy; there were tram-lines, and better still a tram approaching. I tumbled in, gave the conductor a penny, and got a workman's ticket in exchange. Ten minutes later we reached the terminus.

I had wondered where we should arrive, whether Gray's Inn Road or Southampton Row, but didn't much mind so long as I was again within reach of a cab. However, as soon as I stepped out of the tram, I knew at once where I was.

"Tell me," I said to the conductor; "do you now go back again?"

"In ten minutes. There's a tram from here every half-hour."

"When is the last?"

"There's no last. Backwards and forwards all night."

I should have liked to stop and sympathise, but it was getting late. I walked a hundred yards up the hill and turned to the right. . . . As I entered the gates I could hear the sound of music.

"Isn't this our dance?" I said to Miss White, who was taking a breather at the hall door. "One moment," I added, and I got out of my coat and umbrella.

"Is it? I thought you'd gone."

"Oh, no, I decided to stay after all. I found out that the trams go all night."

We walked in together.

"I won't be more autobiographical than I can help," I said, "but I must say it's a hard life, a doctor's. One is called away in the middle of a dance to a difficult case of—of mumps or something, and—well, there you are. A delightful evening spoilt. If one is lucky one may get back in time for a waltz or two at the end."

"Indeed," I said, as we began to dance; "at one time to-night I quite thought I wasn't going to get back here at all."

A. A. M.

From a book catalogue:

"HALL CAINE, TWO LETTERS, both on note-paper stamped 'Greeba Castle, Isle of Man'; one is typewritten to a builder asking him to do some repairs and bears Hall Caine's signature; the other is written by Hall Caine to the same builder saying he encloses his cheque."

No offers from us. But we would gladly have bought the builder's letter if Mr. CAINE hadn't enclosed the cheque.

THE APPEAL AD HOMINEM.

BEING THE NEW METHOD OF ADVERTISEMENT BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Winsome Miss Daisy Dimple, of Musical Comedy fame, does an afternoon's shopping.)



SHE SAYS THAT MESSRS. TOMKINSON'S LATEST ART WALL-PAPERS ARE THE DAINTIEST THINGS SHE HAS EVER SEEN.



SHE REFRESHES HERSELF WITH A GLASS OF JENKINS' DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING, NON-INTOXICATING HERBAL BEER.



SHE INSPECTS SOME OF THE LATEST SUPERB DESIGNS IN ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CRYSTALLITE DIAMOND CO.,



AND SELECTS A 90 H.P. CAR-DE-LUXE FROM THE UNRIVALLED COLLECTION DISPLAYED IN THE STUPENDOUS SHOW-ROOMS OF THE MAMMOTH MOTOR CO.



Cavalry N.C.O. "WOT'S THIS I 'EAR ABOUT YOU 'AVIN' BEEN SEEN WALKIN' DOWN REGENT STREET WITH A HORDINARY HINFANTRY FOOT-SLOGGER?"

N.C.O. "BROTHER BE BLOWED! AIN'T THERE NO BACK STREETS, AIN'T THERE NO PUBLIC-'OUSES, IN LONDON?"

A FAILURE OF SYMPATHY.

WHEN the dead leaves adown the lane are hurried,
And all the dells are bare and bonfires smoke,
The bard (by rights) should be extremely worried,
He ought not to evolve a single joke,
But wander, woods among, a pale down-hearted bloke.

And I (of old) have felt the chestnuts patter
Like sound of nails upon my coffin-lid;
My landlady, disturbed about the matter,
Asked if I liked my food; I said I did;
But told her where I ailed, and why Joy's face was hid.

"The flowers," I said, "are gone; once more Proserpina
Is rapt by Pluto to the iron gates;
Can even hard-boiled eggs prolong the chirp in a
Poetic bosom at such awful dates?"
And she said nothing, but removed the breakfast-plates.

But now (I know not why) I feel quite jolly;
The ways are thick with mire, the woods are sere;
The rain is falling, I have lost my brolly,
Yet still my aptitude for song and cheer
Seems unaffected by the damp. It's deuced queer.

And when I wander by the leafless spinneys
I notice as a mere phenomenon
The way they've moulted; I would give two guineas
To feel the good old thrill, but ah, it's gone:
I neither weep nor tear my hair; I just move on.

I quite enjoy my meals (it seems like treason);
Far other was the case in days of yore,
When every mood of mine subverted the season—

Mirth for the flowery days, and mirth no more
When Summer ended and her garlands choked the floor.

You bid me take my fill of joy, dear reader,
And hang repining! but I dread my bliss;
If I can prove myself a hearty feeder,
Saying to tea-shop fairs, "Two crumpets, Miss,"
What time Demeter's daughter feels that icy kiss,

Shall I be some day cold to Nature's laughter?
Shall I no longer leap and shout and sing
And shake with vernal odes the echoing rafter,
When at the first warm flush of amorous Spring
The woodlands shine again? That *would* be sickening.
EVOE.

The World's Workers.

"During the 52 years Parsons has been at the Round Tower there has never been an accident. It is his duty to hoist the flag at sunrise and haul it down at sunset."—*Daily Telegraph*.
A very perilous duty. His luck seems to have been phenomenal.

From a Candidate's address as advertised in the *Kent Argus*:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You will see from the above memorial that I have been requested to offer myself as a candidate, and I have consented to do so, relying on your support. If elected, I shall study the best interests of Ramsgate as a whale, acting independently, without fear or favour.—Truly yours, HENRY EASTES."

Mr. EASTES takes his candidature seriously. In his spare time he might study the best interests of Pegwell Bay as a shrimp, and those of Margate as a mackerel. He mustn't be an independent whale *all* the time.



Bernard Partridge.

TENANTS' FIXTURES.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR BOY. YOU CAN TAKE OVER THE STRIKE PROBLEM."

MR. MCKENNA. "THANKS SO MUCH; AND YOU CAN HAVE BERESFORD."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AT THE HALSBURY CLUB.

Sir E. Carson. "Shure, the bhoys 'll be here dhirectla—they 're as keen as mhurstard!"

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 24.—Considering inconvenience of Autumn sessions, the strain on Ministers, the upsetting of business and domestic arrangements among private Members, attendance surprisingly large. Among notable absentees were WINSTON and McKENNA, who on eve of re-opening Parliament have, to general surprise and some mystification, exchanged offices. It's what HALSBURY, if his mind were not engrossed by lotter themes, would call "a sort of" thimble-rigging business. You lift a thimble labelled Admiralty expecting to find McKENNA, and behold WINSTON endeavouring to master one of the things that baffled the Prophet AGUR, to wit, the way of a ship on the sea. Another thimble labelled Home Office. Pick it up looking for WINSTON attempting to square Labour Members, and lo! the dome-like head of McKENNA.

Members scan Front Opposition Bench in vain for glimpse of COLONEL CARSON, K.C. Before SPEAKER took Chair speculation rife as to whether learned and gallant gentleman would appear in khaki. Didn't appear at all. Rumoured that he has already started on that march to Cork destined to eclipse the crowning achievement of Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar thirty-one years ago. No reliable information forthcoming. Irish press strictly censored.

Two notable new Members sworn in. T. W. RUSSELL, after his something more than twelve months enforced absence, comes back to scene of varied experience and general advancement, prize of sheer capacity. In pause that fell on House while he stood at Table taking the oath there was heard from Ladies' Gallery artless enquiry: "I wonder on which side he will take

his seat this time." Which shows afresh how misleading is a little learning. True, T. W. has, like others, been during last twenty-five years something of a Parliamentary vagrom. But though without a seat of late he has meanwhile held useful office in Irish Government and returns to safe anchorage on Treasury Bench.

New Member for Kilmarnock, advancing to Table to re-enter on roll of Parliament an historic name, greeted by sustained burst of cheering from Liberal camp. When the young head of the House of GLADSTONE first offered himself as Candidate for Kilmarnock objection was taken that what was wanted was a born Scotchman—like REES, for example. To-day the new Member emphasised his nationality by taking the oath in Scottish fashion, with right hand uplifted.

Preliminaries disposed of, PREMIER

moved Resolution practically appropriating whole time of supplementary session for Government business. When he concluded, having indicated, in addition to Insurance Bill, catalogue of measures sufficient, according to old-fashioned notions, for length of ordinary session, a still small voice was heard enquiring, "Does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to take the Public Health (Acquisition of Water) Bill?"

It was LEIF JONES, on whose shoulders has fallen the cloak of champion of water-drinkers dropped from the genial hands of WILFRID LAWSON. Roar of laughter that followed put House in good humour for next half-hour.

PRINCE ARTHUR, rising to reply to PREMIER's speech, was greeted by loud cheers from Opposition benches, hilariously echoed in Ministerial camp. Perhaps just as well Carson tarried by the way and so was spared sight and sound of this ovation. HARRY CHAPLIN, whom everyone is delighted to see in beaming health, shone with a smile broad enough to fill any temporary vacancies on the Bench.

Business done.—PREMIER obtains all time up till Christmas for Government Business. *A propos*, LLOYD GEORGE tells story of farmer remonstrated with because he fed his pigs on unboiled Indian corn. It was pointed out to him that boiled corn takes less time to digest. "As if time were any matter to a pig!" replied the farmer scornfully. It is something to the House of Commons, though you might not always think so.

Wednesday.—House regards with mixed feeling announcement of EM-MOTT's acceptance of Peerage, involving retirement from Chair of Committees filled by him during past six years with rare distinction. The canopied SPEAKER's Chair looms high above the plainer one on which his Deputy seats himself at the table when House is in Committee. While its dignity is higher, its responsibility greater, it is in some respects less thorny in the cushion. The constitutional axiom that the KING can do no wrong appertains in considerable degree to the occupant of the SPEAKER's Chair. On the contrary the conviction deeply rooted in the mind of a large class of Members is that the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES can do nothing right.

Thus handicapped, and lacking support of immemorial traditions that are girt about the SPEAKER's Chair, the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES has night after night to fight for his own hand. For its successful administration the position requires profound knowledge of procedure, a clear head, lucidity of expression, unruffled temper, adamant patience and invulnerable courage.

These qualities meet in the endowments of ALFRED EM-MOTT and have won for him, conceded at first a little grudgingly, the confidence and esteem of the most critical and exacting assembly in the world.

Business done.—Time-table arranged for disposing of Insurance Bill. In pithy sentence ARCHER-SHEE summed up present position of the measure, "Even the Stygian eloquence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself," he said, "has not been able to whitewash the white elephant entirely." House cordially recognised in this way of putting it the stitch in time that hits the right nail on the head.



"It's nothing like a Murder-Club, is it?"

Friday.—Quite pretty to see PRINCE ARTHUR and COLONEL CARSON, K.C., seated together on Front Bench amicably conversing just as if there had never been such a thing as the Halsbury Club. SARK tells me it was of that they talked, though which of the two communicated to him the text of the conversation is one of those things I may never learn.

PRINCE ARTHUR, according to this authority, displayed liveliest interest in the new institution.

"It's nothing like a Murder-Club, is it?" he asked. "They meet, you know, at odd times in secret places, discuss the latest crime, speculate on trail of murderer if not yet discovered, and occasionally plot the removal of a common acquaintance who in some respects fails to come up to the high level of their standard of

excellence. I am a child in these matters. But I have been told that the Halsbury Club is based on revival of good old-fashioned English manners. At their social meetings they live the simple life. Have no tablecloth on their deal supper-table; drink English beer out of tankards; smoke clay pipes (the President being distinguished by use of a churchwarden); feed mostly on bread and cheese, with an occasional dish of tripe, it being stipulated that the wrinkles, which I understand are peculiar to that form of cutlet, shall not have been smoothed out by use of foreign machinery."

"You are altogether wrong," said the COLONEL, fingering imaginary epaulet on his left shoulder. "There is possibly a scintillation of actuality in the idea of, in certain circumstances, putting someone out of the way. The rest is idle tattle. I confess there is something picturesque in idea of HALSBURY with stem of a churchwarden in his mouth and a tankard of beer at his elbow, but we have not realized it yet."

"Fact is the Halsbury Club is composed exclusively of statesmen who feel they are capable of directing affairs of the Unionist Party better than—well, let us say better than LANS-DOWNE. You know the sort of men they are. There is HALSBURY, whose claims upon the gratitude of the State for service done are equalled only by those established in the domestic circle; NORTHUMBERLAND, one of the most intelligent of our Dukes; and, above all, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

"Now there's an all-round statesman if you like. I know more about military affairs and forced marching across country than of politics. But I confess that when I hear WILLOUGHBY speak in the Lords, or read reports of his addresses in the country, I recognise a rare amalgam combining the overwhelming oratorical force of GLADSTONE with the subtlety and statesmanship of DIZZY. WILLOUGHBY, you know, is the founder of the club and personally conducts it. That of itself suffices to ensure success and the accomplishment of its patriotic desire."

"Dear me," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "you interest me strangely. I suppose the list of membership is not closed? If you think I'm in any way eligible I should esteem it a privilege to be favoured by your undertaking to propose me."

"I'll ask WILLOUGHBY," said CARSON, rising rather hurriedly and making for the door.

"Do," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "Perhaps he'll second the nomination."

Business done.—Insurance Bill in Committee.



THE WINSTON TOUCH.

Unless our artist's eyes played him false during a hasty visit to Portsmouth, it would appear that the Service is already coming under the Influence. The eager, impetuous, lunging crouch which has developed in Naval circles during the last few days could have but one origin. (Please note also the advent, on the right, of the new "Bantam" cocked-hat, which is plainly a flattering imitation of Mr. CHURCHILL's world-famous Midget-Homburg. It will, of course, be universally adopted as soon as arrangements can be made for its supply.)

CO-OPERATION.

(As recited by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

WHEN the Opposition promised to co-operate with me
I intoned a *Nunc Dimittis* in the fervour of my glee;
For the odds on my Insurance Bill went up to ten to one
(Which was offered with no takers), and I thought my task
was done.

"This," they said, "is not the usual controversial party-
measure:

It's an asset for the nation; it's a blessing; it's a treasure;
It's salvation for the masses—so we fully understand—
And in making it a statute we propose to lend a hand.

"For the men who draw the water and the men who chop
the wood

We observe in all its clauses an infinity of good.
Oh, we envy you your courage and we much applaud your
deeds

And your statesmanlike perception of the things the country
needs."

So they promised me the sun and moon and every golden
star;

Gave me roses by the basketful and honey by the jar.
There was nought they could refuse me, there was nought
I couldn't be

When the Opposition offered to co-operate with me.

* * * * *

But, lo, the dreadful difference! To-day they give me fits;
They would dearly like to take and tear the blessed Bill
to bits.

Oh, it's thorns instead of roses, and it's gall instead of
honey

For the man who "bribes the nation by his base appeals
to money."

But I know them—yes, I know them; and when once the
Bill is through,

When the Act's alive and working in the way we meant it to,
Then I somehow seem to see them (please remember that
I said it)

As they stand upon their platforms laying claim to all the
credit.

They will say, "When he was weary and could hardly play
his part,

We restored his drooping courage, we revived his flagging
heart;

It was we who cheered and helped him, and indubitably we
Gave the Act its shape and substance and its merit.
Q.E.D."

Woman the Huntress.

"A GENTLEMAN thoroughly recommends his Coachman; life experience
with hunters; married when suited."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

We like his spirit.

"Neophobia in its most acute form now assailed the batsmen.
Beautiful picture post-card strokes gave place to agrestic digs, which
left the flight of the ball and the total alike unaltered. Though no
one was actually guilty of a uniglobular effort, wickets fell rapidly."
Times of India.

The Indian cricketers were said to have come over here
to learn, and they seem to have picked up a good deal.

THE ANTIQUE CLOCK.

I HAVE a deep-rooted horror of auctioneers, at least in their public capacity. Of their private life I cannot speak with any authority, but I have a confirmed belief that when the head of the family returns from the heat of the day and prepares to ladle out the soup his face will suddenly brighten, and in a great voice, flourishing the spoon while, he will remark, "Ladies and gents, what offers?" only to subside at a glance from his wife into a gloomy silence.

Sometimes I have fluttered for a few brief moments on the fringe of the bidders, but never without instantly catching the auctioneer's eye. Possibly he mistakes my careworn expression for genuine concern regarding the price less article in his hand. "George," he invariably bawls to his assistant, "show the fish-forks and knives complete to the stout party in the top 'at.'" I hope for the best, but can see no other top hats in my proximity. George pushes his way through the interested spectators, and I extract a fork without enthusiasm. There is an awkward pause.

"Well, Sir?" cries the auctioneer with husky expectation.

"Two shillings," I murmur with sullen despair, and a cold shiver passes over me in case I am within reasonable reach of that alarming armoury.

The auctioneer leans forward, assuming a temporary deafness.

"Did I 'ear the gentleman aright, George?" he inquires, adding irony to righteous indignation. "Did I 'ear 'im say 'two bob' for that 'andsome set of cutlery, hall 'all-marked? Not two bob, George?" He has the look of a man prepared for a strong denial.

I nod feverishly. The auctioneer shakes his head with profound emotion and looks about for sympathy. I begin to feel an unscrupulous fellow. The spectators survey me with mild curiosity.

"George," continues the auctioneer firmly, "bring the case back. I was mistaken, George. The gent thinks, because he sports a top 'at, 'e can 'ave 'is little joke. Bit of a wag, George—comes in to waste our time and the time of ladies and gentlemen 'oo want to do bus ness—"

He says much else, but I have reached the door by that time and gained the sanctuary of the street.

It was after dinner Evelyn broached the subject. There is an absence of fair play in feminine tactics.

"He's *such* a nice man," she said musingly.

"Nice?—an auctioneer? Oh, come,

my dear! you're facetious." I smiled in a superior fashion.

"But his clocks are outrageously cheap," she added, warming to the subject. "Of course one does not like taking advantage of the man, but it's a chance in a thousand. Such beautiful clocks with carved doodle-dabbles on the face and—"

"But we have a clock—lots of clocks. Why create a greater disturbance and rivalry than at present?"

Evelyn sighed. "Don't be silly, dear. We'll just run down to-morrow, and if we're first when the shop opens at nine we'll pick up the bargain of our lives."

It is hopeless arguing with her when she talks like that.

It was striking nine when we entered the shop. The auctioneer seemed a little surprised as we bustled in.

After a few moments' pause, however, he stepped behind his table and coughed politely just to put us at our ease and to indicate that the arena was cleared.

"I think you said the antique clock, Madam?" he remarked briskly. "The very last—a treasure—a remarkably fine timepiece, eighteenth-century style with double gongs, three strikes, alarm and bevelled fingers."

He recited the full category of its features and accomplishments with rare fluency.

"Bevelled fingers are out of date," I said brightly, in case he thought we were impressed, which we were.

Even Evelyn looked at me with pity.

"So is the clock, Sir," responded the auctioneer with gentle courtesy.

There are moments when a retort seems beyond the range of reason. I wished I had been less ambitious and asked where the cuckoo was. That would have taken the wind out of his sails. He couldn't have known we already have two clocks which with varying strikes deliver some twenty triumphant cuckoos every midnight.

We turned again to business.

"Now, Madam," resumed the auctioneer, "as there appears to be no competition—"

"I beg your pardon," broke in a voice from a wardrobe, "but I want that clock."

"It is no real use to a wardrobe," I said firmly.

But at that moment a stout, distinguished lady appeared round the corner and eyed us in a melancholy fashion.

Evelyn started.

"Be calm," I whispered, fearing she would fell her with the family umbrella.

"Come, come, Madam," said the auctioneer with polite remonstrance

addressed to the new-comer; "there is a selection of other articles very serviceable and inexpensive. This lady particularly desires the clock; it is the very last." His conclusion was a fine touch of pathos, but hardly diplomatic.

"I want the clock," repeated the distinguished lady with heavy determination.

The auctioneer shrugged his shoulders. There was evidently nothing more to be said. But the glance he cast in our direction clearly showed where his sympathy lay.

"In that case," he continued, "it must go to the highest bidder. What shall we say for a start? I'm sure I need not tell you of the exceptional quality of the article—"

"Spare us that," I cried. He looked at me sourly and waited.

There was a ghastly silence; I mopped my brow.

"Five shillings," said Evelyn suddenly.

"Ten," from the stout lady.

"Twelve," snapped Evelyn, the light of battle in her eye.

"Fourteen," added the other competitor monotonously.

Evelyn was startled. She glanced nervously at me. I stared fixedly at the auctioneer's preposterous cravat. I noted that his foxhead pin had lost an eye.

"Sixteen," cried Evelyn, trembling with suppressed fury.

"Pound!" thundered the stout distinguished lady, like a gale.

"Thirty shillings with the key," I roared, flushed with the evil ardour of competition.

"Forty," from the stout lady.

I nudged Evelyn casually to indicate the psychological moment had arrived.

"There's something somewhere by somebody about a tide in the affairs of men," I began helpfully, but was cut short, for Evelyn, with an heroic effort to appear unconcerned and in accents simulating passionless determination, broke silence. "Forty-five," she said, like a person with a cold, and clutched my arm in a fevered grasp.

There was a painful pause.

The auctioneer wore a smile indicative of nothing at all.

The stranger had succumbed.

We tried to look sympathetic as we retired with the antique clock concealed in brown paper, and the accompanying cannon-ball (which during business hours careered in mid-air on a piece of string) in my pocket.

Evelyn, dear child, even went up to the stout lady and murmured she was so sorry, but she wanted it so badly to match the tea-set or something else quite improbable, while the stout lady

smiled graciously and without question, like a true sportswoman.

We had a little dinner and theatre just to celebrate the event. I reckoned out the total cost of the transaction afterwards. Counting the festivities it was in the region of three pound ten.

I remembered that more acutely next day. For I happened to pass the shop at eight-thirty, on my way to the office, and as a criminal is said to linger about the precincts of his crime I peered in for a moment at the door.

I admit I was somewhat startled to see a row of half-a-dozen antique clocks along the wall, all assuredly the last. But what shocked me even more was the sight of the stout lady, no longer distinguished, but wearing an apron and much occupied in the final stages of dusting the wardrobe.

But, as some clever person has said, there are things which even the best of us do not tell our wives.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

CONJUGAL FELICITY—TO REGAIN. ("Anxious.") Yours, "Anxious," is indeed a knotty problem. You ask us "If a husband, A., discovers that his wife, B., is inclined to flirtation with C., a third party, what should A. do? Despairing of finding the correct answer ourselves, we have called in the assistance of several expert dramatists (those unerring judges of the human heart) and now give you a selection from their replies.

"A. should simulate a passion for a fourth party, D., when B. will at once come round, and C. and D. can pair off together." (Received from *Comedy & Wyndham's*.)

"A. should lure B. and C. into the middle of an earthquake, when B. will confess her real love for A., and can then be rescued, leaving C. to perish." (*A. Collins*.)

"A. should shoot C., with the observation, 'You cur, how many men have served their time for conduct less infamous than yours!'" (*Shoreditch*.)

Now, "Anxious," you can take your own choice.

BARKING OF DOG—TO PREVENT. ("Insomnia.") Have you tried shooting it?

CHRYSANTHEMUMS—CORRECT METHOD OF PINCHING. ("Suburban Fancier.") Strictly speaking, there is no correct method; moreover, if you are after the rarer varieties we fear you are now too late, as most of these are by this time under glass, and locked up at night. A few of the late garden species, however, can still be secured with the aid of a dark lantern; but great care is necessary.



Stranger (to boatman who has fished his ball out of pond). "DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE RULE IS? DO I DROP AND LOSE ONE?"

Boatman. "DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' 'BOUT THE RULE WHEN YOU LOSE 'EM, BUT WHEN I FINDS 'EM IT'S A PENNY!"

IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

In winter, when the snow is white,
My crisp and eager soul bespeaks
The love of Joyce, a nimble sprite
Of active ways and rosy cheeks.
But when the thaws are coming on,
The snow, if any, getting grey,
My spirits sink and thereupon
Joyce is a thing of yesterday.

Lo, April calls for music! Spring,
For me, demands a treble note;
So ably then doth Mabel sing,
I love her simply for her throat.
But after several weeks of it
Her notes (or I) get out of tune;
And Mabel's proper date to quit
Is somewhere round the 1st of June.

One's summer love should charm the
eyes,
Should satisfy the keenest sense
Of beauty, and yet exercise
A cool, refreshing influence.

Then Phyllis proves a restful feast
Of pink and white, of dainty fluff;
But, when the wind is getting east,
I feel that I have had enough.

Yes, when the leaf dies on the tree,
The captious critic in me hints
That love's complexion now should be
In keeping with the autumn tints,
That love should have a stouter boot
And (what is more important yet)
A father with a pheasant shoot. . . .
This space (advertisement) to let.

"Theirs not to Reason Why."

From *The Life Everlasting*:—

"The will of each man or woman is like the compass of a ship—where it points, the ship goes. If the needle directs it to the rock there is wreck and disaster—if to the open sea, there is clear sailing."

Evidently the needle of the *Hawke's* compass pointed to the *Olympic*. "Sorry, boys," said the captain, "but we've got to do it."

P. L.

My clerk opened the door quietly and murmured, "Gentleman t'see you, Sir. Private business. Looks respectable. Gave me this, Sir."

"This" was a card, rather larger than seemed necessary, with a broad edging of black. It said, in the middle:

"ALBERT PURDIE, P.L."

There was an address, in Conduit Street, in the left-hand corner; in the right were the words "Privacy and Satisfaction Guaranteed."

Speculation as to the meaning of P.L. was cut short by the entry of Mr. Purdie, uninvited. He was a youngish, sanguine-looking person, with a manner that suggested greased silk.

"Pardon what may seem like an intrusion," he said gently. "But I knew you would be puzzling over my card. I would not venture to take up your time, Sir, if I were not certain that I could be of service to you."

"In what way?" I asked.

"In a strictly confidential way," he answered, with a glance in the direction of the clerk.

"You need not wait, William," I said. He disappeared.

"Well," I asked, "what is it you want, Mr. Purdie?"

"I would rather say, what do *you* want, Sir? But in the first place you probably want to know what 'P.L.' stands for."

"If it won't take you too long to explain," I said guardedly. He looked like a person with a slack jaw.

"Three minutes, Sir," Mr. Purdie said easily. "You know what a private detective is. Part of his business, perhaps the least unpleasant part, is to find people who are lost. Well, my firm's business is just the converse. We deal with people whom our clients are anxious to lose."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, Mr. Purdie—and I'm rather busy this morning."

"P.L.," said Mr. Purdie, disregarding my hint, "stands for Professional Loser. Possibly you have relatives in the United States. Let us assume that you have a widowed aunt in New York with perhaps a highly unrepresentable son. They write that they are coming to London (England) to look you up, and hope you will be so vurry kind as to show them your metropolis. You would not be particularly joyful when you received this letter."

"Probably not."

"Well, would it be worth your while to send us a note of your aunt's name and description, the ship she would come by, and a cheque for £5 for preliminary expenses; if we undertook to

lose her and her son, so far as you were concerned?"

"It would be cheap at the price," I admitted warmly. "But how would you manage it? I could not be a party to the use of violence—at least, not against my aunt."

Mr. Purdie smiled.

"There is nothing so crude about our methods. Our agent, travelling up with her in the boat train, would talk her into an extended Continental tour. In fact, he would see her safely to Paris, and lose her there."

"But supposing she tired of Paris?"

"Did you ever hear of an American who tired of Parrus?" Mr. Purdie asked in a surprised tone. "Even then there are Rome, Venice, Vienna, St. Petersburg."

"I see."

"Much depends, of course, upon the personal charm of our agents. I always undertake the most stubborn cases myself."

"But I don't understand how you could do all this for £5, especially if you went yourself, Mr. Purdie."

"You forget, my dear Sir, that there are thousands of people in London, every season, who are anxious to lose American relatives and willing to pay for the privilege. Our agent can waylay and deal with six parties at once, personally conducting them into the less accessible German spas, and detaining them there till their time is up and their money exhausted. Then there is our export trade also. No doubt you have a nephew who declines either to work or to emigrate?"

"Two," I admitted ruefully.

"We might make a reduction for two," Mr. Purdie said cheerfully, "if we could plant them out on the same orange farm in Florida. Say eight pounds and travelling expenses."

"I would run to that certainly. But how would you keep them from coming back?"

"Our agent in Florida would attend to that," Mr. Purdie said importantly. "He has had no failures yet. It is a matter of will-power, entirely. Then there is our Club connection. It is increasing every week. Would you think it worth an extra guinea a year to obtain complete protection from your Club bore?"

"You mean Colonel Demmytol?"

"Precisely. That would be worth something, I am sure. Now, Sir, will you put our system to the test? A free sample of our method is quite at your disposal."

"Thank you," I said. "I accept your offer. By way of a start, will you please show me how quickly you can lose yourself?"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ANTHROPOPHAGY.

(An Exercise in the manner of one of the new "Times" middle-men.)

ON no subject has public opinion gone more hopelessly astray than that of anthropophagy, the true psychological inwardness of which, it cannot be too often reiterated, can only be appreciated by those who, like the present writer, have made practical trial of it themselves. The first occasion was in the Solomon Islands at a grand corroboree, at which I was the principal guest. The second time was in the heart of New Guinea, where I narrowly escaped forming the *pièce de résistance* at a banquet given in celebration of the introduction of the gramophone. I confess that at the outset it was impossible to overcome a certain repugnance; but this speedily passed away under the influence of the moral *tessitura* of the scene, the kindly welcome and weird ululations of my hosts, and the hypnotising magic of the tropical surroundings. Hostile critics of the institution make a profound mistake in imagining that it implies any personal animosity on the part of the anthropophagist. Such a feeling never enters into his head. His emotions are purely impersonal and are compatible with a perfect regard for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Anthropophagy may be fairly called the chess of gastronomy. It not only enlarges the horizons of dietetic enterprise, but it exerts an emancipating influence on the subliminal consciousness. It is in keeping, moreover, with the highest dictates of pragmatism, and in a hundred subtle and delicate ways is allied to the philosophy of M. BERGSON. My experiences in New Guinea, I may add, convinced me of the fact that this practice, so far from engendering any resentment on the part of those who are its subjects, positively inflames them with a sense of overwhelming gratitude. I can only say in conclusion that the physical inconvenience involved is as nothing to the mental anguish and reiterated irritation of the beginner at golf.

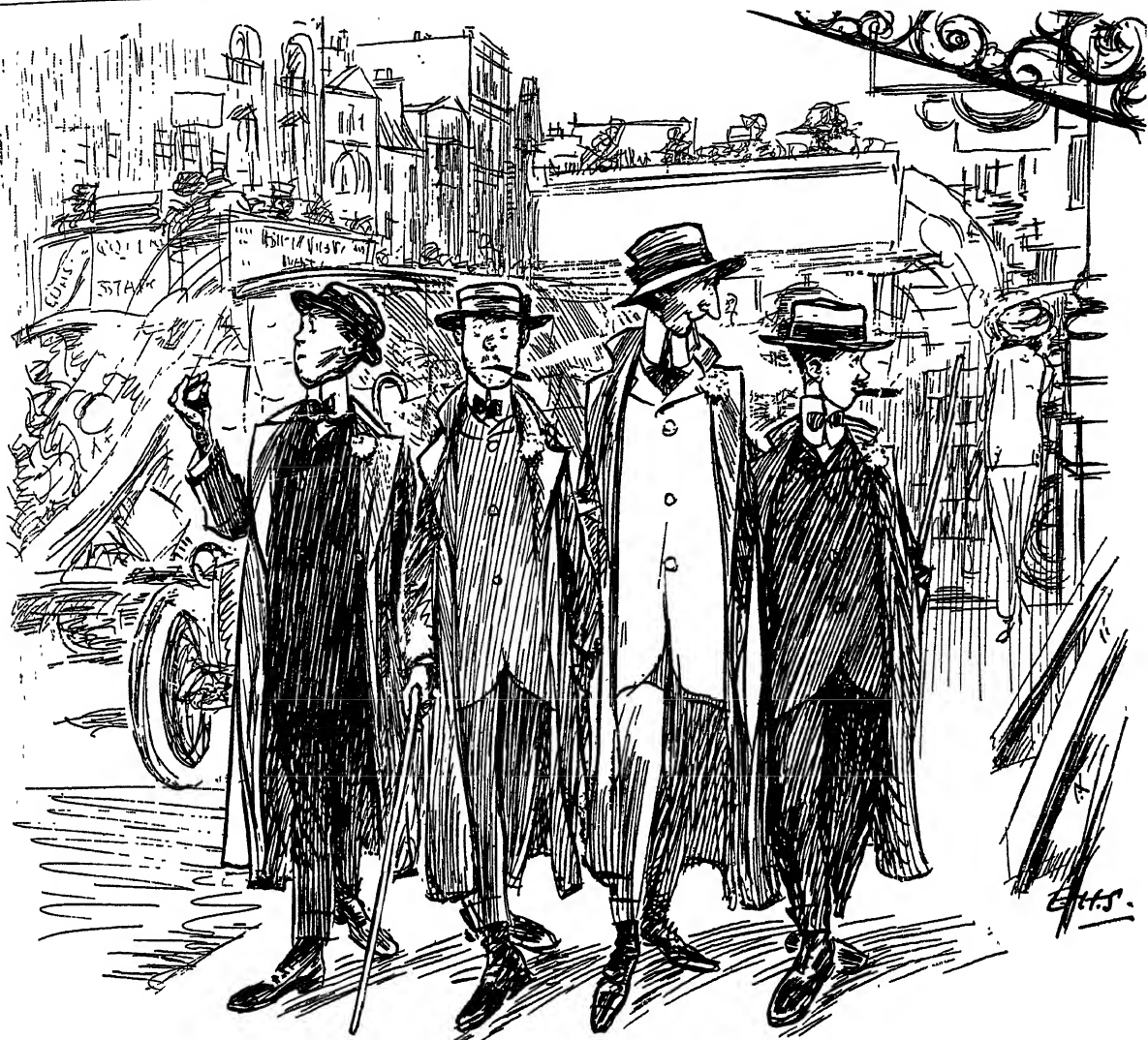
Besides, as Professor Embruck has pointed out, it saves funeral expenses.

Between Two Stools.

"There were plenty of stags in the Porlock Parks on the morrow of the venison feast, but there was a thick fox on the hill, and so it was difficult to know what to do."

West Somerset Free Press.

We should have gone for the fox. Variety is what staghounds want.



MODES FOR NUTS.

THE LATEST THING IN SUBURBAN HEAD-JOY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"JOHN's Neverland had a lagoon with flamingoes flying over it, at which John was shooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it." How well J. M. BARRIE understands the magic of words. And how well he understands what is in a child's mind—"Caves through which a river runs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and a hut fast going to decay." Ah, even now that we are grown up, how magically these things sound through a London fog. *Peter and Wendy* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not merely the play of *Peter Pan* with "observed he" and "remarked she" stuck in all through to make it look like a book; it is packed with island lore that is new to us. We learn for the first time now how the lost boys tell the time: they find the crocodile and listen outside him until the clock strikes. When *Peter* escaped in the Never bird's nest, having first carefully put the eggs in *Starkey's* hat, we did not foresee that this would set the fashion among really smart birds, all future nests being built in the conical shape with a circular brim on which the young chicks take an airing. Now, too, the

methods of Indian warfare are explained to us fully; how at night they imitate the lonely call of the coyote—doing it, in fact, "even better than the coyotes, who are not very good at it." Of the terrible *Hook* we learn a great deal that we had only guessed before. He had been at a famous public school, and even now the revelation of his true name would set the country in a blaze. In his last moments his thoughts flew back to his happy days at school, when "his shoes were right and his socks were right." He went content to the crocodile; for ere his last jump overboard he had stood long enough on the bulwarks to give *Peter* an opportunity of helping him over with a foot, and *Peter* had availed himself of that opportunity. Now that was distinctly "bad form"—and so *Hook* had the laugh of poor *Peter* after all. *Peter* had never been to the great public school. . . . Hundreds of thousands will be grateful to Mr. BARRIE for this book. It is the whole play, and yet so much more than the play; and yet again, you might read it and think that there had never been a play. So it will appeal both to the annual pilgrims and to the others. My own feelings after reading it can best be given in *Michael's* words: "I'm glad of" Mr. BARRIE.

Under Western Eyes (METHUEN) is as remarkable as any work by Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD must needs be; but at the same time my impression of it, after turning the final page, is that as a story it is not without some unnecessary and irritating tricks of style, which may wear the patience of a reader who is less than a disciple. In the first place, the plan of telling it partly in the first person and partly indirectly is made more confusing by the fact that the end of the tale is reached before the middle. Thus, after *Razumov's* betrayal of the bomb-thrower *Haldin*, you have to take on faith his own appearance as an exiled revolutionary and the comrade of *Haldin's* sister long before you are permitted to learn the sequence of events which led to this result. On the outside of the cover the publishers say that this novel reminds them of the work of TORGENEV. Perhaps, apart from its Russian milieu, this is because Mr. CONRAD has written it in a rather broken and uneasy style which suggests adaptation from some foreign language. Whether this was deliberate or not, I regretted it as tending to mar the effect of what is an unusually strong and moving study of (to quote the author) the "sustained psychology of a mood." The closing scene, in which *Razumov* makes his confession and takes the rather horrible consequences, is as thrilling as anything that Mr. CONRAD (a master of vigorous narrative) has yet done.

The egoism of musicians would seem to be of two varieties, not always easily distinguishable. And when I speak of musicians I mean the creative, not the executive, kind (just as, when I speak of a poet, I mean one who makes poetry, and is not simply capable of reading it aloud), though I should be loath to imply that the mere performer is always lacking in a fair conceit of himself. There is the inherent egoism which asserts itself in a hankering after "self-expression," as the jargon goes; and there is the egoism which is a reflection of his Art. For Art itself, in all forms—and music most as being most aloof—is a great egoist, tolerating no rival, and demanding of its followers an absolute devotion to the one worship. And so in the character of *Lothnar*, the inspired composer in *The Lost Iphigenia* (SMITH, ELDER), by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, we have this double egoism, personal and acquired. In the tyranny of his genius he would not hesitate to sacrifice even a woman's honour if by suggesting passion to her he could make her interpret to his better satisfaction the passionate part of *Phædra* in one of his own operas. (He might have been less inhuman if the opera had been some-

body else's.) He expects of men and gods that they should bow to his fiat, and makes furious protest against their behaviour when they fail to comply with the schemes of his personal vanity. *Lothnar* is a creation of which Mr. and Mrs. CASTLE may be justifiably proud; and the romance which he dominates must, for freshness of theme, breadth of treatment and sincerity of detail, rank among the best achievements of this accomplished couple. I say so with the greater pleasure because I thought that their last novel, *Panther's Cub*, was below their standard of excellence. Perhaps they were just working off some of the

inferior material collected in their pursuit of an operatic subject. My chief complaint of their present book is that the commonplace attractions of that good-natured idler, *Sir John Holdfast*, of the canting name, whose dog-like devotion enables the heroine to escape from the tragedy of her stage career into the shelter of an existence scarcely less tragic in its isolation, offer too glaring a contrast to the seduction of hero-worship in the world of Art. And if the authors had shown him as a man of activity and distinction, doing work that might have made him thoroughly pleased with himself, his modesty would then have served as a subtler foil to the egoism of the musician.

In *Margaret Harding* (METHUEN), a study of life on the veldt, PERCEVAL GIBBON gives as good a picture as one could wish of the Boers and Blacks and casual Britishers that jostle against each other in that "suave level of miles stretching forth, like a sluggish sea, to the skyline." It is a story of strong human



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

I.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON EXPLAINING THE LAW OF GRAVITATION TO GEORGE I.

interest, its characters and descriptions of scenery vivid and picturesque, and its sentiment a much finer thing than mere love-making. *Margaret* herself was a casual Britisher—a consumptive condemned to a South African sanatorium kept by a drunken English doctor, whose wife's life-business and tragedy it was to try to hide his weakness from the eyes of *Margaret* and the two other patients, both of them men, without deceiving any of them. And running through the story is a curious example of the colour-problem, with *Margaret* and a should-have-been Zulu chief, educated in England, as the chief factors. It will not convert you—that, I think, is not intended—to the belief that black and white are reconcilable colours. You will lay down the book as you took it up, if you are a white, with the fixed idea that they move from opposite sides of the board, in life as in chess. But for all that it is a book to be read. It makes you think imperially, but humbly as well, and it is a first-rate story.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is a great deal of truth in the statement that if Turkey were to join the Triple Alliance this would mean the end of the Triple Alliance. There would, of course, be four of them.

* *

Mr. BIRRELL, addressing the students of the Liverpool Collegiate School, remarked that the master he had loved most was his drawing-master, who had taught him nothing. From whom then did Mr. BIRRELL learn to draw that beautiful picture of a crimeless Ireland?

* *

In consequence of the strictures passed by Mr. Justice RIDLEY on the conduct of the local authorities during the recent railway strike, the MAYOR of Lincoln refused to attend the Assizes service at the Cathedral. There has been much speculation as to which suffered most by the Mayor's absence from the sacred edifice—the Judge or the collection plate.

* *

After all, the railwaymen may not be going to rise. Their wages are going to do so instead.

* *

At the annual meeting of the supporters of the Manchester Crematorium Dr. EMERY JONES said they should have compulsory powers to cremate people. We could give them the names of several politicians to start on.

* *

The Repertoire of Mr. HAMMERSTEIN'S new Opera House has been published. Certain works, it is announced, will be given in French, and others in Italian; but *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are set down as "Undecided as to language." Does this, we wonder, mean Broken English?

* *

Dr. NANSEN, in his book on exploration, just published by Mr. HEINEMANN, proves conclusively that America was discovered by Norwegian rovers 500 years before the voyage of COLUMBUS. This relieves CHRISTOPHER of an awful responsibility.

* *

"Mr. A. ROBBINS, of Bournemouth, writes to say that he picked a piece of honeysuckle in his garden on November 1st." And who, indeed, we would ask, had a better right to do so than Mr. ROBBINS?

Workmen excavating on the beach at Clacton have found the lower jaw and backbone of an elephant and the antlers of a red deer. This seems to point to an ancient precedent for the visits of travelling circuses to our seaside resorts.

* *

The proposal that the Zoo should be removed from Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace is not likely to be adopted, but we think it would not be a bad idea if such animals as are used to the desert were sent there to recuperate whenever they showed signs of home-sickness.



Porter (at wayside station, whose help in the matter of a speck of dust has been solicited). "ALL RIGHT, MISS. I'VE GOT IT. QUICK. LEND US YOUR 'AT-PIN.'"

Dr. G. LINDSAY JOHNSON, lecturing before the members of the Institute of Ophthalmic Opticians, mentioned the case of a negro with abnormal sight who could see three of Jupiter's moons with the naked eye. This reminds us that our distinguished guest, Mr. JACK JOHNSON, has the peculiar power of enabling people to see stars which they had never seen before.

* *

The local authorities of Lochgelly and Dundee complain of the expense of birching juvenile delinquents, owing to fees of £1 1s. and 10s. being payable to the medical officer and whipper respectively. The delinquents suggest that 10s. at any rate might be saved by dispensing with the services of the whipper.

Some experiments conducted by the Eastern Sea Fisheries Commission go to prove, we are told, that crabs have the homing instinct. Frankly, we are not surprised to hear that they possess this domestic quality. Anyone who has come into close relations with a crab can scarcely fail to have been struck by his affectionate, clinging disposition. Given a free hand he always contrives to get home.

* *

Speaking at a dinner given in honour of Sir W. P. BYRNE, of the Home Office, Mr. T. D. ROBERTSON stated that it was a tradition of the Home Office

never to write an uncivil letter. Is it not possible that here may be found the explanation of Mr. CHURCHILL'S resignation of his position as head of that department? He may have found the strain greater than he could bear.

* *

Fashionable young men in Berlin, we are told, now have portraits of their fiancées printed on their finger nails. This limits the number of fiancées to ten, though it is rumoured that one gentleman, who is inclined to eclecticism, is now pressing his toes into the service.

* *

Another entry for Mr. Punch's Commercial Candour Competition. An advertisement of a book published by Messrs. STANLEY PAUL & Co. tells us that the story "leaves a sense of satisfaction in the mind of the reader when it is finished."

* *

Collectors of paradoxes will perhaps be interested in the expression "ante-post betting" used in a contemporary the other day, in an article on horse-racing.

* *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has requested that letters for Scotland shall not be marked "N.B." It seems that this practice has created a very bitter feeling among the natives of North Borneo.

Art for Art's Sake.

On a door-plate in Glasgow:—

"J. B.—EASTERN ARTISTS.
TATTOOING DONE INSIDE."

The true artist is not concerned that the world should see his masterpieces.

In the official catalogue of an Italian Exhibition, "The Black Brunswicker," by MILLAIS, was described as "Uno dei Neri di Brunswick." It sounds more like a still-life study of grate-polish.

THE BITTER PLAINT OF THE ELEPHANT.

[It is understood that horses will be substituted for elephants in the State Entry that opens the coming Durbar celebrations. The writer of these lines, in deference to the judgment of authority, refrains from expressing his own opinion on this change, and merely attempts to voice the inarticulate views of the supplanted pachyderm.]

We wish to know what we have done,
What wrong unwittingly have wrought
(At present I can think of none.
Whether in deed or word or thought)
That we whose royal functions trace
Their rise to prehistoric sources
Should sacrifice our pride of place
To things like horses.

What was the feature, Sir, that most
Embellished CURZON's great Durbar,
Gave tone to our Imperial boast
And staggered trippers from afar?
What made the stranger cry, "Gee-whiz!
That's bully; we can't claim to beat your
Circus out West?"—the answer is:
We were that feature.

In panoply of gold brocade
With frescoes, in the best of taste,
On trunk and pensive brow displayed,
Along the pageant's lines we paced;
Rolling serenely like a sea
That bears a fleet of treasure-galleys,
We scorned the tricks that seem to me
More fit for ballets.

Suavely, in single file, we swung
Beneath the howdah's gemmy hood,
Aware that India's future hung
On our behaviour, bad or good;
We might with ease (but we did not)
Have run amok and caused a melly,
Doing I dare not picture what
Damage to Delhi.

Yes, with a dignity of style
As monumental as the Taj,
We strode sedately, mile on mile,
Obedient to the British Raj;
You, Sir, were represented there,
And so will kindly bear me witness
What cool decorum marked our air,
What sense of fitness.

They call us pachyderms, and yet,
Trust me, our skins are not so tough
But what we feel it when we get
A horrid puncture in the buff;
And so with our interior parts:
When crossed in love, our vitals languish,
And to be humbled melts our hearts
With moral anguish.

Had the usurper been a beast
That once had roamed the jungle through—
A tiger, say, or else at least
Something suggestive of a Zoo—
We might have lost, with tearless eye,
Our claim to bear the EMPEROR's lieges,
But O, to be supplanted by
Domestic gee-gees!

O. S.

THE DESCRIBER.

I MET him in a railway carriage on a Great Western express. I had been reading some proofs, and I had noticed that, as I pulled them out of my despatch case, his eyes had gleamed as though recognising something familiar. He was a pasty-faced, rotund little man with very long dusty hair. There was a velvet collar to his coat and a diamond ring to one of his fingers. His watch-chain was heavy and golden. Evidently a prosperous little man. After a good deal of fidgetting he addressed me: "An author, Sir?"

"Well, yes," I said, "I do a little in that way: an occasional article here and there, and—er—that sort of thing."

"I see," he said. "Now isn't it an extraordinary thing you and me coming together like this? You might have been a farmer, or a soap-maker, or a confectioner, or a jeweller, but you're an author, and here we are, both of us together."

"Are you, may I ask—"

"Oh, yes, I'm an author all right. And I'll tell you what," he added, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I wouldn't change authorship for anything else, not if you were to make me a partner of ROTHSCHILD'S. Not but what I make my little bit of money too."

"Poetry?" I asked.

He laughed very scornfully. "Poetry! not much. You don't catch me chopping and changing words about to make 'em fit into lines. It's a mug's game. And then think of the rhymes, dawn—morn, home—bone, and all the rest of them. No, I'm not a poet. KIPLING does all I want in that line. When he's said a thing it's said and there's an end of it. As long as he's about there's no need for me to try poetry."

"Well," I said, "what is your line, then?"

"I'm a describer," he said simply.

"A what?"

"A describer." He dropped his voice and looked round the compartment suspiciously, as though he feared that somebody might be lurking under the cushions or in the rack. "Of course," he continued, "I don't want it known everywhere. They might come mobbing round my house, asking for autographs and that sort of thing, like they did to TENNYSON, and I shouldn't care for that. But I don't mind telling you on the q. t. I do the descriptive bits under the photographs of the celebrities in the picture papers. You see it's bound to be done with a snap or it won't go down with the public; and you've got to put a bit of fancy-work into it, a sort of delicate touch here and there, or the originals of the photographs won't order hundreds of copies to be sent out to their friends all over the place. Oh, don't you make any mistake about it, it takes a lot of doing."

I assured him I was making no mistake about it and was ready to believe every word he said.

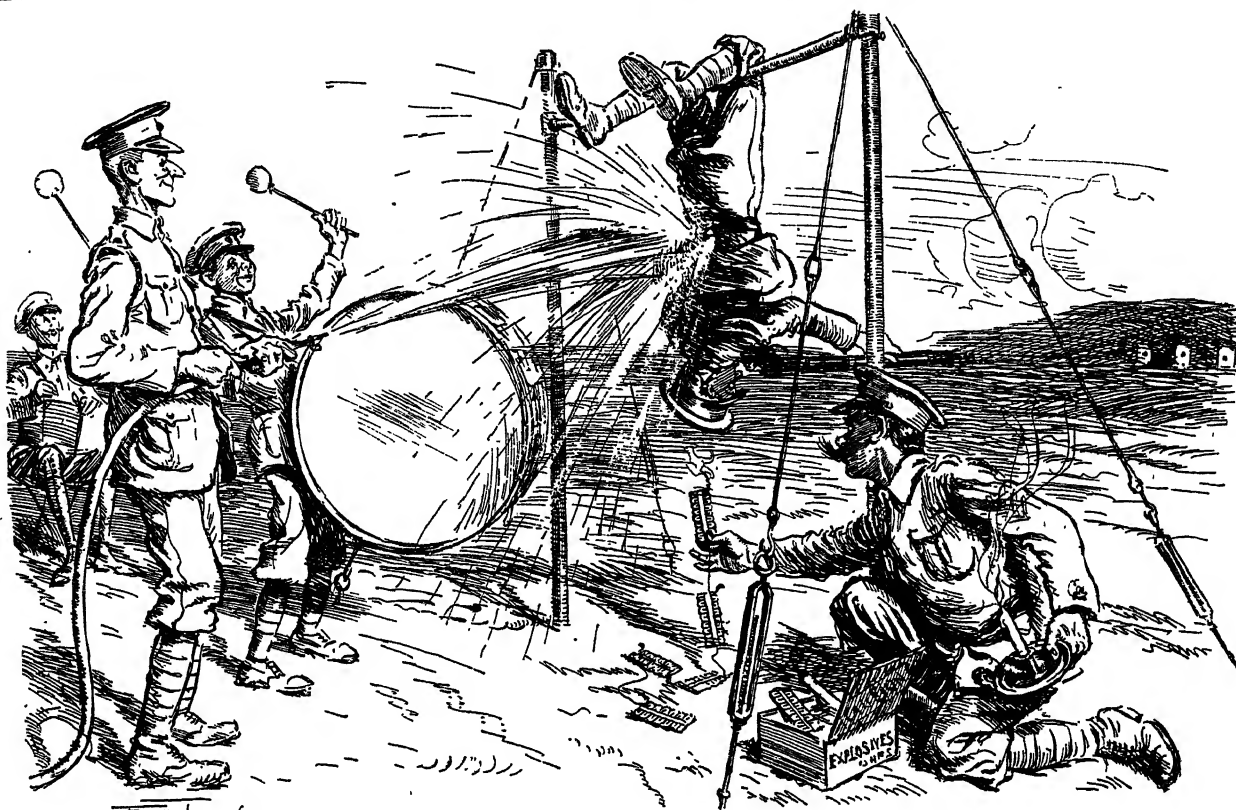
"I'm just coming back from my holiday," he went on. "Six days twice a year is all I get, and even that drops all their circulations to nothing, so I have to come rushing back with any new lines I've been able to think of. Now this is a pretty little thing. I fancy it'll knock 'em. Here's the photograph, you see. Girl in a big hat; two rows of teeth; Pom dog in her lap. Doesn't sound much, does it? But there's inspiration in it if you take it the right way. Listen: 'Lady Iverna Blushrose, who is to marry Captain Strakes to-morrow, is the second best known daughter'—nice bit that, isn't it?—of one of Ireland's most celebrated Earls. Known to her friends as 'Perts,' she is sure to acquire in Society that position which is due to her youth and beauty. Teenie, her



CHILD AND SUPER-CHILD.

CHINESE EMPEROR (aged six). "I AM STILL BUT A CHILD AND THESE REVOLTS ARE TOO MUCH FOR ME."

MR. BALFOUR. "WELL, I'VE BEEN A CHILD FOR YEARS AND YEARS, BUT I TAKE NO NOTICE OF LITTLE EPISODES LIKE THOSE."



"A Recruit shall receive daily instruction in musketry until he . . . can handle h's rifle with skill and confidence under all conditions and in all positions."—*Infantry Training*, page 7.
(In the above sketch we have tried to suggest the distractions of active service.)

Pomeranian, is to accompany her on the honeymoon. Teenie is a lucky dog. Her brother, Bertie Blushrose, has recently been absent from Eton owing to an attack of jaundice. What do you think of that?"

I said I had never heard a better.

"No," he said, "it's pretty good; but here's another that runs it rather close. Husband and wife standing arm-in-arm outside the porch of a house. Husband in breeches and boots, with hunting-crop in his hand, thong dangling. Six children in background. Groom standing at head of roman-nosed horse. This is how I do it: 'Honeysuckle Lodge, the charming *villeggiatura* of the modern representatives of SIDDONS and KEMBLE, is built in the Elizabetho-Doric style, the bricks throughout being elaborately pointed in alternate green and yellow. Soon Bucephalus will have his sugar and Richard Blankney, sated with the chase of the fox, will, with his family, thread the sylvan glades'—I think I meant 'tread,' but it don't matter—in search of new effects for his forthcoming titanic production of 'Sardanapalus the Shatterer.'" You twig the style, don't you?"

I said I thought I did, but luckily at this moment we arrived at Paddington and were compelled to separate.

Mutabile (sed ineluctabile) semper.

"A very large gathering, which included the Master of the Belvoir and Lady Greenall, met the Cheshire Hounds at Oxhayes Farm yesterday. A fox, which had been asleep in a hedgerow hard by, trotted off into Philo Gorse, only to find himself face to face with the Cheshire ladies."—*Morning Post*.

"Tut, tut," he said, appreciating for the first time Mr. ASQUITH'S difficulties with the Suffragettes, "one can't get away from the women."

RAILWAY REFORM.

Office of Official Receiver.

DEAR SIR,—I note with gratitude the humane decision of the North Stafford Railway to abolish second-class fares throughout its system. This should greatly popularise second-class travelling on this Company's line, and I trust that so progressive a policy will soon be extended to the other classes. As further innovations likely to stimulate public patronage of their lines I venture to urge on railway companies:—

- (1) The throwing open of refreshment rooms and buffets twice a week, free of cost.
- (2) "Recognition" of the claims of passengers to tea-baskets, lunch-hampers, gratis.
- (3) Issue of free magazines at the bookstalls to all *bona-fide* travellers.
- (4) "Right to strike" ticket-collectors, whenever a passenger is so inclined.
- (5) Return tickets at half single rates.

Trusting that you, Sir, will have the courage to make a firm stand and inaugurate a Press campaign in your valued columns on these broad lines,

I am, Yours hopefully,
BANKRUPT MIDDLE-CLASS.

A Silence which could be Felt.

"From first to last the grip that he maintained over his large audience was shown by the keen attention with which they hung upon his words, and the deep silence with which their bursts of silence alternated."—*Westminster Gazette*.

All of which was as nothing to the swelling roar of silence which greeted him when he sat down.

THE BITTEN BITES.

A FAMOUS lady novelist who shall for once be nameless has hit upon what cannot but be considered a very ingenious and effective way of getting even with certain papers that have expressed not too high an opinion of her work; *Punch*, we regret to say, among them. At the beginning of the new edition of her latest novel, where it is customary to place extracts from the favourable notices which her other books have received from the Press, the author has instead placed notices by herself of a few of the more influential journals. Mr. *Punch*, who has been favoured with an advance view of these *morceaux*, would hesitate to print such very candid and hostile censures were he not a naturalist, and as such profoundly interested in watching a worm having one good turn after another. Moreover he himself comes under the lady's lash.

"A copy of *The Daily Telegraph*, published this day, lies before us. The paper is damp, the ink darkens the hands. The type is sometimes painfully small and advertisements occupy a ridiculously large proportion of the reading matter. For the rest, it is verbose and indiscriminating in its use of detail, and has the vice of considering everything that has happened of equal importance. A little study of the much-cried-up *contes* of GUY DE MAUPASSANT would do it good."

"Among the most recent publications is *The Daily Chronicle*. We have read this work from cover to cover without edification. It is true that the price is low, but we are not persuaded that that is any real excuse. The book reviews might be in better hands; the headings are in gross taste, as when the account of a prisoner who committed suicide is entitled, 'Cheated the Gallows'; and the paragraphs under 'The Office Window' have a jauntiness that affects the sensitive reader like loud check trousers."

"A laborious study of *The Spectator*, a periodical issued from Wellington Street, convinces us that weekly journalism in England is in a parlous state. Kindness to animals is all very well, but to be maudlin about them for pages week after week strikes us as an insult to human intelligence. We notice also that a large portion of the correspondence columns is merely a vehicle for advertising the editor's rectitude. And who, we should like to be told, is M. BERGSON to have so much space given to him? Since when was it

"Signs are not lacking that there is a widespread revolt, among our more serious sisters, against the reckless extravagance of the last two years."—*Fashion Notes*.



MISS KENSINGTON GOARE, AFTER HER LATE ORGIE OF BUTTONS.



NOW DOES IT IN ONE.

necessary to go to France for spiritual thinkers? Are there none here?"

"A paper called *The Nation* has been sent for review. We suggest that *Stag-Nation* would be a better title. A more cantankerous, dismal sixpenny-worth we never perused."

"If we might be allowed to make a suggestion it is that *The Morning Post* should spell the first word of its name with a *u*. Anything more funereally dismal than the tone of its leading articles it would be impossible to conceive. We always thought that this journal gave an exhaustive and impartial account of the doings of the aristocracy, but to judge from recent issues there are only two peers in Great Britain, Lord HALSBURY and Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

"After carefully perusing every page of *The Times*, which reaches us this morning, including two dreary supplements, we laid it aside in annoyance that any one could have the effrontery to demand the sum of threepence for it. For there is not a joke in the whole swollen production; not one gleam of humour. We admit that one or two announcements in the death column interested us, and there was an article, not badly done, on the recent gale; but we cannot conceal our disappointment with this expensive miscellany as a whole."

"If *The Times* is dear at threepence as reading matter, what shall we say of *Punch*, which has not the same excuse of generously providing material for lighting fires? This paper is called the leading comic, but, so far as we can observe, its only humour consists in the fact that it keeps on coming out every week, and charges threepence every time." [*The rest of this notice of "Punch" is not fit to print—not here, anyhow.*]

"A dress is not made of stuff. It is made by closing your eyes and dreaming hard."—*Mme. Trosby-Curtin* in "*The Sketch*."

The bill will wake you up all right.

"The Oldham by-election is peculiarly interesting in that the Liberal and Conservative parties have agreed to use neither posters nor vehicles to carry voters to the poll."

Westminster Gazette.

Give us the old days when one went to poll in a four-poster.

"We have people among us who would shoot a cherubim if they found one on Hackney Marshes."—*Globe*.

This animal, however, is gregarious, and is never found in ones.



IT IS SAID BY GOOD AUTHORITIES THAT MOTORISTS ARE GRADUALLY LOSING THE USE OF THEIR LEGS.

TO ALGERNON ASHTON, ESQ.

ON RESUMING HIS QUILL.

ALGERNON, whose long cessation
From epistolary toil
Sport for all the British nation
Threatened utterly to spoil,
Now with every nerve and sinew
We unanimously bless
Your decision to continue
Writing letters to the Press.

At the memorable tidings
All the autumn landscape smiles:
Joy illumines Yorkshire's Ridings,
Mirth convulses Scilly's Isles;

Cheerfulness returns to Woking,
Gilding the sepulchral scene;
And a mood of gentle joking
Shows itself at Kensal Green.

For they know their fame funereal
Will its pride of place regain
Buttressed by your magisterial,
Massive, monumental brain.

When you would not send them copy
Editors grew pale and thin;
Now they emulate the poppy
As your screeds come rolling in.

Frowns desert the face of BUCKLE
As he wades through HOWORTH'S
reams;

NORTCLIFFE condescends to chuckle,
BURNHAM positively beams.

As your praises forth are carolled,
Ancient foes their strife forgo;
MASSINGHAM embraces HAROLD
COX, and STRACHEY Captain COE.

GARVIN fervently embraces
BARON COURTNEY of Penwith,
While JOHN REDMOND goes to races
Arm-in-arm with F. E. SMITH.

Deans, too glad to be decorous,
Fraternise with sandwichmen,
As they chant in tones sonorous,
"ALGERNON'S himself again!"

TOO YOUNG AT 32.

"GOOD MORNING, Sir," I said, as I smartly saluted an elderly gentleman who was evidently my new Colonel. "Good morning, Sir," he replied; "you have only just been posted here?" I responded that that was the case. "Have you seen much service abroad, Sir?" he continued. "Oh, a fair amount, Sir," I answered. "I went out to Bermuda ten years ago, then on to Ceylon, and have been for the last five years with a Heavy Battery in India." "I've seen a bit of foreign service myself, Sir," said the Colonel. "It must be quite twelve years ago since I went to Halifax." I was not surprised to hear this, as one can seldom escape going abroad when one reaches the senior ranks.

"I think you will like this place, Sir," he went on. "You have a splendid battery, a fine lot of men, good at sport, and 80 per cent. 1st class shots." I replied that I was delighted to hear it; and then an idea struck me. Could the Colonel be taking me for some one else, owing to my baldness and other indications of approaching senility? I must put him right at once.

"You are calling me Sir, Sir, and I am still only a subaltern." "Well, I'm dashed," said he, "I thought you were our new Major; and you're just a subaltern. Well, so am I. Have a drink?"

[Correspondence in the Press has recently shown that in the Garrison Artillery there are a hundred officers with some twelve years' service who are still subalterns.]

The Standard speaks of one of the Onslow Pictures as being of a "son born in New Zealand in the dress of a Maori chief." Most of us are born in the dress (more or less) of a Central African chief.

"George Oke, the golfer, who won the professional competition at Bramshot on Wednesday, is a great-grandson of 'Salvation Yeo,' of whom Kingsley wrote in his book, 'Westward Ho!'"—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Salvation Yeo (+ 8) was, of course, the well-known professional of the Westward Ho! links.

THE LITERARY ART.

MARGERY has a passion for writing just now. I can see nothing in it myself, but if people *will* write I suppose you can't stop them.

"Will you just lend me your pencil?" she asked.

"Remind me to give you a hundred pencils some time," I said as I took it out, "and then you'll always have one. You simply eat pencils."

"Oo, I gave it you back last time."

"Only just. You inveigle me down here—"

"What do I do?"

"I'm not going to say that again for anybody."

"Well, may I have the pencil?"

I gave her the pencil and a sheet of paper, and settled her in a chair.

"B-a-b-y," said Margery to herself, planning out her weekly article for the Reviews. "B-a-b-y, baby." She squared her elbows and began to write . . .

"There!" she said, after five minutes' composition.

The manuscript was brought over to the critic, and the author stood proudly by to point out subtleties that might have been overlooked at a first reading.

"B-a-b-y," explained the author. "Baby."

"Yes, that's very good; very neatly expressed. 'Baby'—I like that."

"Shall I write some more?" said Margery eagerly.

"Yes, do write some more. This is good, but it's not long enough."

The author retired again, and in five minutes produced this:—

B A B Y

"That's 'baby,'" explained Margery.

"Yes, I like that baby better than the other one. It's more spread out. And it's bigger—it's one of the biggest babies I've seen."

"Shall I write some more?"

"Don't you write anything else ever?"

"I like writing 'baby,'" said Margery carelessly. "B-a-b-y."

"Yes, but you can't do much with just that one word. Suppose you wanted to write to a man at a shop—'Dear Sir,—You never sent me my boots. Please send them at once as I want to go out this afternoon. I am, yours faithfully, Margery'—it would be no good simply putting 'B-a-b-y,' because he wouldn't know what you meant."

"Well, what *would* it be good putting?"

"Ah, that's the whole art of writing—to know what it would be any good putting. You want to learn lots and lots of new words, so as to be

ready. Now here's a jolly little one that you ought to meet." I took the pencil and wrote G O T. "Got. G-o-t, got."

Margery, her elbows on my knee and her chin resting on her hands, studied the position.

"Yes, that's old 'got,'" she said.

"He's always coming in. When you want to say 'I've got a bad pain, so I can't accept your kind invitation;' or when you want to say, 'Excuse more, as I've got to go to bed now;' or quite simply, 'You've got my pencil.'"

"G-o-t, got," said Margery. "G-o-t, got. G-o-t, got."

"With appropriate action it makes a very nice recitation."

"Is *that* a 'g'?" said Margery, busy with the pencil, which she had snatched from me.

"The gentleman with the tail. You haven't made his tail quite long enough . . . That's better."

Margery retired to her study charged with an entirely new inspiration, and wrote her second manifesto. It was this:—

G O T.

"Got," she pointed out.

I inspected it carefully. Coming fresh to the idea Margery had treated it more spontaneously than the other. But it was distinctly a "got." One of the got's.

"Have you any more words?" she asked, holding tight to the pencil.

"You've about exhausted me, Margery."

"What was that one you said just now? The one you said you wouldn't say again?"

"Oh, you mean 'inveigle'?" I said, pronouncing it differently this time.

"Yes; write that for me."

"It hardly ever comes in. Only when you are writing to your solicitor."

"What's 'solicitor'?"

"He's the gentleman who takes the money. He's *always* coming in."

"Then write 'solicitor.'"

I took the pencil (it was my turn for it) and wrote SOLICITOR. Then I read it out slowly to Margery, spelt it to her three times very carefully, and wrote SOLICITOR again. Then I said it thoughtfully to myself half-a-dozen times—"Solicitor." Then I looked at it wonderingly.

"I am not sure now," I said, "that there is such a word."

"Why?"

"I thought there was when I began, but now I don't think there can be. 'Solicitor'—it seems so silly."

"Let me write it," said Margery, eagerly taking the paper and pencil, "and see if it looks silly."

She retired, and—as well as she

could for her excitement—copied the word down underneath. The combined effort then read as follows:—

SOLICITOR

SOLICITOR

SOLICITOR

"Yes, you've done it a lot of good," I said. "You've taken some of the creases out. I like that much better."

"Do you think there is such a word now?"

"I'm beginning to feel more easy about it. I'm not certain, but I hope."

"So do I," said Margery. With the pencil in one hand and the various scraps of paper in the other, she climbed on to the writing desk and gave herself up to literature. . . .

And it seems to me that she is well equipped for the task. For besides having my pencil still (of which I say nothing for the moment) she has now three separate themes upon which to ring the changes—a range wide enough for any writer. These are, "Baby got solicitor" (supposing that there is such a word), "Solicitor got baby," and "Got baby solicitor." Indeed, there are really four themes here, for the last one can have two interpretations. It might mean that you had obtained an ordinary solicitor for Baby or it might mean that you had got a specially small one for yourself. It lacks, therefore, the lucidity of the best authors, but in a woman writer this may be forgiven. A. A. M.

Are Hares Carnivorous?

"After chasing a hare from a neighbouring corpse, the Aldershot Beagles despatched it in the churchyard at Crookham, Hants."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

The reporter, callous though he seems, makes a real contribution to this interesting question.

While on the subject of hares we might remind our readers that, according to *The Times*—

"The Directors of the Royal Scottish Insurance Company have entered into a provisional agreement with the National General Insurance Company by which the latter company offers to purchase all the hares of the Royal Scottish."

"TRIPOLI.—A gentleman, well connected in Tripoli (North Africa), desires to obtain an agency of a first-class tea-house to sell their tea on commission."

Advt. in "Chamber of Commerce Journal."

This gentleman has been misinformed. The struggle in Tripoli (North Africa—in case you wondered where on earth it was) is not a tea-fight.

"Bicycle bargains, Gent's new B.S.A., made by the makers."

Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."

Nothing like a maker for making things.



FIREMEN ANSWERING A CALL.



STREET SCAVENGERS STREET SCAVENGING

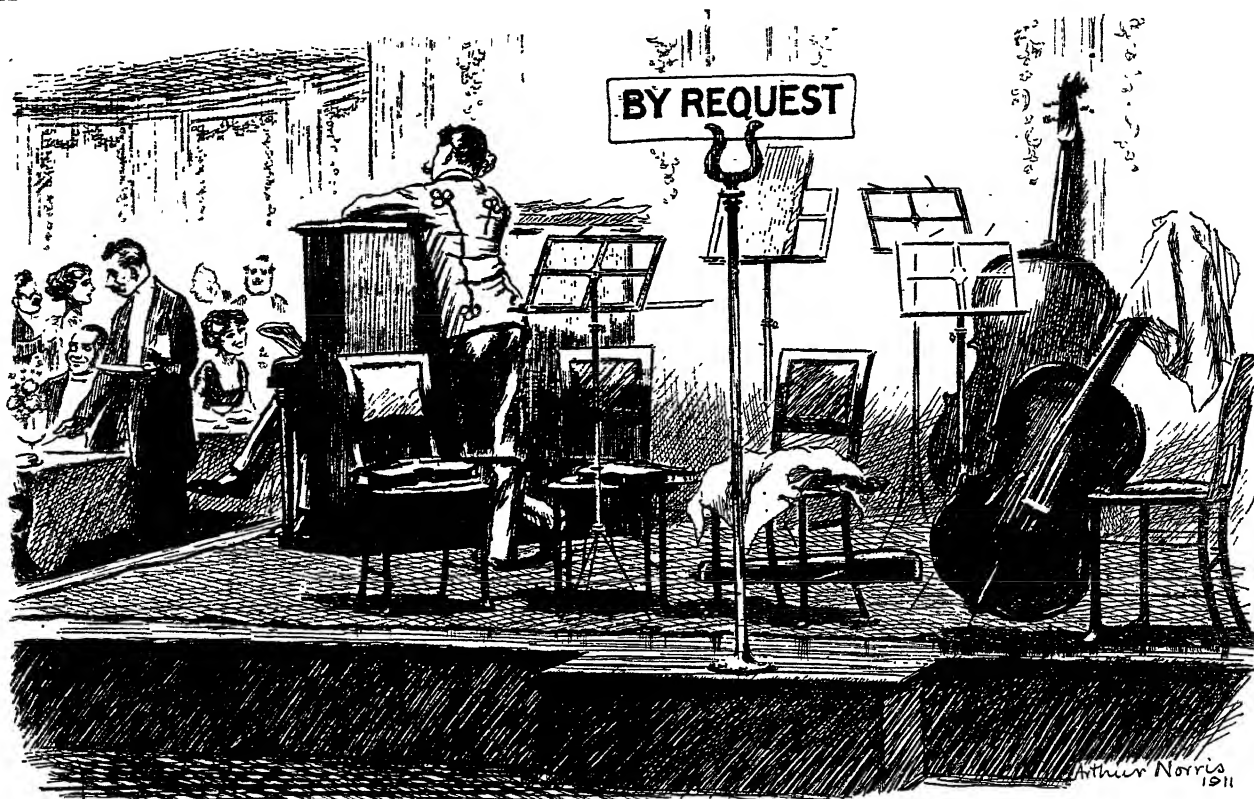


TICKET COLLECTOR PUNCHING TICKET

POLICEMAN EFFECTING ARREST OF BACCHANAL

THOMAS MARYBANK

IT HAS BEEN REMARKED THAT HITHERTO IN THIS COUNTRY THE MASCULINE DANCER HAS ALWAYS LOOKED MORE OR LESS FOOLISH, AND GENERALLY TAKEN REFUGE IN FRANKLY ECCENTRIC CREATIONS. NIJINSKY, MORDKIN AND OTHERS HAVE SHOWN US THAT A MALE CAN BE MANLY THOUGH GRACEFUL. THIS DISCOVERY MAY HAVE FAR-REACHING RESULTS, AS DEPICTED ABOVE.



YOU MIGHT THINK THIS WAS *THE IDEAL RESTAURANT*, BUT, ALAS! THE NOTICE ONLY REFERS TO THE PIECE JUST PLAYED.

ESSAYS IN OPTIMISM.

I.—*After the manner of "The Financier."*

Rubber. A dull day. Prices lower all round, despite strong under-current of investment buying. Some recovery, and an ease-off; closing at the worst. Raw product falls $1\frac{1}{2}d$. Once again the ursine enemy appears to have been having it all his own way, both in Mincing Lane and the Stock Exchange. Encouraged by a slight (and, as we have often shown, wholly negligible) drop in the auction price of the material, bears early commenced to bang prices; being helped by the behaviour of timorous bulls in throwing on to the market shares which already stood at a figure preposterously below their common-sense value. Indeed it is one more proof—if such were needed—of the inherent strength and stability of the industry that the falls were not far greater than was actually the case. So far as could be ascertained, shares were in almost every case assured of a purchaser, at terms from six to ten points lower than those recorded yesterday—a fact that speaks for itself. It is, indeed, increasingly obvious that careful and far-seeing operators are busily engaged in picking up the many profitable bargains which prices now ruling offer to them, in view of the general revival, which (as we have

frequently pointed out) cannot now be long delayed.

The statement that the Government art-schools in Peru have decided in future to use breadcrumbs in preference to indiarubber, is now admitted to have been false, the market rightly treating this denial as a strong bull point. Under the influence of this and other favourable factors, a marked revival set in during the afternoon; FLINGGIS, always the bell-wether of the rubber flock, leading with a smart rise of $3d$., which they subsequently lost. On balance prices were in almost every instance adverse to holders; STICKIT LONGAS being the chief sufferers on the unfavourable reception of the report. Exceptionally, BLINDPOOL TRUSTS ($\pounds 1$ shares, $12s. 6d.$ paid) were a firm spot at $12s. 3d.$ discount. The present state of affairs is thus seen to be by no means without encouragement.

II.—*After the manner of "The Referee."*

Pay day—or *Tay Pay* day—at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.

The Irish comedians of ASQUITH'S Coalition Troupe, having played their part in the bloodcurdling and highly unpopular drama of "Wrecking a Constitution," apply for the usual "treasury."

But will the ghost walk?

In other words, will John Bull allow his other island to be delivered bound into the hands of the anti-patriots? The idea is unthinkable. The recent reduction of the Radical majority by 13 (a significant figure, my masters!) in a three-cornered contest at Slushboro' is evidence that this dear old land of ours is at last waking up to the real danger that threatens her historic supremacy.

"When questioned on his traitor blow,
He answered, 'Wait and see.'
'We've waited long, but now we know
That surely A.M.G.'"

And before Christmas too, or the prophetic instinct of Opposite-the-Ducks* is unusually at fault. Home Yule is stronger than Home Rule, and Santa Claus may be more than a match for St. Redmond. Big changes are in the air; and a prize of Two Guineas is offered to Refereaders for the postcard giving most accurately the date and reasons for

The Impending Dissolution.
Postcards only, please. Address them to the office of this paper, with "D.D." (Date of Dissolution) in the top left-hand corner, and legibly inscribed to DAGONET.

*The name given by the light-hearted Dagonet to his residence in Regent's Park.



THE EUPHEMISMS OF MASSACRE.

TURKEY (at Tripoli). "WHEN I WAS CHARGED WITH THIS KIND OF THING IN BULGARIA, NOBODY EXCUSED ME ON THE GROUND OF 'MILITARY EXIGENCIES'!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

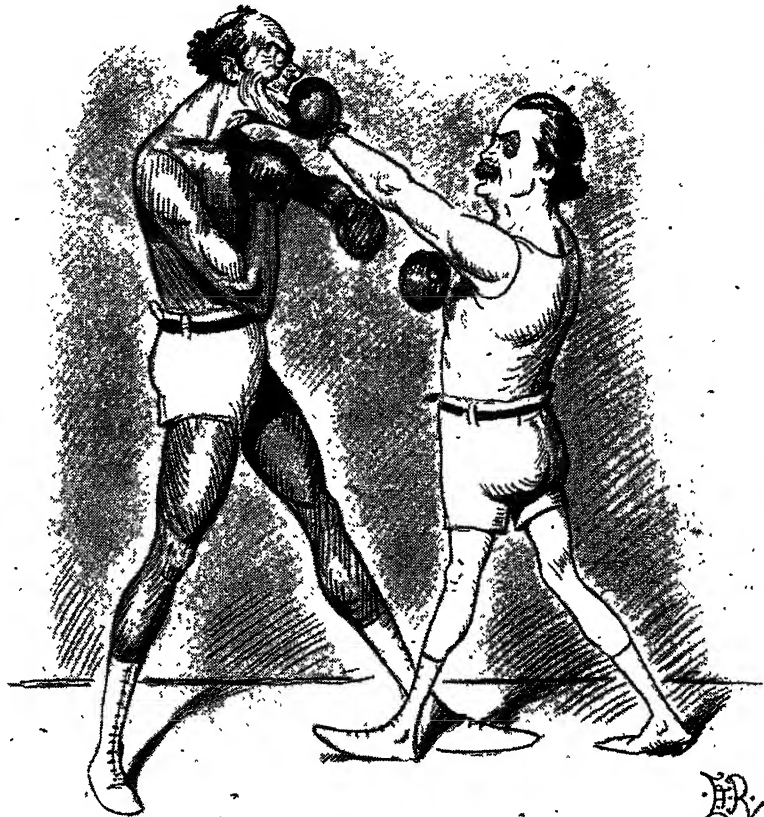
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, 31 Oct.—Since it last met the House is poorer by the loss of two Members. For many years JAMES OF HEREFORD seemed as if he were benefitting by the acquisition of the secret of the elixir of life. Handsome, debonair, witty, he was accustomed through dull sittings to flit about the Chamber like a butterfly, alighting for a moment by one or other of many friends and brightly chatting. It was characteristic of his urbanity and absence of prejudice that he found his friends in both political camps. No earthquake submerging a Party to which it was once his pride to belong interfered with his almost lifelong friendship with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

That for conscience' sake, at a critical turn in his career, he refused the coveted prize of the Woolsack is a matter of common knowledge. It is less generally known how constantly he fulfilled in political life the function of *amicus curiæ*. Differences of opinion arising between personal friends or sections of Party were frequently referred to him. His proposed terms of settlement were rarely challenged. This good work was carried out on a broader scale when, usually at the request of the working men, he undertook arbitration upon Labour questions. Within the last twelve months he began to show the effect of growing years, a large proportion devoted to strenuous labour. Almost to the last coming upon a friend he pulled himself together, talking with much of his old vivacity and pointed wit.

LORD ONSLOW, much his junior, seemed, a year ago, to have the promise of equally long life. Brisk, almost bustling in manner, he went about his daily work with contagious light-heartedness. His strong common sense, fair-mindedness and business capacity won for him a high place in the estimation of his peers. This was testified to when, six years ago, he was by acclamation elected Lord Chairman of Committees. He had great sympathy with work, not the least arduous part carried out in his private room during portions of the day when the House was sitting. Towards the end of the Summer Session he wrote a cheery letter to an old friend reporting marked improvement in his health, and speaking hopefully of the prospects of his presently being removed from Clandon to his son's house at Hampstead. It was there he died.

MORLEY and LANSDOWNE, in brief speeches, admirably expressed feelings



Lt'L ALFRED AND BOMBARDIER GEORGE.

(Discussing the Insurance Bill.)

"My predecessor was advised by the Law Officers that if the object and intent of the combatants was to subdue each other by violent blows—(laughter)—until one can endure it no longer—(laughter)—the contest is illegal. . . It depends not merely on the rules which are to apply but on the way in which the fight is actually conducted."—*Mr. McKenna's reply to a question on a wholly different matter.*

(MR. LYTTELTON and MR. LLOYD GEORGE.)

of united Parties in this hour of mourning.

Business done.—Copyright Bill read second time.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Settled doggedly down to consideration of National Insurance Bill in Committee. Proceedings useful but not what you might call exhilarating. LLOYD GEORGE takes principal burden on his back, sitting hour after hour alert, resourceful, always cheerful. Finds able assistants in HOME SECRETARY and ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Being, after all, human, must take a few minutes off to snatch a bit of dinner. When he hurries in again there is generally somebody on Opposition Benches, just arrived after leisurely meal, ready to get up and gravely express "the satisfaction with which he observes the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has returned to his place."

Irish Members abstain from taking part in debate, a self-sacrifice that in some measure recurs at the Question

hour. True, that of 87 questions on paper to-day they had 17, but none rose above level of that addressed by FARRELL to CHIEF SECRETARY desiring to know "whether the name of PAT DONOHUE, Killasonnagh, has been recorded as a person suitable for an allotment on the untenanted land of Killasonnagh." Their almost superhuman self-restraint eclipses gaiety of House.

PRINCE ARTHUR does not think it worth while to look in for Question hour. Also betrays disposition to consider in the privacy of his room knotty points presenting themselves in Committee on Insurance Bill. PREMIER in his place to answer questions addressed to him. But, when House gets into Committee, "leave it to you, partner," he says, nodding to LLOYD GEORGE, and withdraws to direction of Imperial Affairs that ever beset First Minister of the Crown.

Business done.—Pass through Committee Clause 31, Insurance Bill.

Friday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, who in response to cordial invitation

has joined the HALSBURY Club, tells me of a pretty little incident that marked ear-liest weeks of its captivating career. At special meeting of Club held last night, the noble President was the recipient of a handsome weapon, bearing on the silver plate the inscription "The Halsbury Club." COLONEL CARSON, K.C., placed at disposal of the sub-committee who arranged the presentation his almost unique collection of shillelaghs. Each one has seen service on one side or other of the national cause in Ireland. Owing to habit of shifting of politics and persons, with which TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN are familiar, several have at various stages of the conflict been alternately used on both sides. From this interesting store a club has been fashioned which leaves nothing to be desired either in respect of elegance or utility.

In addition to name of the Halsbury Club the silver plate carries an inspiring couplet of verse. Seems to have been some difficulty in this matter. What was naturally desired was a personal reference to the prowess of the President, with some indication of the story of recent events which have brought him so splendidly to the fore. DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, who naturally is acquainted with the *Percy Reliques*, suggested the lines from *Cherry Chase*:

"For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps."

As the stalwart descendant of Border Earls pointed out, these lines to the seeing eye picturesquely indicate the situation. Beaten in the Lords on Veto question, HALSBURY, from lowered altitude, resumed the fight under flag of the Club.

Whilst admitting all this, MILNER, in his pitilessly logical fashion, pointed out the effect on the mind of the classical illustration.

"If," he said, "we (in a parliamentary sense, of course) cut off the legs of our noble friend, where is what is left of him, so to speak?"

"Exactly," said GEORGE WYNDHAM. "If it were WINTERTON now it would be different. Shortening by a lineal foot would still leave him of average height."

LORD WINTERTON said he had not been very well lately (murmurs of sympathy). If experiments were to be tried there was his gallant friend, CARSON, K.C., who was within an inch or so of his (WINTERTON's) height.

SELBORNE, who has hereditary poetic instinct, suggested as an alternative the lines from WALTER SCOTT's "Coronach":

"Fleet foot on the corral,
Sage counsel in cumber."

This brought up WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"I don't know what a corral is," he said, "but will bet odds that the dear old Johnny couldn't do a sprint over a quarter of a mile even if he had



"LEAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER."

behind him a bull as mad as an indigent relation left unprovided with a snug Government appointment. And what's a 'cumber'? A chamber? Well, why don't you say so? At first I thought it was all that was left of a cucumber after HARRY CHAPLIN had lunched."

At end of two hours' discussion, latter



"Naturally acquainted with the *Percy Reliques*."

(The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Treasurer of the Halsbury Club.)

portion chiefly directed to enlightenment of WILLOUGHBY. SELBORNE's suggestion was accepted, and the couplet is deeply engraved on the silver plate.

Business done.—Debate on third reading of Naval Prize Bill.

THE ORDEAL BY FIREWORKS.

ONE sees, with not unnatural fears,
How plain in other men appears
The ravage of advancing years.

Thus, in the case of What's-his-name,
One has occasion to exclaim
At his absurdly bulky frame.

And one remarks on So-and-So's
Increasing fondness for repose,
Or notes his calmer taste in hose.

But with oneself it's hard to spot
The dreaded symptoms, is it not?
One often is deceived a lot.

One looks into the mirror, say,
To find one's hair is no more gray,
So it appears, than yesterday;

Or, maybe, casting off all cares,
One frolics through the hall and tears
With wild abandon up the stairs;

And in such moments, highly-strung,
One murmurs with exultant tongue
"Hooray! Hooray! I still am young!"

Such tests are most unsound, and so
I publish, free of charge, below
The only certain one I know.

If Rockets roaring through the sky
In scorn of GUIDO FAWKES (or GUY)
Provoke no sparkle in his eye,

If Wheels and Crackers fail to thrill,
If Squibs and Bombs fall flatter still,
And Roman Candles leave him chill,

That man thereby is plainly told
To bow his head and say "Behold!
I know that I am growing old!"

"HOW TO VOTE.

PLUMBERS INADMISSIBLE"

says *The Birmingham Daily Mail*, *à propos* of the municipal elections. In this narrowing of the franchise are we to see the Halsbury Club getting to work?

"But this is a book of anecdotes, and, as such, deserves high praise. It is as enlivening as good conversation—the conversation of one who has had rare opportunities of being in good company."—*Daily News*.

All the more credit to him for taking advantage of these rare occasions.

"At first blush this Russian ballet is conventional."—*Daily News*.

At the second or third blush one suspects that some of the costumes may be unconventional.

TOBACCO v. OSCULATION.

At a meeting held in Manchester a few days ago, a campaign against the spread of tobacco-smoking was advocated, a suggestion being put forward that no one who smoked should be allowed to kiss. If this advice is followed, it will be rather trying for good and earnest young men, in these days when the modern girl is growing more and more addicted to her cigarette. Thus:—

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING INTO THE
FRESH AIR.

Tell me not, Sweete, I am unkinde
That from the snuggerie
Of thy chaste smoakinge-roome I finde
That I must straightway flee.

To light a weede I did essay
But once, when I was rawe;
I had not nipped the ende away
And see it would not drawe.

Since then, Cigarres I have forsworn,
Nor doe I love to licke
A Pipe, and ferie Snuffe I scorn—
In sooth, they make me sicke.

So a new mistresse now I chase
If one there can be seene
Whose lippes doe not display a trace
Of pungent nicotine.

For O my queasinesse is such
As sends me through the door;
Had I not loved fresh aire so much,
I could have loved thee more.

A CALENDAR CURIOSITY.

It was next Saturday, the second Saturday of November. The balcock had gone wrong again, and Montague, after spending a grimy hour in the cistern loft (while Millicent mopped up the flood below in the hope of saving the ceilings), sat down to write a stinger to the plumber. Hardly, however, had he seized his pen with savage enthusiasm, when he threw back his head, exclaiming—

"Heavens above us!"

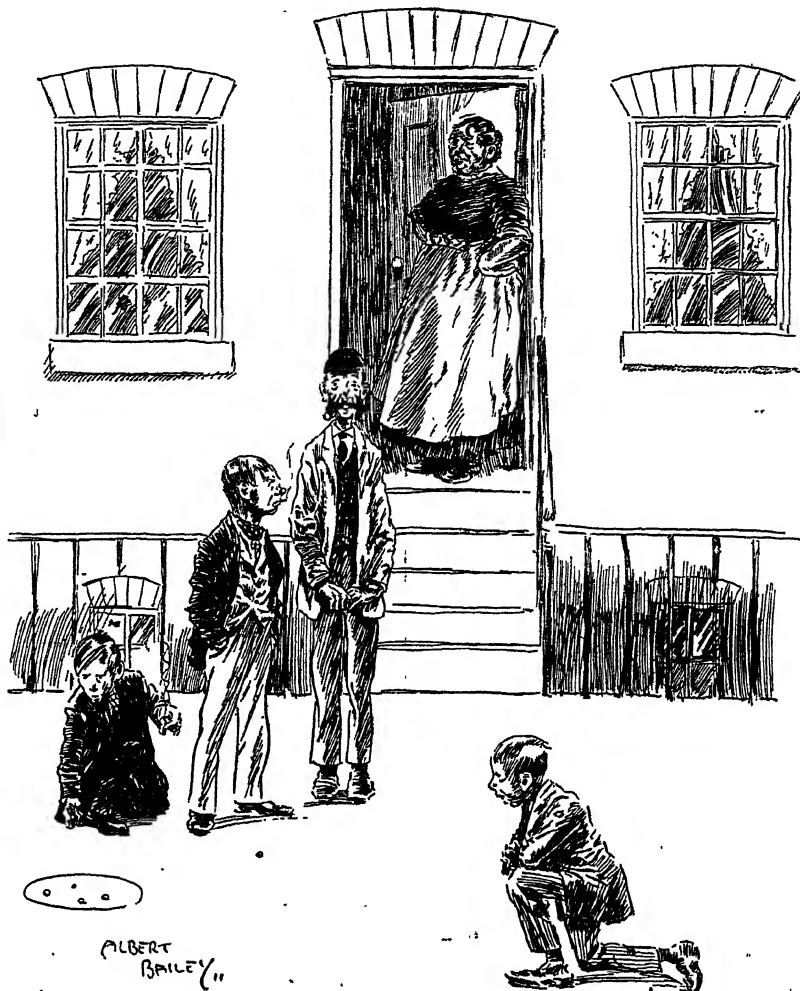
"Is it coming through after all?" cried Millicent, who was sitting on the hearthrug to dry.

"Not that I can see," said Montague, "but have you noticed anything peculiar about to-day, as a day?"

"No," replied Millicent, wearily, "only that I'm a bit fed up with it."

"Fed up with it, indeed! Why, my good woman, to-day is an eccentric, almost unprecedented phenomenon. Are you conscious of anything extraordinary in the air?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "except perhaps it's been a bit damp for a start."



Mrs. Timms. "NOW THEN, JOHN 'ENERY, YER SELFISH LITTLE IMP! LET YER FATHER PLAY WITH YER!"

"No, no!" said Montague, "can't you detect anything unusual about the passing hours?"

"Is it a catch?" inquired Millicent guardedly.

"A catch—no! To-day is unique; a Phoenix, a chimera, a wonder, a prodigy among days. Coronations, cataclysms, battles, assassinations and earthquakes may make deep records on the surface of the years, but not so deep as this day. Only genuine centenarians have seen its like, and merely a handful of babes will assist at its recurrence. My dear Millicent, the twenty-four hours through which we are now passing constitute such an extraordinary occasion that I really think we must have a bottle of champagne for dinner."

"By all manner of means," assented Millicent, suddenly brisking up, "now if you like. I'm quite convinced the occasion is worthy, whatever it may be, and, if you mean it is unique because of what happened upstairs, all I can say is, I'm glad to hear it."

"No," said Montague, "I'm alluding to a more momentous matter than the balcock business, though I admit it was dating my letter to that rascally plumber made me think of it. Now do use your head for once. What is the date?"

"Oh, don't ask me," Millicent protested. "You know I never worry about that sort of thing. You guess!"

"Eleven, eleven, eleven," replied Montague.

Millicent appeared unimpressed.

"All ones!" persisted Montague.

Millicent shrugged her shoulders.

"Dates are always all one to me," she said.

"The County Council's veterinary inspector yesterday certified that death was due to anthrax, and was cremated by the police."

Yorkshire Post.

The next inspector will be more careful.

"Wanted at once, a good all-round ware thrower."—Advt. in "Lloyd's News."

An opening for our kitchen-maids.

"THE NOBLEST REVENGE."

[“The Lord Mayoralty of Sir Thomas Crosby, M.D., will be memorable as one of the greatest cyster years in history.”—*Daily Mail*.]

O OYSTERS, are ye swarming in,
Remembering ancient quarrels,
Now that a man of medicine
Is crowned with civic laurels?

For oft you've had but little thanks
And many a hard word from us,
And chiefly from those learned ranks
Adorned by brave Sir THOMAS;

They've blamed you in ungrateful terms
For “good” enteric cases,
They've seen us send you drainy germs,
Then flung them in your faces.

So, have ye, lying in your beds,
Or roused perhaps to sitting,
Conceived some scheme within your
heads
Dramatically fitting?

Wagging your beards, maybe you've
sworn
To mark my lord's election
By steady efforts, night and morn,
To reach a plump perfection;

That when our doctor sits to dine,
His aldermen around him,
Your native worth so clear may shine,
Its brightness shall confound him.

Maligned, you curb your righteous ire
In moral triumph o'er them,
You heap their heads with coals of fire,
And cast your pearls before them.

THE CO-OPERATORS.

I WOKE up suddenly in the middle of the night, in a cold perspiration. Many of us have done that before, especially when we happened to be the heroes of melodramatic novels, and have always known instinctively that something was wrong. It is the cold perspiration that puts us on to it. Perspiration alone would mean that we had too many clothes on the bed; cold alone, that we had not enough. But, when you get the two combined, a more subtle explanation is called for. So I lay awake and listened. I could hear the creaking of the stairs and could detect sounds of windows being forced open, locks being filed, bolts being stealthily withdrawn, and silver goods being abstracted from safes, but I could hear nothing out of the common, nor had reason to suppose that there were more than the customary number of burglars and murderers below stairs. “Same old sounds and same old ghosts,” I said to myself; “it must be something on my mind.”

A little flattered to discover that I had a mind, I went into the matter

carefully, but came to no conclusion. There was nothing for it but to go back to sleep, so “One, two, three, four, five,” I said out loud, to attain that object, “six, seven, eight . . . Ah! that is it, of course. It is Aspodestera's birthday on the eighth and to-morrow is the seventh. I shall have to buy that present to-morrow. Yes,” I said to myself, before we parted company for the rest of the night, “I was quite right to perspire coldly.”

Aspodestera does not mind reading books, but resolutely refuses to own them, and, outside books, there is no form of present with which I can grapple. When we are married I shall give her pipes for her birthday presents; but when one is only engaged one has to be altruistic in these matters. The only presents that please her are things to wear, and it is quite certain that she will not wear them unless they do please her. It is very important that Aspodestera should be pleased.

I put the matter to Thompson at breakfast, who got into conversation with Draycott during the morning, and rang me up at noon to tell me that the brother of the man who works with Draycott had been in the same difficulty and had found that there was a shop in Oxford Street, known as Peter Dickinson's. So I went there at once, and was greeted by an engaging gentleman in a frock coat and a number of smiles.

“Mornin', Peter,” said I; “I am quite sure that I don't know what I want, but,” I added, catching sight of a competent person behind the counter, “I've no doubt your daughter does.”

Peter explained that the young person was not his daughter, but it was obvious from the contempt with which they treated each other before strangers that they were relations of some sort. Peter, however, was gone before I could question him further.

“Show me some things, please,” I said to the lady.

She showed me a lot of things, but I am afraid I did not understand any of them and always said the wrong word about them. Moreover, I didn't much care for them; they did not appear to me to be strong enough, and one never seemed to be offered good weight for one's money. The only thing I took to was a poplin tie, which happened to be lying on the counter (I don't think she meant me to see that), but one and elevenpence three seemed to be cutting it a little fine, and even at that I was not sure that I wasn't thinking of my own neck, when I liked the tie.

So we wrangled for half-an-hour and did no good. Eventually, “Look here,”

I said, to explain what the trouble was, “I am engaged.”

“All right,” she replied, being a little riled by this time, “you needn't take on about it. I'm engaged too.”

I held my hand out to her across the table. “Shake,” I said; “that's the best bit of news I've heard for many a long day. In the first place it lends an air of solemnity and respectability to the situation, and in the second it helps us out of it. Does Peter ever have birthdays?”

“Who's Peter?” she asked, and, to satisfy her, I pretended that I didn't know that Peter was her man.

“Do you have difficulty in getting his birthday presents?”

This time she held out her hand. “Shake again,” she murmured; “you and I are fellow-sufferers.” We shook again.

“We need not shake a third time,” said I, “but I think we might perhaps trust each other. What price do you generally run to on those occasions?”

“Seven-and-six,” she confessed, “if you must know.”

“Good. Next time Peter—I mean he—has a birthday, send a postal order for that amount to Mr. Hampton, Pipe Manufacturer, Petty Cury, Cambridge, and tell him to send a straight-grain briar ‘as supplied by you to Mr. Lane.’ I am Mr. Lane, and he and I may be pretty useless in a ladies' outfitting shop, but we do know a good pipe when we see it. . . . Not at all,” I said, as she began to thank me. “And now for the *quid pro quo*,” I added, producing a sovereign.

She laughed pleasantly, partly because she saw me laughing and knew there was an old jest somewhere and partly to conceal her lack of classical education.

“Now select me something that the future Mrs. Lane cannot help liking and wrap it up in a nice parcel. You need not trouble to show it to me.”

There was some mention of the word “Ninon,” but whether in reference to the lady or the goods I could not say. Beyond that I have no idea what was the present I sent to Aspodestera, nor why it gave so much satisfaction. But, above all, I beg of you to regard this information as strictly between you and me. If you are mean enough to give me away and to deceive Aspodestera as to my skill and good taste, she is sure to throw me over in disgust. Then I don't know what I shall do.

On second thoughts I am quite clear what I shall do. I shall get Peter Dickinson to die and shall marry his fiancée. She and I, at any rate, understand each other.



OFFENCE IS THE TRUEST DEFENCE.

B. Uler (entertaining a few friends in the absence of his master, who has returned unexpectedly). "MOST UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION, SIR; WITH RESPECT I BEG TO GIVE NOTICE."

SPOT CASH.

"£20 or so easily earned before Xmas in whole or spare time," was what I read on the advertisement page of my morning paper. I looked at the calendar—November the first—and then at my wife. She saw me and asked if she had forgotten the sugar.

I waved my hand loftily. "My dear Belinda, this is no trifling matter of sugar, despite the rise. I am not even commenting on the bacon, which could hardly be worse at one and a penny."

"One and two," interposed my wife softly.

"I have simply decided that you and I will make forty or fifty pounds in our spare time before Christmas."

"Fancy!" said Belinda; and I looked up sharply, but her face was demure.

"Yes," I went on slowly. "It works out at about seven pounds a week pocket money. By no means to be despised, my dear."

"No, indeed," said she.

"I shall write at once for the 'Eldorado Spot Cash Private Greeting Card Album, which contains a choice selection of 100 magnificent profit-pulling gems. Once your friends have seen this Album they will buy no other Xmas cards. Agents allowed

munificent percentages.' Belinda, pass me a postcard."

When I had finished writing it my wife asked me if I were going to the office that morning, a question rendered ridiculous by my regular habits of the past fifteen years. I told her so.

"I'm sorry, Albert," she said, "but I thought, instead of earning fifty pounds in spare time, we might manage a couple of hundred in whole time."

"Look here, Belinda," said I, "apart from the self-evident folly of your remark (for we cannot possibly get the S. C. Album until the day after tomorrow), it shows that you evidently don't think we shall make anything out of these Eldorado people."

"Do you?" she queried.

"Certainly," I replied coldly.

"Well, darling, I'm sorry, and I do believe we shall if you say so."

"I'm glad of that," said I, somewhat mollified; "but I don't like your invariably hostile attitude to advertisements. And you have a reprehensible distrust of anything with which you are not personally familiar. It—it isn't quite womanly."

"N-no, Albert."

"I don't mean to say that I want to see you foolishly credulous, ready to accept anything as genuine that sounds well. But I do like a woman to be confiding, unsuspecting."

"Ye-es, of course it is nice. I'm glad we're going to get the S. C. cards; and, Albert, darling——"

"Yes, love," said I, complacently.

"Could you let me have my first week's three pound ten in advance?"

THE OBJECT-LESSON.

FLUKES!

Well, the thing came to such a pass when Hughes was here the other night that I went straight off to the cabinet-maker in the morning.

"Look here," I said, "do you think you could make me a scoring-board for billiards?"

"Nothing easier," he answered.

That was absurd, of course, because any one without thinking could name a hundred easier things to make; but it showed that he had a willing heart.

"It must be ready by next Tuesday week," I said, "because I have a friend (friend is good) 'coming to play me. He comes every other Tuesday."

"Is the old one broken, then?" he asked.

"Broken!" I replied. "No, although it's a wonder it isn't, with the appalling luck the man has. No, it's not broken. The trouble is, it doesn't say enough. The time has come for a scoring-board in a gentleman's billiard-

room to be something more than a scoring-board: it has got to be a critic, too, a censor, an instructor in decency."

The cabinet-maker whistled. "Has it?" he said. "Lumme! what price the scoring-board at the 'King's Arms' then, when we play snooker and old Ricketts loses his 'air?' He laughed. "But just explain, Sir."

So I explained. I took out of my pocket the design I had already made; and we worked it out together. First of all we took the ordinary row of figures—1 to 20—and the hundreds, for spot and plain. "Under these," I said, "I want a series of similar rows for both spot and plain—the first to be entitled 'Flukes,' where we will mark everything that either player obtains by undue luck."

"Yes," said the cabinet-maker; "but how are you going to decide what's luck and what isn't?"

"There's never any doubt," I replied, "in the case of the man I'm having this little object-lesson prepared for. The next row," I said, "shall be entitled 'Good strokes,' and the third, 'Really good strokes.'"

"There'll be some argufying there," said the cabinet-maker.

"Perhaps," I replied; "but we shall manage it somehow. After this," I said, "I want a final row to be entitled 'Rotten.'"

"More argufying over that," said the cabinet-maker.

"Now in the game as I intend it shall be played in my house," I continued, "everything shall be recorded, as now, on the top rows; while the strokes shall also receive their points under the classification below. Then at the end of the game, when the 100 has been reached, deductions for flukes and rotten strokes and additions for strokes of particular merit, will be made; and it is exceedingly likely," I added, "that the fable of the hare and the tortoise will be exemplified and the apparent loser really be the winner. Thus justice will be done and true ability rewarded."

"My yes," said the cabinet-maker, thinking no doubt of the bad temper of the 'King's Arms' crowd.

The new board arrived punctually on the Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening Hughes came round for our regular game. I drew his attention to the board and explained its purpose.

"Very ingenious and interesting," he said. "It's your turn to begin."

"Right," I said, addressing myself to my ball. "I'm tired of giving a miss; I'll bring the balls back into baulk."

Taking my usual careful aim for a half-ball shot at the red, I made the

stroke. My ball just touched it on the right side and cut it into the top left-hand pocket, while my own ball returning from the top cushion ran straight as a train into the right-hand bottom pocket.

After a while Hughes spoke. "I suppose you didn't burn the old scoring board when you had this one made?" he inquired.

There is something peculiarly disgusting about a confirmed fluker's magnanimity.

THE EPIDEMIC.

A STRIKE for increased wages and shorter hours broke out yesterday among the Private Members employed at Westminster, and at the time of writing no prospect of settlement between the men and the Government is apparent. The demands include overtime for all-night sittings and the abolition of Autumn sessions. The attitude of the public towards the revolting wage-earners is one of apathy.

Later.—A deputation waited on the PRIME MINISTER to-day with the minimum demands of the men. The Government's reply was a firm refusal of recognition.

A number of defeated Candidates paraded Whitehall to-night demanding the right to work. They were quickly dispersed.

Several speakers, who, before the strike, had been observed in the libraries of the National Liberal and the Constitutional, working up facts, decided to-night that they could not endure to remain out with their speeches undelivered, and attempted to re-enter the House. Successfully intimidated, on the lower jaw, by peaceful picketers, they were induced to destroy the notes of their speeches and to return.

Speaking at Torquay last night, the HOME SECRETARY stated that the Government was determined to carry on the business of the country and would make arrangements enabling it to enrol members of debating societies, suburban "parliaments," etc., in order to provide the respective front benches with suitable supporters. The new Volunteer Constables (including many strikers) would, if necessary, be called out to enforce these arrangements. Only in the last resort would the military be employed.

Some light upon the matter of the further intentions of the Government is perhaps cast by the fact that the

PRIME MINISTER and the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION have each placed an order for 200 gramophones capable of reproducing loud and prolonged cheers.

No settlement has yet taken place. In order to excite public sympathy with their complaint about all-night sittings, three Members who had purposely refrained from going to bed for two nights this morning paced slowly up Whitehall, attracting a wide attention by their haggard appearance.

Latest.—A settlement was reached quite suddenly this afternoon. By its terms each Private Member will receive ninepence an hour for all time worked after suspension of Standing Orders, this sum to be increased to one shilling per hour during such time as the Member cannot remain in the Lobby and is compelled to hear speeches in order to maintain a quorum.

THE WORST FAULT OF ALL.

[Addressed to a certain type of heroine in latter-day fiction.]

Your feminine qualities (so-called) engage

To quite an alarming degree
The pens of this too analytical age,
O complex, inscrutable She!

You're a curious blend that the publishers sell

Of philosopher, savage and doll;
And aren't you a little bit crazy, as well,

Ma sœur, of the six-shilling vol.?

Don't you find it too warm in the mask beneath mask

That you and your sisterhood wear?
And how many must we pull off ere we ask

Not wholly in vain, Are you there?

You pose as the X in the problem of life,

The riddle that cannot be guessed,
Sphinx-maiden, and Sphinxier still as a wife—

I wish they would give you a rest!

A mysterious monster you may be, my dear,

With a nature none dares to explore;
But one of your faults is becoming quite clear,

The worst fault of all—you're a bore!

"Nothing is more trying to a man's nerves than an enemy creeping at a distance and firing every minute."—*Lord Roberts.*

Still we prefer even this to an enemy creeping close at hand and firing every second.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 1.

"EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!"—*Romeo and Juliet*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is no resisting Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. Like a gray, swirling river running underneath one of his own many-turreted castles, he carries me away, catching vainly at poor straws of criticism, as, for instance, whether it is necessary to say certain things so plainly as he does at times, and whether blind fiddlers really talked like that in the "dim days when *King Maximilian III.* ruled over *Jadis*." And then the names! In *The Song of Renny* (MACMILLAN) they are a listed tournament in themselves: *Gernulf de Salas*, *Stephen of Havilot*, *Joyeux Saber*, *Marvillon*, *Campfors*, the *Countess of Gru*. And Mr. HEWLETT has all their history and all their heraldry at his fingers' end, so that you blush for shame that you did not know about them before. My principal complaint concerning *The Song of Renny* is that the *Red Earl of Pikpointz*, who had a playful habit of killing retainers with a blow of his fist, and carried off one of the *Rennys*, after murdering her kinsfolk, and married another at the sword's point—that this nice fellow, who had got to be a sort of favourite with me, in spite of his villainy, because of his strength and his courage, was not provided with a more sterling exit. I had hoped for a scene like the death of *Hereward the Wake*, or a duel like that between *John Ridd* and *Carver Doone*, but I was disappointed. The love scenes, however, between *Mabella Renny*, wife of the *Red Earl*, and her tame poet, *Lanceilhot Paulet*, the *Campfors* lutanist, are in Mr. HEWLETT's own unapproachable manner, and it will not surprise anyone acquainted with his works to hear that they escaped from the castle of *Spear*, and wandered together for a night and a day in the

snow; nor that their love triumphed in the end. But it may easily surprise anyone that this same *Lanceilhot Paulet* should be called *Cerbet* on page 371, line 22.

Dormant, even though it is from the pen of E. NESBIT and from the house of METHUEN, does not give satisfaction. If heroes must practise the unusual profession of corpse-reviving, they must either proceed in so plausible a manner that they convince for the moment, or must achieve such remarkable results that the impossibility is forgiven for the sake of the moral or the laugh. When, after two hundred and ten pages of palaver, *Anthony Dreincourt* brings his *Eugenia* to life, he leaves his reader cold. He gives no hint of his methods, and no engrossing issues or deductions follow his miracle. The sub-plot of thwarted love might have aroused sympathy but for the fact that *Rose*, the girl who had been alive all the time but was thrown over for the resuscitated beauty, is one of those brusquely efficient young persons whom authoresses wrongly suppose to be the ideal of their sex, and men intent on falling in love especially avoid. The youth and the *joie de vivre* and the bohemianism of her and her friends were forced and unreal, and one reads without regret of her being jilted even for a lady who had been dead these fifty years. The mystery of it all, though carefully sustained in the telling of the story, cannot have been intended as an attraction to possible readers, since it is deliberately given away in great particularity by a summary of the novel which appears on its outside paper cover. Lastly, I have too genuine a respect for the spontaneous and light-hearted genius of the real E. NESBIT to urge in favour of this book what is literally true, that great pains have obviously been taken over it.

You remember what the *Duke* in *Patience* says about the effect of a diet of unvaried toffee? Well, that is rather how I felt myself after the perusal of KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN's latest story, *Mother Carey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is so very sweet. I know that there are persons in plenty who will go into raptures over it; who will delight in the charming children, and their adorable mother, and their kindly landlord and their perfect neighbours. All I will say is just what a nice and very much more human child of my acquaintance said of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, "They seem to have been very lucky!" Seriously, though, I can take my dash of sentiment with the best, I feel that the clever author has here slightly overdone the dose. However, I suppose she knows what people like; certainly the fact that the publishers announce the book as a companion story to *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* would seem to show that it is expected to meet a popular demand. I am sorry, because the effect produced upon me was that of real talent debased. As for the story itself, it is about a perfect mother, who, being left a young widow with several perfect children, retires to economise in a kind of barley-sugar cottage, whose landlord declines to take any rent beyond a tribute of wild flowers, and eventually marries his son to the eldest daughter. What astonished me was that nobody married *Mother Carey*; but perhaps that came later. I cannot help thinking that, if rural life in America is really like that, I have been strangely misinformed.

If I had to select any one word to describe the chief characteristic of *Peter and Jane* (METHUEN) I think it should be "vivacity." There is a spirit and animation about Miss MACNAUGHTEN's tale, and her manner of telling it, which quite disguises the fact that the material upon which it is founded is by no means of the newest. Fiction has known heroes in plenty, before *Peter*, who, in the moment of succeeding to a great estate, find themselves confronted with the existence of an unsuspected elder brother. And the letter-writer who falls dead in the middle of the very sentence that would have explained all has done so, to my certain knowledge, many times previously. But this is of no great consequence if the result is sufficiently entertaining. And *Peter and Jane* certainly is that. The early part, in which the characters just live about in nice houses and talk pleasantly, showed, not for the first time, that the author has a gift for natural comedy. Later, when the action shifts into the Argentine and melodrama, I simply couldn't put the book down till I had finished it. Throughout its course you will find many excellent bits of character-drawing. My favourite by a long way (and I fancy Miss MACNAUGHTEN's also) was *Canon Wrottesley*, an engaging *poseur* with a trick of dramatising himself to suit his circumstances. There is one glaring improbability,

however, against which I must protest, where the author allows *Purvis*, the otherwise convincing villain, to preserve for so many years, and even rescue from a burning house, the document which could at any moment have exposed him. I cannot altogether believe in *Purvis*.

In *Love like the Sea* (HEINEMANN) Mr. J. E. PATTERSON's method and equipment serve him best for his spirited descriptions of the savagely masterful element he so evidently knows and loves, and for his handling of the details of sea-craftsmanship, of which he convinces me, a peculiarly guileless type of landsman, that he is a master.

He is less happy in a derived and tentative manner of treating his *Minehead* as if it were *The Five Towns*; yet clearly he has studied his portraits with sympathy, and believes in their originals as handsome, wholesome folk, courageous against the currents of evil in a refreshingly old-fashioned way. He gives you a theme of tragic interest: a young fisherman married to a dipsomaniac, with a *tertium quid* in shape of the gentle, second-sighted *Mary Milroy*, friend to both and (saving her loyalty) steadily growing more than friend to *Derreck*, the husband. She is a mystic and a writer of honest, negligible verses; a charming if somewhat shadowy heroine. The story moves with cross currents and vexing storms to the haven of a satisfactory ending. A complacent "reader" has evidently abetted the author in some odd experiments in spelling, punctuation and word-coinage.

The heroine, aged twelve, of *Pollyooly* (MILLS AND BOON) embarked upon her fictional career with no parents, twenty-two shillings and a baby brother—called *The Lump*. To keep this infant with the ponderous name from drifting into the work-house was her problem, and how she solved it is most entertainingly told by Mr. EDGAR JEPSON.

Children with angel faces—and *Pollyooly* was a "genuine angel child"—are dangerous material for novelists to deal with, but apart from her countenance and her scrupulous honesty there was nothing genuinely angelic about *Pollyooly*—whatever Mr. JEPSON may say. Indeed some of her contrivances to add to her £1 2s. and the ardour with which she smacked the heads of rude boys convinced me that she was born with her fair share of original sin. But lest I should give too robust an impression of her character I must in justice add that although she belaboured rude boys she was quite ready to kiss a nice one when occasion offered. Of *Pollyooly's* history I beg all child-lovers to read, for although Mr. JEPSON once or twice leans rather heavily upon the arm of coincidence, he has never allowed his fertile imagination really to go out of bounds. Numerous other character-sketches, slight but clever, help to give distinction to a delightful story.



Customer. "CA' YOU 'AKE 'E UP A PERSKIPTIVE FOR A BAD COWD?"

Chemist. "CERTAINLY. HAVE YOU GOT THE PRESCRIPTION WITH YOU?"

Customer. "NO; BUD I GOT THE COWD."

CHARIVARIA.

IN Labour circles Mr. ASQUITH'S promise of Universal Suffrage is considered good so far as it goes, but it is being asked, Why no salaries for voters?

* *

According to *The Express*, Mr. BALFOUR did not have to wait long for confirmation of his resignation. As he left the City Committee Room, where he had made the announcement, a news-boy held out a paper to him, and cried, "Resignation of Mr. BALFOUR—official." "It's true, then," the ex-Leader is said to have remarked.

* *

It is rumoured that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S voyage in the submarine has caused some little annoyance to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had hitherto looked upon himself as the Minister for the Submerged.

* *

"The present trend of legislation," says Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, "is making milksops of the democracy." But is this quite true? Mr. BURNS anyhow has abandoned for the present his measure for making pure-milksops of us.

* *

The proprietor of a well-known livery establishment informed an interviewer that he always kept a number of spare horses, but that they were all out during the taxi strike. We can well believe this. Quite a feature of our streets was the number of extremely spare horses one saw about.

* *

Turkey's policy, it is now said, is to be her traditional one of Waiting. She forgets, perhaps, that there are also a great many Waiters in the Italian army.

* *

In Germany the Moroccan settlement still fails to please. It is felt that the CHANCELLOR has given away not only the Duck's Beak in the Cameroons, but also a piece of the Eagle's Beak at home.

* *

From *The Evesham Journal*:—

"RAILWAY TROUBLES.

ALL ROUND INCREASE ON THE GREAT WESTERN AND N.W."

That's what we feared about these troubles; they increase so fast.

* *

According to Dr. NANSEN, "Our civilization is trivial. Its object is to make everybody like everybody else all over the world." Sometimes we fancy its object is to make everybody dislike everybody else.

* *

All the school teachers at Lugano have gone on strike owing to a differ-



C 10 (searching hen-coop for suspected burglar). "WHO'S IN THUR-R!"
Fulsetto Voice. "ONLY US CHICKENS!"

ence with the educational authorities. With splendid loyalty the little pupils are standing by the teachers, and urging them not to give way.

* *

The Morning Post, in its report of a statement made by Sir EDWARD GREY in the course of the debate on the Declaration of London, gives us a capital idea of the uncertain and confusing nature of the provisions of that document. "Sir E. GREY remarked," our contemporary tells us, "that the question whether a Prize Court should be set up or not had already would prevent any great Colonial jurist being again and again (Hear, hear)."

A consignment of potatoes absolutely black in colour has been placed upon the market. It is thought that sentimental folk will prefer to have these when in mourning.

"Professor H. H. Turner dealt very largely with recent work on the movements of the stars, especially with those movements which seem to indicate that some stars move in flocks like migrating birds. The chief of these flocks, whose movements were due to the work of Professor Boss, appeared to be a cluster in the constellation of Taurus."—*Daily Graphic*.

We had no idea that Professor Boss was doing it, though we might have guessed it from his name. But why he should chivy the stars about we cannot understand.

THE NIBLICK CLUB.

I HAVE always contended that golf would be an ideal game for middle age if it were not for golfers. The only possible arrangement, if you are to have your game and at the same time escape contact with this deplorable type, is to have a house of your own adjoining the tenth tee and so avoid the atmosphere of the club-house. There may still be two or more intolerable people in front of you to keep you back, and two or more in your rear to press you forward, but apart from distant exchanges of abuse there is no need to hold any intercourse with your fellow-members.

I am not, either congenitally or by acquired taste, a misanthrope, yet the moment I enter a golf club-house I detest my brother man. So offensive is the air of breeziness and brutal health and general self-satisfaction that radiates from the typical golfer. You will, perhaps, challenge this charge of self-satisfaction: you will contend that the golfer never admits that he has done himself justice; always a conspiracy of evil chances has ruined the fine score of which he alleges himself to be capable. I answer that this is the worst form of self-satisfaction, because it has not the excuse of actual achievement. In any case I suffer an equal boredom whether he tells me that he lay dead (would that this were not a mere figure of speech) at the seventh hole in two, or that a mole-cast on the fourteenth green robbed him of a "par" four. I don't want to know anything about him or his game. I think I would actually sooner listen to a hunting-man's shop.

But even when a golfer is silent about his game there is still the offence of his aspect. For most other outdoor games you need a figure suggestive of strength or agility or courage or endurance. But for golf you can be any shape you like, or even merely amorphous. So long as you have your lower limbs under control and can wave a stick there need be no limit to your girth or flabbiness or senility.

Nor is there any established costume for the game, now that the old red coat, which at least took the eye like a pillar-box, has been discarded, save on rare commons where it is still retained as a danger signal to nursemaids. And even in the days of the red coat there were, as now, the trouserists and the knickerbockerites, and none could say which were the more correct.

One would have thought that one's opportunities of communion with this strange medley of humanity were

already more than adequate. Yet there lies before me at this moment the prospectus of The Niblick Club, forwarded with an invitation to me to join its membership. I view with suspicion any club that invites me to join it, except under conditions of peculiar privilege extended as a tribute to my personality; but let that pass. The Niblick Club is not an ordinary golf-club, it is in the heart of the Metropolis and attached to no links; it has been established for the purpose of offering to golfers a further scope for social intercourse.

I hope I have already shown with sufficient clarity that I regard the ordinary golf club-house as a necessary evil. It shelters your weapons; it provides a cuisine of a limited order; it affords a convenient point for assignments with those particular friends (selected for their reticence) with whom you propose to play; but you enter it always at the risk of overhearing the conversation of other golfers. But why anyone should deliberately join a club which exists for the express design of throwing golfers together without the chance of a game is an enigma that leaves my imagination hopelessly insolvent.

You will tell me that golf, like the suffrage, is becoming so vulgarised (in the beautiful sense) that to say that you are a golfer is scarce more than to admit that you are a human being; The Niblick Club might therefore, you say, as well be called The Breathers' Club. But think of its purpose. The tie that binds together all those who draw mortal breath might appeal to one's common humanity; and shop-talk at a Breathers' Club, unless overdone with allusions to patent lung-expanders and physical developers, would be inoffensive. But The Niblick Club, having for its avowed object the development of social intercourse between golfers, encourages the dreariest foible of our universal brotherhood.

No, I shall not join The Niblick Club.

Peaceful Extermination.

Italy denies the alleged atrocities in Tripoli. The massacre of the Arabs is officially stated to have been conducted in a most humane manner.

"MR. F. E. SMITH AT STRATFORD.

TOUCHSTONE OF UNIONIST SINCERITY."

The Birmingham Gazette and Express.

That is, of course, just how Mr. F. E. SMITH is regarded by his opponents; but in spite of the Shakspearean associations of Stratford we think it would have been happier—in the case of a Unionist paper, at any rate—not to have called him by a clown's name.

THE MARK OF THE EAST.

WHEN Gertrude sails for India
She bids her kin and kith
Inspect the bales of tropic veils,
The helmets made of pith:
The net to spread above her bed
Is viewed with anxious mien,
And eyes dilate to see the crate
Of camphor and quinine.

When Gertrude sails for India,
Her mother's feeling queer,
The Rector blows an anxious nose
And wipes away a tear:
Shall Ruth or Grace usurp the place
'Tis Gertrude's pride to hold
At Little-Budleigh-in-the-Mud-
cum-Worple-on-the-Wold?

When Gertrude sails for India,
The local "Dorcas" sighs
For one whose zest last autumn dress'd
A score of pagan thighs;
In stricken tones a curate drones
The lessons for the day,
Nor dares to view his Rector's pew
For fear of giving way.

When Gertrude comes from India,
She's Indian to the core,
Her gown and hair, her manners bear
The stamp of Barrackpore;
She sits and prates of maiden plates,
Of revels at the "Gym,"
Of leading parts and doubled hearts,
The regiment and him.

When Gertrude comes from India,
She's found an Eastern twang,
And bores her friends with odds and
ends
Of Anglo-Indian slang;
The roof-tree shakes, the housemaid
quakes
Before that torrid flow
Of "idhar ao" and "jaldi jao,"
And "asti bat karo."

When Gertrude comes from India,
The Rector's habits pall,
The startled guest is gently press'd
To cocktails in the hall;
Her parents quail before the gale
Which swamps the old routine,
And, save in Lent, must needs consent
To dine at 8.15.

When Gertrude comes from India,
The schemes I'd lately plann'd,
They fade and die, and that is why
I loathe that selfish land,
Which drains the West of all its best
To keep an atlas red;
Which dared to claim my only flame
And send me this instead.

Near Venezuela a new volcanic island
has just been thrown up. A German
cruiser is to be despatched to protect
the interests of the inhabitants.



OVERDOING IT.

JOHN BULL: "IS THAT THE LOT?"



GOLF'S DELAYS.

Fair Golfer (who has "found" the bunker in eight, a foursome and others meanwhile waiting on the tee). "I'M JUST WONDERING, MABEL, WHETHER TO HAVE A GREEN JERSEY OR A GREY ONE."

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION.

[The qualifications of Mr. PEASE for his new post as President of the Board of Education are thus summarised in the pages of *Who's Who*:—*"Recreations*: member of Cambridge University Football Team, 1878; member of Cambridge University Polo Team, 1880-81; master of Cambridge University Drag Hounds, 1880-81; master of own pack of Beagles, 1881-86; member of Lord Zetland's and Cleveland Hounds; captain of Durham County Cricket Club, 1884-90; member of M.C.C.; New Zealand, Princes, Mitcham, Sandwich, Seaton, and Darlington Golf Clubs; cycling, fishing, shooting, etc. . . *Clubs*: Brooks's, Turf, City Liberal, National Liberal."]

Good Mister PEASE, whom ASQUITH, that facetious super-Soul,

The Board of Education has selected to control,
Pray let a total stranger express his mild surprise
That your well-deserved appointment should awaken hostile cries.

That you're not a Senior Wrangler is indisputably true,
But at Cambridge, thirty years ago, you won a Football Blue;
And, judging by the practice which has now become a rule,
You might have been an usher at a fashionable school.

Unversed in the laborious works of FREEMAN or of STUBBS,
You are at least a member of a dozen sporting clubs;
Your cricket still is passable; you motor and you hunt;
And are quite as good as RUNCIMAN in managing a punt.

You haven't wasted precious hours perusing pond'rous tomes;
You haven't studied FROEBEL or the works of Mr. HOLMES;
In short, the tablets of your mind resemble, up to date—
Where education is concerned—a brand-new virgin slate.

Though your name is not in any of the Cambridge Tripos lists,

You have kept a pack of beagles and are supple in the wrists;
Your handicap at golf is low: it isn't scratch, I grant;
But you play a great deal better than ASQUITH or MORANT.

Besides, you've been a Party Whip, and whipping's at the base—

Despite humanitarians—of the schooling of the race;
And there's something rather spirited, romantic and sublime

In a member of the Turf Club who's a Quaker all the time.

A modern Departmental Chief should own a rhino's skin
Or else his equanimity will speedily wear thin;
But the following reflections may serve to mitigate
The annoyance certain comments may have given you of late.

No matter how profoundly from your staff you disagree,
No matter how acutely you offend the N.U.T.,
This single consolation no disaster can efface—
You'll never disimprove upon the chief whom you replace.

Now looking at the Nations on the edge of the Abyss,
If we are sure of anything, at least we're sure of this:
That after Armageddon, if a single State remains
Unshattered, it will be a State pre-eminent in brains.

So at this all-decisive stage of England's long career
O let us thank our lucky stars and suitably revere,
As moulder of the Nation's mind, as Dominie supreme,
A man who gained his colours for the Cambridge Polo team!

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER.

I HAD not seen the youngest member before, though I had heard others speak of him. It was therefore with some satisfaction that I observed him enter the club smoking-room where I was having a cup of tea. He came in quietly and unostentatiously—I might almost say furtively, but, once in, he developed a sudden and surprising aplomb. He was not daunted by the massive and comfortable furniture, or by the thick, noise-quelling carpet, or by the copy of the frieze of the Parthenon that runs round the top of our wall, or by the serried rows of books, or by Dumbleton sleeping the sleep of the plethoric by the fire. He was evidently one whom no splendour appalled. Perhaps he owed his equanimity to his magnificent apparel, for he was nobly clad in a shining black fur coat, yet there was no lack of geniality in his air or his conduct. I ventured to smile at him, and he returned the smile. Thus encouraged I beckoned him to my sofa, and he at once sat down beside me with a high-bred dignity and ease of manner that stamped him as one of the truly great. I own I was much attracted by him, and at once began a conversation.

"No, thank you," he said, "no tea. It doesn't agree with me, and a fellow must look after his health. Milk? Well, just the tiniest drop—thank you so much . . . Yes, that's good milk, and I ought to know. But you're not drinking your tea. Pray, pray don't let me disturb you."

I reassured him, and he gave me a most engaging look.

"Really," he said, "you're very good. One never knows, you see. Some take things one way, some take 'em another. Personally, I'm all for ease and comfort. I hate your stuck-up chaps—not many of 'em here, I'm thankful to say, but I did meet one last week in the gallery. Tried to kick me, and, begad, Sir, if I hadn't been pretty nippy on my pins he'd have done it too."

I expressed my opinion of this monstrous act in appropriate terms.

"No," he continued, "I didn't report him to the Committee. I daresay I ought to have done so, but I didn't want to be hard on the beggar. They'd have had him out in two-twos, you know, and then what would have become of him? He's got a wife, they tell me, with a voice like a motor-horn; sees as little of her as he can manage and spends all his days in the club. Suppose I'd got him fired out? No, I'm not one of that sort. But if it ever happens again I'll set about him in a way that'll surprise him."

I warmly commended him.

"Of course I'm only a young member," he said. "Haven't been in the club more than six months, but one can't take a thing like that twice lying down. All the waiters would

laugh at you, and even the hall-porter would begin to doubt your courage. Now with you it's different. You understand a chap."

I said I hoped I did, and he rubbed his head confidentially and almost absent-mindedly against my elbow. It was so amiably done that I didn't even feel surprised.

"Yes," he went on, "it's a good club. Everything's kept in apple-pie order—chairs comfortable, fires bright and warm, carpets simply topping. You could lie down on them and go to sleep any time, they're so soft. And the food's A1. They don't stint you. Their fish can't be beaten, and their *Souris au Naturel* is simply perfect—there's no other word for it, it's perfect. I've only one fault to find: they don't keep a proper supply of *Volaille* on the premises. One has to go outside for it, and that's not right. However, the steward's promised to see to it, and when he says anything it's as good as done."

I asked him which of the rooms he preferred.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I like 'em all, but the kitchen's my favourite."

"The kitchen?" I said. "Members don't go into the kitchen."

"One member does," he laughed, "and I'm that member. I've got no end of friends amongst the cooks. Then there's the housekeeper. I spend hours and hours with the housekeeper. Really you can't say you've lived if you don't know the housekeeper. But there, I mustn't talk any more. If I don't get my forty winks now I shan't get 'em at all, and I've got a big evening in front of me." With this he



Magistrate. "YOU ARE A VERY WICKED BOY. WHAT MADE YOU THROW A STONE AT THIS GENTLEMAN?"

Offender. "COULDN'T 'ELP IT, GUV'NER. IT'S ALL DOO TO THE CORRUPTIN' INFLUENCE O' PERNISHUS LITERACHAW."

sprang lightly into a large waste-paper basket half-full of paper. There he curled himself round flush with the rim, like a black ammonite, and was asleep in a moment.

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter who took away my tea, "he's a fine cat. Only ten months old, but knows his way about everywhere. Just to look at him walking through the rooms you'd think the whole place belonged to him. Seems to know all the members, too, he's so friendly with them. Yes, he's a rare mouser."

"One can hardly believe that, in this century, a boy of eleven could enjoy the successful performance, at an exclusive European opera house, of an elaborate instrumental pantomime of his own composition. Yet such was the privilege of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, no later than October of last year."

So says an advertisement, and adds airily, "The youthful composer is now a lad of fourteen."

From a circular:—

"The materials for Stetson hats are brought from all parts of the world, but the manufactured hats go to a greater number of countries." Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself when it lays it on like this.

THE HOOK.

It was wholly my own fault. My presence was not imperatively necessary in the scullery—indeed, I had no business there at all. It has been explained to me since by my wife, very patiently and kindly, that my second best mashie was not in the scullery, that it could not possibly have been there, and I have come to realize that she is perfectly right. When a man loses his spare mashie he should hunt for it in his golf-bag—where I eventually found mine—rather than in the scullery. He is so apt to lose himself as well in the unexplored regions of the back kitchen. Wandering home to my study, I passed the open back door, and there was first greeted by the large, benevolent-looking gentleman.

"Good morning to you, Sir," he said, in an amazingly important and reverberant voice.

I acknowledged the salutation with reserve. The man was certainly six feet tall, broad slightly out of proportion, and "thick through," as anglers and fishmongers say. He was a pronouncedly cubic person. Drawing something glittering from his pocket and holding it daintily between finger and thumb, he offered it for inspection.

"I desire, Sir, to call your attention to this Hook," he said benevolently.

"Er—thanks very much," I said rather feebly.

The cubical man waved my acknowledgments aside very politely.

"Not at all, Sir," he said, with wonderful affability. "I am proud to do you a service. It is my duty. This Hook is manufactured of the finest chrome steel, solid drawn, and cold curved by a new low-tension process. No sword ever came out of Toledo better tempered than this Hook, Sir—nor would Andrew Farriery himself have disdained that Hook."

"Andrew——?" I ventured to enquire.

"Farriery, Sir. The celebrated sword-maker of Italy, and, I may add, one of the foremost steel workers of his age."

I nodded.

"But it is not the Hook itself which I wish especially to impress upon your mind, Sir," the man ran on, "but the manifold uses to which it can be put. Without the scientific principle of the Hook, Sir, the world would cease to exist—practically. I shall develop that aspect of the Hook presently. Meantime I wish to point out to you that this Hook possesses at the longer end a fine machine-cut thread for screwing into the wooden socket which is to be

found at the end of any ordinary leather arm. And once there, Sir, it stays there. No slipping loose—no wearing out of the machined thread. It is there, Sir, as though it had taken root there. You will find, Sir, that the leather of the arm will wear out long before the Hook, and the wooden socket will perish before you have worn away the millionth part of an inch of the steel.

"Again, Sir, think of the balance of a good hook. No more unsightly creases in the leather of the arm, no more bagging at the elbow, no more unnecessary play upon the working parts. Just an easy natural comfort-

able swing from the shoulder straps—wholly due to balance, Sir, obtained, I may add, by a secret and stringently protected device of weighting invented by Sir HIRAM MAXIM. I wish particularly to point out to you, Sir, that the Hooks manufactured by the Company which I represent are completely insulated. Lightning cannot strike them, nor will they deflect compasses. An infant could wear one in a thunderstorm without peril, a mariner could sail his barque from sea to sea without risk, wearing one of these Hooks. The shepherd upon the hills, Sir, can abolish at last that clumsy and age-old contrivance, the crook, and come to close



DELICACY.

Tailor (calling out measurements to clerk). "CHEST, THIRTY-NINE-HALF; WAIST, FIF—ER—FIN PROPORTION!"

quarters with his animals—thanks to our Hooks. At night one can screw it into the door and hang one's arm, or clothes, upon it, and at dawn, I may add, you can attach your developer to it and do your exercises without let or hindrance. These Hooks, Sir, have been used as motor tyre levers, as anchors, as shark hooks, and as fire escapes—with bed-clothes attached. They halve one's glove bill, Sir, and are guaranteed to sustain a dead weight of ten tons."

He wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow and continued strenuously, a slightly wild look in his eye.

"These Hooks, Sir, are a boon to the amateur gardener when pruning his rose-trees, a source of never-ending satisfaction to the photographer, who can carry a camera all day without getting stiff muscles!"

He looked anxiously at me, realized that I was neither a gardener nor a photographer, and tried afresh.

"To the mountain climber they are a necessity. He need not fear the deepest precipice, the profoundest abyss nor the Bottomless Pit itself, once he has got a grip with his Hook; and when mountaineering among savage folk he needs only to give the Hook a tap with a hammer to straighten it into a dangerous and a reliable dagger. I have indicated, Sir, but a few of the uses to which the Hook can be put, but I think you will agree with me that the price of the Hook—one shilling only—"

I took both my hands from behind my back and the benevolent man stopped short, staring at them in a fascinated sort of way. He made a swallowing noise with his throat. Then he pulled himself together and uttered a palpably forced laugh.

"Hardly fair—*hardly* fair," he said, with a sort of indulgent and playful reproof, and carelessly jerking the Hook across the kitchen garden he turned to go.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to lend me a couple of sovereigns?" he said over his shoulder. "No? Well, give us a bob, then. I may be a tramp, but I'm human, after all. It took me half-an-hour to clean the thing."

I gave it, and he went away without thanks.

He infused into his gait a slight increase of alacrity as he turned the corner of the house. I wondered why, until I perceived Hobson, our one-armed odd-job man, hurry past him towards me.

"Well, Hobson, what is it?" I enquired benignly, as befits a man who by sheer firmness of character has just avoided extravagance.

"It's me new hook, Sir," said Hobson, agitatedly unscrewing the spud with which he replaces the hook when gardening or about to garden. "It's gone, Sir—turned me back and it was went away most astonishing. It was raining this morning, Sir, and it got wet coming to work. I screwed in the spud for to get up the plantains, and while the hook was laid aside temporary it got astonishing rusty. I hung it on the railings out in the front, meaning to clean it up when I'd done with the spud, Sir. Happening to look up be chance I seen it was vanished and completely went away. Me new hook, Sir, only been wore twice before and that on Sundays, Sir. I been hunting for it this sour or more."

I pointed across the garden to the bed of curly kale which is Hobson's choice in the cabbage department of our kitchen garden.

"It is *there*," I said, "there, my Hobson, that you will find your new hook. No longer rusty but speckless and chaste, glittering, a thing of joy. Between the fourth and fifth curly kale in the third row from the western edge of the bed, as nearly as I can judge. And—Hobson?"

"Yessir," said Hobson.

"A word in your ear, Hobson. Never again leave your hook upon the railings when there is a man of cubical appearance and with an important and reverberant voice in the neighbourhood."

"Nosir," said Hobson dully, and without in the least understanding or attempting to. He seemed to think that in some momentary madness I had cast his hook to the cabbages. He hesitated for a second, then, with a look of silent and dignified reproach in his eyes he proceeded reflectively to take his hook unto himself again.

THOUGHTS ON THE NINTH.

THE least bored person in London on Lord Mayor's Day last week was a small boy who rode in the Show with one of the Aldermen. That he was having the time of his life was apparent; but what were the thoughts under that roomy topper and behind those quick eyes?

Our own thought-reader, who happened to be wedged in at the top of Chancery Lane, declares that the following were the boy's thoughts:

"Chancery Lane—good! Shall be at the Law Courts in a jiff. Only hope those blighters in front have left a few sandwiches and things. Won't old Blinkers and the rest be green when they hear I've ridden in the Show? Must get Granddad to put it in writing for me,

or they'll think me a putrid liar. Oh, hang it! why can't they push on? Wish those beastly church bells wouldn't spoil the band. Ripping band—better than all that historical tosh in front. I expect old what's-his-name in the coach there is getting peckish. The fat old boy on the box gets all the cheers, and the LORD MAYOR has to do the bowing. Rotten life, I call it—for the LORD MAYOR, I mean. Oh, why can't they move on? Pretty dirty crowd in this street. Beastly place, Fleet Street. I bet there won't be a single crumb left if—Hooray! we're off!"

Before accepting this version, however, we consulted one of the leading writers of the day, who makes a speciality of maiden aunts. He has a million clients who present his works to their nephews as suitable reading, and his emphatic opinion was that the boy's thoughts were as follows:—

"This is indeed an auspicious occasion. The ringing cheers of the assembled populace, the riot of the bells, the stately cavalcade—what do they denote? The LORD MAYOR is dead—long live the LORD MAYOR! There in that stately coach rides a good man and true whose merit has brought him at last to the highest position in municipal service that this fair England of ours has to offer. The day shall come—here and now I resolve it—when the occupant of that gilded receptacle shall be none other than myself. I am determined not to rest either by day or night until this ambition is fulfilled."

FIRE-EATERS À LA FRANÇAISE.

THE habit of going to the French for drama is so strong that our histrions almost naturally adopt French dramatic manners too, and the recent threatened duel between M. LE BARGY and M. ALEXANDRE, of the Comédie Française, has, although it was averted, led to several similar engagements among London actors.

Early on Sunday morning Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE met Mr. EDMUND PAYNE in the Court of Honour at Shepherd's Bush. The seconds were Mr. MAX BEERBOHM (by proxy) and Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. The quarrel arose from a remark made to Sir HERBERT by the famous Gaiety comedian at the Garrick Club during a game of billiards. Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, it seems, potted his adversary's ball when, according to Sir HERBERT, the gentlemanly course was to go for the red. In a case like this bloodshed is, of course, imperative and the affray was short and fierce but decisive, Mr. EDMUND PAYNE sinking under a heavy epigram. While



Fair Owner of Dog (that has just been having severe rough-and-tumble with old gentleman on ground). "WHAT A MERCY IT IS THAT PLUTO HAS HIS MUZZLE ON! HE MIGHT HAVE HURT YOU!"

still on his back Mr. PAYNE confessed that the potting of Sir HERBERT's ball was a fluke and would not have occurred had he not in aiming at the red missed it utterly. Friendship being thus restored, the two illustrious mimes returned to London in perfect amity.

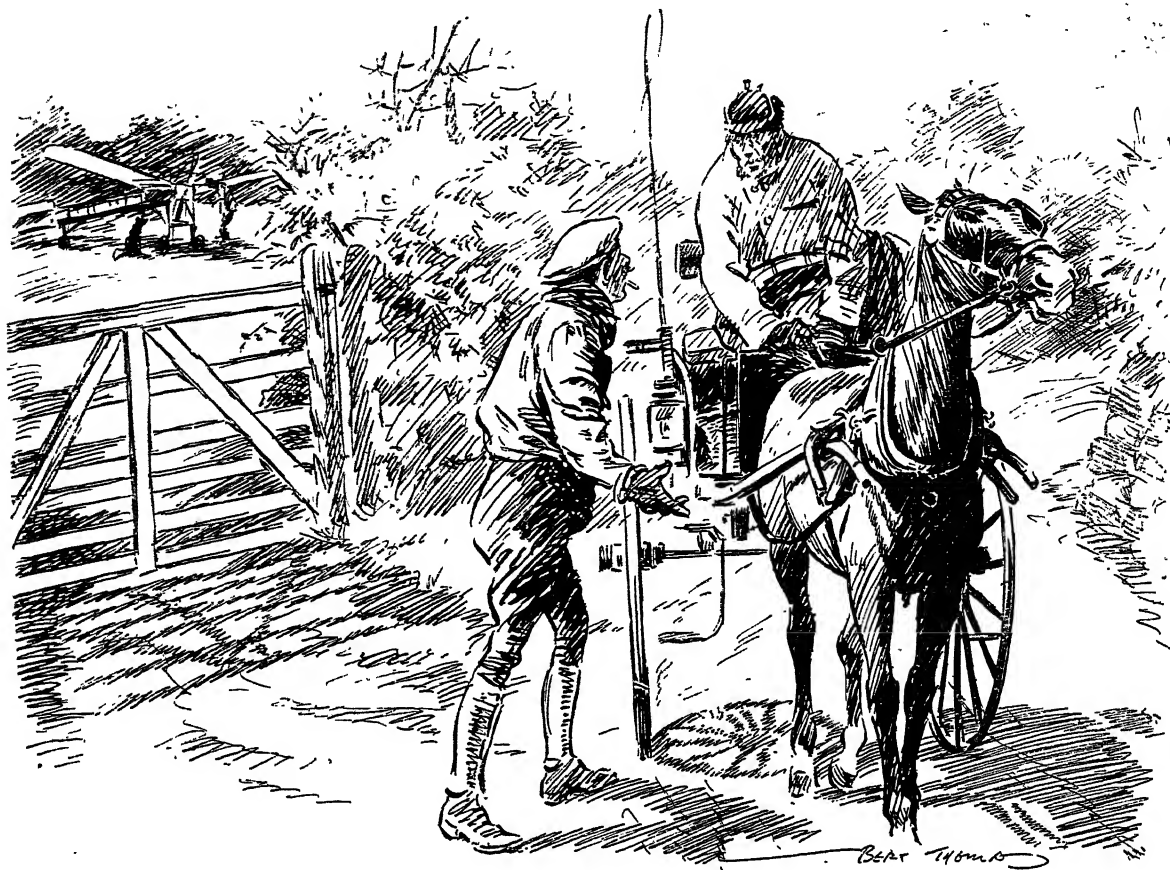
The meeting between Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY on the 10th ult. was deeply to be regretted, but unavoidable. For some months now, if not years, Mr. PÉLISSIER has been in the habit, on the boards of the Apollo Theatre, of attributing a monkey-like cast to Mr. SYDNEY's physiognomy; and Mr. SYDNEY has apparently not resented it. It seems, however, that during all this time the insult has rankled, although, in consideration of the laughter which it excites and a sympathetic feeling for audiences who are out for merriment, he has forced himself to suppress his feelings. Last week, however, his self-restraint being a little less powerful than usual, owing to the worry of finding a new funny story, Mr. SYDNEY told Mr. PÉLISSIER what he thought of this simian comparison, in such terms as left that gentleman no course but to send his seconds; which he did, with the characteristic remark that though only seconds

they were natives and no aliens need apply. The choice of weapons lying with Mr. SYDNEY he selected horse chestnuts with the spiky green integument still adhering, and with these missiles the two comedians battered each other (at daybreak on Wormwood Scrubs) until honour was satisfied. Mr. SYDNEY then called for a mirror, and admitting the justice of Mr. PÉLISSIER's simile grasped his hand in eternal comradeship.

The extraordinarily protracted encounter which took place early last Saturday morning between Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ had its origin in a dispute over the use, by the former, of a peculiarly shaped putter in a match played at Hanger Hill. The players were all even on the eighteenth tee, and Sir GEORGE missed a three-foot putt for a half on the last green. This was enough in itself to have disturbed his equanimity, but when his opponent observed, "Well, what can you expect if you putt with a consumptive croquet mallet," the strain was too great, and Sir GEORGE replied, "Anyhow, it hasn't got a swelled head." Mr. LORAINÉ sent his cartel that same evening, and the duel took place without delay on Hampstead Heath. Sir

GEORGE ALEXANDER was attended by the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, while Mr. LORAINÉ's seconds were Mr. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. GRAHAME WHITE. The choice of weapons being optional, Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER fought with a nickel-plated trousers-stretcher, while Mr. LORAINÉ used an eel-skin sand-bag stuffed with red pepper. For a while Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER made a splendid defence with his formidable weapon, some of his American reverse undercuts being extremely fine; but unfortunately, while parrying a ferocious *massé* stroke from his antagonist, he had the ill-luck to receive the sand-bag on the edge of the trousers-stretcher, which, cutting through the skin, exposed Sir GEORGE to the deadly influence of the contents. He was removed in a state of acute sternutation to the nearest pond, and the fight was awarded on points to his antagonist. The two gentlemen are now so friendly that an early trip in Mr. LORAINÉ's bi-plane has been arranged for Sir GEORGE.

"He was known to be a man of considerable strength, although he was stated to be only twenty-four years old."—*Daily Mail*. Some of the little fellows at the Varsity may resent this.



Aviator (having got into difficulties). "I SAY, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE NEXT TOWN?"

Farmer. "WELL, I DON'T MIND, MESELF; BUT I WARN YE, THE MARE BE A REG'LAR FLIER. 'TAINT EVERYONE LIKES TO BE BEHIND 'ER."

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE.

(*A hymeneal rhapsody.*)

It would not give me much surprise
(So misted o'er with vapours
Were all those trembling maidens' eyes,
So mute concerning manly guise
Were all the local papers)

If hearts were never deeply stirred
(Without my aid) to reck where
The glory of the rite occurred,
So I propose to say a word
About the bridegroom's neck-wear.

I chose the thing; and by the Powers!
I ween my work was double
The labour of the cabs, the flowers,
The presents, the police; it towers
Above the parsons' trouble.

Grey was the hue; but not as when
(His Western wheels grown rosier)
The Sungod dwindles from our ken
And twilight shrouds the haunts of men;
In speaking to my hosier

I made this very clear: I said,
"I want some throat-apparel
Suited to gentlemen who wed,
With streaks of day-break in the thread,
And hints of song-birds' carol;

"Neat but not gaudy; not the kind
Your loud suburban dresser
About his nape is sure to bind
For nuptials—something more refined."
The young man answered, "Yes, Sir."

Box after piléd box we burst,
Shelf after shelf we looted;
I was not satisfied at first,
No, we were hours in silks immersed
Before he got me suited.

But when he did—ah never band
So bravely streaked and spotted
Was ever tied by quivering hand
For any bridal in the land
Beneath a swain's carotid!

And so I want the credit; hats
With careless ease one chooses;
Trousers and overcoats and spats
Are trifling things; but *chic* cravats
Demand the heavenly Muses.

And, when I think upon him now
For whom all days are golden,
A wrinkle comes across my brow;
Whatever boons the gods allow,
That light will be withholden.

The years, I say, before him lie
With happiness full mellow;

But such is woman's taste (ah why?)
That this may be the last good tie
He ever wears, poor fellow.

EVOC.

"Do not, for instance, drink soda water out of a bottle. If you dislike the idea of letting your lips touch a glass which may have been used by some one else, you should refrain drinking anything, or if you are very thirsty you should ask a servant to give you a bottle of soda water and take it outside to drink."

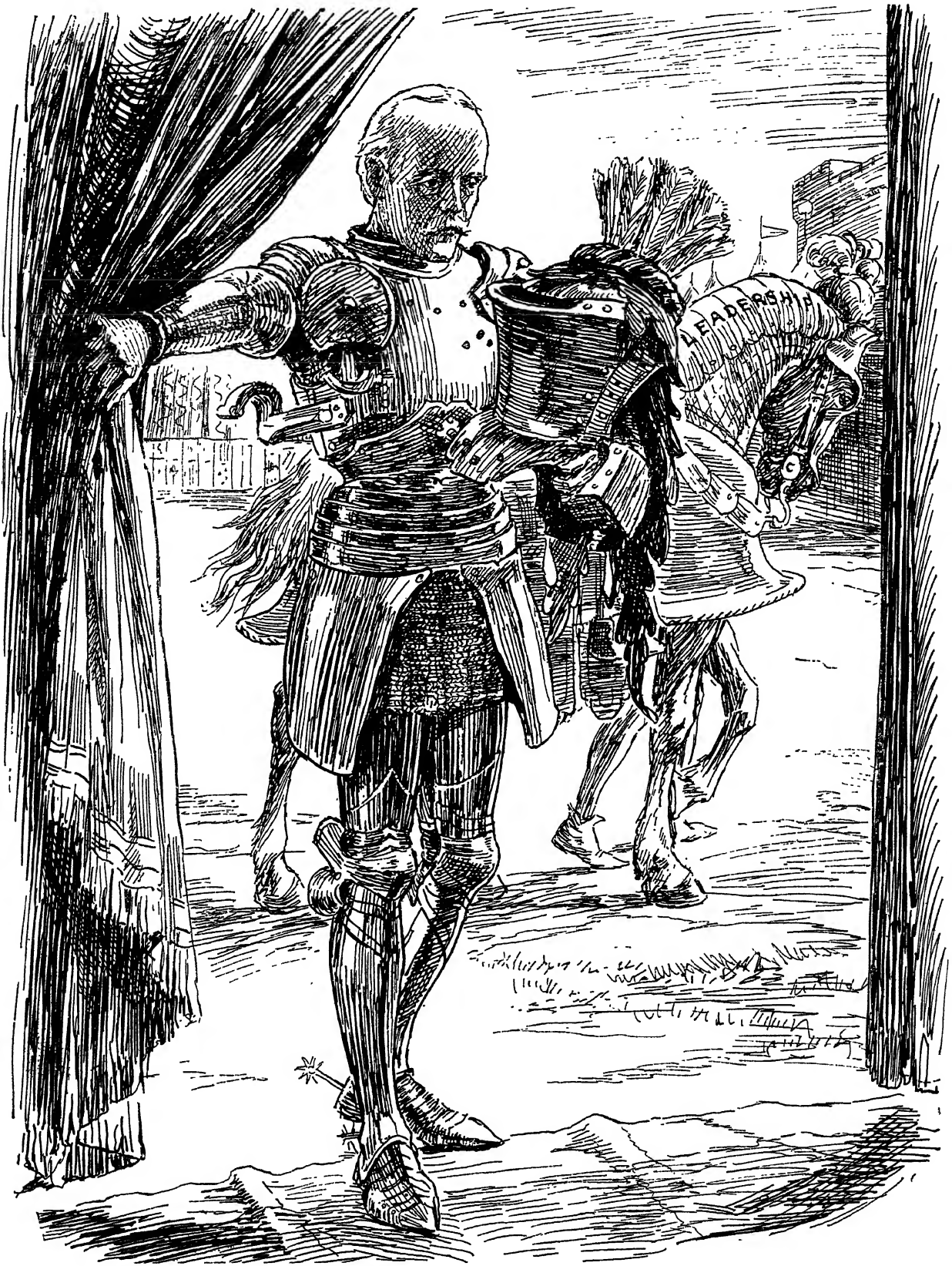
So writes an Anglo-Indian in *The Indian Voice*. Over here we have Lady Grove. There is always somebody who knows.

"Princess Sophia Dulcep Singh, who is starting on a voyage round the world, has hit upon a novel plan of obviating the luggage difficulty. In order to avoid mistakes and economise time in recognising her belongings, she has had all her luggage brilliantly painted in green, purple, and white. Her favourite Pomeranian dog is accompanying her on her travels."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Also painted in the Suffragette colours?

"The well-known Parisian actor, M. le Bargy, and a journalist, M. Malherbe, fought a duel yesterday with words."—*Manchester Guardian*.
After a desperate battle M. MALHERBE retired with a split infinitive.



THE END OF THE DAY.

"FROM SPUR TO PLUME A STAR OF TOURNAMENT."—*The Passing of Arthur.*



THREE QUARTERS OF A KING OF ENGLAND (PRO TEM.).

(The KING has delegated certain Royal duties during his absence in India to a commission consisting of PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, LORD MORLEY, Lord LOREBURN, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.)

Chorus. "LE ROI—C'EST NOUS!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 6.—Gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease reading Parliamentary debates in morning papers little know how drear is actuality. Bad enough when Insurance Bill drags its slow length along. At least we have at such times LLOYD GEORGE to the fore. No one, not even ALFRED LYTTTELTON, knows what may happen when that alert figure is on Treasury Bench, that barbed tongue within stinging distance. This is the CHANCELLOR's night off. In place of National Insurance we have the strange case of Small Land Owners in Scotland.

In prospect of such entertainment House almost literally collapses on threshold of sitting. Attendance scanty, notably on Front Opposition Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR away, for once in recent times thoroughly enjoying after-dinner speech. As a rule, posing as Leader of Opposition, he has to walk more delicately than AGAG approaching pre-

sence of wrathful Prophet. To trifle with Tariff Reform, to touch on relations of Lord and Commons, to allude to the Referendum, is to stir up embers



CHARLIE B. not had such a good time since Condor days.

of revolt in what with cruel irony is named the Unionist Party. To gird at Home Rule, to denounce it as "the dream of Political Idiots," is to tread a firm platform, encouraged by enthusiastic applause of a reconciled following.

PREMIER in his place varying practice of colleagues by answering in person some of the questions addressed to him. Others have formed daily habit of delegation. EDWARD GREY originally set example and faithfully follows it. Looks in once a week. For the rest ACLAND reads F. O. replies; MCKINNON WOOD works phonograph for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER; for WINSTON (literally gone under—in a submarine) MACNAMARA reads Admiralty answers. (By the way, when submarines were in earlier experimental form, I went for a voyage in one myself, which gives keener personal interest to WINSTON's expedition.) Questions over, general movement towards the door, leaving the chamber to solitude, Scottish Small Land Owners and the LORD ADVOCATE.

Business done.—Sat up till one

o'clock in the morning with the Small Land Owners of Scotland.

Tuesday.—CHARLIE BERESFORD not had such real good time since he took the little *Condor* inside the range of ARABI PASHA's guns at Alexandria. Only a born genius of fathomless native humour could have devised the thing. Everyone knows the story. CHARLIE, characteristically fearless of his enemy, wrote a book, "The Betrayal" he called it, describing it as a "record of facts concerning Naval policy and administration from 1902 to the present time."

Effect of mere announcement tremendous. MCKENNA crowding on sail made for harbour. Sprang ashore from

Admiralty yacht, leaving command vacant. The dauntless WINSTON stepped in, and lo! a strange thing happened. The book, announced for publication yesterday, actually distributed to reviewers at end of last week, was withdrawn—for revision, CHARLIE explains.

"What does it all mean?" I asked him.

"Why, it means I must think more of the Navy than of myself or my opinions," answered the proud patriot. "But weren't you thinking of the Navy when you wrote the book?"

"Now go away forrad and don't ask awkward questions."

Natural result of episode is that everyone is talking of the book. If it were issued just now MARIE CORELLI wouldn't be in the running in the matter of sale. Effect will remain when, if ever, it is published. Curious to note in Lobby this afternoon muster of leading publishers. Never saw so many foregathered at same time in one place. Think they have picked up a thing or two about advertising forthcoming books. Confess they are proud to sit at feet of a retired admiral.

Business done.—With many amendments, Clause 36 added to Insurance Bill.

Wednesday.—On Monday chanced to write about PRINCE ARTHUR, his relations with his party and his momentary position. As indicating state of affairs as they appeared to House of Commons



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I.

[As we go to press it is officially stated that Mr. Bonar Law is to be offered the leadership.]
Walter Long. "Of course, there's no difficulty 'bout leading—none whatever; but I must say Balfour had the advantage of me in length of limb. Being able to reach the Table easily does undoubtedly give a convincing air of mastery!"

on eve of momentous declaration, I leave the passage as it stood.

This afternoon, breaking in upon another dull day with Insurance Bill, whisper went round, increasing in force



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—II.

Austen. "With a little adaptability and assimilative attention to detail I don't believe they would know the difference."

and persistency, that PRINCE ARTHUR had retired from Leadership of Opposition. Discredited at first, assurance of its truth and of the finality of the decision grew apace. The long conflict is over; a struggle whose sordid story will probably be reserved for the reading of a later generation is finished. All that is certain for the present is that an influence which in his speech in the City this afternoon PRINCE ARTHUR delicately alluded to as "microbes" has prevailed.

Ever since DON JOSÉ unfurled the flag of Tariff Reform, post of Leader of Unionist Party become increasingly impossible. SARK says the last straw that broke the back of proud, scorn-

ful indifference was the vote passed last Monday by the Halsbury Club declaring their unabated confidence and loyalty in their esteemed Leader. This clumsy impertinence too much for even PRINCE ARTHUR's patience.

However it be, by whatsoever accretion of personal affronts, the end has come. PRINCE ARTHUR, the strength, sustentation and ornament of his party through a full score years of mingled triumph and disaster, will, in the capacity of Captain, "come back to Lochaber no more."

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Thursday.—KINLOCH-COOKE, assuming cloak of lamented HENNIKER-HEATON, pioneer and champion of postal and telegraphic reform, takes opportunity of making personal statement. Owing to trouble with *pince-nez*, inability at once to recapture the line he left off reading from manuscript, and, above all, tendency of syllables of his speech to remain stuck in his throat, some difficulty in following the story. Gathered its burden to be that post-office dealing with telegrams addressed to officers or men at sea charge the superscripture H.M.S. as three words, price three half-pence.

The INFANT SAMUEL, whilst not able to repel the charge, pleads that if the letters be written not as capitals but as small type they will go for a half-penny.

Distinction is subtle. Its existence not generally known among correspondents of Jack at sea. Useful to have it openly stated, surely as prelude to immediate revision of rules which make possible so absurd an anomaly.

SARK tells me of two other instances incredible save on such authority. If, in a telegram, he is addressed as M.P. the abbreviation is treated as two words and is charged one penny. Reverse the letters and in another connection telegraph P.M. and they go for a halfpenny. Also, if you telegraph to a friend who lives at Herne Bay the address is charged as one word. If your correspondent lives at Herne Hill it is two words, and bang goes a penny.

In spite of tender years the INFANT SAMUEL, as shown by successful administration of Post Office, is a man of business. It would be worth his while to get in from the Head Office a full list of these absurdities—there are scores of them equally grotesque—and remove them with stroke of pen. An hour would suffice for the work.

Business done.—Clause 46 of Insurance Bill.

Friday.—Among legacies WINSTON found left behind by his predecessor at the Admiralty was a submarine in whose design and building are displayed all the latest resources of science. The only thing necessary for complete equipment is a name. Custom hitherto is to call submarines A1, A2, A3, and so on. In addition to sad associations connected with two of these craft, adhesion to the numerical-cum-alphabetical nomenclature has about it poverty-stricken look. WINSTON, nothing if not original, has resolved to strike out new line.

"I shall call the new submarine *The Whale*," he said.

"Why *Whale*?" I asked.

"My good TOBY, do you forget that the first submarine of which the world has knowledge was a whale? It had economical advantages over our modern craft, such as I cruised in on Monday, because it was single-handed. Also it could sink lower, forge ahead faster, and when its voyage was over it had a way of discharging its crew with equal efficacy and expedition. So the new boat shall be *The Whale*; and I hope you will come down to the christening, bringing your cup with you."

Business done.—Passed three more clauses of Insurance Bill.

"Lady Paul was then called, and, attired in an old gold costume with furs, and wearing a bunch of lilies of the valley, entered the witness-box. Whereupon the court adjourned until this morning."—*Daily Mail*.

And that is what we call a civil court!



"IT ISN'T EVERY DAY, SIR, YOU CAN GET A CHAIR STRAIGHT FROM A CONTINENTAL PALACE."

"WHY, YOU TOLD ME THE SAME THING LAST WEEK ABOUT A VASE."

"QUITE RIGHT, SIR; AT THE MOMENT CROWNED 'EADS ARE TAKING NO RISKS."

THE MUSICOPHARMACOPŒIA.

[A Continental doctor has discovered that each musical instrument has a direct curative action on the human organism.]

ALL the years that I remember (I was fifty last December)

I've been harried by a regiment of invalid alarms;

Now I revel in existence, for I keep them at a distance

By the potent aid of music's most extraordinary charms.

When a pain attacks my middle, I have but to take my fiddle,

And a bar or two will give it the uncompromising boot;

While the cornet (played at night) is a specific for bronchitis,

And the germs of influenza may be slaughtered with a flute.

If my nerves are all a-jangle with the trivial triangle

I will gently tintinnabulate to rectify their tone;

When with gouty pangs I bellow, I discourse upon the 'cello,

And it's death to indigestion when I tackle my trombone.

Then my liver trouble passes to the clashing of the brasses,

With the trumpet my rheumatics are dispatched to kingdom come;

For the dumps the ocarina, for the mumps the concertina,

For the bile the double-bass and for dyspepsia the drum.

And, supposing on occasion I should undergo invasion

From a mixture of my maladies of each and every brand,

I shall have no cause for worry; to my gramophone I'll hurry,

And recover to the strains of Pongo's Polyphonic Band.

AT THE PLAY

"DAD."

IN Lestibian, on the so-called Cornish Riviera, lives one *Richard Beaufort*, yeoman farmer, very knowledgeable on rural matters, and much respected by an unsophisticated community. They consult him freely, and his advice is sage. Also he has a secret: he knows himself to be the natural son of somebody, but has not yet identified his father. Into his tranquil existence suddenly bursts the Lothario who begot him—to wit, *Sir Joseph Lorrimer, Bart.*, late of the diplomatic service. This brave gentleman, recently aroused to a sense of approaching age by the ridicule cast on his first grey hairs by the latest object of his wandering fancy, has resolved to forswear the sex, to range himself, and to spend his declining years in the companionship of his hitherto neglected offspring.

So the youth is brought to town to be taught the urbanities. His parent's programme is generous: to his own tailor shall be entrusted the reformation of his boy's grotesque exterior; he shall assume the family name; a woman of the world shall be found who will put him through his paces; he shall join the service of his country as a Territorial (why this proposal was received by the audience with a snigger I cannot say); and altogether, he shall be made worthy of his father's new-found affection.

The son, who meanwhile has invited a village-neighbour (addicted to cycling at the back of the stage) to marry him, receives his father's schemes with stolid, inarticulate indifference: but when objection is taken to the girl on the ground that her late father was a scamp he abruptly withdraws, with the intention of resuming residence in the Cornish Riviera. Hardly has he shaken the dust of the Knightsbridge flat from his feet (leaving the front-door open) when the girl arrives and penetrates within the parent's apartment. Into ears of large experience in this kind she pours a tearful tale of amorous attentions paid to her in another quarter. She fears that she may have innocently been compromised and so made unworthy of wedlock with *Richard*. Still susceptible to the charms of woman (in or out of distress), and already convinced that his son is ill-adapted to be an ornament of London society, *Sir Joseph* determines

to readjust his plans and find his own happiness in securing that of the young couple. In the issue, so well does he play his altruistic part in making himself agreeable to the girl that she becomes fascinated by his incorrigible gift of gallantry; and the son, observing this development, resigns her to his father and consoles himself with the affection of a rustic maiden more suited to his own tastes and limitations.

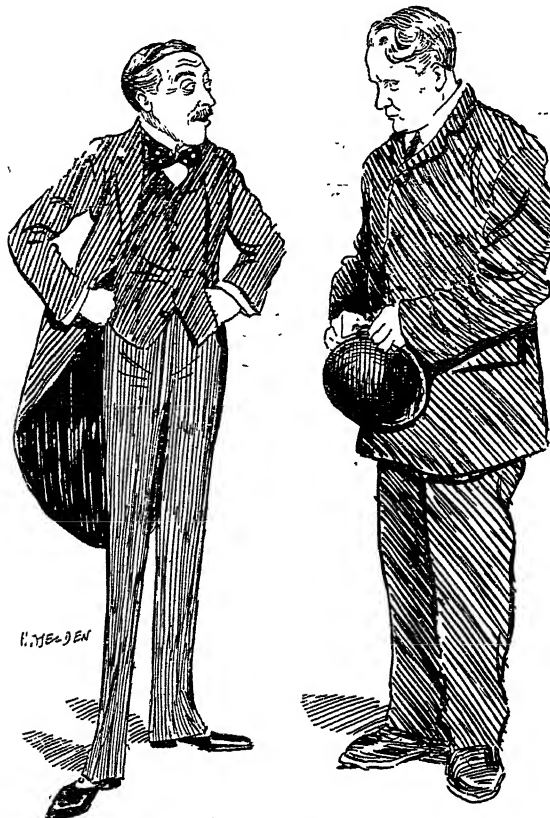
So, in crude brevity, runs the tale. The First Act, which sets forth the character and condition of young

If there might seem to be a certain air of effrontery in a scheme by which almost the first act of amends done by a father to his neglected natural son was to rob him of his sweetheart, this was largely dissipated by the charm and persuasiveness of *Mr. CYRIL MAUDE* in a part that fitted him to the finger-tips. There was, of course, nothing strange in this, for all characters seem to come alike to this Protean actor; but the performance of *Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS* as *Richard* was most unusual. An audience familiar with the easy casual humour which he commonly affects on the stage could only marvel at the *tour de force* by which he assumed a bucolic reticence so alien to his habit. It was not his fault if the character of *Richard* seemed to lack consistency. Even allowing for the change of air, there was perhaps too crying a contrast between his quiet resourcefulness and capability in the country and his gauche angularity in London. And when he returned to his proper place, he never recovered those practical qualities which, as we were shown in the First Act, had made him adviser-in-chief to the locality. Perhaps, however, this may be explained by the activities of his evergreen parent, which may well have discouraged him.

As the heroine *Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE* acted very naturally, and was particularly good in the unfolding of her tale of woe. *Mr. BEVERIDGE* played the sympathetic parson as only he can play that sort of part, and *Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY* was really excellent in demeanour as the rustic maid, full of love's intelligence, who came by her own in the end.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN was well suited as the Baronet's faithful *attaché*, never diverted from his devotion, save by a chronic tendency to somnolence. Minor parts sketched by *Miss COBURN* and *Mr. HARWOOD* were admirably in the picture.

Captain JOHN KENDALL has done his work of adaptation with nice judgment. He has revolted against the stupid habit of retaining French names and naturalizing the rest. He has painted his characters in English colours throughout, and put them in an English setting familiar to himself, with local customs and allusions complete. One of the customs was new to me. I gather that in Cornwall, after a lady has drunk cider out of a jug, you



A FAUX PA.

Richard (*Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS*) to *Sam Carbury* (*Mr. SAM SOTHERN*). "Are you my father?"

Richard, moves with a pleasant deliberation that gives a sense of the authors' confidence in themselves. The Second Act abounds in piquant contrasts, but a slight note of insincerity is struck in the heroine's sudden excursion to London with the design of exposing to a perfect stranger the embarrassments which apparently she had not thought it worth while to confide to her lover on the spot. The Third Act is a little weakened by an excess of trivial exits and entrances, and by the fact that the threads which it gathers up have been woven not so much in the play itself as in the interval between the Second and Third Acts. But the quality of freshness is there to the end.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 2.

"SOME ARE BORN GREAT, SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS, AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON 'EM."—*Twelfth Night*.

pour what is left into a vase and stick cut flowers into it. The original comedy does not seem to have asked for much purging, but what risks there were Captain KENDALL has cheerfully run. On behalf of *Mr. Punch*, I congratulate his "DUM-DUM," and sincerely hope that his version will justify the care and sympathy that have been spent on it.

O. S.

"THE WAR GOD."

On Wednesday afternoon Sir HERBERT TREE presented, on his usual lavish scale, a blank verse play by Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL; Sir HERBERT TREE himself and Mr. BOURCHIER playing the parts of— This will never do. Let me begin another paragraph, and try to write in ordinary prose.

If I had gone to His Majesty's in innocence, not knowing what was coming, I should have enjoyed myself more. But I had previously read an interview with Mr. ZANGWILL, in the course of which he had made two confessions; the first being that the play was written in blank verse, and the second that it contained a scene so funny that the actors could hardly get through with it. My afternoon, as a result of this information, was spoilt. I spent it looking out for, and recognising,

the blank verse, and looking out for, and not recognising, the funny bit. I don't know which I found more trying. In every speech it was the rhythm, not the meaning, which held my attention; in every action, not the meaning but the possible developments of humour. It was galling to think that but for the interview I need never have suspected the blank verse; any more than you suspected it in my first paragraph above. And as for the humour I only felt its absence because I thought it was to be there. The drama did not call for it.

The War God is a melodramatic pamphlet in four Acts. In Act I. we see *Torggrim*, the Chancellor of Gothia, weaving his webs. *Torggrim*, looking something like Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and something like BISMARCK, dreams of a world-empire won by battle, but such details of his schemes as he lets fall hardly bring home to us the idea of a master-mind at work. Perhaps it is difficult to order cruisers convincingly in blank verse. The Chancellor, however, has troubles nearer home, for the Socialists of Gothia are in open revolt against the heavy armament taxes. An attack on the palace, indicated in Act II., is stopped just in time by *Count Frithiof*, a prophet of the gospel of peace, who

condemns not only the war policy of Gothia but also the armed revolt of the Gothians against it. *Frithiof*, who reminded one equally of Sir HERBERT TREE and Tolstoy, must have had considerable influence over the revolutionaries to have stayed them, but this influence was not enough to prevent them from shooting him afterwards for interfering. Why they could not have shot him in the first place, I do not know; perhaps because it would have prevented Act III., a beautiful scene entitled "The Revolutionary Camp in the Mountains." This was much the best Act of the play, and for the first time one could forget the blank verse and listen to Sir HERBERT, who played and died with great dignity and sincerity. The fatal shot was fired by the *Lady Norna*, a revolutionary with whom *Torggrim's* son *Osric* was in love. Unfortunately, *Osric's* other object of devotion was *Frithiof* himself, and his horror at this murder leads him to suicide. At the same time *Torggrim* is deposed by the King of Gothia, and the double loss of son and office breaks the Chancellor's spirit. Indeed, one is left to gather that he goes as far as to accept the peace gospel of *Frithiof*.

I am afraid that *The War God* will not advance public opinion much. War

in modern times is a preposterous thing, and the more people realise this the less likely war becomes. But I doubt if Mr. ZANGWILL helps with this melodrama. It is not active enough to carry conviction. World politics on the stage are always unreal, for the reason that the men who make history are so much bigger than the author and the actors. But *The War God* is an interesting attempt. At the least it is splendidly acted, Mr. BOURCHIER being an excellent *Torgim*, and Miss LILLAH McCARTHY an ideal *Lady Norma*. Sir HERBERT I have already mentioned, and to the many other clever players in the cast I could only do justice in blank verse. I must not drop into blank verse again. M.

THE SILVER LINING.

HE came into the club and flung himself into an arm-chair with an expression of delight.

"Ah!" he said, "that was good. I feel young again."

"What was good?" we asked.

"An experience I have just had. Something I hadn't done for years and thought never to do again. They say indeed you can never repeat a first excitement, but I believe I have done it."

"Of course you can't," said the psychologist. "You can enjoy the second as much as the first, but you can't repeat the first. You have a different pleasure: you compare, co-ordinate, ratify."

"But how about it if a very long interval occurs?" asked the K.C. "They say, you know, that a man changes completely every seven years. A total re-growth of tissue. A man, then, on his twenty-ninth birthday has nothing the same as when he was twenty-one. Very well then, he can have a new first experience every seven years."

"Order!" we cried. "That's against the rules. That's the most infernal hair-splitting."

"Well, and what is a K.C. for?" he inquired sweetly.

"Besides," said the psychologist, "it's rot too, because a man of thirty can remember what he did when he was a boy, and if your theory were true his memory would be only seven years old."

"Ah, yes," echoed the man in the arm-chair, dreamily, "he can remember what he did when he was a boy; indeed he can!"

"Talking of boyish firsts and their thrills," said the author, "what do you call the best? What, for example, was yours?" he asked of the K.C.

"Mine? Oh, mine was my first

salmon. No doubt of that at all. It was when I was fourteen, in Scotland. Just under twenty pounds, and the best part of an hour playing him. Nothing will ever come up to that. I lived weeks in the time—all pure joy and agony, which are just alike under such conditions."

"But suppose you went out for tarpon now, wouldn't you have a similar feeling?"

"Never. No, not even landing a whale would do it now. I'm too old."

The man in the arm-chair smiled beatifically. "Never too old," he murmured.

"What was yours?" the K.C. asked the author.

"The twenty minutes before my first pantomime, I think," he said. "Getting there much too early, waiting for the fiddlers to come in, seeing them come in, hearing them tune up, watching the stalls fill, then the turning up of the footlights, the overture, and, at last, but, if anything, too soon, the rise of the curtain. After that it is mechanical: so much that is strange and wonderful is happening that one is rapt and bemused. But in the twenty minutes before, seated in the sacred building, one is so intensely, vividly conscious of everything that happens and everything is a rapture. That joy certainly one can never regain."

"And now you?" said the psychologist to the man who was sunk in his arm-chair in such ecstasy. "You started all this talk. What was your greatest thrill as a boy?"

"Oh, me!" he said. "My greatest thrill as a boy was my first hansom ride. That's why I'm so happy; because after four years of taxis I've just had another."

The American Heiress.

"He had not the wealth of the Plantagenets, nor did he derive any income from American trusts. (Loud laughter.)"—*Scotsman*.

We knew what was meant without the explanatory parenthesis.

Sporting Notes.

"First Football disengaged; age 27."
Advt. in "*Hereford Times*."

"Mr. Bolton, speaking at Walterlong, said that Mr. Balfour is a great asset to the Unionists."—*China Press*.

This shows how difficult it is, in distant parts of the world, to be correctly informed of what is going on elsewhere. Probably SUN YAT SEN is the name of a town after all.

Altruism.

"ABSCONDING CREDITOR."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

Of all the quixotic idiots—

THE NEW CURRENCY.

[“During a bicycle auction sale in Crowland Market-place, Peterborough, a bidder offered three pigs in exchange for a bicycle, and the auctioneer accepted the bid.”—*Daily News*.]

WE cull the following items at random from the advertisement columns of the near future:—

Are you bald? Then try

“Thatcho for the Roof,”

of all Chemists, or

Send white mouse for dainty sample packet.

For sale, a bargain.

Panthard Motor, 40 horse-power, to clear at 20 mokes.

Publishers' Lists (Messrs. Bills and Boom):

“Going to the Dogs,”

A Warning to England,

By J. ELLIS BARKER.

Price three bull-pups.

The Poetical Works of KIT TENNYSON, half persian, 8vo. Price one puss.

The Recollections of J. HENNIKER HEATON,

Price one Dorking six chicks do.; or post free, one Dorking five chicks do.

Wanted.—Second-hand clothing of every description.

Highest value in spotted terriers sent per return.

At the Barkstein Hall:

Only appearance this season of the great vocalist, Sig. Planchetto Verdi.

Prices:

Stalls, one pekingese; Balcony, one pom; Gallery, one lurcher.

The Editor of *Nutty Nuts* will at all times be glad to consider suitable contributions, but he cannot undertake to return MSS. unless a silkworm is sent to cover cost of postage. For all accepted matter remuneration is at the rate of one guinea-pig per column.

“EDINBURGH WOMEN AT THE WASH-TUB.

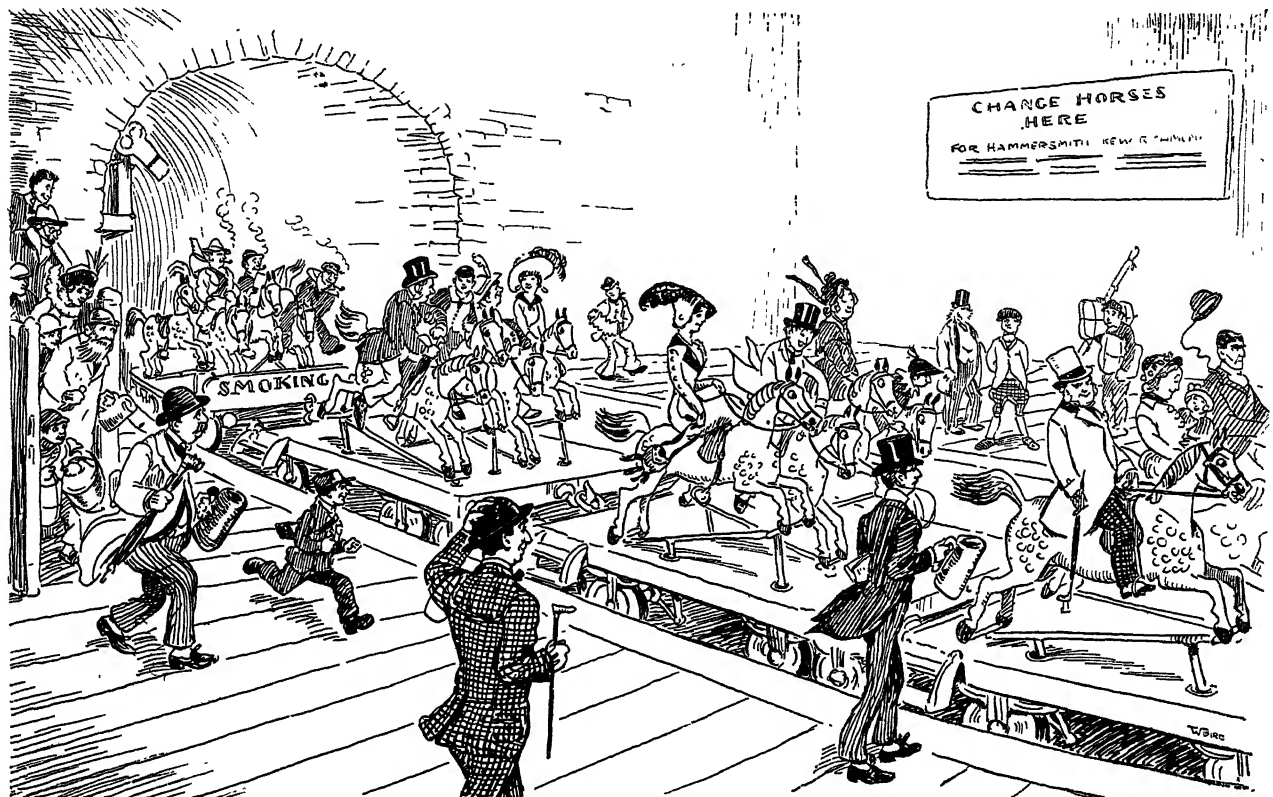
REMARKABLE FIGURES.”

Edinburgh Evening News.

It's the steam that does it, and the constant bending.

“Williamson, who apart from sniping two or three short putts played perfect golf, holed out in 72.”—*The Western Morning News*.

We are not professionals, but in our humble sporting way we have often groused a drive and woodcocked an approach.



THE MOVING STAIRCASE SEEMS TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS AT EARL'S COURT STATION. WHY NOT GO IN FOR OTHER ATTRACTIONS? WHY NOT TURN THE INNER CIRCLE INTO ONE VAST MERRY-GO-ROUND?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Cecily Chalmers, a pretty little grass-widow, who had taken a bungalow near Camberley while her solemn prig of a soldier-husband was fighting (I regret to say with success) the climate of West Africa, is called by Mrs. H. H. PENROSE *A Sheltered Woman* (ALSTON RIVERS). Her mother, as she confided to her friend the Boy-Poet, had never allowed her to know anything about wickedness. In the bungalow she was safely guarded by a nice old dragon of a maid-servant; and some austere in-laws, the Major's aunts, lived near enough to keep on her and her doings what I make bold to call a backbiting eye. But you can't mother wickedness out of existence, as if it were a cold in the head, and one Sunday night it crept through *Cecily's* garden into her drawing-room, long after she and the Dragon were safely tucked up in their beds, in the shape of a bold bad captain come to make love to her married sister-in-law who was paying her a visit *ad hoc*. Inside the house the Dragon was sleeping with one eye open; outside, the Boy-Poet, whose suspicions, I am bound to say, had been very easily roused, was on guard in a ditch; the guilty pair were observed, and *Cecily* was duly told what had happened. But so also were the aunts, to whom a passing bicyclist reported voices, soprano and baritone, heard at an unseemly hour in a house "where nae man should be." Joy of the aunts (for, of course, they jumped to the conclusion that *Cecily* was the soprano) and hasty despatch of the scandalous news to the West Coast. Return of the unco' guid Major . . . and, I am glad to say, improvement of the story, up to this point not very good stuff, and even at that not at all improved by the freakish intrusion of the French *motif* into its decorous British respectability. But it ends well, like KING CHARLES, and the

Major gets what he deserves. And you do get to know the people.

The title of Mr. IAN HAY's latest story, *A Safety Match* (BLACKWOOD), is a little obscure, but I fancy it refers to the fact that *Daphne*, its heroine, proves herself the sort of person who—so to speak—strikes only on the box. Certainly her one attempt to fall in love with a man who was not her lawful husband turned out an ignominious failure. Hers is an entertaining if not too original history, which begins very pleasantly with an account of the delightful rectory family of whom *Daphne* is the eldest; and of the astonishment of them all (not shared, it must be confessed, by the experienced novel-reader) when stern-looking *Sir John Carr*, a man old enough to be her father, proposes to make her his wife. So *Daphne* leaves her country economies to become an ornament of the smart set and the mistress of many mansions. The tale has been told already, you observe, by others, from SHERIDAN downwards. It is only fair to add, however, that this *Lady Teazle*, though she soon falls out with her husband, finds no *Joseph Surface* to abet her; indeed it is her entire failure in this respect that sends her back, humbled and wiser, to the strong, silent man who has, of course, loved her throughout. In spite of a rather thrilling description of a mining strike and the consequent disaster, I myself liked this part of the book least; it seemed to suffer from some uncertainty of purpose. But the "handsome rectory children" of the early chapters, their vague father, and their muddled but affectionate home-life, are things of pure joy.

Personally, I have never spent Saturday night in the bar of a public-house at Barking Town, but this does not

prevent my being sure that the persons and talk I should find there are precisely as Mr. ROBERT HALIFAX represents them in *A Whistling Woman* (CONSTABLE). Those who know what is what in fiction have for some time now had their eyes expectantly upon Mr. HALIFAX; and the present book will certainly confirm their belief in him. The point which strikes me most about the story is its obvious sincerity. The courtship of *Arthur* as conducted by *Lydia*, who has to whistle so long and desperately for him, is told with a good deal of quiet humour; but humour is by no means its dominant note. I have the idea, indeed, that Mr. HALIFAX is half afraid of his own sense of fun, as of something that might interfere with the absolute truth of what he writes. The result is a study in the unflinching realism that is as far removed from sensationalism as from flippancy. I will not deny that, now and again, the effect of this method is a certain feeling of oppression; but always, when this threatens, the real humanity of the tale asserts itself, and takes the reader captive again. *Arthur*, the laggard lover; *Slatt*, the barber book-maker; *Lydia*, and her depressed mother who exists upon patent foods; and brave, ineffective little *Miss Summerbell*, with her adoration for the over-worked curate *Dering*, all these live as only real sympathy and knowledge can make them.

When I read, on page 143 of her history, that "never in the memory of the oldest man-about-town or most recent dowager had any young woman made so instantaneous and so amazing a mark upon society" as *The Fair Irish Maid* (HURST & BLACKETT), I was myself instantaneously and markedly amazed, for I had hitherto suspected *Grania O'Hara* of no startling prettiness, wittiness or other modish distinction. In short, I found her story, with its fairy uncle, its sudden access of bequeathed wealth and its proudly obstinate lover, a little trite and unconvincing, though the telling of it by Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY was a thing of delight. From his peremptory manner of hustling it to a sudden conclusion, I suspect that the author himself had no great opinion of his theme, but had felt the overwhelming need of writing about any old thing in a bright and buoyant spirit; and, if no better plot was to hand, I hold him fully excused, for his felicity of description and his digressive humour are things to be aired at all costs. In Ireland he is at home and quite pleasing, but in London of 1815 A.D. he is more than happy with his portrayal of contemporary men and manners. His chronicling of the riots in the Rotunda Theatre, I do, in the language of the time, protest, is in the most comic and whimsical vein conceivable.

The Daily Graphic, I gather from the publishers' advertisement, describes *One of the Family* (WARD, LOCK) as an excellent story, of amusing complications and not a little sentiment, based on the diversions and difficulties of a

newly married couple. *The Times*, I have discovered for myself, briefly contemns those same diversions and difficulties as mere "squabbles." I anticipate that the weekly Reviews, each in its own degree, will adopt the latter line, that the Ladies' Journals will follow the former. It is impossible to say that either side is, from its own point of view, wrong. Mr. HOWARD appears to me to be beyond criticism, above it or below it, as you care to look at him. He is not at his merriest and brightest in this instance, but he is at least, as always, merry and bright. He is no subtle observer of the inner workings of the human soul, nor is he the inventor of startling and original themes; but he has a humorous way with him and an eye for the suburban manner. Clearly, *Celia* and *Austin Grain* were very lucky to have him for their intermediary in courtship days, the best man at their wedding, their guide, philosopher, friend and scapegoat during the preliminary stages of the matrimonial struggle, and, at the latter end, their genial and tolerant historian.



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.
II.—ROGER BACON CONSTRUCTS A WORKING MODEL OF A RAINBOW.

There is an abundance of points of interest in Mr. ESSEX SMITH's novel, *Wind on the Heath* (LANE), and yet somehow I don't quite care for it as a story. Possibly this is because too many of the prominent people in it are unusual. There are ordinary people, too — people quite cleverly and convincingly ordinary, but the plot centres on others. The leading young man has gipsy blood in him which is always urging him to the tramp's life and the companionship, a trifle uncanny, of birds, beasts and fishes, and of folk who are able to exercise some strange

hypnotic influence over them. There is a fascination about all this to the mere town-dweller, but one cannot avoid the feeling that such mysteries are easy to invent but very hard to encounter in actual fact. Apart from this (which is the thing that does not quite hit me) there is good stuff in the hero's stormy courtship, and the complications resulting from the conditions of his father's last will and testament. I liked that, and I also liked the author's whimsical trick of playing in parenthesis the part of showman to his puppets:—"A pretty heroine, this, who in five minutes has given evidence of ingratitude and impudence both."

"ERSKINE YOUNG.—At 37 Prince's Avenue, Liverpool, on 3rd November, to Dr. and Mrs. Erskine Young, a daughter; *Gaudeamus igitur*."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Our congratulations to little *Gaudeamus Igitur*. At the same time we think that, being a girl, she should have been christened *Gaudeama Igitur*.

"Dying in 1802 at the age of twenty-seven, Girtin took up the work of the topographers and transformed it from within. His power and mastery seem identified with the very genius of the medium."—*Times*. Thus is spiritualism vindicated at last.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are sorry to hear that the choice of Mr. BONAR LAW has been received coldly by some of our caricaturists, who consider that they ought to have been consulted. * *

The LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND has appointed a Committee to enquire into the alleged scarcity of milk in some parts of the Emerald Isle. It would certainly seem to point to base ingratitude on the part of the cattle, who used to be taken for such nice drives by the peasantry, if they are now refusing to make any return. * *

The fact that Lord ASHTON is refusing to employ Labour agitators in his linoleum works at Stafford, and that there are at present no legal means of forcing him to do so, brings home to us vividly the need there is for a Socialist Government. * *

Meanwhile *The Daily Mail* quotes what, on the face of it, looks like an unfortunate speech by a workman whose aim it was to soothe his Lordship's ruffled spirits. "We know," said this speaker according to our contemporary, "that there are men among us who on all occasions display that want of loyalty which is essential for the well-being of the firm." * *

We should like the CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY to know that our KING and QUEEN had arranged some time ago to leave the country. * *

"A strong man," says the German Chancellor, "does not need to be ever carrying his sword in his mouth." This is just as well. In crowded cities, at any rate, the hat-pin danger is quite sufficient to cope with. * *

The National Peace Council has resolved to develop a national movement in favour of the establishment of an Anglo-German understanding. The chief difficulty, it has always seemed to us, is to decide which of the two nations shall stand under. * *

The Dean of St. PAUL's predicts that England will not long remain the Workshop of the World. Still there is always the chance of its becoming the Workhouse of the World.

General CANEVA states that it is not the intention of the Italian troops to advance into the interior of Tripoli till the spring. Their present operations are, we suppose, merely the crouch before the spring. * *

In the Austrian Parliament, the other day, a pan-German deputy, Herr MALIK, called a Radical, Herr HUMMER, a comedian, whereupon the latter rushed at him and was slashed with a dog-whip. In addition to the punishment which he thus received, Herr

"Mr. Martin, of Chelmsford," we read, "who dreamed that the weight of a turkey in a local weight-guessing competition was 15 lbs. 10½ ozs., sent in the figures, and won the bird." Many of us, we suspect, have felt the weight of a turkey in a dream, but after, and not before, the process of eating it. * *

A Swiss aviator flew to the wedding of a girl-friend on his aeroplane, and, as the newly married couple came out of church, dropped a bouquet, from an altitude of sixty feet, in front of the bride. Although he missed her, his achievement is considered a creditable one in military aerial circles. * *

The street cleaners have gone on strike in New York. They have, we hear, without exception, "a bad press." This could scarcely happen here, where dealers in garbage have an organ or two of their own. * *

The date 11/11/11 proved so easy to remember that a Gotham correspondent writes to suggest that every day should bear that date. * *

So much attention has been paid to this numerical coincidence that one is surprised that no accounts should have been handed down to us of the wild excitement there must have been on the first day of the year One. * *

There is, we hear, some disappointment in the City. The titles of the books which KING GEORGE has taken with him, to divert him on the voyage, have been published, and the intensely interesting volume presented to His Majesty by the Corporation, consisting of the signatures of everyone who was present at the Guildhall Luncheon to His Majesty, does not figure in the list. * *

Many nervous folk are now wondering whether, in view of a recent decision of the Birmingham stipendiary, Boxing Day will be abolished.

A Dairying Feat.

"It appears that the Alnwick milk dealers want to raise the price of their commodity from 3d. to 4d. a quart. Seems to us if this sort of thing goes on we must take the bull by the horns and get a municipal milk supply."

Alnwick Guardian.



Subscriber. "FIRE BRIGADE! FIRE BRIGADE!"
Exchange. "YOU'RE THROUGH!"

HUMMER, we understand, will, according to Continental etiquette, have to fight a duel with every funny man in Austria in consequence of his having considered it an insult to be called a comedian. Fortunately, British etiquette does not require Mr. BOOTH to fight all our company-promoters on similar grounds; and this is well, for some of them are very tricky. * *

The Vicar of Claygate has written a pamphlet on the importance of breathing properly. This is a matter of peculiar importance for clergymen, as so many persons, especially during a sermon, breathe so noisily that one would almost imagine that they were snoring.

A VICTIM OF INTRIGUE.

THE Tax-cart had returned from the Station laden with a crate, from which, when deposited and opened in the Poultry-yard, a stout white goose waddled with languid dignity. "Why, gobbles my soul!" cried the Turkey, "it's Emmeline!" "No end glad to see you!" said the Bantam Cock, as he strutted up. "What with you leavin' just before Michaelmas and that, had an idea you'd gone for good!" "Where have you been all this time, dear?" inquired the Orpington Hen. Emmeline replied, with a slightly overdone carelessness, that she had been at Covent Garden. "Covent Garden?" repeated an Aylesbury Duck. "Sure you don't mean *Leadenhall* Market?"

"I was not at the Market," explained Emmeline importantly. "I was at the Opera House. I had a special engagement to appear in HUMPERDINK'S *Children of the King*." "You've put on flesh, Emmeline!" said the Turkey a little irrelevantly, "lot o' flesh you've put on, by gad!" "They tell me," said Emmeline, "German Opera is apt to produce that effect. Though, in my case, my figure is generally considered to have improved."

"Well," said the Bantam, "and now let's hear what you've been doing up there?"—and Emmeline was by no means reluctant to oblige. "Before obtaining an engagement," she began, "one has to go through a course of training for the stage; but they soon found there was very little they could teach me! I mean my *technique* was so perfect already. And, when rehearsals began and I trod the boards for the first time, I felt I was at last in my true element—which is more than can be said for the other birds in the company. Hopeless they were! No idea of *ensemble*—never seemed able to remember where to stand, or when to make a 'cross'! As I said more than once to the Stage-Manager, 'The fact of the matter is,' I said, 'they're not Artists at all—they're simply Walkers-on!' However, between us we managed to get them into some sort of shape for the First Night. I was a little nervous beforehand and afraid of breaking down—but, curiously enough, the moment the curtain went up I felt I'd never been in better voice. As for the music—well, I don't call it music—harsh and discordant, if you ask me! And the plot—I never could make head or tail of it myself. I remember saying to the Tenor once at rehearsal, 'Tell me,' I said, 'can this thing possibly succeed?' I forget his reply."

"But fortunately, the moment I made my first entrance with the young person who was engaged as my Goose-girl, I could see I had the whole house with me, and that made me more hopeful about the piece."

"All my scenes with her went tremendously, and the First Act ended with rapturous applause, in which I was too happy and excited to resist joining. Well, strictly speaking, my contract did not require me to appear in the subsequent Acts, and I had not intended to do so. But, as I stood looking on from the wings, I had a sense of something lacking—a want which perhaps I alone could supply."

"The roar of delighted welcome that greeted me as I tripped gracefully on removed any misgivings I might have had. It proved that my instinct had not misled me! And, after that, I stood by the Hero and Heroine to the close. It gave them confidence, especially as I was able to sustain their voices by throwing in a note or two every now and then. Not often—but whenever it struck me they were getting out of tune."

"The theatre-staff officiously attempted to interfere, but I took no notice of them—it was enough for me that my efforts were understood and appreciated in front of the house. I don't mind telling you that I, and I alone, pulled

that Opera through! The curtain fell on the Last Act amidst the wildest enthusiasm, and a unanimous call, which I knew could only be meant for Me! Still, I would not allow it to turn my head. My little Goose-girl had really sung quite prettily; it is true that, perhaps unintentionally, she had spoilt some of my best effects—but then I had the proud satisfaction of knowing I had played her off the stage! So I said to her, 'My dear,' I said, 'I couldn't think of going on to take my call without you.' So we went on together."

"Only those who have been through it can imagine the sensations of an Artist on realising that she has gone straight to the great heart of the Public, so it would be useless to describe my feelings as I stood there, my eyes dim, my bosom heaving with pride and joy. . . . And then an incident happened on which I do not care to dwell. An immense floral trophy had been passed up to me across the footlights, and, if you'll believe me, that unprincipled Tenor handed it to the Goose-girl, under my very beak! And she actually took the trophy, too! I might have made a scene, of course, if I had chosen to forget myself so far. As it was, I resolved to behave with tact and *savoir faire*; I just gave the audience a glance—half humorous, half appealing, you know—like this" (and here Emmeline gave an illustration of the sort of thing) "as much as to say, 'It's all right, I don't mind. Don't deceive the poor child! Let her keep her illusions—and her floral tribute! And the audience understood me—they behaved quite beautifully! I don't believe she knows the truth even yet. But when she had driven off in her car with my flowers I own to being slightly hysterical. And the next morning—that was yesterday—I had an interview with the Directors. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I'm most sorry to cause you any embarrassment—but,' I said, 'but I have my feelings as an Artist. And, after what occurred last night, all I can say is this: Either that Goose-girl leaves the Company, or I do. It's for you to choose between us!' I told them. . . . And so here I am. I fully expect the Management will move Heaven and Earth to persuade me to return to the Cast. But the insight all this has given me into the intrigues and jealousies that undermine the Profession has thoroughly disgusted me with the Stage. I shall never go back. At least I don't think I shall."

The general opinion of the Poultry-yard was that Emmeline had shown a very proper spirit.

"They didn't hev no use for that goose up at Covent Garden," the Farmer was remarking. "But I will say they've fattened her up proper." "Ah," said the Farmer's Wife, "we shall soon have Christmas on us now!"—rather as though that festival were some sort of leopard. "Christmas?" said the Farmer; "Bob and his wife'll be down 'ere nex' Sunday."

There are difficulties connected with Emmeline's return to Grand Opera now which can hardly be overcome by the most consummate managerial diplomacy. F. A.

An Improvement on the Drag.

"A foxhound at the Lochhead, on the Ellic estate, went off with a bang to Sandriggs. He was headed, and turning west to Kilonquhar House, he made his way back to Balboothie farm to Elie, where he found sanctuary in a drain."

In the absence of a fox this is always pretty fair sport.

"The neighbourhood is admirably adapted for silk-worm rearing, and this industry might also prove attractive to some members of criminal tribes."—*Pioneer*.

For Heaven's sake don't let us brutalise the criminal in this way.



THE PITILESS PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOW UNDERSTAND, I'VE BROUGHT YOU OUT TO DO YOU GOOD, AND GOOD I WILL DO YOU, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT."



Lady. "HULLO, NEIL; YOU'VE STARTED A GOLF COURSE HERE, HAVE YOU?"

Neil. "YES, MUM, A FINE NEW GOLF COURSE."

Neil (vague on the subject). "OH, THERE'LL BE A GOOD FEW."

Lady. "HOW MANY HOLES ARE THERE?"

STAMPS!

CHARLES (for you understand about St. Stephen's;
I seldom leave the Heliconian hill),
What is the nature of the fuss or grievance
That long hath stirred my calm and stirs it still?
Tell me the latest betting: is it evens
On the Insurance Bill?

And who's to be insured, and why? Shall we be?
And what is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE driving at?
And does one have to fasten stamps on Hebe
Or fix them to the dresser or the cat?
And what is Clause 10,000, Section 3 b,
Or some old rot like that?

And does your gardener, looking simply furious,
Come to you every morning as you toy
With breakfast, saying, "This here Bill's injurious:
Some five-and-twenty winters, man and boy"
(One's gardener always talks like that; it's curious),
"I've been in your employ——"

Or don't you keep a gardener? I've forgotten;
But anyhow explain (you're at the Bar;
You ought to know these things), will beef, or cotton,
Or Consols rise or sink or stay at par
If this Bill triumphs? Also tell me what an
Inspector's duties are.

Which are the mornings they will mostly come on?

And shall they break a Briton's castle wall?
That is a theme I would not have you dumb on;
And will they kindly tell us, when they call,
How we're to stick these stamps, that have no gum on,
To anything at all?

(A nasty one for SAMUEL.) But there's lots more:
Is this a notion bagged from Germany,
The last sad case of dumping? Ay, and what's more,
Who will support the burden? You and me?
Will it affect the Pytchley or the Cottessmore,
Peckham or Stratford, E.?

Tell me these things quite clearly and in order,
Lest the loud droning of the *Daily Scare*
Drives me to some strong refuge, where the warder
Humours me now and then, and lets me wear
Stamps for my neck-cloth and a roseate border
Of stamps around my hair.

EVOE.

A letter addressed to the West Gloucestershire Water Company runs as follows:—

"Sir, I am writing in reference to waste of water by my neighbour Mr. ——. On Saturday last he threw 12 buckets of company's water on my husband. I consider it my duty to inform you."

The cool detachment of the writer cannot be too highly praised.

THE INVADER.

I ACTUALLY saw him for the first time on Wednesday evening; but he had given me warning of his approach on the previous Monday. On that night I was awakened suddenly by the noise of somebody eating wood. The sound seemed to come from underneath the far corner of the room, and it might have been the man in the flat below standing on his bed and biting a pen-holder. I did what everybody does when he hears a strange noise in his bedroom at night; I leant out and felt for a boot, flung it in the direction of the noise, and in the subsequent quiet went to sleep.

But at three o'clock I was awake again. Whoever it was was very hungry indeed. He ate wood steadily, from three to four, my one remaining boot quite failing to put him off his food. Recognising him now for a mouse I tried the blandishments one tries with animals. I said, "Did ums then," "Woa-ho there! steady!" and then, very firmly, "Down, Sir!"

And on Wednesday evening I saw him. I had been reading late, and as I looked up suddenly there was a flash of brown across the sofa. I rubbed my eyes, fixed them on the electric light and saw flashes of pink, green and purple. "This is the end," I said to myself. "My sight is going." Wishing to take a last farewell of London, I walked across the room and shot the blind up. There was another flash of brown.

So the invader had arrived! Well, I was ready for him. I got my niblick, rolled up my sleeves, and took cover behind the revolving bookcase. Suddenly he appeared. I lashed out at him with a whoop, and for five seconds there was a glorious mix-up—five seconds of the best. Then I limped to the sofa and examined my foot carefully. Only two toes broken, luckily.

The invader camped for the night on the top of the pianola, having supped lightly on a pianola roll. I suppose he thought at first it was an ordinary roll, and looked around for the butter. *Au clair de la lune* was the piece, Op. 347, no less, of C. BÖHM; or, as they say in German, *Komm' wir wandern im Mondenschein*. One had hardly suspected such a taste for music in the lower classes. He had stopped, however, at the fifth note; a black one, I fancy.

This decided me; I went out and bought a trap. Now it was none of your common traps; something worthy of a disciple of BÖHM. I feel, therefore, that I should describe it carefully.

You went in by the front drive in the ordinary way, and as soon as you

began to wipe your feet on the hall mat the door slammed behind you. In alarm you turned round suddenly. Trapped! Was there no way of escape? None. Stay, what is that passage in front? Does that lead anywhere? It does. It leads by a flight of stairs to a commodious apartment on the first floor. And now that you are in the commodious apartment, what can you do? Another door in the passage has magically closed behind you. Are you ambushed again? Yes—no! Look there—a little turret-hole!

You peer through; there is a spacious ball-room on the other side of that hole, replete with every modern convenience, including a swing floor. You jump happily on to it. Free—hooray!

And then the floor begins to swing. It swings and sways, and sways and swings, and just as you are saying to your partner, "Very jolly floor and all that, don't you think, but a bit too slippery—what?" it tips up altogether. *Help!*

Down you go, down, down . . . and suddenly—splash!

Now I must tell you of something particularly ingenious. When your mouse falls through the floor into the tin of water he automatically opens the front-door of the trap for the next person; and so you can go on until the whole family has perished at sea. Isn't that jolly?

Let us resume the narratory style. I put this trap in the middle of the room, opened its door, and sat down and played *Magic Bells*—also by BÖHM (Op. 21—when he was quite a lad). Nothing happened. I examined the trap carefully, oiled it, and played the piece again. Still no mouse. Finally, about midnight, I went to bed, leaving the roll at the mouth of the trap. And in the morning an utter absence of mouse.

Of course I was mystified at first, but I soon began to understand. My mouse had never seen a trap like this before, and he didn't know how to work it. What he wanted was a decoy mouse who would show him the way it was done; or a list of simple instructions printed outside the front door. Something of this sort:—

Please wipe your feet on the mat.

If the lift is not in working order try the emergency stairs.

In the morning ring the bell once for the chambermaid, twice for the boots, and THREE TIMES FOR THE BATH.

If the bell is not in working order the bath-room will be found next to the bedroom. There is always plenty of cold water, but guests who require hot water should order it overnight.

Please consider the convenience of the other guests whom the management may

wish to entertain, and leave everything in the condition in which you found it.

But unfortunately my mouse, though a lover of music, did not understand the written word.

Alas, this story draws to a tragic close. You must understand that, though I and my mouse had this taste for harmonies in common, yet I have no real affection for his race. So one morning I said to the housekeeper as she was clearing away breakfast—

"By the way, when you've nothing else to do, I've a mouse I should rather like you to catch."

"Why, Sir, I caught him a week ago," she said reproachfully.

"Did you really?" I said. "Why, however—?"

"Just one of those penny traps and a bit of cold bacon fat. They're much better than those new-fangled ideas;" and she looked contemptuously at my hotel, which was now standing on the top of the bookcase.

"Then he's—he's dead?" I asked nervously.

"Yessir."

"Was he brave to the last? Did he partake of a hearty breakfast? You gave him something, I hope?"

"Yessir, I gave him something right enough."

So he's gone! Well, I shall miss him. He was a sportsman, and he had a love for the arts. I like to think of him brave to the last, dying with a song in his heart. Almost I could wish that—

Hang it, though—cold bacon fat! Serve him right. . . . A. A. M.

The Latest Terror.

The example set by two serious novelists, Miss JANE and Miss MARY FENDLATER, in their latest venture, *Penny Moneypenny*, is, we fear, far too striking to escape the homage of wholesale imitation.

Already we hear of novels which are being written by various authors to fit the following titles.

Merry Mr. Amery: a Romance of Tariff Reform.

Bilious Billy Byles.

John Redmond and Alf redMond.

Troubles of an Editor.

"'Ever green' was Sir Joseph Sykes Rymer's jocular reference to the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in his speech proposing the election of the Lord Mayor, and not 'very green,' as given in our issue of yesterday."—*Yorkshire Herald*.

"Numbers of well-known faces from the Rand and Kimberley are working hard."

Johannesburg Sunday Times.

Even in England we have seen faces which have done too much work.

THE FAIR WINELAND.

[" It must be regarded as certain that the Norsemen discovered the continent of North America, besides Greenland, about 500 years before Cabot (and Columbus). . . . There seemed to be little doubt that there was a close connexion between Irish legends and the Icelandic tales of voyages to Wineland and the other lands in the West. In the old Irish legends there was a whole world of such fortunate islands in the Western ocean, which had names very similar to that of Wineland."]

Dr. Nansen.]

A POLITICAL meeting has recently been held, comparable only to the famous Carlton Club gathering, to discuss the important bearings of Dr. NANSEN's statements about the discovery of Wineland upon the forthcoming Home Rule Bill. Mr. TIM HEALY presided, and amongst those present were Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. GEORGE CADBURY, Lord IVEAGH, Mr. JOHN JAMESON, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in disguise.

Mr. HEALY, in opening the proceedings, observed that Dr. NANSEN had admitted that Wineland, which was universally accepted as an established fact to be part of America, was identical with the Fortunate Islands which were discovered by Irish navigators about 500 years before CABOT and COLUMBUS. The Norwegians put in a claim to the discovery, but the hardihood of the Norsemen was proverbial. In his opinion no scheme of Home Rule could be tolerated for a moment which did not include as an integral part of Ireland the territories discovered by their fearless forefathers.

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN said that he endorsed every syllable that had fallen from the lips of his intrepid colleague. But while they were all agreed in principle, divergence of opinion in details was possible. For example, any proposition that emanated from the tortuous brain of JOHN REDMOND they were bound to reject with contumely even before they knew what it was. Another point was this: ought the new territories to be merged in the name of Greater Ireland, or ought Ireland to yield to the claims of Wineland?

Lord IVEAGH said that with great respect he thought that Wineland as a name must go. It was no doubt a picturesque name and rhymed with Rhineland. But it was not in correspondence with fact. If they were to change the name of Ireland to any name connected with drink, he ventured to suggest Stoutland or Porterland as the obviously appropriate designation.

Mr. JOHN JAMESON strongly demurred to this suggestion. Stout was unknown in Ireland in the days of ST. BRENDAN, BRIAN BOROMHE or OWEN ROE



Arthur Norris. 1911

Country Cousin. "DON'T YOU FIND IT VERY TRYING TO HAVE EVERYONE TURNING ROUND AND STARING?"

Town Lady (with a sigh). "ONE HAS TO HARDEN ONESELF TO IT."

O'NEILL, whereas the fame of usquebaugh was established in the days of the earliest Milesians. He would propose that Wineland be called either Whiskeyland or, as a compromise, Punchland.

Mr. GEORGE MOORE said that he had already several times shaken the dust of Ireland from his feet for ever, but Dr. NANSEN's discovery was of such interest and importance that it had re-established a connexion between himself and his native country. But any desire on the part of those present to re-name Wineland after himself was doomed to failure, however much they might press it, as Mooreland had a Scottish ring, which is what he could not tolerate.

Mr. GEORGE CADBURY drew attention to the Cocos Islands, first discovered by that intrepid circumnavigator, Captain COE; but he was instantaneously removed by two teetotal members of the

Society of Friends, who insisted that even to be in a room where a country named Wineland was being discussed was *contra bonos mores*.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR was understood to say that never in the whole course of his picturesque and adventurous career had he been at a meeting more remarkable for the genius and beauty of those present.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that he was a Eustace Milesian and a teetotaler, but he was no bigot. Names never corresponded with realities, and so long as they sounded well that was all that mattered. Wineland was as good a name for John Bull's Other Island as Ireland; but he must say that he objected to be referred to as the most brilliant of living Winishmen, which would, of course, be his fate if the change were made.

The meeting was then broken up with shillelaghs.

AMERICA IN LONDON.

NEVER in any opera-house at home or abroad have I seen a crowd so strange and exotic as that which paced the luxurious *foyers* of Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN's new building in the intervals of the first performance. Among the New Yorkers, conspicuously responsive to the loud welcome of their illustrious compatriot, there were types to which the epithets of BROWNING's *Lippo Lippi* might well be applied: they were indeed a "bowery flowery" company. A sprinkling of the Old Guard from the headquarters of Grand Opera, with whose names we are so painfully familiar in the columns of the social press, had come to sample the new enterprise and lent to this remarkable gathering an atmosphere of hallowed tradition.

Talking of atmosphere, I learn from my programme that "the air-heater is capable of raising the temperature 40 degrees." I can quite believe that on the opening night the capacities of the Americo-Turkish Bath system had been tried to the full, for I was well on towards the shampoo stage by the time I reached my place in the Pit. No such name, of course, was given to the locality where my comfortable stall was situated, but it lay far back under the depressing weight of the first tier of boxes, and I had to be content with such waves of sound as chanced to penetrate its remote recesses.

The decoration of the interior seemed to lack severity. The unavoidable ugliness of the bulging box-fronts was not improved by the restless relief-work which adorned them, or by the superfluity of statues on attached pedestals which choked the intervals.

Before speaking of the performance let me say at once that Mr. HAMMERSTEIN was pleased with his audience. At the end of the Third Act he came before the curtain and made a speech to the following effect: "I thank you for your flattering reception. [Here it seemed that the speaker referred to his notes.] All I wish is to deserve your respect, your friendship and your admiration." So, you see, there is no question of money at all. And this bears out the statement of my programme which refers to Mr. HAMMERSTEIN's "abstinence from connecting art with commercialism" as one of the "factors which are bound to bring success to such an undertaking."

The opera itself—*Quo Vadis*?—was frankly spectacular. Except in the First Act, where nothing particular occurred, the music, both vocal and orchestral, was dominated by the scene and the action, and left an impression

that was largely negative. Very little chance was given for star-work in a scheme where no one was of exceptional importance, unless perhaps it was *St. Peter* (Mr. FRANCIS COMBE), who for the best part of a whole scene had his audience, both on and off the stage, all to himself. The honours of the evening went to the stage-manager, M. JACQUES COINI, and the scene-painter, M. PAUL PAQUEREAU. Nothing more clever could be devised than the scene on the banks of the Tiber, with its bridge going away in very difficult perspective; and the representation of the interior of the Coliseum was of an amazing brilliancy. The crowd, too, was more intelligent and versatile than any I have ever met outside the walls of His Majesty's



MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

"It's your admiration I want."

Theatre, and should be a lesson to the stuffy and stereotyped supers of Covent Garden. The attitudes as well as the singing of the Christians in the scene where *St. Peter* enters their prison to console and inspire them showed extraordinary sympathy and understanding. And in the Coliseum, where the spectators rush on to attack *Nero* and are met by the armed Prætorian Guard, the rough-and-tumble which ensued was absolutely terrifying in its realism.

SIENKIEWICZ's novel, which I have not had the advantage of reading, is of course too long and intricate for connected reproduction in operatic form. Even so, a more logical sequence might have been achieved in these detached scenes. Thus, the affair of *Eunice* and *Petronius*, to which a lot of unnecessary attention is drawn in the First Act, was completely suspended through the three succeeding Acts (to say nothing of an hour or so of interval)

and only resumed about 11.30, after I had withdrawn from the various seats, in box and stall, placed at my disposal by hospitable friends. The argument supplied in the programme was also of the spasmodic kind. Thus:—"Poppæa, wife of Nero, taxes Petronius with having brought another woman to the side of Nero [this was the first we had heard of this episode]. He protests. Nero's guests enter and hail Poppæa. Vinicius and Lygie are left alone in the garden."

The chief thread that held together the looseness of the plot was the minor part played, and very well played, by "Mr." FIGARELLA, as *Chilo*, a sorcerer who described himself correctly enough as "*un philosophe incompris*." He does the dirty work of the play and gets killed in the arena for his pains. I would sooner have seen the killing of *Croton* by *Ursus*, for they were both heavy-weights, whereas the feather-weight *Chilo* was no match for a couple of large Prætorians. But this was done off. So, too, was the episode in which *Ursus* breaks the neck of the bull, the latter hampered by having *Lygie* bound to his horns. You might naturally wonder how a turn like this, performed in the open arena, could escape the eyes of the audience. But Mr. HAMMERSTEIN's Coliseum, noble and practicable though it may be, is not the thing that we all know so well in Rome. It was shaped more like the Metropolitan Inner Circle, with spectators on both platforms. The killing of *Chilo* was done before our eyes at High Street, Kensington, as it were; but the bull's neck was fractured round the corner at Gloucester Road, so to speak. Another improvement on tradition occurred in the scene of the burning of Rome (a very subtly-contrived effect to which I venture to invite the attention of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS). The schoolboy is always given to understand that *Nero* marked this historic occasion by a solo on the fiddle. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN has corrected that error. His *Nero* did not fiddle; he lyred.

It is futile to prophesy about the ultimate success of the London Opera House. One is, of course, predisposed to welcome any competition that threatens to arouse the Syndicate at Covent Garden from the contented indifference of the monopolist; but unless we are to have a State-subsidised Opera at reasonable prices (and Mr. HAMMERSTEIN's intervention does not encourage that prospect) there would not seem to be room in London for two enterprises devoted to "Grand" Opera (appalling epithet). Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM has shown that there is a sufficient demand for Light Opera, but

the Kingsway edifice is on too gigantic a scale for so modest a purpose, and our new *impresario* insists on the grandeur of his undertaking. "Grand Opera," says my programme, on a note of authority, "can only succeed when it is presented 'Grand' in every detail."

Away, however, with those pessimists who hazard the conjecture that within a couple of years the London Opera House will have been turned into a glorified "Coliseum,"—seeming to detect a sinister omen of this conversion in the presentation, on the opening night, of the ancient gladiatorial arena which bore that name. It is sufficient at present that Mr. HAMMERSTEIN, if I dare attach so frivolous a phrase to motives confessedly so lofty, has done a sporting thing. O. S.

OUR ACTIVE ADMINISTRATORS.

A DIARY OF DEPARTMENTAL DEVOTION.

November 11.—The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY embarks at Portsmouth in a destroyer for a two-hours' run.

November 13.—Mr. PEASE, the President of the Board of Education, devotes himself to the study of the Binomial Theorem and takes lessons from an elementary school-master in parsing, reading music at sight, and the use of the globes. Enthusiasm of Sir ROBERT MORANT, who issues a confidential circular to all inspectors on the inadequacy of a university education.

November 14.—Mr. McKENNA, accompanied by Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN, arrives at Scotland Yard this morning, and after the necessary changes in his toilet goes for a trial run in the new motor Black Maria D5. This splendid vehicle is the largest employed by the police and is the only one of her class, her wheel-base measuring 24 feet and her horse-power being estimated at 75.90. On returning from his run Mr. McKENNA expresses cordial satisfaction with the vehicle, saying wittily that "Maria was not so black as she was painted." Scotland Yard dissolved in Homeric laughter.

November 15.—Mr. RUNCIMAN, the new President of the Board of Agriculture, enters to-day on his interesting experiment of living for a week exclusively on turnips and carrots supplied by the Gladstone League, and devoting one hour every day to scaring rooks.

November 16.—Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, descends in a parachute from a captive balloon at Blackpool, amid scenes of unexampled enthusiasm.

November 17.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, accompanied by the Board of Admiralty, proceeds to Portsmouth,



Reporter (attending fashionable wedding). "CAN YOU FIND ME A SEAT?—THE PRESS."
Verger. "I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR—THE SQUASH."

and having been carefully packed in cotton-wool is discharged from a torpedo tube and picked up by a hydroplane in the Solent. Mr. CHURCHILL, who expresses himself as delighted with the experience, rides back to London, like a true sailor on shore, on a hired horse.

November 18.—Mr. PEASE, entering incog. for an examination in arithmetic at a provided school in Bermondsey, is ignominiously ploughed. Consternation of Sir ROBERT MORANT, who issues a confidential circular to all primary schoolmasters, advising them to avoid over-pressure.

November 20.—Mr. McKENNA pays a surprise visit to Holloway Gaol, takes exercise in the courtyard with the inmates, lunches off bread and skilly, and spends an hour in the padded cell.

November 21.—Mr. PEASE gives a lesson in polo at Hurlingham to the junior pupils of the Worpole-road Wesleyan School.

November 22.—The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY enters for a yacht race on the Round Pound and in the evening recites "Admirals All" at a concert in aid of the training ship *Mercury*. Has a round of grog before turning in.



The Vicar (ending speech). "AND SO WE HAVE DECIDED TO PRESENT MR. SMITH WITH AN HONORARIUM ON HIS DEPARTURE."
Villager. "I OBJECT! WHAT I SAYS IS GIVE 'IM SOMETHING USEFUL. WHY! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHETHER HE CAN PLAY THE THING."

HIT OR MISS.

I'm off, Sir, off on my way to Kent;
 To shoot the pheasant is my intent.
 When most of the leaves are off it's pleasant—
 You know it yourself—to shoot the pheasant;
 So imagine me setting out from here
 With all my luggage and shooting gear.

I've packed (and so has my man) with care,
 And all I can ever want is there;
 All the manifold apparatus
 That makes the porters at stations hate us:
 Parcels, boxes and bags and cases
 To bring the sweat to their purple faces.

And yet I know when the train has glided
 Out of the station with me inside it;
 When I run through my list of things again
 There will come a panic, a shock, a pain.
 To strike me awake and so remind me
 Of the things I need, but have left behind me.

But still I'm off by the 3.18
 With my cartridge-bags and my magazine
 (A servant-daunter, a true man-fagger
 That'll make the most muscular footman stagger),
 And a pair of guns of a tidy kind,
 And a shooting stick, and a hopeful mind.

Now, whatever the noble pheasant is,
 He isn't a fool; he knows his biz.
 If you or I were as good as he
 They'd pay us to go to Tripoli
 To teach the fellows who man the works
 To dodge the lead of the fighting Turks.

He sometimes tries, as I try in rhyme,
 To strike the stars with his head sublime;
 And, lo, when you meet him next, he swerves,
 Like a mathematician describing curves;
 And whenever he does you may be sure
 His curves have a double curvature.

And next, to harass your mind with doubt,
 He takes to his wings and he flies straight out;
 For the top of your head he seems to go
 In the line of a bee when a bee flies low.
 You give it him twice to save your head,
 And you come to yourself—but he isn't dead.

So far I have mentioned the bird as "him";
 But everyone knows that the hen's as slim.
 She isn't so shot with green and blue,
 And she seems to refuse to be shot by you.
 You may shoot with all that you most prefer
 In powder and shot, but you can't hit her.

But sometimes—oh, it's a blessed day!—
 Your heart is light and your spirits gay;
 There isn't a brow that's less in frown,
 For the birds get up and you pull them down.
 Rich (and rare) is the bliss you win
 When your eye, which nobody wipes, is in.

So my traps are packed and I'm off to Kent;
 To shoot the pheasant is my intent.
 You'll stick to your desk, like a mortared brick,
 While I am stuck to my shooting stick;
 But, whatever my luck with the birds may be,
 I venture to hope that you'll miss me.



THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

ADVANCED DEMOCRAT (to Foreign Secretary). "LOOK HERE, WE'VE DECIDED THAT THIS ISN'T TO BE A PRIVATE ROOM ANY MORE; AND YOU'RE TO PUT YOUR CARDS ON THE TABLE AND THEN WE CAN ALL TAKE A HAND."

FOREIGN SECRETARY. "WHAT, AND LET MY OPPONENTS SEE THEM TOO?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 13.—It is not solely on the race-course that an outsider wins. Case of BONAR LAW elected to Leadership of Opposition brings parallel with singular closeness home to Westminster. There were three probable starters, BONAR LAW with characteristic modesty standing last in the betting. A few close students of Parliamentary form recognised his supremacy, but were not bold enough to anticipate that it would triumph over certain disabilities. For eleven years he has sat in Parliament commanding attention of House whenever he took part in debate. Had he been nephew of a Duke or cousin once removed of a Viscount he would at least have been made Chancellor of the Exchequer when the post fell vacant on break-up of PRINCE ARTHUR's first Administration consequent on explosion of DON JOSÉ's Protection bomb. As it was, being something in the iron business in Glasgow, he had an Under-Secretaryship tossed him, a concession extorted by sheer capacity.

That for the last six years he ranked on the Front Opposition Bench second only to Prince ARTHUR, is a circumstance that has upon more than one occasion been insisted upon by that impartial, impeccable judge, the MEMBER FOR SARK. For himself he made no moan, patiently looking on, probably hoping for better things some day; certainly not dreaming of the prize which by strange chance has fallen into his hands. Meanwhile, to his added credit, be it remembered that he remained faithful to the Chief to whom he was indebted for opportunity



LEADERS OF FASHION.

The latest thing in winter hats for Stoke-on-Trent.

(MR. JOHN WARD.)



"HIS BLUSHING HONOURS THICK UPON HIM."

(The new LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION bends meekly before a tempestuous welcome.)

to place his foot howsoever low down on the ladder of fortune.

To the country at large he is a dark horse. In the House of Commons he is recognised as one of its most powerful debaters. Speaking chiefly on questions relating to Tariff Reform he has occasionally fallen into the acerbity of manner and acrimony of tone common to that controversy. These are not habits indigenous to his nature, and will not re-appear in the lofty station to which it has pleased a curious concatenation of circumstance to call him.

He may not be expected to climb to Olympian height on which the Lost Leader stood. He will more probably follow on the lines laid down for his own guidance by W. H. SMITH, also a business man hurriedly brought in at a moment of peril to save the Conservative Party from destruction. And "Old Morality" turned out to be one of the most successful Leaders known to the House of Commons.

Business done.—Insurance Bill again.

Tuesday.—At a time when, as Mr. PIRIE complains, the country is being anti-democratised (the wary SPEAKER said he would like to see the word in

writing before ruling on question it raised) by permanent officials in the Scottish Office, it is well to have in House of Commons a retired warrior of the breadth of view of COLONEL YATE. Like *Ben Battle*, who, having "lost his legs in Badajos' breaches," completed dislocation by "laying down his arms," the gallant Colonel is on retired list. This gives opportunity for fixing his eye on Foreign Office and keeping EDWARD GREY up to mark. In fine form to-day, having no fewer than ten questions on the paper. True, they were numbered only five. But by strategic use of "and whether" he was able to double them. Also it must be admitted he actually had in hand only two subjects,—to wit the insecurity of roads in Persia and the safety of Maltese British subjects at Banghazi.

But the Colonel did not march to Khandahar for nothing, nor was he at the bottom of the Pendjeh Incident without bringing home experience valuable when bombarding Treasury Bench. Instead of packing his questions in two parcels and handing them in at door of Foreign Office, he takes portions of his allegations, makes them up, so to speak, in form of pills, and



A SCRAP WITH THE "MHOLLY MHAGHUIRES."

"WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY have a little scrimmage with the Redmondites."

administers them one at a time to the FOREIGN SECRETARY. When, having answered Question 15 on the paper, that hapless Minister thinks he has finished with the Maltese residents at Banghaz, the wily warrior comes up on his flank with Question 16, repeating the enquiry with the added information that "eight were killed and several wounded during the bombardment; and whether he can give any information on the subject."

As for the roads in Southern Persia, they, extending over hundreds of miles, afford the COLONEL full scope for "and whether." A lesser man really anxious for information would have put his query in a sentence of twenty words. The Colonel appropriates Numbers 6, 7 and 8 on the Question paper requiring three separate answers from the Minister.

This seems to involve waste of public time, both at Foreign Office and in the House. But the Colonel's delight in the performance is so keen, not to say so gurgling, that only the most churlish would deny him.

Business Done.—Getting on slowly but surely with Insurance Bill in Committee. On Clause 59, now in hand, touch fringe of Home Rule question. England, Ireland and Scotland severally

to have charge of particular sections when administering the Act. This brings wigs on green below Gangway. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY have a little scrimmage with the Redmondites, who sharply counter. How different fraternal attitude of Scotch Members! HENRY DALZIEL having made a suggestion, EUGENE WASON, raising his vast bulk from corner seat above Gangway, said he "would be glad to find himself in the same boat with his Honourable Friend." DALZIEL not so enthusiastic in reception of proposal as might have been expected. SARK says he was thinking that before he embarked he would like to know the tonnage of the boat.

Friday.—ROWLAND HUNT sits in accustomed place behind Front Opposition Bench in state of deepest gloom. His Parliamentary fame was made by a chance, irrelevant yet eloquent, allusion to BOADICEA, whose statue had recently been erected on Westminster Bridge. Actually he has much more important claim to distinction. All very well for the Die-Hards and their offspring, the Halsbury Club, to boast that they got rid of PRINCE ARTHUR. It was ROWLAND HUNT who first raised the standard of revolt, soundly lecturing his esteemed Leader in hearing of amused House.

PRINCE ARTHUR, at the time not acclimatized to that sort of thing, regarded the episode rather angrily. Consequence was the Party whip was withheld from ROWLAND, who, in response, gave them an Oliver in the assertion that he thought he could live without it. As a matter of fact the disagreement was patched up and he received his whip as before.

Nothing can deprive him of the distinction of being pioneer in the movement which last year WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE took in hand. And now, when there arises necessity of filling up the gap, no one even mentioned ROWLAND HUNT's name in the list of candidates.

"Always remember what BOADICEA remarked in analogous circumstances," said ROWLAND, with suspicion of a sob in his voice:

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves."

"Never mind, old man," said SARK, "no one can deprive you of your precedence. Did you ever notice, by the way, that whilst these Die-Hards noisily shouted their determination to terminate their existence in the last ditch, the only man who is killed is PRINCE ARTHUR?"

"There's another corpse," said ROWLAND HUNT, in hollow tone well calculated to make the flesh creep.

"Where is it?" asked SARK, unconsciously sniffing round.

"It was the Unionist Party," replied ROWLAND, moodily gazing at the back of the meek head of the new Leader seated below him in PRINCE ARTHUR's familiar place.

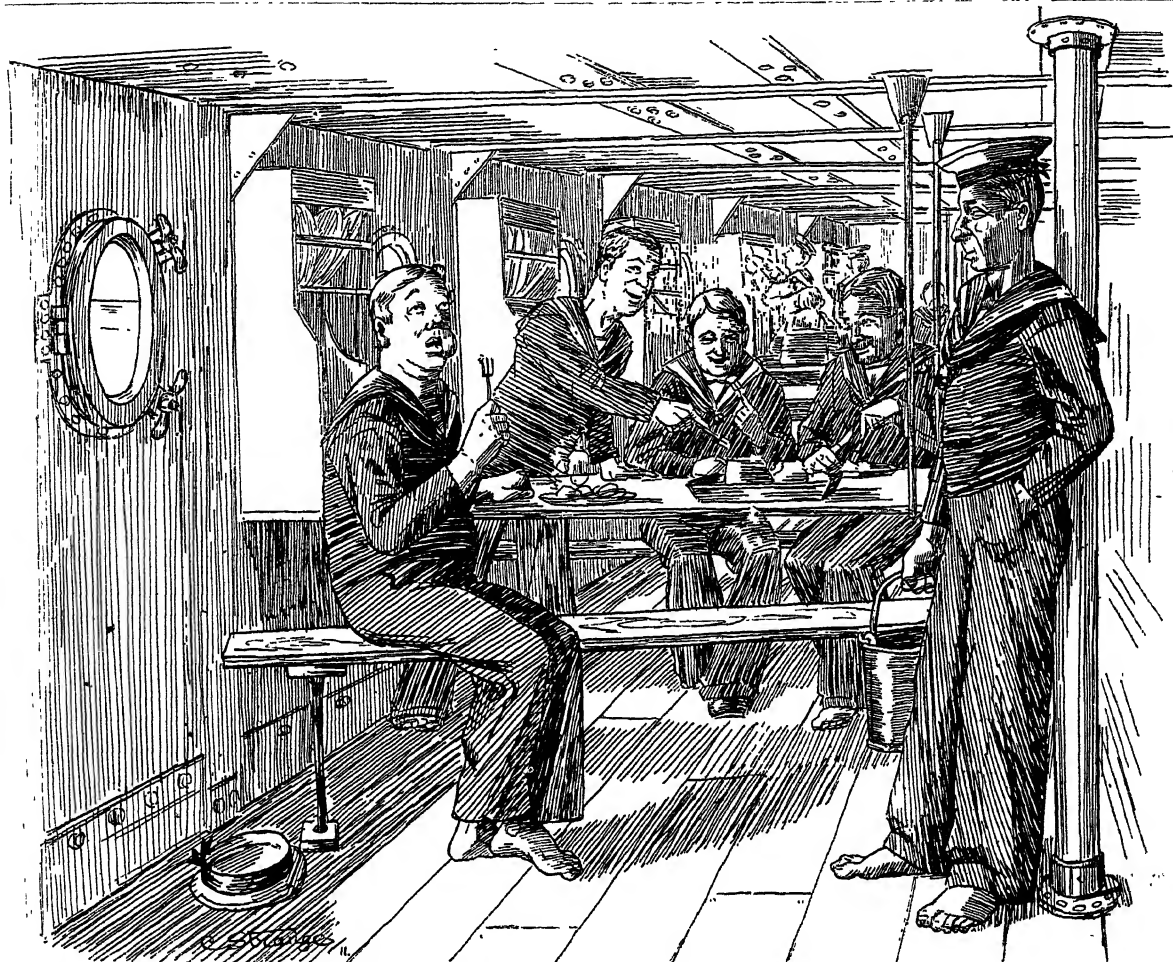
Business done.—Scotch Small Landowners again take the floor. Do sword dance round flustered figure of LORD ADVOCATE.



BOADICEA SUPPLANTED.

"Moodyly gazing at the back of the meek head of the new Leader."

(MR. ROWLAND HUNT.)



The Ship's Pork Connoisseur. "1904 AGAIN! NOT A BAD YEAR, BUT WE NEVER GET 1900 NOW."

JUST NOT JULY.

[A poetic hallucination induced by the first vivid accounts of Antipodean cricket in the *Evening Press*.]

TELL me not that dull November
Hides the distant view with fog;
Ask not Jane to poke the ember;
Down the rides no huntsmen jog;
Roses gleam on yonder thicket,
All the glade is loud with bees,
Heard ye not the lunch-time cricket
Crying "WARNER at the wicket"
In its rare old journalese?

Must I have hot chestnuts foisted
On me as I pace the street,
When the centuries are hoisted
And loud cheers their coming greet?
Fetch me ice. We pant like niggers;
Phæbus scorches up the slopes;
GUNN, despite the howling's rigours,
Gets the coveted three figures
With an on drive to the ropes!

WOOLLEY opens with a single,
Followed by a sparkling four;
Shall I crouch beside the ingle,
Listening to the oak-log's roar,
When I hear how bowler's toss 'em
Up, or sling 'em down like fun

In the land of the opossum?
No, I say, the roses blossom;
Larks are rising to the sun.

Yes, my sweet-mouthed evening paper,
I can hear the cushat's note;
Gone the dank autumnal vapour;
I can cast my overcoat;
Calendars with truth have paltered,
Almanacs with lying lips
Told me that the sun had faltered;—
With the total still unaltered
BARNES is captured in the slips.

One thing only, news-controller,
Bids me check the loud hurrah—
What about the heavy roller?
Was that requisitioned? Ah!
Had you told me that, all Tooting
Should have seen me, as I read,
To the gay-robed Dryads fluting,
In my lightest summer suiting,
With a straw-hat on my head.

"The ancient ceremony of taking wroth silver for the Earl of Dalkeith was observed on Saturday. . . . The small sons collected from twenty-seven parishes were placed in a hollow stone."—*Evening Standard*.

As a Suffragist said on a notable occasion—Is this Russia?

TINDISPOSITION.

[We cannot claim originality for the above *jeu d'esprit*. It was a contemporary who gave to an article on the same theme—the discovery that tin can catch cold—the brilliant title *Tinfluenza*.]

OWING to severe catarrh Mrs. Browne-Windsor's kettle has had to cancel all public engagements, and she regrets that she will therefore be unable to receive her friends to-morrow afternoon.

Mr. T.P. Billson begs to state that owing to his tin of shaving-soap having caught a bad chill he will not be able to present himself at the office this morning.

Mrs. Willoughby de Smythe presents her compliments to the Grocery Stores and begs to return the sardines sent, as they are not at all well. The indisposition (apparently influenza) was obviously contracted by association with the tin in whose care they travelled. She hopes that in future the Stores will take care to engage only really robust tins for this purpose.

THE VERY DICKENS IN FRANCE.

THE sudden passion displayed by Paris playgoers for dramatised versions of DICKENS' novels would be more gratifying to us if the dramatists had left well alone. But when a version of *David Copperfield* turns Mr. Micawber into a schoolmaster of the type of *Squeers* and introduces *Fagin's* thieves' kitchen we are divided between admiration of such ingenuity and grief that the real thing should be avoided.

Forthcoming productions on similar lines will be devoted to *Oliver Twist* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

In the French version of *Oliver Twist*, Mr. Bumble is not only a workhouse official, but in his spare time the affable and humorous driver of a stage coach, with a rooted dislike of widows. *Fagin* remains, but a scene has been written in for him from the *Merchant of Venice*, the French translator apparently believing that DICKENS also wrote *Shakespeare*, and he asks in eloquent tones: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" to which *Bill Sykes* replies, in thieves' argot, "Ay, and hooks." *Nancy* takes a prominent part, but spends a great deal of time in the company of Mr. Brownlow, who has become a confirmed gambler, and together they wander from fair to fair. As for *Oliver Twist*, he has not been tampered with, except that he is very fat and is always going to sleep.

In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. Pecksniff is the principal character, but to increase the interest of the part he is not only an architect but a miser with a late partner named Marley, who appears to him as a ghost whenever he has done anything peculiarly base. Mrs. Gamp, the other prominent figure, not only sues him for breach of promise but forces his architectural pupils to eat brimstone - and - treacle. Pecksniff's two daughters wear harem skirts and are both engaged in Mr. Mantalini's dressmaking business, where they meet not only Jonas Chuzzlewit and John Westwood, but Sir Mulberry Hawk, Barnaby Rudge and Sydney Carton. The comic scenes are provided by young Bailey, as in the book, but he is always accompanied by the Marchioness. The adaptation otherwise, we are glad to say, takes no liberties with the original.

"The average speed was no less than 1,100 kilogrammes."—*Daily Chronicle*.
Heavy work.

AT THE PLAY. "THE GLAD EYE."

The Glad Eye is undeniably funny. When *Gaston Bocard*, hiding from his wife in the gallery of the library, peers down to see what is going on below, and gets his head stuck between the rails, it is impossible not to laugh—particularly as *Gaston* is played by Mr. LAURENCE GROSSMITH; particularly, too, as we had only just finished laughing at the scene previous to this—in which *Galipaux*, the spiritualist, had prepared to ascend to the gallery to fetch a certain book, and *Gaston*, with the one idea of preventing the



THE GLAD EYE AT WORK.

Kiki Miss ETHEL DANE.
Galipaux Mr. E. DIGNALL.

discovery that now seemed imminent, had snatched the book from its shelf and dropped it into the room. Perhaps you wonder how after this *Gaston* could have remained undiscovered. He hardly had time to wonder himself, for to his great surprise *Galipaux* regarded the falling of the book as a psychic manifestation, and stood there willing more books to come down.

Undeniably funny, then, and undeniably ingenious is *The Glad Eye*; and also undeniably vulgar. The stuffy atmosphere of the French farce hangs over it all. Husbands who want a few nights in Paris away from their wives, and wives who can be compensated for their husbands' unfaithfulness by pretty clothes; the lover, the elderly philanderer, the girl with the glad eye, and all the rest of it—

one needs to be either very innocent or very *blasé* to get through an evening at the Globe without a qualm.

But still, funny. Funny without a doubt, and most ingenious. We laughed incessantly throughout the evening. Mr. LAURENCE GROSSMITH was perfectly delightful as *Gaston*; good as many of the other players are, it is Mr. GROSSMITH who makes the play. But it is all very funny . . . and oh, so unlively. M.

PROBLEMS FOR PLAYWRIGHTS.

Now that an academy for dramatists has again been mooted, and in view of the many volumes of instruction in the art that are published, we have pleasure in anticipating the following examination paper:—

A.—For the Classical Side only.

1. What is a "curtain"; and how should it be led up to?

2. What is the legal position of the hero of a melodrama who is discovered kneeling beside the corpse of a total stranger? What facts would justify the governor of the convict prison in subsequently permitting him unlimited emotional interviews with the heroine?

3. What (also in melodrama) is the meteorological influence of a financial reverse for the good characters? Illustrate by the conduct of snow-storms.

4. Explain "A Cup and Saucer Comedy," "A Bedroom Drama," "An artistic rather than a financial success" (one word only).

5. What do you understand by "the sketch limit"? If a one-act play at a music-hall can rightly be described as "the limit," does this *ipso facto* make it illegal?

6. (For musical-comedy candidates.) Into any serious scene introduce, with not more than three lines of dialogue as warning, an extra lyric beginning "*Mary married a motor-man*."

B.—For the Modern Side only.

1. What is a "curtain"; and how can it be avoided?

2. Discuss, with reference to recent dramatic history, the maxim "Words were given us to obscure our plots."

3. Why should realism only concern itself with the lower middle-class?

4. What (if anything) do you understand by "the fourth wall"? Consider a proposal that the proscenium arch should be permanently bricked in.

5. Sketch the scenario of a four-act play on the Insurance Bill.

6. "A Repertory play is one that is never likely to be repeated." Why not?

THE SERVANT STAMP.

A MISTRESS OF NINE.

DEAR SIR,—I send you particulars of my own case, not because I crave publicity—I abhor it—but because I believe it to be typical of tens of thousands of middle-class households throughout the land. Our means are moderate, and I can assure Mr. LLOYD GEORGE that every penny, nay every halfpenny, of my weekly house-keeping allowance is carefully allotted in advance to its respective purpose. Well, how in the world is it possible for me to meet this new and exorbitant tax? 2s. 3d. may not seem a very large amount—we keep nine servants, I should explain—but it simply means that we must go without some of the necessities of life.

I am, Yours, etc., DISTRACTED.

ONE WAY OUT.

DEAR SIR,—It means ceaseless irritation and weekly conflict within the home. It can't mean anything else. It means bitter hostility, by the very fire-side, between mistresses and servants who have lived together on terms of closest intimacy and even friendship. Cannot anyone with the slightest imagination foresee the Saturday morning scene when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's precious insurance card is being bandied back and forth from kitchen to drawing-room, accompanied by the defiant message, "Stick 'em on yourself!" It is intolerable, and I for one have already arranged to escape from the impost by going to live in Tripoli.

I am, Yours, etc., INDIGNANT.

SERVILE AND UNWHOLESOME.

DEAR SIR,—The thing may be necessary, but need it be made degrading? If it were only a question of dropping pennies into a slot, I for one would raise no objection. But this servile and unwholesome business of licking stamps—and gum never did agree with me—will unquestionably cause a revolt among the maids and mistresses of Britain. I keep four servants, and I may as well admit to you that I live in daily terror of them. I find it quite bad enough to have to ask them to perform the ordinary duties of the house. But I can't ask them to do this. I simply can't.

I am, Yours, etc., PANIC-STRICKEN.

MISAPPREHENSION.

DEAR SIR,—For my part I think the new law is going to be a great benefit to poor servant girls like myself who find it hard enough to afford postage. If we are to get three-penny-worth of stamps a week from the mistress there'll



"WHAT YOU GOT THERE, AUNTIE?"

"YOUR LITTLE BROTHER."

"Oo, he IS A FIBBER; I HAVEN'T GOT ONE!"

be a many more letters home, and a good thing too. I am, Yours, etc., GENERAL.

[Our Correspondent does not seem quite to have grasped the scope of the bill.—ED.]

THE BLUSH OF SHAME.

DEAR SIR,—I have seen no reference in the course of this correspondence to the pathetic case of the nursery governess. Why should she—who has perhaps seen better days, who is perhaps a *lady* (think of it!)—be dragged through the weekly ordeal of plastering nasty stamps on a grimy card? My blood boils when I think of the

blush of shame mantling her humble brow, the more so as this duty will doubtless have to be performed in the presence of that vast horde of prying, peering, callous, gossiping new officials, which is growing every day—the minions of a Radical Government.

I am, Yours, etc., RESISTANCE.

"Two constables gave evidence that they had seen the accused wandering about for the last week, and that he was in the habit of mixing with low class colliers in Pine Street."

Natal Advertiser.

This is the sort of thing that makes dogs dislike policemen.

MOTORIETIES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(With acknowledgments to "The Autocar.")

[No. 93,428.] "Nervous," in his letter [No. 89,601], says that on each of the two occasions when he has run over dogs he suffered severely from shock. May I say that I too used to experience such shocks and once strained my back axle in this way: but since fitting Bulger's shock-absorbers I have been able to take the largest dogs, and even sheep, at high speeds without inconvenience. "BROOKLANDS."

[No. 93,429.] "Veritas" in his last letter wilfully distorted what I said, and in so doing perjured himself. I did not say that the spring of the A.F.X. valve got "tired," I said it became "fatigued." Perhaps "Veritas" thinks that the words mean the same. If so I am sorry for him, as his education or his mental equipment must be sadly lacking. If "Veritas" will come to Ballyslughter I will prove my contention up to the hilt; and if, as I suppose, he is not allowed to travel alone, he may bring his attendant with him. "Veritas" should be careful not to use the term "blithering ignoramus," as it exactly describes himself.

TRUTH.

[Our readers will be glad to hear what "Veritas" has to say in reply to the above, as this valve is of absorbing interest to all motorists just now.—Ed.]

[No. 93,430.] I was interested to read "Gourmet's" letter (No. 72,052), and beg to place my experience at the disposal of your readers. "Gourmet" will find that the "flat" taste he complains of, and difficulty in making the water boil, will disappear if he takes my advice, as I always get excellent results, viz.: a large brew of tea of the finest flavour. First, then, he must empty the Radiator. It stands to reason that water which has perhaps been circulating round the engine for weeks cannot be relied on to produce tea of really good flavour. When emptied it is a good plan to run a gallon or two of clean water through the radiator and then fill up with fresh well or, preferably, spring water. Open the throttle full, shut off the air, disconnect the fan, put the spark back to its farthest, start the engine and boil up. This takes me with my 40 H.P. "Mogul" exactly seventeen seconds. When the water boils put the tea into the radiator enclosed in a sausage-shaped muslin bag with string attached so that it may be withdrawn when infusion is completed. This is a much better plan than allowing the loose tea

leaves to circulate, as they are apt to clog the draw-off cock and have then to be picked out with a hat-pin or, better, a crochet-hook, a tedious business at best. I may mention that while tea-making is in progress excellent buttered toast, may be made against the exhaust, which is, of course, red-hot, or a cutlet grilled to perfection.

TEMPERANCE.

[No. 93,431.] Teddy's suggestion [letter No. 85,611] that all roads where they enter and leave villages should have notices slung across from house to house stating the name of the place, quite takes the banana. The arrangement might be improved, however, by making the letters two feet high, as a twelve-inch letter is sometimes unreadable at high speeds. The name, too, should be printed in luminous paint (except where electric illuminations is possible), and on both sides of the board, as one frequently forgets the name of a place while buying petrol, &c., and likes to be reminded on leaving it. As proof how necessary some such device has become I may say that only last week I ran through York under the impression it was Selby, which place I had not noticed on the road at all; and a pal of mine lately mistook Blackburn for Rochdale, Rochdale for Bolton, and Bolton for Wigan, owing to a policeman telling him that Bradford was Leeds. UNDERGRADUATE.

[No. 93,432.] Last week I suffered precisely the same misfortune as that endured two years since by a dear friend of mine, now, I regret to say, slowly recovering from illness with exemplary patience. I was travelling from Birmingham to Oxford in the night-time, and going through Winter-bath, where the road turns about, I must have suffered some confusion of mind (although I was not aware of it at the time), for an hour later I found myself entering Birmingham again. Cannot the place be pulled down? If not, I greatly fear that many other motorists will be victimised in the same way, alas! RECTOR.

The Sunday Chronicle quotes The Manchester Guardian as follows:—

"Was it not Gladstone who once said—doubtless in a spirit of sprightly exaggeration—that a man of 40 could no more be made into a member of Parliament than a woman of 40 could be made into a ballot-girl?"

Votes for women of 40!

To-day's News in Brief.

"Sir John S. Randes finished his round but the truth, before the end of next year, the wages of our working classes."—Manchester Evening Chronicle.

INJURED GUILT.

He had been a good groom, as he will tell you himself, and had been dismissed from his groomship without, as he argues, adequate reason. The unfortunate dispute which led to his dismissal was at the most a difference of opinion. His view was that a groom is entitled, by way of perquisite, to take from the corn bin and carry home with him so much corn as a groom's hens require. His master held the opposite opinion; "but even if he was right," thought the groom, "surely a master ought not to sack his servant every time they disagree in an ethical argument? And, if he must dismiss me, it was adding insult to injury to accuse me of theft."

He gave the matter some thought during the following weeks, and a further consideration occurred to him: "When a man has been called a thief and has suffered for the alleged theft, surely he is entitled to some proceeds?"

So, having promised an orgie to his depressed poultry and having bided his time, he resorted quietly one evening, about a week after the termination of his service, to the stables of his old master, in search of vengeance and a last basket of corn. In his day the stable key had been religiously kept in a niche in the wall, close to the stable door, so concealed by the ivy that it could hardly be discovered, except by those who knew of its exact whereabouts. To a man so far removed from being wholly bad as to have an extremely high opinion of his wronged virtue, it was the last straw to discover that the door was locked and that the key was no longer lodged in that niche. A moment's consideration showed him that the reason of this change must be connected with himself.

"Well, I do think," he murmured bitterly—"I do think that they might have trusted me that far."

Lines by an Erratic Pluralist.

[The use of the form "Panjandra" by The Manchester Guardian has recently caused some stir in etymological circles.]

O adorable Cassandra!
Since the tyrannous Panjandra
On your movements keep an
ever-watchful eye;
Let us pack our *vade meca*
And elope to Costa Rica
On the speediest of motor omnibi.

"Junior Clerk, with Knowledge of Short-hand and Typewriting. Food Prospects for Capable Youth."—Advt. in "Melbourne Argus."
They mustn't overdo it. They mustn't pamper him. A snack once a week is enough for the first year.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 3.

(Sequel to No. 1, page 345.)

"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS."—As You Like It.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SHALL never understand why some writers are taken up by the public and others are ignored. Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK has been writing now for some years. Her books are looked forward to eagerly by the elect; each new story as it comes out is praised by the critics in the warmest terms. She must have been told a hundred times (and told with perfect truth) that she is "in the very front rank of modern novelists." And yet I doubt if one person in six has ever heard her name. Well, the loss is the public's, not Miss SEDGWICK's; and the public shall be given one more chance. *Tante* (ARNOLD) is the book this time. It tells the story of that colossal egoist, *Madame Okraska*, the famous pianist; of *Karen*, her adopted daughter, blind and devoted worshipper at the shrine of genius; of *Gregory Jardine*, who married *Karen* and saw through *Okraska*; of *Okraska's* bitter enmity towards him; and so, finally, of the choice between mother and husband which *Karen* had to make. Perhaps I should not have told you that *Okraska* was a fraud. Miss SEDGWICK herself is never in a hurry to describe her characters; she lets them impress their own personalities upon you. They act and talk without comment from the author, and in the end one knows them all the better for her restraint. *Tante* is a finely-told story, which will live with you for a long time after you have read it. And for the sake of the elect, who alone will appreciate what it means, I will add that it shows Miss SEDGWICK at her very best.

Other great novelists might descend with a certain loss of dignity from the cloudier heights of romance to the

realms of the purely topical; but not so Mr. HENRY JAMES. In *The Outcry* (METHUEN) he has touched upon a no less burning newspaper theme than the sale of a masterpiece (a supposed Moretto) by a great English nobleman to an American millionaire of the hustling variety. Additional interest is provided by the discovery on the part of a young and aspiring connoisseur that the picture is no Moretto after all, but the eighth Mantovano of the world, and on the strength of his enthusiasm this "detrimental" gains the heart of its aristocratic owner's daughter, who is about to resign herself to a marriage of convenience in order to square her sister's gambling debts. But, however soiled the subject may be with the mud of so recent a controversy, there is no alteration in the delightful methods of the author; hardly any character receives an answer, even to the lightest of remarks, until Mr. JAMES has put up a pretty little fence of psychological subtleties in front of it; and when the answer does come it is most commonly of that tentative, allusive kind (redeemed from complete improbability by a touch of slang or even an oath) with which we have grown familiar; and certainly as much as that of any of his previous books the style of *The Outcry* marks the apotheosis of the adverb. "He had his effect, and Lord Theign's answer, addressed to Lady Grace, made indifference very comprehensive. 'You may do whatever you dreadfully like!'" This is but one of a score of instances. May I respectfully suggest to the publisher that in future he should print below Mr. JAMES's titles on the front page, "By (quite charmingly) HENRY JAMES."

Bishop BOYD-CARPENTER accurately names his volume of reminiscences *Some Pages of my Life* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE). It is not an autobiography in the accepted

sense of an ugly word. It is just gossip, suggestive of the BISHOP seated by his own fireside, "going off," may I say? as recollections of a long, busy, distinguished life crowd upon his memory. To the task he brings the gift of ability to draw by few strokes a vivid picture of the persons of whom he chances to discourse. He has, moreover, the greater endowment of humour, flashes of which lighten every page. Not the least interesting chapters are the early ones, in which he recalls childhood days and lets the reader into the secret of his "Jinnies." This part of the book, its graphic touches and its inspiration of real childhood, recalls passages in *David Copperfield*, where *David* broods over incidents of a boyhood spent amid circumstances lamentably different from young CARPENTER'S early days. Whilst the writer, so long known to the world as the Bishop of RIPON, discourses about many people, there unconsciously moves through his story the figure of a sunny-natured, kind-hearted, earnest-souled man whom it is an impulse towards good to know, even through the medium of his book. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, in his *Festus*, spoke scathingly of Bishops. Many years after he wrote to express his regret. "It was knowing the Bishop of Ripon," he says, "that made me consider the lives of other Bishops, and finding such good men makes me wish to alter the passage." On laying down this delightful book the reader will understand the influence that led to this significant change of front.

It is easy enough to imagine a man of Dr. NANSEN'S calibre and industry sitting down to write a popular book of Arctic adventure, and being irresistibly drawn from his original purpose. In *Northern Mists* is long, possibly it may be overlong for those who like to acquire knowledge at top-speed, but its facts are simply stated and its ideas clearly set forth. At the end of these two most engrossing volumes Dr. NANSEN has not reached the history of Arctic voyages proper. As he began to be immersed in his subject he found that much that had been written was not to be depended upon. So, as he says, "what had to be done was to confine oneself to the actual sources, and as far as possible to build up independently the best possible structure from the very foundation." And "from the very foundation" he has started. His first chapter is called "Antiquity, before Pytheas," and afterwards he takes us down the ages with a fine scrupulousness for chronology. If from the extraordinary amount of information here given I had to select the matter of most enthralling interest to myself, it would be that which relates to the question whether the Greenlanders are to be considered the first Europeans to discover America. Dr. NANSEN answers it with an unqualified affirmative. That sent one's thoughts

flying sympathetically to boyhood's heroes, COLUMBUS and CABOT, and I was glad to find that they still form "the great turning-point in the history of discovery." One feels that they would be glad to know that this is Dr. NANSEN'S opinion of them.

Experts on geographical exploration have been waiting eagerly for this book, but I would fain thrust it into the hands of those also who scoff at everyone who is fascinated by the call of the unknown. I tender the distinguished author my respectful admiration and my warmest thanks for his labour of love. It is only justice to add a word of praise to Messrs. HEINEMANN for the way in which the book, with its countless illustrations, is presented.

Three shillings and sixpence net is all that they

will ask you for Mrs. EDITH WHARTON'S latest novel, *Ethan Frome* (MACMILLAN); but, while not wishing to be rude to a clever lady and an undeniably powerful little tale, I am bound to confess that personally I would sooner keep the money. Really, the book is an elongated short-story, of that rather depressing kind that starts by introducing its central character as a battered wreck, and then goes back to explain how this came about. It came about for *Ethan Frome* because he was so unfortunate as to fall in love with pretty *Mattie Silver*, soon after she arrived to help his invalid wife at their lonely farm—the scene of all this is, of course, laid in America. The growth of their unconfessed passion is certainly very well described; in particular the guilty joy they take in their apparent domesticity when supping alone during the temporary absence of the wife. There is beauty in this that would have better graced a better book.

Eventually the lovers, unable to bear the prospect of separation, agree to die together; their idea (to which I cannot help suspecting they were urged less by their own convenience than by a wish to give Mrs. WHARTON a dramatic climax) being to go full speed down a toboggan run, and smash into a tree. It was not a very happy scheme, as *Ethan* indeed acknowledged when he awoke to find himself permanently disfigured, and *Mattie* a hopeless cripple. So, for the rest of their long lives, there the three of them lived, in the lonely farm, invalid wife and maimed lovers, chained together, and nagging. Jolly, isn't it?

"At Southend on Saturday the resignation of Captain Kirkwood, member for the division, was accepted, and the Hon. Rupert Guinness was adopted as the prosperous Conservative candidate at the next General Election. Captain Kirkwood is retiring because of the expense of fighting elections in such a large constituency."—*Daily Graphic*. There is an ingenuousness about this which cannot offend anybody.



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

III.—GALILEO, WITH THE AID OF AN IMPROVED PLUMB-LINE, DEMONSTRATES THAT THE TOWER OF PISA IS NOT QUITE PERPENDICULAR.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Court of Appeal has held Form IV. and Form VIII. to be invalid. We understand, however, that this decision is to be the subject of a further appeal, and it is quite possible that the Government may find shortly that the House of Lords needs reforming.

Referring to this subject *The Globe* remarks:—"It is nothing less than scandalous that the myrmidons of Mr. GEORGE should have been suffered to practise this abominable blackmail and both an apology and liberal compensation are due to their victims." We fear, however, that they will only get Liberal compensation.

"A Fireside University" is the title given by *The Observer* to its notice of a really excellent series of books. In view of the proposals that have been recently made for a holocaust of books the title seems a little inconsiderate.

It seems almost incredible that it should not have occurred before to the Militant Suffragettes that the best way of proving their fitness for the franchise is to prove their ability to throwstones through people's windows. Did not the Greeks vote with pebbles?

A writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* draws attention to a trait which he alleges is peculiar—or almost peculiar—to women. They cannot punctuate. Recent events would certainly seem to show that a great many women do not know where to stop.

Senator Root suggests that, in celebration of 100 years of peace between Great Britain and the United States, all work shall cease in the two countries for five minutes on February 17th, 1915. This should be the shortest strike on record.

The American Navy Department has prohibited the chewing of gum aboard ship, on the ground that the habit is "objectionable and unmilitary." The men, however, hold that it is not unnaval, and resent the order, and they are assured that, if they only stick together, they will win on this gum question.

We are sorry to hear, by the way, that a number of mean persons are now making a habit of not stamping their letters, relying on the unfortunate recipients imagining that the stamps have come off in the post owing to the poor quality of the gum.

It is now stated that the KAISER's recent cold was due to the chilly reception of his Chancellor's Moroccan statement.

At last the Drama is to have a chance. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH announces that in a forthcoming theatrical production he will appear in a new collar of his own invention, which will be found to combine the comfort of

of sympathy with the Matlock tramway employes who, we are told, are threatening to strike "against longer hours." An hour of sixty minutes is surely quite long enough.

The Liverpool Repertory Theatre has followed the modern fashion of placing the orchestra out of sight underneath the stage. We are sorry to hear that this is taken as a slight by some of the more sensitive of the musicians, who assert that their personal appearance is no more regrettable than that of the average actor.

The cost of living continues to increase. Some Bacon which cost only £13 5s. in 1870 was sold for £1,950 at the Huth sale.



New Office Boy. "GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, SIR."

Busy Editor. "DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED BY ANYBODY WHATSOEVER?"

New Office Boy. "I KNOW, SIR; BUT 'E WEARS SPATS!"

the soft double collar with the smart appearance of the starched linen kind. It is felt that if this should fail to draw the public then theatrical managers may as well shut up shop.

The Turks, we hear, were delighted with the floods at Tripoli. Having failed to cut off the water supply, they realised that the next best thing to too little water was too much of it.

The president of the King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor, has sent a letter thanking the organisers of the Coronation Aerial Post for a cheque for £937 14s. 2d., and stating that a bed in the hospital is to be named "The Coronation Aerial Post Bed." It should be a brave patient that undertakes to sleep in a bed with a name like that.

We entertain a considerable amount

Some Parliamentary Synonyms.

ANSWERING Mr. HEALY's question in the Commons the other day as to whether a redistribution scheme, following the reform of the franchise law next year, would be effectively passed through the House, Mr. ASQUITH oracularly replied, "Time will show!" We welcome this improvement on the rather hard-worked "Wait and see!" and beg to suggest to the right honourable gentleman a few other variants, more or less approximate:—

Eventualities will eventuate.

The facts will emerge subsequently.

The sequel will duly follow.

The answer is in the interrogative.

Che sarà sarà.

The honourable Member had better consult the pages of "Old Moore."

The ringing of these and similar changes would impart the freshness of a new parlour game into the aridity of Ministerial replies.

True Modesty.

"MOTHERS' MEETINGS.—We are going on very satisfactorily, and are making p-u-l-l-es, kn---ers, ch-n---es, p-tt---ts, etc., for the Waits and Strays Society."

Okhampton Deanery Magazine.

An advertised review says:

"Canon Sheehan has aimed at picturing for us something of the interior history of the French Revolution . . . He has revived old memories for the more mature among his readers."

This does not include us, to our great regret. We were just too late for it.

MASTER AND MAID.

"Ne sit anille tibi amor pudori
Horace, Carm. ii. 3.

[Being a further contribution to the Servant-Stamp Synonymism.]

THOMAS, I count it your affair, not mine;
 Yet on my heart 'tis laid
 To let you have a note, a privy line,
 Touching your parlour-maid:
 I wish, as one whose friendship, firm and fast,
 Has never shrunk from moral duty,
 To say that I have heard reflections passed
 Upon her striking beauty.

I see no blame in this; I fail to see
 Why this same Mary Ann
 Should ask for anybody's leave to be
 As lovely as she can;
 But there are men more curious in surmise,
 Eager to trace the sort of scandal
 To which a bachelor's *ménage* supplies
 An oh so obvious handle.

To such as these, when gossip grows too gay,
 I always answer, "Pish!"
 Thomas, I say, is cold; he has, I say,
 The nature of a fish;
 Incurious of the damsel's dainty air
 Who serves his soup and meat and pasties,
 He couldn't tell the colour of her hair
 Nor whereabouts her waist is."

Thus I defend you. Yet I have my fears;
 For in my head there rings
 This thought:—Proximity in time endears
 The most unlikely things;
 Some Saturday he'll come with sudden whirl—
 The Winged Boy that laughs at sages,
 And have you through the heart just when the girl
 Is being paid her wages.

For then, in your dim study, 'neath the lamp's
 Softened and shy regard,
 You two will be engaged in sticking stamps
 On her Insurance Card;
 And GEORGE's scheme (whatever else its use),
 Demanding this concerted action,
 May bring your heads together and induce
 Ancillary attraction.

Yet take no shame, my Thomas, should it come
 That lips which thus unite
 To damp the same intoxicating gum
 A dearer bond should plight;
 That those two tongues which started out to curse
 The loathed rôle of mere stamp-licker
 Should pledge their vows for better or for worse,
 For healthier or for sicker.

So may your virtue follow that advice
 Of HORACE (see above),
 Who urged his young friend not to be too nice
 About a slave-girl's love;
 So Marriage, by this democratic law,
 Shall stretch her social range, nor shall you
 Waste all those threepences, but she may draw
 Their full "surrender value."*

O. S.

* Strictly speaking, on the occasion of her marriage Mary Ann may only draw two-thirds of the surrender value of her policy by way of dowry, the remaining third being retained by the State for her benefit in the event of Thomas predeceasing her.

THE COLLISION.

I.

*From George Wadd, Brand Farm, Billsey, Beds., to
 Captain Henry Wilmer, The High Tower, Meltstone,
 Surrey.*

SIR,—I am now better and send enclosed account for repairs to my dog-cart damaged by your motercar three months ago the figger is put low but I do not want to charge more than nesenary I must also ask you to pay me £10 for personal injury to my health owing to shock to the sistem.

Yours respectfully.

II.

From Captain Henry Wilmer to George Wadd.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of yesterday I beg to say that I am astonished by the demand you make. On the occasion in question my car did certainly touch the wheel of your trap, but I was going dead slow, and the collision, such as it was, was so slight as to be hardly noticeable. Yet I perceive in the carriage-maker's bill for £20 10s. which you send me that you have ventured to have practically every portion of the trap repaired and refitted. I certainly shall not pay such an exorbitant charge. A half-crown would cover the whole extent of any damage done to the old shandry-dan. I don't quite understand what you mean by "personal injury to your health" and "shock to your system." Were you attended by a doctor? If so I shall be glad to have his name and see the details of his charges.

Yours faithfully.

III.

From George Wadd to Captain Henry Wilmer.

SIR,—When you run into me you must have been going fifty mile an hour. The collision was dredfull and must have been herd for miles every part of the cart was knocked about and the horse has not been himself since I write to you as a gentleman to a gentleman and I am sure you do not wish a poor man to suffer in these times wich are the worst farmers have been through for six weeks I could not hold a pen or lie down in my bed without screaming for the pain in the back of my neck and knees. My friends do not think I shall ever be the same man since in respect of what you say of a doctor I never let one of that sort handle me and I never will I've seen too many taken before their time through doctors meddling. Kindly send me your cheque for thirty pounds ten shillings and oblige

Yours waiting.

IV.

From Captain Henry Wilmer to George Wadd.

SIR,—Your demand is preposterous and I certainly shall not pay it. What I am ready to do is to send you £1 in full satisfaction of all claims. Please let me know if you are willing to accept this offer, which is made without prejudice.

Yours faithfully.

V.

From George Wadd to Captain Henry Wilmer.

SIR,—I am surprised you should wish to treat a poor man so I do not want your prejudice and you can keep it for yourself we are all in danger of our lives through motercars and the worst is they wont pay for damage done my friends say they never see a man get his spirits so broken as I am by your accident I was always a good eater and now I cant touch beef and all my beer turns inside me. But I dont want to be hard on a gentleman



THE GREAT BARRIER.

ICE MAIDEN (to Captain Scott). "COURAGE YOU HAVE, BUT YOU MUST HAVE GOLD TOO BEFORE I LET YOU PASS."

[There is grave fear lest the South Pole Expedition should fail for lack of funds. Contributions may be sent to Sir EDGAR SPEYER, 7, Lothbury, E.C.]



"IS YOUR BULL QUITE SAFE?"

"HE'S AW RIGHT—IF YE KEEP BACK FRAE HIS HEAD."

wich I suppose you are from your being a captain I will accept your £1 but I do so with prejudice.

Yours faithful.

VI.

From Captain Henry Wilmer to George Wadd.

SIR,—I enclose £1 and beg you will sign the accompanying form of receipt and return it to me.

Yours faithfully.

VII.

From George Wadd to Captain Henry Wilmer.

SIR,—The £1 received and paper signed am sending it you have treated me shameful and if you could see me now you would know what it means to a man of my age nothing is the same with me since your motorcar smashed me up but I will try to forgive you and if ever you come this way again I will be on the look out for you mind that. I always pay my reckonings.

Yours grateful.

"Mrs. Hetty Green, the world's wealthiest woman, celebrated her 71st birthday in New York on Tuesday. . . . Reporters went to congratulate her, and asked her how she kept so young."

Dublin Evening Mail.

The Press should mind its own business. A woman is as old as she says she is.

"The cast was mainly a familiar one, with Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens as Isolda, Herr Cornelius as Tristan, and Herr Van Rooy as Kurvenal.

* * * * *

The Kurvenal of Herr Van Rooy is always a beautifully-finished portrait."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Of the two we prefer VAN ROOY, as he is so much easier to hear.

THE TREASURE.

"May we see IT?"

The speaker put down her cup and turned from her hostess to the daughter of the house. A pink flush overspread the fair young face, and the man in the corner, who had heard of an engagement, became curious.

"Would you like to?" The question came shyly.

"We should simply love to."

The girl still hesitated, but at last rose in obedience to the reiterated requests and turned towards the door.

"Will you come then, please?" she said.

All followed upstairs. Before a door she paused and hesitated. Then turning the knob she entered.

She crossed the room and stood before a curtained recess, her friends creeping behind her.

"Is—IT—there?"

"Yes," she said softly, "IT is here."

The man, ignorant and wondering, waited. For a moment her small hand trembled on the curtain. Then she pulled it slowly aside. What the man saw was a gilded glass case, and upon a purple cushion within the case a stone.

"Is that IT?" they said.

"Yes," answered the fair young girl quietly,—“yes, that is the stone with which I broke Madame Chiffon's window. Nevermore shall they say that we women think more of shop windows than of the Cause!”

"July's Imperial Pictures (Limited) had promised the delivery of a film representing the adventures of Ulysses in Glasgow, Leeds, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Birmingham."—*Standard.*

His adventures in Glasgow are what we most want to see. Canny as they are in Scotland we think that the many-wiled Ulysses would have been too much for them.

THE NEW ANCESTOR WORSHIP.

MR. B. SIMMONS, jun., of Forest Gate, recently wrote to *The Daily Express* to express his indignation at the way in which people speak as if Ireland had always been in a savage and restless condition. "Such statements," he continues, "constitute an insult to the memory of my ancestor, BRIAN BOROHME, whose reign was one of unexampled peace and prosperity throughout Ireland." This noble and high-spirited protest has borne immediate fruit in a crop of similar letters addressed to *Mr. Punch*, out of which he has only room for the following:—

A "PARR" SCORE.

Recent correspondence on the subject of the KIPLING-FLETCHER *History of England* has given rise to some highly reprehensible remarks at the expense of HENRY VIII. Although it is the fashion nowadays to depreciate royalty, I cannot remain silent when an illustrious connexion by marriage is thus foully aspersed. As a collateral descendant of the only wife who had the privilege of surviving him, I have no hesitation in saying that HENRY was one of the kindest-hearted and most gentle of men.

HONORIA PARR (Miss).
The Lindens, Tulse Hill.

FRANCIS THE FLAWLESS.

Shakspeareans are not content with the ridiculous assertion that SHAKSPEARE wrote the plays which were published in his name; they add insult to injury by alleging that FRANCIS BACON was a venal judge. As a relative of this universal genius I have the best of reasons for stating that this is an infamous falsehood. The purity of the Bench in the days of ELIZABETH was absolutely unassailable.

ALBERT GAMMON.

The Dovecote, Dunmow.

SEMI-RAMIS VINDICATED.

I have recently read a book entitled *Twelve Horrible Women*, in which, to my infinite disgust, I discover a shocking account of my illustrious ancestress, SEMI-RAMIS. It is enough to state the simple fact that under her enlightened rule Assyria enjoyed adult suffrage, while the fraudulent practices of the

Chaldean astrologers were sternly suppressed and the advocates of Free Trade were absolutely dumbfounded by her irresistible personal charm.

MIRIAM BODGER.

49, *Asparagus Road, Oldham.*

THE PHENICIAN FAIRY.

Iconoclastic writers, who live by belittling the great, have lately turned their attention to DIDO, the Queen of Carthage, and have gone so far as to

SAYINGS OF THE WEAK.

(With acknowledgments to various contemporaries.)

SIR NORMAN HENRY. "I am confident of this—that we shall never see industrial peace in this country until the present Labour unrest is over."

PROVOST OF KIRKSPINDLIE. "The question is often asked, 'Stands Scotland where she did?' and after careful examination I am emboldened to say that the answer is in the affirmative."

REAR-ADMIRAL SIMPKINS. "To protect our shores we must have ships; to man our ships we must have men. Both cost money, but both are imperative if we are to retain our command of the sea."

ALDERMAN PRATT. "I invariably find that those who say that England is going to the dogs are themselves either young puppies or old curs. 'The Gloomy Dean' is, of course, an exception."

MR. KENNARD NOAKES, F.R.I.B.A. "It is regrettable but true that good architecture has little or no interest for the criminal classes."

MISS FLORA BATEMAN. "Most women would rather wear pretty clothes than not."

DR. GORE-JONES. "The health of a community largely depends upon the elimination of disease."

LADY LLANTUCKET. "A good cook need not necessarily be a good Christian."

GENERAL HOUSTON. "Real war is about as unlike a Sunday-school treat as anything well could be."

MR. DAVID McTAGGART, M.P. "Kings and policemen in private life are very like ordinary human beings."

Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN, as reported in the *Cumbria Daily Leader*:—

"In the House of Commons they would have every weapon against them—the gag, the guillotine, the closure, and the candle rule."

The "candle rule" is that you have to stop speaking as soon as it gets dark. Slurred over, it sounds like "kangaroo," which is another parliamentary dodge altogether.

"The quotation 'There's a child among us taking notes' needs to be modified."—*Notus*.
What, again?



Voire (from bed). "ISN'T HE ASLEEP YET?"
Papa (hopefully). "NO; BUT HE YAWNED ABOUT A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AGO!"

declare that there never was such a person. These attacks are not only a calumny on the dead, they wound the living. As a lineal descendant of her sister Anna, who married the famous Carthaginian general Hitherto, I protest against this campaign of extermination.

HEPHZIBAH BLOTT.

Biskra, Peckham Rye.

"Patrick Henegan (who did not attend, but forwarded an excuse) was fined 2s. 6d. for riding a bicycle at midnight."—*Gloucester Citizen*.

PATRICK'S excuse must have given him away badly, for this is not generally considered a punishable offence.

THE LAST COMER.

A CHRISTMAS (NUMBER) TALE.

It was midnight, the Ghost's High Noon, and in an upper chamber of an old house near Fleet Street the seasonable spectres had met for their annual re-union. Though the year was yet in early autumn, the Ghosts, as usual, had brought their own weather. Holly and mistletoe festooned the walls, and a mighty fire roared in the wide chimney, despite the fact that, outside the elaborately frosted windows, October was departing with her customary blustery warmth and a crop of press-paragraphed primroses.

Within the room, however, winter of the kind that is called old-fashioned reigned supreme. The scent of printer's ink and glazed paper was calculated to strike terror into the boldest nostrils; it was the distinctive scent that proclaimed the advent of the phantoms to the haunts of men—the dread perfume of the Christmas Number.

Already there were not wanting signs that the grip of these Ghosts upon the shilling public was loosening—but of this they themselves seemed still to be in ignorance. Anyhow they were all there. At the head of the long table sat that elderly spectre, clad in a winding-sheet somewhat threadbare with long use, whose custom it had been, years out of count, to denounce on Christmas Eve its unsuspected murderer. Opposite, the family Skeleton rattled its familiar bones with gusto, the Missing Will still clasped, from simple force of habit, within its fleshless fingers. It was glancing, with the ghost of a wink, towards the Blue Lady, a female now of mature years, who, for her part, seemed to respond to such advances with every sign of amiability. This, however, astonished none of the spectral company, since it was well known that an old understanding existed between the two, who had, indeed, worked together too often, Christmas by Christmas, to retain any formality towards each other.

Absence of ceremony was, however, a pleasant feature of the whole ghostly gathering. Mere vulgar spooks, such as the Headless Horseman or the Driver of the Phantom Mail, were obviously regarded as on an equal social footing with spectres of the very bluest transparency. A sense of tasks accomplished seemed to pervade the company, so that one and all, conscious of another twelve months' well-earned leisure ahead, abandoned themselves with zest to the exhilaration of the moment. It was, in short, a party of high old spirits.

Then suddenly, while the revel was



Sir Robert (as sudden scurry is heard). "WHAT WAS THAT?"
Nervous Loader. "O-ONLY A ROBERT, SIR RABBIT!"

at its gayest, at the precise moment when the venerable chair-ghost had risen for the time-honoured proposal of "Our First Editor," a strange footstep became audible upon the stair without. With slow and unaccustomed step it climbed, and the very sound of it, eloquent of dull weariness and resigned despair, sent a chill of horror down the marrowless spines of the startled listeners. Huddled together, the smiles frozen upon their jaw-bones, the phantoms turned with one accord towards the door, where, upon the threshold, stood now a figure far more sinister than any that the imagination of Yuletide artist could conceive.

Consternation had fallen upon the room. The spectre at the head of the board drew its inadequate sheet closer about limbs that rattled in their sockets. Thrice it essayed to speak and could not. At last, "What form is this," it faltered, "that thus intrudes upon the revelry of the immortals? We

here are they who have conquered time itself, the Christmas-Number Ghosts, the always-same, who know not change. By what right dare any stranger claim place amongst us? Speak, we charge thee! Whose ghost art thou?"

Then the Figure spoke, and the sound of its voice was as though all the chasms of the earth began to yawn. "Do ye not know me yet?" it answered, fixing its haggard gaze upon the shrinking crowd. "Strange, for I have met ye all, many, ay! and more than many, times before. Now the doom is accomplished, and I myself am come to join ye. *I am the ghost of the gentle reader whom ye bored to death.*"

"Mr. Quaritch paid £5,800 for a Mazarine Bible and sold it at a profit which would astonish the printer of it, to say nothing of the authors."
Westminster Gazette.

It certainly seems more respectful to say nothing of the authors. We commend *The Westminster's* restraint.

THE GREAT GUM QUESTION.

"ARE you a pro-Gum or an anti-Gum?" said Jeremy. "I forgot to ask you when we got engaged. Your mother only told me that you had a sweet disposition."

"If you mean what do I think of this ridiculous servant-tax—"

"Anti-Gum," said Jeremy. "I thought so."

"I say nothing about the stamp-sticking. You'll have to do that part."

"I was going to put up Baby. She'd simply love it."

"What I complain of," went on Mrs. Jeremy, "is that it will alter the whole friendly relationship between mistress and servant."

"Oh, do you think it will? I can see it bringing you and Cook even closer together. Nothing brings people together like a common grievance. Every Saturday, as you each drag out your threepences, you will tell each other what you think of LLOYD GEORGE, and by the time you have finished you will be awfully friendly. A link to bind where circumstances part."

"Don't be so silly."

"My love, when you have a new idea presented to you, you mustn't leap to the conclusion that it is a foolish one. It is a fact that all over the country just now mistresses and servants are writing letters together to the papers, and asking each other how to spell 'scandalous.' By the time the Bill is at work an intimacy between upstairs and downstairs will have been established that nothing but death can break. As for Baby and me, we love Cook anyhow, and I think she loves us. Gum cannot come between us."

Mrs. Jeremy went over to her husband and sat on his knee.

"Jeremy," she said, pulling his hair, "you're always kind and generous to me, aren't you?"

"Always. I've noticed it myself. I say, you are heavy."

"Well, if LLOYD GEORGE brought in a Bill compelling you to be kind to me, wouldn't you be indignant?"

Jeremy frowned and gave himself up to thought.

"Upon my word, I don't know," he said at last. "It's so easy to make a grievance out of the word 'compel'; but it doesn't mean much, really. You may say that I'm compelled to pay income-tax—the alternative being prison. But it's just as true that the clerk is compelled to go to the City every day and slave from nine to six—the alternative being the workhouse. The only difference between the two cases is that prison is said to be the more comfortable. After all, there is a

law compelling me not to beat you, but I simply can't get indignant about it. I don't strike my chest and say, 'Scandalous! As though any decent man would beat his wife!'"

"Oh, I can't argue with you," said Mrs. Jeremy, "but I know I'm right."

"I'm not arguing; I'm just throwing out ideas. Something will emerge presently. I sort of vaguely agree with you, you know, and I'm trying to find out why. I think it must be the gum, after all."

"Well, you saw what *The Lancet* said—that all sorts of contagious diseases will get spread."

"Did it really say that?" cried Jeremy excitedly. "But that makes it all right, dear. Cook is bound to catch something, and then we begin to get our money back at once! We insure her for sixpence a week against illness, and LLOYD GEORGE lets her have measles on the very first Saturday! It's too good to be true."

"And you said you loved Cook!"

"I hope I can approach this matter in an impartial spirit," said Jeremy with dignity. "Why, of course," he went on eagerly; "now I know what I objected to in the scheme. It was the fact that it was an insurance."

"You did know it was called the Insurance Bill, dear?" said his wife meekly.

"I am insured," said Jeremy, disregarding her, "against death, fire, accident, workmen's compensation, burglary and hail. We have been married three years and nothing—absolutely *nothing* has happened. Unknown to myself there has evidently been growing up within me a deep distrust of insurance. I must have told myself that the thing was a fraud. And that was why I had this vague dislike of the Servant Tax."

"It's the silly bother of it all that I mind."

"No, no," said Jeremy eagerly. "You can't put me off now. The thought of Cook coming into the presence of a licked stamp for the first time in her life and catching mumps has made a new man of me. Bother? Nonsense! Now I'll just show you."

He took out his watch, looked at it for a second, and said, "Go!" Then he dashed out of the room for his bicycle.

In five minutes he was back again.

"Your stamp," he said, producing a sixpenny one. "Four minutes, forty-nine seconds. In a month or two I should probably do it quicker. Of course we shall want more than one, but the postmistress tells me that you can buy three or four in a row with equal rapidity. Now we want a card to stick it on. Sticking it on will be rather a solemn

business; we must allow plenty of time for it."

"Oh, Jeremy, you are a silly!"

"If this is to be a proper rehearsal I suppose we'd better have the servants in. No? Perhaps you're right. Cook mustn't catch anything until the insurance people are ready for her. Now then. I shall lick this first one myself, and afterwards you and Baby can take alternate Saturdays. I know which side to lick because I asked at the post-office. In fact, the difficulties simply melt away when once one begins to attack them." He rolled back his sleeves, moistened the stamp and approached the card stealthily. "Observe!" he whispered.

There was a sudden movement, and then Jeremy withdrew his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said with a slight bow, "I thank you for your kind applause."

"Jeremy, you baby," laughed his wife.

"Every Saturday," said Jeremy, summing up the position, "you will place four adhesive stamps on in the manner indicated. It will take you about five or six seconds. I shall ride into the village to purchase the stamps, and the little outing will do me good. You and the staff will run down LLOYD GEORGE together for coming between mistress and maid, and your common hatred will be yet another bond between you. And, finally, Cook, after her first bout of whooping cough, will be completely reconciled to the small payment of threepence a week. If these are not rare and refreshing fruits I'm blessed if I know what are."

"You've forgotten one thing," said Mrs. Jeremy obstinately.

"Probably, dear. What is it?"

"That I know I'm right."

A. A. M.

"Sir William paused, breathing hard. The subject was wont to excite him more than any other. Then he added: 'A man or woman who allowed a man or woman to marry his or her daughter or son without telling him or her that there was insanity in the family I would send to penal servitude for twenty years.'"

"Daily Mail" feuilleton.

There is a sparkle about Sir William's conversation which is very rare now-a-days. All the same, if there *wasn't* insanity in the family, his condemnation of the parents for not saying that there was might be considered rather severe.

"Adjoining the kitchen department is the stove room, containing a large refrigerator with separate compartments for meats, poultry and fish, and a small compartment for the household clerk."—*Englishman*.

This enables him to keep cool in an emergency.

THE LAST WORD IN COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.



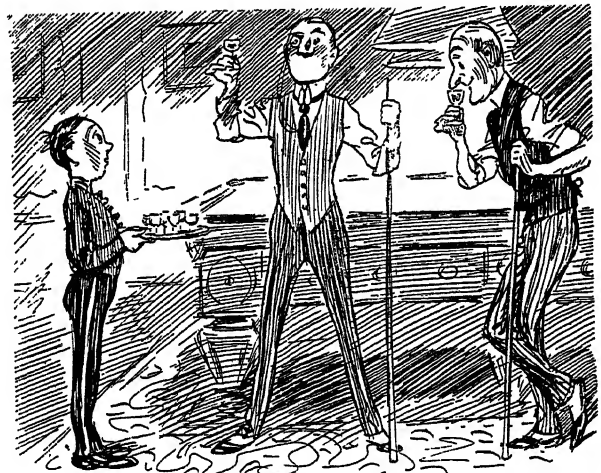
"BY-THE-WAY, DEAR, I WANT A PACKET OF HAIR-PINS. I'LL GET THEM HERE."



"WE'LL LEAVE BOBBY IN THE NURSERY FIRST."



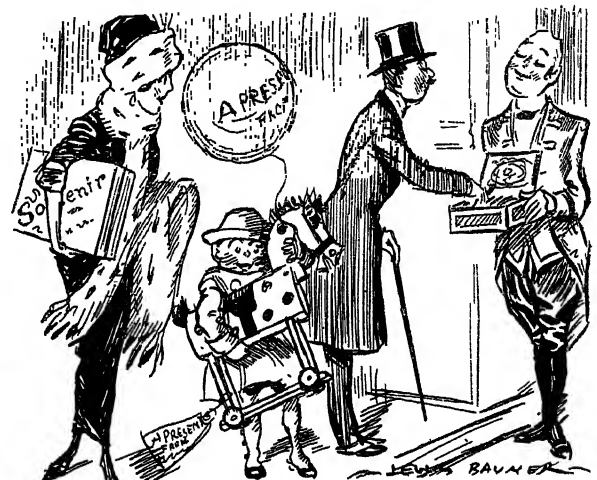
"I THINK I'LL JUST GO AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYONE I KNOW IN THE CARD-ROOM." "RIGHT O—I'LL JUST HAVE 100 UP."



"BY JOVE! WISH I COULD AFFORD TO DRINK STUFF LIKE THIS."



"WONDER WHERE THEY GET THEIR FOIE-GRAS. SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE RUDE TO ASK."



"THERE NOW! I'VE FORGOTTEN THOSE HAIR-PINS AFTER ALL! NEVER MIND, WE'LL ALL COME AGAIN TO-MORROW."



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 4.

• "HERE WILL BE AN OLD ABUSING OF GOD'S PATIENCE AND THE KING'S ENGLISH."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

WILLIAM.

(A rather unfortunate Episode.)

"HE pecks the gilded confines of his cage,
He eats enormously but gets no fatter,
He answers nothing to our persiflage,
He who was warranted to chirp and chatter;
My father thinks that he is off his head,
So we have mewed him in our topmost garret,—"
That was (in substance) what Miss Thompson said
About her parrot.

And I, in part from friendliness with her,
In part from anguish for the poor brute's sorrow,
Said, "I will do my best that voice to stir;
Have him sent round to me some time to-morrow."
So William came. Most anxiously I thought
What authors he would like, what honeyed words heed,
And in the intervals went out and bought
Sugar and bird-seed.

At last I cried, "The Muse!" and every morn
Sat down beside the bars and read him pieces
Of the high poets' pages, thumbed and worn,
Battles and old romance and kings' deceases;
I read him "Thyrsis" and I read him "Maud,"
BROWNING and KEATS, and every favourite writer,
But still he stuffed and still his cage he clawed,
The dashed old blighter.

But on the ninth day, as I droned aloud
Some song of SWINBURNE's full of flowery riot,
There seemed a lifting of oblivion's cloud;
He closed his dexter eye; he grew more quiet;
Some change in that wild savage heart occurred;

He seemed to say, "This dumbness was dissembling";
Almost I seemed to catch the golden word;
His mouth was trembling.

But, ere he spoke, Miss Thompson took him back,
And I, in good hopes that the bird was better
And sure to find again the long lost knack,
Expected hour by hour some thankful letter;
And then I met Miss Thompson in the street,
And unsuspectingly took off my bowler,—
I think I never saw a face so sweet
Look quite so Polar.

Worried with apprehensions, faint and weak
I sought her brother James, a rare good fellow,
And said to him at once, "Did William speak?
Was it from 'Atalanta' or 'Sordello'?"
And James replied to me: "Some British tar,
One of the kind whose breasts are bronzed and oaken,
Must have taught William first in days afar;
William *has* spoken."

EVOL.

"HALDANE CLUB"

NEW UNIONIST ORGANISATION

says *The Singapore Free Press*, always first with the news;
but apparently it is still uninformed about the Asquith
Club for the repeal of the Parliament Act.

From an advt. in *The Standard* of the Rifle Brigade's
Battalion Orders for a Sunday Route March:—

"Trains: Met. Ry., Baker-st., 10.3 a.m.; Dist. Ry., Mansion House,
9.36. Ry. tickets issued at drill hall on Wed.; members who cannot
attend please apply to Cr.-Sergt., stating which line they will travel by."
Most of those who cannot attend will probably be found
travelling by the Brighton Line.



“SERMONS IN STONES.”

JOHN BULL (*to Non-militant Suffragist*). “I COULD LISTEN MORE ATTENTIVELY, MADAM, TO YOUR PLEAS, WERE IT NOT FOR THESE CONCRETE ARGUMENTS WHICH I FIND RATHER DISTRACTING.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 20.—Whatever flood of conviction may swell the breast of an honourable Member regarding another on the opposite benches it is a gross breach of order to tell him that he lies. JOHN DILLON, at least on one occasion, brusquely broke the rule, with consequence that he was suspended from service of House and enjoyed quite a little holiday. There are, however, ways familiar to old Parliamentary Hands of safely getting out of the difficulty. To-night LLOYD GEORGE, in one of frequent protests against perversions of the principles and proposals of National Insurance Bill, deftly scored. Denounced particular statement as a gross patent misrepresentation. "There is," he added, "a shorter word one might use and it would be more accurate."

The other night TIM HEALY proudly alluded to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER as "My boy," meaning that LLOYD GEORGE had studied Parliamentary style in his private school. Whilst the pupil may be promising the master retains pre-eminence. In the roaring Eighties, when Parnellism was in full bloom and TIM one of its choicest petals, C.-B., at the time an Under Secretary not dreaming of the Premiership, happened to drop an observation which to a strictly logical mind, constitutionally opposed to dereliction from exactitude, called for rebuke.

"I know very well, Mr. SPEAKER," said TIM, turning to the Chair and recognising its majesty by a friendly nod, "you will not allow me to call the honourable gentleman a liar. So I refrain from doing so."

House was aghast. Angry cries of "Order!" rose from shocked Ministerialists. But TIM had measured his ground carefully. SPEAKER was not able to call him to order, and he proceeded to end of discourse.

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Tuesday.—Insurance Bill at last out of Committee. Members salute the happy hour with sigh of relief, Ministerialists breaking into a cheer. Been a terrible time, the heat and burden of it borne by something like a score of Members. PRINCE ARTHUR, whilst still with us at the post of Leadership, met the situation with charming frankness.

It was a difficult one. With recollection of what happened when dealing with Old Age Pensions, it behoved the Opposition to walk warily. It would

duty, to improve the Bill by moving amendments.

That involved close study of a document bristling with alleged facts and confusing figures. They created an atmosphere in which PRINCE ARTHUR was not habitually what you may call at home. Accordingly he deputed task of watching Bill from Front Opposition Bench to HARRY FORSTER, who has accomplished task in manner that adds greatly to budding Parliamentary reputation. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, as soon as House got into Committee on the Bill he strolled out, in manner reminiscent of the famed strategist

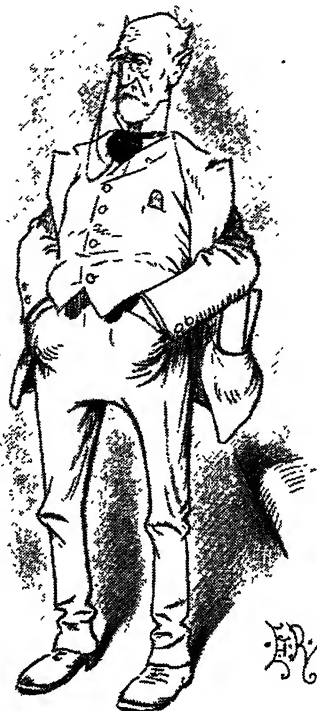
"Who fled full soon on the first of June
And bade the rest keep fighting."

Example followed by majority of Members from both sides, some two score, occasionally three, remaining to carry on work of the sitting.

Marvel of prolonged episode is CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. Not physically robust, he has not shirked an hour's attendance through the long tedious wrangle. True, when it recommenced to-day he showed some sign of being beaten at last. It was our old friend ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, of whom not much is seen or heard in these dull times, who did it. It is not only in Committee that burden of the Bill rests on shoulders of CHANCELLOR. At Question-time Gentlemen on both sides submit conundrums carefully drafted in solitude of their chamber, which they expect him to answer off-hand. This afternoon ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS wanted to know "whether, in Clause 14, sub-section (5) (a), page 14 of the National Insurance Bill as reprinted, the term persons, firms, and bodies corporate will include grocers holding patent medicine licences and at present selling medicines and invalid foods recommended by doctors?"

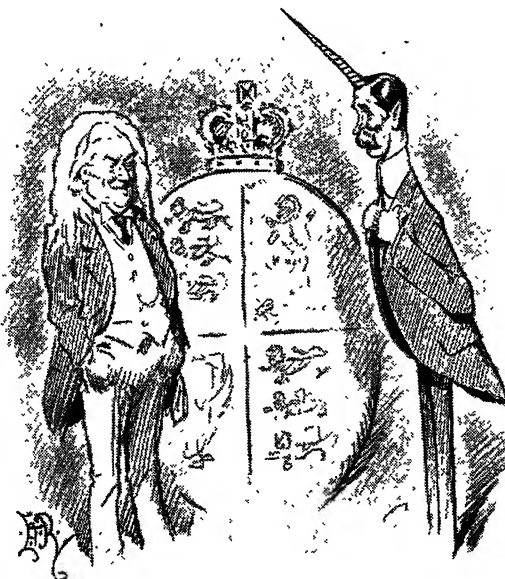
When the lists were reopened and the tourney recommenced, the CHANCELLOR, temporarily knocked over by ALPHEUS, bucked up again. To this end WILLIE PEEL contributed a personal attack, to which he replied with vigour that might have suggested to the uninformed that it was his first and only speech for a fortnight. This effort turned out to be prelude to long masterly defence of the clause which brings domestic servants within operation of proposed Act. Rewarded by seeing Ministerial majority run up to 146 in a House of 336.

Business done.—Insurance Bill through Committee.



"Our old friend ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS."
(MR. A. C. MORTON.)

never do for them to declare open enmity against a measure affecting the interests of millions of people, most of whom had votes, and those that had not knew others who had. At same time it was possible, indeed a bounden



THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

Friday.—Other achievements apart, PRINCE ARTHUR's claim to renown gained at Westminster might rest on reforms in Parliamentary procedure introduced and carried by him when in office. None other has done so much in direction of making House of Commons a business-like organisation. There was one new departure taken in the bloom of comparative youth which did not prove a success. It should be added that it did not take the form of a new or amended Standing Order, being simply a personal habit which he attempted to graft upon Parliamentary work of Irish Secretary.

When PRINCE ARTHUR held that office the Nationalist Members, or such as happened to be out of prison at the moment, worried him with intricate, incessant questions. Process of interrogation and answer rarely occupied less than half an hour. Midway through the Session it occurred to him that answers having been prepared in the Irish Office there was no need why the manuscript should be read aloud by the CHIEF SECRETARY in person. Looking round for a big, tall, stalwart person capable of undertaking the job of deputy, he fixed upon KING-HARMAN.

Experiment did not last long. Parnellites roared deprecation when the burly figure of the Deputy appeared at

Table. "BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they cried, as if CHIEF SECRETARY were a person so dear to their hearts that they could not endure half-an-hour's unnecessary separation. So CHIEF SECRETARY was compelled to be in



"The PRIME MINISTER is invariably in his place at question-time."

his place to answer questions. As for poor KING-HARMAN he never recovered the shock.

After an interval of 25 years this experiment is renewed. It is adopted not by a single Minister but by whole galaxy. Oddly enough IRISH SECRETARY of to-day is one of the two exceptions. SAINT AUGUSTINE BIRRELL's golden notes are still heard in reply to questions, comparatively few, put by Irish Members in these halcyon days. PRIME MINISTER is invariably in his place at question-time and usually replies in person. For the rest, heads of departments turn on their juniors to read replies.

As on average only one in ten of printed Questions daily submitted is of public interest, the new custom does not perhaps greatly matter. It may be well to make a note of it for the information of the New Zealander, of whom we hear little in these days, but who is understood to be making his way slowly to the vicinity of St. Paul's.

Business done.—Report stage of Coal Mines Bill. On Clause dealing with margin of safety, Government Majority drops to 9.

THE ADVERTISEMENT NUISANCE.

WHEN at the District station
I catch my morning train
And find behind the portals
A melting mass of mortals,
Disgust and indignation
Throb fast in every vein,
When at the District station
I catch my morning train.

When on the blatant ceiling
I cast a bilious eye
And read its rude, crude questions
And personal suggestions,
Still fiercer grows the feeling
That things are all awry
When on the blatant ceiling
I cast a bilious eye.

Are you becoming podgy,
And are you growing plain?
Has your once manly figure
Begun to lose its vigour?
Do people call you stodgy—
Hint water on the brain?
Are you becoming podgy
And are you growing plain?

From all this weary welter
Of questions coarse and crude
I turn with wrath infernal
To read my morning journal,
Expecting there a shelter
Where one is not pursued
By all this weary welter
Of questions coarse and crude.

A question-mark gigantic
Meets my disgusted glare.
Fain, fain would I ignore it,
But I am stuck before it.
My fury grows more frantic,
My eyes are glued to where
A question-mark gigantic
Meets my disgusted glare.

It asks: Are you attractive
And can you fascinate?
Attractive? I? Don't speak of it!
Strap-hanging—oh! the cheek of it!
My nerves become more active,
And as I grow irate
It asks: Are you attractive
And can you fascinate?

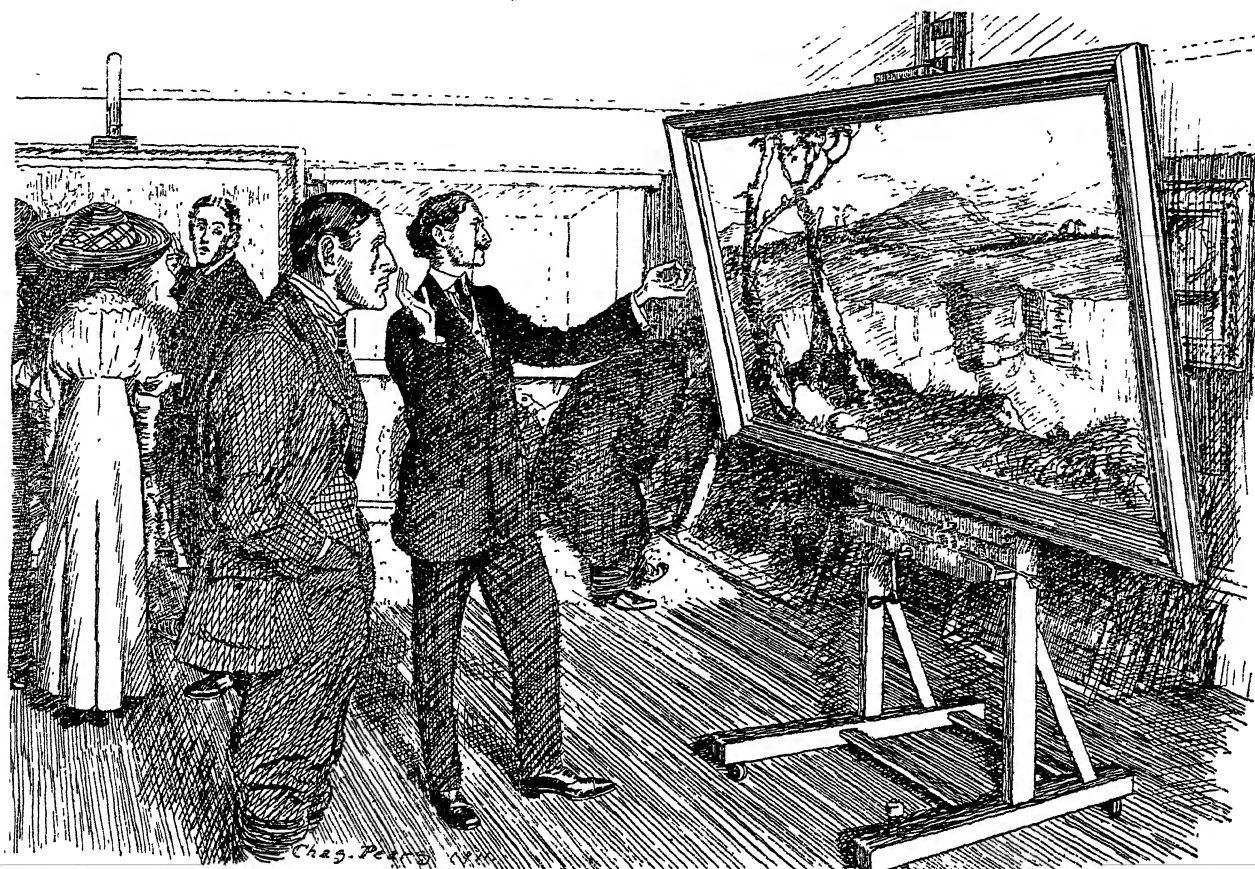
Would you acquire a manner
That no one can gainsay?
It may for half-a-guinea
Be learnt by any ninny.
Ten shillings and a tanner
Is all you have to pay
Would you acquire a manner
That no one can gainsay.

Your jests have lost their lustre?
Your quips no longer flow?
The writer guarantees you
Results that can't but please you:
Again your friends will cluster
Around you, even though
Your jests have lost their lustre,
Your quips no longer flow.

And thus my many failings
Are evermore rubbed in.
When wifely comment ceases
To pull me all to pieces,
On hoardings, prints and palings
The hateful ads. begin,
And thus my many failings
Are evermore rubbed in.



"SAINT AUGUSTINE BIRRELL's golden notes."
(The right hon. gentleman's growing resemblance to the well-known statuette of TRACKERAY is the delight of all observers.)



Poetic Visitor (at studio). "WHAT QUALITY! WHAT ATMOSPHERE! WHAT——"

Golf Maniac. "WHAT A CARRY!"

A LIMITED SUFFRAGE.

I HAD not seen Agatha since the date of the great announcement, and I was not altogether surprised, when at last I did meet her, to find a purple, white and green rosette brandished in bewildering spirals and figures of eight before my eyes.

"Now what have you got to say?" she demanded, her eyes sparkling.

"Many things," I answered. "It's a nice morning. You are looking well. How is your Aunt Jane? . . ."

"Who said I should never have a Vote? Yah!"

"Dear me, has anything fresh happened?" I asked innocently.

"Anything fresh!" she almost shrieked. "Don't you know that ASQUITH is going to pass a Universal Suffrage Bill—One Man One Vote—and that it's to be left to the Commons to decide whether it shall apply to Women—and that two-thirds of the Members are in favour of Votes for Women—and that means that all Women will have the Vote—One Woman One Vote—and that you jolly well owe me a box of chocolates? But of course you know it," she added, when she had found her breath

after this gigantic query. "You were only trying to hand me a lemon."

I chuckled noiselessly in my sleeve—a difficult feat which requires practice. "This, no doubt, is very gratifying to you," I said. "Most gratifying. And so the Government have not behaved so badly, after all?"

This would have been a dangerous question to put to a Militant Suffragette, but Agatha, to do her justice, is a reasonable soul, and therefore does not always follow her leaders. She acknowledged that, considering the difficulties of the position, the Government had behaved wisely and even generously, and added, characteristically, that they were all perfect dears, and that she would like to kiss every one of them.

"But, of course," I remarked casually when she had finished, "your elation is, after all, quite unjustified, since you personally are not affected."

(This is the place to mention that Agatha was twenty-seven last birthday. I know it; but she doesn't know I know.)

"Me not affected! Of course I am, silly! I shall get a Vote like every other Woman."

"Not at all," I said airily. "As a matter of fact a comparatively in-

significant number of old ladies will get the Vote, even if the Commons do as you expect. Didn't you know, or haven't you realized, that the Government's idea is to give votes only to persons over twenty-five years of age?"

"What!"

"Precisely. Of course you didn't think of that, did you? No, my dear Agatha, the Bill may pass and you will not vote. You cannot go to the Polling Station and look the Presiding Officer in the face and say, "Behold, I acknowledge that I am twenty-five. Give me a Vote." Few women could do that. Years, Agatha, will pass by, and you will not vote. Empires will rise and fall, dynasties will be swept away, and you will not vote. The South Pole will be reached, aeroplanes will circle the earth in two days, the Cup will again come South, and still you will not vote."

It was some time before Agatha could speak. "Oh!" she gasped at length, "I think they're the meanest, meanest, meanest set of pigs on earth!"

To prove that I can be magnanimous, I shall not remind her for a few days about the box of cigarettes she owes me.

BEAUTY ADORNED.

THERE is many a true word spoken in jest. There is many an untrue word spoken in love. Aspodestera had spoken the former, when she said lightly that she should not be surprised to hear that I was going to a really good tailor for my next suit and that right soon. She had, I feared, spoken the latter when she called me "her dearest and best." No woman's dearest and best could be clothed in the kind of clothes which she said that I was then wearing.

"Pshaw!" said I (of course I never really used a word like that), as I contemplated the window of the Bondiest of Bond Street tailors, THE tailor, in fact. I marked the solitary and priceless trouser length, casually draped over a lonely pedestal therein. "Pshaw! I will not be an aesthete; I will be a man. I will go inside and tell him so." I went inside, but I did not tell him so.

In the course of my legal career I have told many a bigger and more imposing man than myself that he was, practically, a liar. I have rebuked a Judge of the High Court to his face, and I have made my way undaunted into the very House of Lords and there yawned while my learned leader expounded the Law, yawned in the very presence of the Woolsack and without troubling to put my hand in front of my mouth. I have done even more than that; I have kissed Aspodestera when she was not only unwilling but passionately prohibitive. But in the presence of the Tailor I was overcome.

"I have come," I said meekly, "to be measured for a suit," and thereupon I was measured and dismissed. I do not suggest that I was approved of. I admit that I was not very willingly tolerated. But I think, on the whole, that I was forgiven. The gentleman who measured me, the aristocrat who made a note of the dimensions, and the divinity who planned a cut-away waistcoat and referred to the weather, these informed me, in language without words, that I was disreputable. I begged them to believe that my own wardrobe had been stolen or burnt, leaving the choice to them, and that my present plumes were borrowed. Possibly they did believe; more probably they forgave me, just because they were sorry for me. At any rate they allowed me to pass out of their front-door, taking upon themselves all risk of the disgrace I might do them.

Returned to Aspodestera's address, I lowered all the lights in the sitting-

room and arranged myself in a chair in the corner, where even the light of the fire could not shine on me. Then I referred to the painful subject, and told her that she might, if she liked, break off the engagement.

"But I love you," she declared, "for yourself."

"Then yours," I retorted, "must be a love as pertinacious as it is blind. Even so, I doubt if I ought to allow the worst woman, let alone the best, to attach herself for life to so loathsome a spectacle as I."

Ten days later I found myself in the Bond Street sanctum, and surveyed with incredulous joy the reflection of myself in the mirror. The aristocrat and the divinity were in attendance. The gentleman was below-stairs, engaged, by special request, in burning or otherwise destroying for ever my cast-off rags; an unpleasant job, but to him, I venture to think, a labour of love.

"Tell me," I said to the divinity, "is that delicately tinted and exquisitely shaped image which I behold—is it really my own?"

"May I ask, Sir," he answered, "are you satisfied with it?"

"Satisfied!" I ejaculated. I was thinking of the whole picture, he of the frame only, but in either case the word was inadequate. "Now at last I appreciate and understand," I said, "the depth of Aspodestera's love for it."

I turned up all the lights in Aspodestera's sitting-room and placed myself in a chair in the most central and conspicuous part of it. All that was needed to make things complete was the limelight full on me.

"Aspodestera," said I, "I'm not so sure that I shall not break off that engagement myself."

"Why?" she cried. "Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you all right, but I feel perhaps that I ought to do better."

She seemed hurt that I could even conceive of any girl being better than she. She was right to be hurt; there is, and could be, no better.

"Rather," I said, correcting myself and at the same time catching sight of myself in another lucky mirror, "I feel that I might be doing an unwarrantable injury to the whole of your sex if I gave myself to one member of it for good."

"The truth of Harry Vardon's asseveration is being gradually and continually forced home, and golf will soon be generally regarded as 'a funnig game.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

Not by us.

THE CRWTH.

[Crwth—a kind of violin with six strings formerly much used in Wales.—*Dictionary*.]

WHEN Scottish warriors scale the scarp
To plaintive pipes, and Erin's ywth
Still proudly point to Tara's harp,
How is it, Wales, you spurn the
crwth?

Your Principality may boast
A leek-emblazoned flag, but 'strwth,
My gallant friend, you're but the ghost
Of what you'd be beneath a crwth.

With Cymric zeal, with Druid touch
Your bards still go it nail and twth,
And yet the instrument they clutch
Is simply nothing to a crwth.

That native ire your Sagas show—
Compare the tale of *Gelert's* slwth—
Had disappeared long years ago
If you had tuned this magic crwth.

And Mr. GEORGE, Carnarvon's joy,
Might well have lost his ways
uncwth
Had he but learned, when still a boy,
To calm his passions on a crwth.

THE LEARNER.

"You see, my man," I said, "this is a telephone, and you speak through here and listen through this, and if you hear what the man at the other end says you write it down, and if you don't you tell him to speak louder."

My pupil was a Territorial Sapper, "under instruction" in the Fortress Exchange Office.

"Do you think you could manage to send a message?" I said, after I had spent a good deal of my valuable time in explaining the parts of the rather tricky "20-line Switchboard."

"I think I could try, Sir," said the man as he took up the receiver.

"What is your job in private life?" I asked.

"I am an operator in the National Telephone Company, Sir," he replied. "What message shall I send?"

"In it I have a record of the gifts I have given every one of my relatives and friends for the last four years, and there are enough pages left for the record to continue for another four years, allowing four years to the page."

Daily Chronicle.

How many pages are there in the book? Quick! . . . Two—that's right.

"To LADIES.—Through broken engagement, lovely half-hoop diamond ring. . . . Also exceptionally clever pet African Grey Talking Parrot."—*Church Times*.

Is the advertiser's sudden adoption of the Silent Life quite wise? So complete a change may be too much for him (or her?).

GEMS FROM THE LADY NOVELISTS.

I.

"SIR WILLIAM PUNTZ was unique among racing owners not only because he had won the Derby three times running, but with the same horse."—From *High Stakes*, by Virginia Masterman (Bills and Boom).

II.

"In spite of the heavy sea every corner of the great liner was searched, but in vain: no trace of Lord Lostwithiel and the pretty governess could be found. At last some one thought of the billiard saloon, and, lo and behold! there they were, deep in the mysteries of cork pool."—From *It was a Lass of Our Town*, by Mrs. Foljambe Cross (Redding and Co.).

III.

"No sooner was the lawyer seated than Jane, the neatest-handed of Phyllises, went to the cupboard, and bringing from it a seed cake and a decanter of champagne laid them on the table. But the lawyer assured her mistress that he was in no need of refreshment."—From *Folk at Middlebury*, by Esther Soper (Drakeworth and Co.).

IV.

"Fastidious even in the merest trifles Sir Lucian never paid less than a shilling for a box of 25 cigarettes, nor did he ever smoke one that was not gold-tipped."—From *Sons of Mammon*, by Amabel Fripp (John Broad).

V.

"Lily was a born musician, whose natural talents had been cultivated by assiduous study with the best masters. Like a good bowler she had an absolute sense of pitch, and the sound of her rich contralto voice blending in consecutive fifths with the booming thorough-bass of Signor Squarcione, was enough to make St. Cecilia jealous."—From *Fickle Lily*, by Evangeline Lazenby (Blewer and Blewer).

VI.

"A scholar of rare distinction at Eton, where his elegiacs were the despair of Mr. A. C. Benson, Bertram took a first in the Greats Tripos at Oxford, and putted the weight for the Varsity Golf fifteen, besides playing 'Half Mus. Bac. for the O.U.F.C., in the first year of his residence at Christ Church College."—From *The Ordeal of Bertram Binyon*, by Dorothy Bagshot (Garbidge and Co.).

VII.

"Ralph Bickersteth was the idol of the Oval crowd, and no wonder. In the crucial test match against Australia



New Germana Governess. "ZO MUCH FOR ZAT GREAT GENIUS. AND VAT ALSO IS ZE NAME OF ZE OZZER GREAT GENIUS ALWAY COUPLED IN OUR MINDS WIZ SCHILLER?"
Reginald. "CHARYBDIS."

he had won the rubber by a lofty slashing stroke to cover point, for which the batsman ran five before it reached the boundary, thus scoring nine at a blow."—From *The Golden Spoon*, by Madeline Pilditch (Rummer and Thynne).

VIII.

"Finance was Wilfrid's foible. While he was still at Harrow he kept a bucket-shop, at which several young scions of the oldest families were frequent customers, and at an age when most young men are thinking chiefly of socks he had achieved the proud distinction of being hammered on the Stock Exchange."—From *Mary's Fifth Husband*, by Ada Pippit (Bindells and Tosher).

IX.

"Angus Fitzalan in his popular Oxford days was known as 'Henley' Fitzalan—a *sobriquet* he had earned by the never-to-be-forgotten race in

which he won the Great Challenge Cup. The ferrymen of the picturesque river-side town still tell of the terrible set look in Angus's eyes as he kept them fixed on the distant goal. Even Mildred on the bank failed to attract his attention, though you may be sure she did her best to convey to him her love and encouragement. Rowingmen still relate with a note of deep admiration in their tones that Fitzalan pulled a greater number of strokes during the race than had ever been pulled before."—From *Winning Through*, by Hester Fawley (Horatio Box).

From a report of the *Hawke-Olympic* case:—

"What caused your head to turn to port? —In my opinion suction, pure and simple." We have noticed this phenomenon at dinner, when the ladies have withdrawn.

FROM A MÆDÆVAL "MORNING POST."

TO MERCERS, BRODERERS, AND OTHERS. We, Arthur, give Notice (to such as can read same) that we will not be responsible for any more Debts contracted by our wife, Guinevere.—(Given at our Castle at Tintagel.)

TO SHY LADY.—Awaited thee by the Moate till nigh three of the clock but received nothing but a Drenching by reason of the Ladder of Rope having most mysteriously given way! Truly this is not the Tryst that I expected and I am like to die of Chagrin!—DISTRACTED TROUBADOUR.

TO DISTRACTED TROUBADOUR.—Get you gone, Maudlin Minstrel! I like thee not and will drop boiled Oil upon thy addled Head when next I see it. Moreover, my Guardian hath sworn to slit thy Gizzard; so beware!—SHY LADY.

TO GENTLES AND SIMPLES.—Isaac of York, having recovered from recent operation (dental), gives Notice that he will advance divers Monies to Barons, Esquires and Gentlefolk in need of same at a rate of Interest, per mensem, that cannot fail to occasion Surprise. But be it known that Isaac holds no commerce with Infants, and Churls of base degree.

UNCOMELY DAMSELS AND GENTLE-WOMEN rendered beauteous and well-favoured by Mistress Joane at her Parlour in Bonde Street in Saint James, where all manner of potent and rare Unguents (Soape, to wit) may be had. Rended Larde for the complexion, at no more than two groates for an ounce, and superfluous Hair plucked out with all the ease imaginable. Testimonials from Mimes, Mummerys, and all manner of Smart Folk.

MERLIN, THE PROFOUND WORKER OF WONDERS and Master of Sorcerie, acquainteth Merriemakers, Hostes, and others that he will, for an Honorarium, attend Banquets and Entertainments and display divers Trickes and Wiles of Legerdemain, which mystify such as behold them. Merlin produceth a living Rabbit from Helmet or Casque, and causeth a borrowed Tester to disappear into Space!

TO COUNTRY FOLK and all desirous of viewing London and the sights thereof. The Blue Lion Inn over by Charing is the most easily come by, and the price of Board and Lodgment such as will not offend any. The Host is one who can discourse in many strange Languages and Tongues, so that he can be understood of all. A stout Porter conveys Travellers' Gear to their Chambers, which are well-ordered; and there is abundance of clean bright

straw for the comfort of Squires returning at a late Hour.

USEFUL VARLET seeks employment with Knight. Is well proportioned, can clean Armour and understands the loading of an Arquebus. An abstainer from Mead: moderate Gages.

WANTED, a Partner (dormant) who will finance advertiser's unsurpassable Device for selecting the winning Steeds at Tournays and Trials of Speed. This is indeede a Mine of Golde, and needeth but a trial.—SIMPLEX, Piccadilly.

TALKS WITH VISIONARIES.

THE THEATRE ARCHITECT.

I MET him first years ago; and I remember his enthusiasm and fine ardour as he outlined his intentions; remember almost his exact words, so much in earnest was he.

"Yes," he said, "I am going to revolutionise all that discomfort. It's so simple a matter—once you can get the owner of the theatre to agree. There's the *matinée* hat, for example. Women won't take them off unless they are made to, that's certain. The idea that people behind either cannot see or want to see is equally foreign to their mind, even although they sit behind an impenetrable barrier themselves. Women in swagger hats are like that, bless them! But why should they take their hats off? If architects did their duty they would never have to; because a large part of the architect's task is to enable one row of people to see over another row's heads. That's what architects are for, and that's what I shall do. It merely means giving the floor of the stalls and pit a steep slope."

"Then why isn't it done?" I asked.

"Ah, why?" he echoed. "Because no one has the pluck to stay away from theatres until it is, chiefly," he replied. "Because no English people out for entertainment have the sense or courage to combine, having the terrible fear that while they are combining they will lose their twopenny-halfpenny amusement. And then the gallery," he continued. "That is not so easy because it is so high up. The stage being above the pit stalls you can guarantee everybody a view; but to do so in the gallery you must reduce the number of seats. Do you know," he said, "there is not a gallery in London from which everyone who has paid for a seat can see without standing, and many cannot see even then. Yet the stupid sheep go on buying seats. No combination, again. In order that everyone may see, sitting, the number of rows must be reduced by half at least, or the same

rows as at present, with alternate seats and blanks. Then no one would be immediately behind anyone else. I am interested in this because I have been to so many galleries myself and have suffered enough. Nothing like personal knowledge. Have you ever watched the difference in the way that a barmaid and a barman open a bottle of Bass? The barmaid, who does not drink Bass, or, if she does, has never thought whether or not it was clear, shakes the bottle and empties it. The barman, who knows the nature of beer instinctively, is careful with it and does not pour out the lees. It is the same with our profession. Those of us who have lived in uncomfortable houses can design comfortable ones; those who have visited theatres where the cheaper public cannot see will try to improve their conditions.

"Then, again," he continued, "I shall arrange that people can enter and leave the stalls without putting everyone near them to inconvenience and even pain. It merely means a little less profit for the manager, that is all."

"Yes," I echoed, gloomily as a Dean, "that is all."

"But you don't think so poorly of managers as that? They'll do very well, especially when it is known that the theatre is so comfortable."

"And yet," I said, "the uncomfortable theatres are crowded to-day."

His face fell a little, but he soon recovered; and so he went on, touching on various other points connected with theatre construction—safety under fire, and so forth—all proving how curiously this branch of building has remained stationary while all kinds of enterprise have been shown in others.

Well, as I say, that was many years ago, and I lost sight of him completely, although I remembered his words. Last week I saw him again. Curiously enough, he had been in my thoughts very recently, for I had been in a five-shilling seat at Covent Garden to see the Russian dancers, and being at the side and everyone else in the same rows having to stand I had to stand too. It was the next day that I saw him. I had to visit the St. Pancras Workhouse on business, and I noticed a familiar face. It was my visionary among the inmates.

"The fireman in charge took the small party round, and one of the figures to which the guide called special attention was the wax effigy of Dr. Sun Yat-sen himself. 'That,' said the fireman, 'is the chief of the Chinese insurgents,' never thinking he was talking to the original of the figure."

Messrs. TUSSAUD won't thank *The Daily Mail* for this.



THE RESOURCES OF THE RACE.

Kate. "IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, MAY I GO —"

Mistress. "NOW, KATE, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY TO THE FUNERALS OF TWO MOTHERS, FOUR UNCLES, SIX AUNTS, AND NINE COUSINS. I WISH YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THAT I WILL HAVE NO MORE DEATHS IN YOUR FAMILY."

Kate. "VERY WELL, MA'AM. I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU IF I COULD HAVE AN HOUR OFF THIS AFTERNOON TO SEE MY SISTER'S NEW BABY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE chief reason why I found myself (with the best will in the world) unable to enjoy Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S latest novel, *A Likely Story* (HEINEMANN), is that, while the characters are as lifelike as ever, the story in which they figure is too wildly unlike anything even remotely possible. You know what Mr. DE MORGAN'S people are by this time, and their engaging practice of using just the inconsequent, ungrammatical speech of real human beings. That, and their author's quaint trick of reporting them phonetically, have endeared them to countless readers. But to find all these jolly and companionable folk mixed up in a stupid story about a picture that talks is, for me at least, simply exasperating. Not content indeed with the loquacity of the original painting, Mr. DE MORGAN wants us to suppose that even amateur photographs of it become endowed with the same power of speech. Well, as I say, I'm sorry, but I really can't quite stomach it. Of course I appreciate the fact that the whole thing is only a kind of joke on the author's part at the expense of his critics. They blamed him, he says (in a personal epilogue, which is far the most entertaining chapter in the book), for deserting Victorianism in favour of historical romance: very well, then, in the present work he will combine the two methods by means of a mediæval picture that enters into the life of a modern household. The drawback to this pleasantry is

that, intended to confound the critics, it will inevitably confound the unoffending public a vast deal more. But now that Mr. DE MORGAN has had his retort we may hope, in the name of all those to whom his peculiar gifts are very dear, that "it never can happen again."

When I say that *Penny Monypenny* (SMITH, ELDER) is a novel of Scotch character, you will possibly exclaim, with my very cordial agreement, that both the theatre and the libraries have lately had more than a sufficiency of Scotland. But be reassured. *Penny* is Scotch with a certain difference; and MARY and JANE FINDLATER'S book about her contains scarcely a dozen lines of what could be called dialect. I am very sorry after this to have to add that its humour is pawky; but really this is the only word for the peculiar sparkling dryness that informs all the Misses FINDLATER'S writing, and invests even their most commonplace characters with individuality and charm. (Perhaps one should write it charrrm!) So many of these characters are introduced during the ample and leisurely course of the tale that it is quite impossible to mention all of them, or to retell their story in any detail. One figure however stands out in my memory: *Lorin*, the frail, whimsical boy whom *Pen* loves throughout, whose long hair and outlandish ways are such a perplexity to his Scotch relatives, and who eventually migrates to Paris, and ends up as a journalist in Australia. When I tell you that his other name was *Weir*, and that at one time he speaks of

the memory of his native land "haunting him like a passion," you will perhaps agree with me that the authors might have called him *Robert Louis* without making the likeness to a great original much more obvious. In any case his is a figure new to fiction, and one that gives distinction to an interesting and capitably written book.

A fortunate reader, happening upon *The Centaur* (MACMILLAN) might well delight himself in it but yet hesitate to recommend it to his friends. His hesitation would be due to his poor opinion not of the book but of the friends. Alone he must be captivated by the exquisite dream of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD; but in the cold atmosphere of later conversation he might not dare to set others upon the perusal of so much psychology, philosophy, even religion, relieved by so little of strong love interests or comic situations. Taking all risks and with no reservations, I insist upon the splendour of the history and the beauty of the idea of this book. It is the story of one man's soul; not that big, white, fragile darling and spoilt article, over which the modern decadent does so much and so tiresomely concern himself, but the universal spirit of youth and Spring, Earth and beauty, which is born in all men, prematurely dies or is deliberately crushed in most, and remains vital and dominant only in such simple "mad" fellows as *Terence O'Malley*. It is, I say, a dream; it is a thesis, an argument a protest, almost a sermon on the simple life; yet above all it is a tale, a tale of adventure, and a very good tale, too, most delicately and dramatically told. How *The Centaur* comes into it is Mr. BLACKWOOD's secret; he will divulge it at exactly the right moment to all who will give ear to his message.

Not for a long time has a book so intrigued me as *One of the Multitude* by GEORGE ACORN (HEINEMANN). It describes the progress of a slum-child, by incredibly hard and squalid ways, to the comparative haven of a self-respecting and self-supporting manhood, shadowed with all the anxieties of irregular employment and increasing responsibilities. For a while I could not bring myself to believe in the authenticity of it all, and even thought that the susceptible Sage of the College Window, who writes an introduction, was himself by way of hedging when he wrote: "I have reason to believe, indeed to know, that the record is literally and exactly true." Anyway, a higher critic could readily prove the thing a crude and stupid forgery, with its trivial inexactitudes, its palpable improbabilities, the obvious suggestions of derived as against direct observation, and such profoundly false "literary" touches as "The way my mother divided the loaves and fishes has left me a devout believer in the miracle of the Galilean Sea"—this of a mother's capable distribution of a daily dole from the Guardians of two loaves of bread added to the "occasional kipper or haddock and touch of butter" bought by the family. But suddenly one realises that the blemishes are

all blemishes of form, not of matter; that one is judging not by one's real but by one's confounded literary standards; that the whole thing gains in significance by the very crudeness of the workmanship. There is here no touch of the genius of a *MARIE CLAIRE*, but a rather clumsy record of a pathetically groping aspiration and of a very fine and splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds. There is in particular a detailed description of the way in which under an inequitable system the middleman exploits the handicraftsman; while the paralysing effect of the constant fear, and the not infrequent fact, of being out of work is grimly realised. No one who cares to understand realities should fail to read this book. He will not wonder why for one such acorn that wins its oakhood there are so many twisted, broken or uprooted saplings. He will wonder what he would himself have made of Morocco Street. . . .

Not literature, but something much more important.

Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS is an author whose work I have long watched with interest. Amongst other things, he has written the best verse about Oxford of our generation, and at least one unusually clever novel. He has now, in *Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People* (BLACKWOOD) proved his mastery of that rarest and most difficult literary form, the really good short story. Not of course that the twelve tales in this volume are all of the same high level of achievement. They aren't. But several of them, notably "Expeditus" (the story of a luggage label that became a saint), and one, my personal favourite, called "The Diary of a Short-Sighted Man," seem to me as good as anything of their kind in English. A book that contains these, and such an exquisite little piece of word-painting as "The Demeter of Cnidos," has more than justified its existence as pure

literature; while for the reader to whom pure literature is rather an uncomfortable and alarming thing to handle there is "The Statue of the Commander" to make him smile, and "The Gorgon's Head" to make his flesh creep. It is no use my trying to tell you the plot of any one of these, because (except, perhaps, in the last, which is frankly sensational, and works up to a climax that you had better not read just before going to bed) the matter of Mr. LUCAS's tales is of far less importance than their manner. They are always quite obviously the work of a poet who is also a scholar; which is just what gives them their peculiar quality and distinction. It will be interesting to see whether the crude tradition that short stories never sell will be falsified, now that the experiment has been made with such excellent materials.

"The works at Delhi have swallowed up a large portion of the funds available for the conservation of British and Mahomedan monuments."—*Times of India*.

A pity, as this sort of "conversation" might lead to some really interesting reminiscences.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.
XIII.—A PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT HOPING TO INVENT
A NEW SYSTEM OF BREATHING.

CHARIVARIA.

A LADY novelist has a capital grudge against Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with his servant stamps, for he has succeeded in making a certain passage in a book of hers which appeared before the Bill was printed quite ridiculous. "Poor Martha," she wrote, "was a typical domestic. She had the servant stamp all over her." **

Several German newspapers informed their readers that the German Government intended to insist on Great Britain sacrificing Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as formerly M. DELCASSÉ was sacrificed. People over here, however, do not seem to have credited the rumour. Anyhow, Consols failed to rise. **

Mr. MASTERMAN has offered a prize to the first of his constituents who gains the maternity benefit under the Insurance Act; but this must not be taken as an expression of belief that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S measure will never become law. **

A new vessel which has just been ordered for our Navy is to be called *The Daisy*. Frankly, we consider the mildness of this name a mistake. If recourse must be had to the plant world, we would suggest that such names as *The Forget-me-not*, *The Stinging Nettle*, *The Prickly Pear*, or even *The Dandelion*, are far better calculated to strike terror into the heart of the enemy. **

The statement made by the Earl of DENBIGH at a dinner the other day to the effect that mankind could now be divided into three species—man, woman, and the chauffeur—has, *The Autocar* informs us, given offence to many respectable mechanics. Why anyone should object to being called a Superman we are at a loss to understand. **

A Missouri judge has been fined £50 for pulling the nose of another Missouri judge. It remains to be seen whether this penalty is heavy enough to prevent the practice spreading among the more wealthy judges of the district. **

The incident, by the way, tends to confirm the theory that in the States there is far less formality about the dispensing of justice than in our old-fashioned country. **

"Monarchs from the Inside" is the title of an article in *T.P.'s Weekly*. This sounds curiously like the reminiscences of a gentleman who has been dined off by a Cannibal King. **

"Practical gifts rather than ornamental," *The Express* informs us, "are likely to be in demand this Christmas." This emboldens us to express the wish that the anonymous admirer who on previous occasions has so kindly sent

THE SLIDING SCALES OF JUSTICE.

[An offer has been made by the Governor of Virginia to a murderer to postpone his execution for a month if he confesses.]

YESTERDAY the trial was concluded of William Brakepeace, for burglary and assaulting the police.

Prisoner's counsel, who declared that his client was a man of stainless character and could prove a complete alibi, offered, however, to plead guilty to the minor charge if that of burglary was not proceeded with. After some bargaining the negotiations broke down.

Prisoner elected to give evidence, and deposed that he was nowhere near the

place where he was arrested. The case was one of mistaken identity. He would willingly plead guilty to a few minor charges—forgeries, personations and things of that sort, or—wait a moment—he would pay £25 into court if this would square the matter. No? Well, £30? £35? Really, he didn't know what Courts were coming to! Here was a chawnst of making money instead of spending it. £40? At £40—going! Well, he would make the Court a fair offer—he would throw in two diamond rings and a lady's gold watch, blame him!

The foreman of the jury here interposed with the suggestion

that, if the prisoner would plead guilty to arson, they would make a strong recommendation for mercy.

After consultation with his client prisoner's counsel rejected this offer with contempt and indignation. Prisoner relied on his unblemished reputation and the common honesty of the British jurymen.

Here his lordship retired to bargain with both counsel. As a result the prisoner withdrew his alibi and pleaded guilty to both charges, on the understanding that, if he produced fifty per cent. of the missing jewellery, the sentence would not exceed six months' imprisonment.

Reform of the House of Lords.

"*The Daily Express* states that Mrs. Asquith has decided to accept a peerage at the New Year."—*Times of India Weekly*.



The Bandit. "TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK ON THE SUNRISE FOR BELIKE YOU WILL NE'ER SEE ANOTHER."

The Captive. "INDEED, I TRUST NOT. IT'S THE FIRST I'VE SEEN AND I CONSIDER THAT AS A SPECTACLE IT IS GROSSLY OVERRATED, WHILE THE COLD IS INTENSE."

us such a pretty Christmas card will this year oblige with a 500-ton yacht. **

The torpedo-gunboat *Spanker* has been in hospital at Sheerness, a merchant steamship having struck her. The cause of the quarrel has not transpired. **

Inside a large cod-fish which was caught off Queenstown Harbour last week was found a leather purse containing two sixpenny pieces. It is thought that the cod may have been a poor relation of a gold-fish. **

In its account of the recovery of the stolen Fra Angelico, a contemporary says that the Chief of Police on receiving the news "kissed the lucky detectives on both cheeks." Before we called the detectives lucky we should require to see a portrait of the Chief of Police. **

A CROWN OF SORROWS.

THERE is something on my mind, of which I must relieve myself. If I am ever to face the world again with a smile I must share my trouble with others. I cannot bear my burden alone.

Friends, I have lost my hat. Will the gentleman who took it by mistake, and forgot to leave his own in its place, kindly return my hat to me at once?

I am very miserable without my hat. It was one of those nice soft ones with a dent down the middle to collect the rain; one of those soft hats which wrap themselves so lovingly round the cranium that they ultimately absorb the personality of the wearer underneath, responding to his every emotion. When people said nice things about me my hat would swell in sympathy; when they said nasty things, or when I had had my hair cut, it would adapt itself automatically to my lesser requirements. In a word, it fitted—and that is more than can be said for your hard unyielding bowler.

My hat and I dropped into a hall of music one night last week. I placed it under the seat, put a coat on it to keep it warm, and settled down to enjoy myself. My hat could see nothing, but it knew that it would hear all about the entertainment on the way home. When the last moving picture had moved away, my hat and I prepared to depart together. I drew out the coat and felt around for my — Where on earth . . .

I was calm at first.

"Excuse me," I said politely to the man next to me, "but have you got two hats?"

"Several," he replied, mistaking my meaning.

I dived under the seat again, and came up with some more dust.

"Someone," I said to a programme girl, "has taken my hat."

"Have you looked under the seat for it?" she asked.

It was such a sound suggestion that I went under the seat for the third time.

"It may have been kicked further along," suggested another attendant. She walked up and down the row looking for it and, in case somebody had kicked it into the row above, walked up and down that one too; and, in case somebody had found touch with it on the other side of the house, many other girls spread themselves in pursuit; and soon we had the whole pack hunting for it.

Then the fireman came up, suspecting the worst. I told him it was even worse than that—my hat had been stolen.

He had a flash of inspiration.

"Are you sure you brought it with you?" he asked.

The programme girls seemed to think that it would solve the whole mystery if I hadn't brought it with me.

"Are you sure you are the fireman?" I said coldly.

He thought for a moment, and then unburdened himself of another idea.

"Perhaps it's just been kicked under the seat," he said.

I left him under the seat and went downstairs with a heavy heart. At the door I said to the hall porter, "Have you seen anybody going out with two hats by mistake?"

"What's the matter?" he said. "Lost your hat?"

"It has been stolen."

"Have you looked under the seats? It may have been kicked along a bit."

"Perhaps I'd better see the manager," I said. "Is it any good looking under the seats for *him*?"

"I expect it's just been kicked along a bit," the hall porter repeated confidently. "I'll come up with you and look for it."

"If there's any more talk about being kicked along a bit," I said bitterly, "somebody *will* be. I want the manager."

I was led to the manager's room, and there I explained the matter to him. He was very pleasant about it.

"I expect you haven't looked for it properly," he said, with a charming smile. "Just take this gentleman up," he added to the hall porter, "and find his hat for him. It has probably been kicked under one of the other seats."

We were smiled irresistibly out, and I was dragged up to the grand circle again. The seats by this time were laid out in white draperies; the house looked very desolate; I knew that my poor hat was dead.

With an air of cheery confidence the hall porter turned into the first row of seats. . . .

"It may have been kicked on to the stage," I said, as he began to slow down. "It may have jumped into one of the boxes. It may have turned into a rabbit. You know, I expect you aren't looking for it properly."

The manager was extremely sympathetic when we came back to him. He said, "Oh, I'm sorry." Just like that—"Oh, I'm sorry."

"My hat," I said firmly, "has been stolen."

"I'm sorry," he repeated with a bored smile, and turned to look at himself in the glass.

Then I became angry with him and his attendants and his whole blessed theatre.

"My hat," I said bitingly, "has been stolen from me—while I slept."

* * * * *

You must have seen me wearing it in the dear old days. Greeny brown it was in colour; but it wasn't the colour that drew your eyes to it—no, nor yet the shape, nor the angle at which it sat. It was just the essential rightness of it. If you have ever seen a hat which you felt instinctively was a clever hat, an alive hat, a profound hat, then that was my hat—and that was myself underneath it. A. A. M.

CRICKETS ON THE HEARTH.

[A joyous anticipation, inspired by reading just below a letter from Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN on the Servant Tax, printed in *The Evening News*, an effusion signed "M. WALKER (Cook) and R. CARTER (Housemaid)."]

TRUCE to the wrongs and the rights o' the matter!

Plague on their pesky Bill!
Susan, author of pies and batter,
Puddings that please or kill,
Wielder thou of the whitened roller,
Never before, since anxious molar
Trode on a crust, wast thou controller,
Cook, of the poignant quill.

Thine to pluck the Michaelmas gander
Down in the basement grot;
When disturbed, with a wholesome
candour

Letting us hear what's what;
Shrined about with condiments herbal,
Now and again thy sauce was verbal,
Ah! but never the Muses' burble
Troubled thy tranquil lot.

Now thou shalt cast aside the sorrel,
Chervil and mint and rue;
Thine are the bays and thine the
laurel!

As for the stuffed-up flue,
Goodness knows! for the god estranges
Hearts that were set on kitchen-ranges,
Fires the soul, and for chops exchanges
Nectar and honey-dew.

Yes, oh yes, in *The Times* or *Morning Post*
I shall shortly scan
(Half of an inmost page adorning)
Pæans by Mary Ann;
No, not long shalt thou deign to tarry at
Humdrum prose, Eliza Harriet;
Look at the flaming youth in his chariot!
Follow the pipes of Pan!

Only when thou hast turned the inner
Taps of the fount divine,
Don't forget we should like our dinner
Punctual (we who pine
Darkling here), and that steaks are
eaten,
Patties and puffs and all things
wheaten;
Pound the lyre, but let Mrs. BEETON
Mix with the Sacred Nine.

EVOE.



“A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.”

INSURANCE BILL. “MY LORD, I KNOW YOU’RE NOT ALLOWED TO KILL ME; BUT PLEASE DON’T MANGLE ME MORE THAN YOU CAN HELP; I’VE HAD A DEUCE OF A TIME ALREADY AT THE HANDS OF MY RESPECTED PARENT.”

POTTED PAPERS.

After "The Eyewitness" (Mr. Belloc).
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NOWHERE are the drawbacks of Rotativism more frequently displayed than in the conduct of our Foreign Policy. Lord ROSEBURY, with that knack of glossing over unpleasant facts with a literary varnish which is his sole title to distinction, called it "Securing a continuity of foreign policy." In plain language it is simply a case of sharing the spoils of office. Under our so-called democracy certain families monopolise diplomacy—not the RUNCIMANS (and I confess that no man with such an awful name ought ever to hold high office) or even the LLOYD GEORGES, but the LANS-DOWNES and the GREYS. Lord LANS-
DOWNE has at least the advantage of a strain of French blood in his veins. GREY has nothing beyond his name, his nose, which proclaims his Semitic origin in trumpet tones, and his gigantic wealth, derived from his corrupt management of the North Eastern Railway when he was out of office. Beside his colossal malversation LLOYD GEORGE sinks to the level of a petty pilferer. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER only robs servants, but our Foreign Minister plunders potentates.

FROM THE EGYPTIAN.

Seven wealthy towns contend
for HOMER dead
Through which the living HOMER
begged his bread;
And England, scorning BLUNT,
the modern HOMER,
Bestows a peerage on that brute
Lord CROMER.

THE FOLLIES.

It is curious to note the reaction of politics on the playhouse. Even Mr. PÉLISSIER cannot escape the execrable infection of the House of Commons. It is or ought to be the duty of the Opposition, as represented at the Apollo Theatre by Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY, to oppose. Instead of which he habitually plays up to Mr. PÉLISSIER in a manner worthy of a Portuguese or Anglo-Semite Rotativist at his worst. The only explanation that I can offer of this abdication of his function is that Mr. SYDNEY, as his very dubious Christian name implies, is the salaried hireling of the ROTATCHILD ring. Miss MURIEL GEORGE, again, whose surname renders her gravely suspect, betrays in every inflection of her voice the influence of the CADBURY - CARNEGIE - ROWNTREE

faction; while BEN, the famous super, is yet another clamant example of the ubiquitous intrusion of Israelitism.

COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.

The new Naval appointments have been greeted with the usual chorus of commandeered approval. But what are the facts? Admiral BRIDGEMAN is a Freemason, PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG is a German spy, and Captain PAKENHAM's great grandfather's third cousin married a lady whose name was

never drinks cocoa. Failing Mr. BLUNT I doubt if it would have been possible to secure a more satisfactory representative, so far as anyone can be so under the present miserable régime.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR IN HIGH LIFE.

["Things often thought, but ne'er before expressed."—Misquotation.]

I.—Poor Niece to Rich Uncle.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—To think that next Tuesday I shall be twenty-one! I can hardly realise it, but I hope you will be able to.

Ever your affectionate niece,
JANET.

II.—Poor Nephew to same Rich Uncle.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have not forgotten your last generous Xmas present. There will be another of these quaint ceremonies on December 25th this year.

Now and then and always
your affectionate nephew,
JOHN.

III.—Husband to Wife.

MY DEAR GIRL,— . . . When I return home, I intend to bring you a little offering of some sort. On the one hand my business can be made to take me in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, but, on the other hand, there are some of just the roses you love at Covent Garden.

Wife to Husband (telegram).
No flowers, by request.

IV.—Wedding Invitation (New form).

Captain and Mrs. PERCIVAL
BROADBACK

request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. SMYLLIE'S

Company, at the marriage of their
daughter
MARGARET

To Lieutenant JOHN BOWLER GREEN
at the Oratory, Brompton, and afterwards at

16, Hyde Gardens, W.

N.B.—It's YOUR PRESENT THEY WANT.

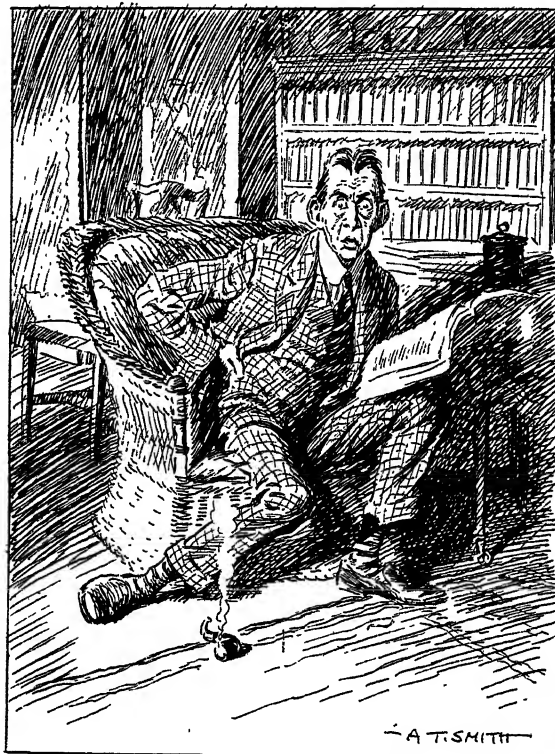
"They purloined the coffee room, and took away several silver articles."

Waldstone Observer.

Policeman (to Suspicious Character):
Now then, what have you got in that bag?

S. C.: Only the washing, guv'nor.

Policeman: Washing be blowed! If there's not a coffee room in there I'll eat my boots.



A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

THIS GENTLEMAN HAS "DONE WITH DOCTORS" AND IS SUBSCRIBING TO "EVERYONE HIS OWN MEDICINE-MAN" IN FORT-NIGHTLY PARTS. HE HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT HE HAS ALL THE SYMPTOMS (AND MORE) OF LUMBAGO, WHEN THE INSTALLMENT ENDS, AND HE MUST WAIT A FORTNIGHT FOR THE CURE.

Miriam Boodle. Under a genuine system of representation such appointments would be impossible, but the abdication of the House of Commons leaves us without any engine of control over the interests of a group of atheistic plutocrats.

* * * * *
We rejoice to see that Mr. AUBREY HERBERT has been returned for South Somerset. As between "Liberals" and "Conservatives" we feel, as our readers know, the tired impartiality of those who see through the footling game. But Mr. HERBERT is a man of some independence of character and culture. He is a poet and has read the poets of the Pélaiade in the original French; he is more interested in picaresque romance than in free libraries; and he

TRACTS THAT TOOK THE
WRONG TURNING.

I.

ONCE upon a time there was a small tradesman named John Stone. He was an honest, hard-working man, who did his best to make both ends meet and support his wife and three small children. But, try as he might, custom left his shop, while to make things worse his assistant robbed him, and he found himself one morning with only ten pounds between himself and the bankruptcy court. His debts amounted to over thirty pounds, and more stock was needed.

In his despair he went for a walk and chanced to meet an old school-fellow named James Smith. "Hullo, John," said James, "why do you look so glum?" John told him. "It is lucky you met me," was the reply, "for I've got a tip for the races to-morrow which can't fail. Take my advice. Put your ten pounds on it."

John Stone had never made a bet in his life and he was reluctant to do so now, but at last he let James persuade him, and the next morning handed him the ten pounds.

All that day, until the news of the race reached London, John Stone was in an agony. He dared not look his wife in the face, and in his business was so absent-minded that his few customers thought he must be ill. At last he saw a boy rushing down the street with a paper, and calling to him he bought one and feverishly tore it open. His horse had won—at 20 to 1. John Stone had made £200; and that night James brought him this sum together with the £10 he had wagered.

John Stone immediately paid all his debts, acquired some new and attractive stock, and at once began to prosper; and he is now the owner of a row of shops. He is also a respected town councillor and churchwarden. In spite of all temptation to do so he never made another bet.

II.

Henry Martin had been brought up by his parents as a strict teetotaler, and until his twenty-fifth year he remained so. Then one evening he went to a smoking-concert and was induced, much against his will, to drink a glass of whiskey and soda-water. That was thirty years ago, and the taste so disgusted him that he has never repeated the experiment.

III.

George Dundas was also brought up as a strict teetotaler, being taught not only to look upon alcohol as poison, but upon those who took it as



OUR MAMMOTH STORES.

Shopman. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT AM I NOT RIGHT IN PRESUMING YOU COME FROM THE TOY DEPARTMENT?"

Lady. "CERTAINLY. WHY?"

Shopman. "WOULD YOU VERY KINDLY DIRECT ME TO IT? I'M ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS THERE AND I'VE LOST MY WAY."

sinners. One day he was dared by a companion to drink a glass of beer, and rather than be called a coward he did so. He was astonished first to find it agreeable, and secondly not to be rolling about the floor after drinking it in a state of beastly intoxication, or lurching home to beat his wife and throw his children out of the window. The consequence was that the next evening he took another glass, and has enjoyed his beer regularly ever since and is now a hale old man of ninety-seven.

IV.

Thomas Sand and Arthur Wheeler were two village lads who lived near to each other and always walked to and from school together. One day they noticed that Farmer Brown's orchard gate, which was usually locked, was open, and they peeped in. Just in front

of them was a tree covered with beautiful ripe apples. They looked in all directions but no one was in sight, and in a few moments the boys had shaken down enough apples to fill their pockets and were again in the road enjoying the plunder. Just as they turned the corner whom should they meet but Farmer Brown with his big whip. He looked at the apples they were munching and recognised them as his own. "Hullo, you young Socialists," he said, with a laugh. The boys grew up to positions of trust and are now J.P.s.

Colonial Expansion.

"The last published number of *Marvels of the Empire* is notable for . . . its photographs of the moon."—*Times*.

Germany must be content with its place in the sun.

THE SONGS OF PANTOMIME.

Now that the days are growing short, while, on the other hand, the nights lengthen, it is time to turn our thoughts to the Pantomime Song. In what mellifluous words will the Principal Boy woo the favours of the high gods? With what surging chorus will the Wicked Uncle set the gallery in a roar? By what insidious strain will the Princess extract salt tears from the upper circle? And so on.

All these questions, and many others, can be answered to-day.

The Principal Boy will this year have a wide choice of Ballads of Passionate Devotion, but we venture to prophesy that none will prove more justly popular than the refined and haunting composition entitled "Love Only," of which the following is the refrain:—

Only I ask to love you,
Only I long for you:
As the stars that shine above you
In the trustful heavens are true,
Thus is my heart so faithful,
So tender and so fond,
Yea, as the stars on high make bright
the sky
In the infinite vast Beyond.

As the discriminating reader will observe from the extract given above, this song is worded with such skilful judgment that no sense of incongruity in the matter of sex is aroused in the mind of the auditor, since the sentiments here so beautifully expressed may be regarded as appropriate to either of the two great divisions of humanity.

How different to these sentiments are those contained in the rollicking catch, "Me and My Old Pal," which is certain to have a deservedly enormous vogue. We have little sympathy with those superior persons who may be expected to raise the parrot-cry of "Vulgarity!" or to complain that the words of the chorus quoted below form an incentive to intemperance. We would point out that legitimate tastes must be catered for, and that at the Festive Season there are certain National Traditions which must be respected, even in an age when excessive drinking is happily *démodé*. May not the Pantomime, we would ask, foster a true patriotism in this respect by awakening among the people a spirit of historical continuity? Thus are Empires built up. It is a great thought.

I stood my Old Pal a drink,
And he stood one to me,
And we kept on standing each other drinks
All night so merrily;
I stood one and he stood one,
Till we scarcely could drink for yawning,
And we sat there boozing when we ought
to be snoozing
Till the milkman came in the morning.

"The Dream" is the title given to an exquisite song which will moisten the cheeks of many a Pit. It may interest our readers to know that the outbreak of hostilities between Turkey and Italy was directly responsible for its composition. The author was walking in East London during the early days of the war when he saw a boy being furiously bombarded by an indignant organ-grinder, who employed, among other missiles, a small monkey. It transpired later that the youth had offended the patriotic susceptibilities of his assailant by consuming a quantity of Turkish Delight with deliberate offensiveness under the very nose of the exasperated Italian. Despite the violent nature of the onslaught, however, the boy's countenance wore an amused smile. This incident made a deep impression upon the observer, and the idea thus planted germinated to such purpose that within a few days "The Dream" was completed.

We have space to print the opening stanza only, but it will serve to indicate the profound passion and tenderness of the whole:—

I dreamed that I saw him standing
In the furious battle-place,
While shells were bursting about him
And swords were grazing his face;
But a smile was on his features—
A smile that was sweet to see,
For I knew as he stood in that River of Blood
He was thinking only of me.

The Topical Song, always so fascinating to pantomime audiences, presents at this stage a rather curious appearance in print. Reflection, however, shows us that this is inevitable; topicality, if we may be permitted to say so, being essentially an evanescent quality. Here is an example of the framework as it leaves the hands of the song-writer, before being clothed and enriched by the genius of the artist. Fully developed it will cause thousands of hearts to throb with innocent joy.

You take up your daily paper,
As you tap your breakfast egg,
And you read that a shot from the . . .
camp
Has broken a . . . 's leg;
That the Bill for . . .
Has passed through Parliament,
That . . .
And that . . . -sent.
-tent.
-vent.
You read that . . . has dropped
again
Out of his . . . aeroplane;
That the price of . . . is higher.
And you know it's true
For you've read it through
In the ha'penny *Morning Liear*.

[Loud laughter from inveterate supporters of this organ.]

Unfortunately the following "Surprise" song, which seems to us to take

rank above all the foregoing, though modesty precludes our saying so, has been refused a place in the coming repertoire of Pantomime Lyrics:—

You ask me why a shadow lies,
A cloud of pain upon my eyes;
Ask no more, no more.
It is not grief, beloved, that wrings
My heart and makes it sore;
I feel not on my forehead falling
Sorrow's clinging kiss—
I'm only bored to death at bawling
Such rotten tosh as this.

O'CLOCK.

["The greatest waste is waste of Time. . . . The fact of your time always being absolutely correct gives a prestige to your house unattainable in any other way."—*Quotation from an advertisement.*]

"I HAVE come shopping," said I.

"One cannot shop in a post-office," said the official.

"Think again," I answered.

"We have here," he confessed, "some stamps."

I purchased a stamp.

"We have here," he continued, "some postal orders."

"There!" I exclaimed, "I knew one could really shop in a post office, if one tried hard enough. How much are the telegraph forms?"

He admitted, with reluctance, that they were free.

"I will take a dozen gross," said I.

"And now," I continued, "I will tell you what I really came for. I want the Greenwich mean time, please." I happened to know that a consignment of this is sent every day to every post-office in the kingdom.

He leant over the counter and spoke very distinctly.

"You want," said he, "the Greenwich mean time?"

"Yes," I said, "the best and the meanest Greenwich."

"There it is," he said, pointing to the clock.

"Quite so," I agreed. "I want it."

He had the appearance of a man who did not know what to do next.

"Moreover," I added, "if you will assure me that it is the genuine article, and not a cheap London imitation, I am prepared to pay any price for it."

To occupy myself pleasantly while he debated what course he should adopt, I examined my own watch.

"But look you here," I exclaimed, with just anger, "your precious Greenwich mean is no better than Wimbledon ordinary?"

He could not dispute it.

"In that case," I told him indignantly, "you can keep it."

And I walked straight out of the shop.



New Parson (having noticed that the double-bass player uses his left hand simply to support the instrument). "I SEE YOU DON'T USE YOUR FINGERS WHEN YOU PLAY, JOHN?"
John. "NO, SIR; YE SEE THERE BE SOME AS TWIDDLE THEIR FINGERS WHEN THEY PLAY, AN' THERE BE SOME AS DON'T, AN' I BE ONE O' THEM THAT DON'T."



THE AWAKENING OF ENGLAND.

Squire (who has dropped in on a heated argument as to the chances of war with Germany). "THAT IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT SUPPOSING YOU WOKE UP TO-MORROW MORNING AND FOUND THE GERMANS ON YOUR DOORSTEP?"

Spokesman. "NAY, THAT BAIN'T POSSIBLE, SQUIRE, BECAUSE WHAT WE SAYS IS—'OW ARE THEY GOING TO GET PAST GIBERALTER?"

ADVICE TO THE ADMIRALS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As a wife—and, may I add, a mother?—I am so glad that that dear Mr. CHURCHILL has made some new Admirals to look after the Navy that we all love so well. I must say that I was not at all satisfied with the other Admirals. I do hope the new ones will introduce some *much needed* reforms.

I do not think the Committee was at all kind to my dear Hubert, after he had been quite a long time at Osborne, too, and never been seasick once, and *such* a clever boy at managing a boat. My dear Hubert is full of true British pluck, and looked so well in his uniform, and I do not think the last lot of Admirals need have insisted so much on examinations. How much trigonometry did the great Lord NELSON know, I should like to ask.

Then I think the Committee (am I right in calling it a Committee?) has

not remembered as it ought that it carries a vast load of responsibility in regard to the young lives entrusted to its care. Many of the sailors—brave fellows!—on our battleships are really little more than boys, and, as I know from experience, some of their chests are not at all strong; and I do not think this going out to sea in all weathers is at all good for them. I mean that when the Germans *do* come we shall want all our sailors nice and strong to be able to fight them, shan't we? Well, nothing is so weakening as a nasty cold.

I shock my dear husband sometimes by saying that I really feel inclined to become a Militant Suffragette. Of course I would never dream of doing that really, but I *do* think that women could help in some ways in governing our grand old England, and I certainly think that, admirable as Mr. CHURCHILL has shown himself to be, he would have won even more approval if he had

appointed at least one woman to advise the new Admirals, not so much about how to fire the guns and send the ships straight and that kind of thing, but about the brave sailors' food and clothes, and the little comforts that mean *so much* to them when they are far away from home joys. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, if you would put my suggestion in your very readable paper, which my dear husband and I always borrow whenever we can, it might do some good.

Yours, very sincerely,

(Mrs.) ELEANOR GOOSH.

The Rectory, Mallowmarsh.

Commercial Candour.

"PENARTH.—Charming Detached Residence, commanding interrupted sea view."—*House Agent's announcement.*

"Wanted, a good economical chef capable of turning out a good dinner occasionally."

Advt. in "Daily Malta Chronicle."

Even once a week would be something.



THE RIVAL PEACEMAKERS.

GERMAN. "DO YOU CLEAN YOUR SLATE AT ME, SIR?"

BRITON. "NO, SIR, I DO NOT CLEAN MY SLATE AT YOU, SIR. BUT I CLEAN MY SLATE, SIR."

[*Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., Scene i. (adapted).]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

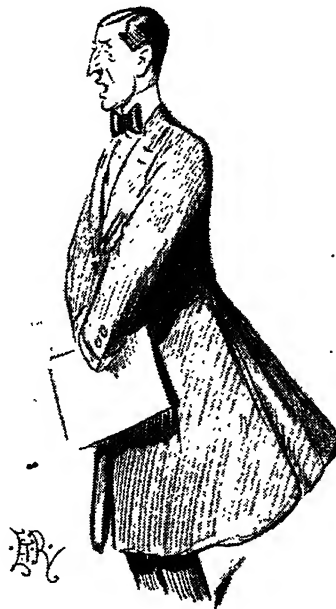
House of Commons, Monday, November 27.—One does not remember a time when simple-manner speech unadorned enjoyed such triumph as was achieved to-night by EDWARD GREY. Occasion one of the great epochs in career of a statesman. There was for audience not only crowded House and expectant British public. In Gallery over Clock were gathered Ambassadors of all the Great Powers, with conspicuous exception of France and Germany. These being the countries most directly concerned in question at issue, their Representatives agreed, upon point of etiquette, to abstain from attendance. But in company with the other nations of the earth France and Germany were listening at the door, eager to catch the words falling from lips of British Minister.

It was, in brief, a rare occasion, to which ordinary Minister would have risen elate. Easy to imagine the sonorous phrases with which GLADSTONE would have embroidered the story and the glowing peroration that would have closed it. EDWARD GREY had evidently carefully prepared his statement setting forth Foreign Policy of this country in connection with the Moroccan Question; but it was equally devoid of ornamentation and peroration. He was there to tell a plain story, and he did not halt by the way to pluck flowers or to



A MARKED RESEMBLANCE TO
GEORGE WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

The personification of unmistakable candour
and constitutionally incapable of gush.
(Right Hon. Sir EDWARD GREY.)



TRIPPED UP OVER TRIPOLI.

Mr. D. M. Mason. "I can assure you, Sir, very great dis'pointment to me, Mr. SPEAKER—very great dis'pointment, indeed, Sir—not to be allowed to 'move' in this—er—great deliberative 'assembly—greatest deliberative 'assembly, I may say, in the world, Mr. SPEAKER—great dis'pointment—never was so dis'pointed in m' life, Sir, in this great deliberative 'assembly, so to speak—not to be allowed to 'move'!"
(*Sympathetic jeers.*)

buy ribbons wherewith to deck it. One felt as he proceeded how completely he carried with him the conviction of his audience that he was concealing nothing.

To a Ministry at a crisis such as that gone through in the last three months the price of a colleague such as EDWARD GREY is above rubies. When he resumed his seat there was no disposition shown in any part of House to question, even to discuss, his statement or the policy of the Government he represented. The late GEORGE WASHINGTON, U.S.A., was not more accustomed by long habit to compel absolute acceptance of the truth of his assertions.

MEMBER FOR SARK in his pragmatical way takes narrow view of situation. It suggests to him how much time would be saved and to what extent life would be lengthened if all business, from diplomacy to drapery, were conducted on basis of veracity. In diplomatic conversation and correspondence the parties in turn exhaust themselves in effort at guessing how much truth may be contained in a particular declaration. Till he was found out BISMARCK was accustomed to get the better of his adversary by, upon occasion, telling the simple truth. That being wholly un-

expected the other fellow was temporarily led astray. Now here is EDWARD GREY talking for an hour and twenty minutes on a delicate intricate international question and everyone instinctively knows that he is simply telling the truth.

Foreign papers please copy.

Business done.—EDWARD GREY makes important statement on Moroccan Question.

Tuesday.—After sleeping on its memories and impressions one realizes how last night for the first time fully revealed the irreparable loss Opposition sustained by driving out their Leader. BONAR LAW played his part excellently. Said the correct thing in proper phrase. Indeed repeated memorable declaration of PRINCE ARTHUR, opportunely made at height of crisis last July, that in presence of national peril all party controversies are hushed and the Parliamentary Opposition is as one with Ministers. But occasion seemed to call for a loftier personal pitch. The thing is more acutely felt than may be categorically stated.

Undoubtedly the men who a couple of months ago were shouting or writing "B. M. G." had brought home to them last night pang of sharp regret that, after long endurance of personal contumely and party revolt, B. took the hint and went.

Business done.—National Insurance Bill approaching conclusion of Report stage. Kaleidoscopic process of construction maintained with almost super-



A BRILLIANT RECRUIT.

(Mr. MARK SYKES, M.P. for Central Hull.
A very welcome addition to Unionist debating power.)



LONG-LOST BROTHERS.

Lord Hugh. "Ah, my dear Robert! so we've contrived to get into the House together at last! Great victory of yours at Hitchin—Tariff Reform—what?"

human fertility of resource. "New clauses while you wait," says CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, smiling cheerily on bewildered Members.

Friday.—Return of Lord ROBERT CECIL to old quarters above Gangway welcomed by both sides with the less restraint since his election does not disturb balance of Parties. At Hitchin a Unionist Amurath to Amurath succeeds. Quite apart from that is satisfaction at regaining counsel and companionship of type of man gradually being elbowed out of House, a tendency that will receive strong impulse from new condition of salaried membership. There will be little room in coming years for class of scholars and gentlemen who so recently as Dizzy's time predominated in the Commons.

Cousin ROBERT lacks the full charm of Cousin HUGH, the lustre of whose gifts, by the way, is inexplicably dimmed in present Parliament. *Per contra* he is not given to outbursts of ungovernable partisan fury such as have been known to find issue in prolonged effort to shout down the PREMIER standing at Table charged with delivery of important message.

A trained student of politics, a man of keen insight and lucid speech, he is always listened to with assurance that he will add to the value of current debate. Withal a courteous gentleman who appreciably helps to maintain the high level of tone and manner which,

in spite of electoral changes and personal idiosyncracies, remains an attribute of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—Still rushing Insurance Bill through Report stage. Finish on Monday. On Wednesday it will be read a third time and passed on to Lords.

THE NEWEST PORTRAITURE.

PHOTOGRAPHY having led the way with the recent movement in favour of Spot-on-the-landscape pictures (where in the figure of the sitter is treated only as a detail in the composition), it is rumoured that portrait-painting is now to go one better. We gather that a forthcoming exhibition of the First-past-the-post-impressionists will contain several examples of the new method, whose object is said to be to suggest the personality rather than present the actual person of the subject.

Thus, in No. 46 "*Miss Daisy Dentifrice of the Frivolity Theatre*," though the features of this popular and talented young actress do not themselves appear upon the canvas, her presence is conveyed to the spectator with remarkable subtlety and force in the aspect of the first three rows of the Frivolity stalls, as it has been caught by the artist. The ecstatic gaze of the occupants, their fixed smiles and eager hands, all combine to produce an effect of actu-

ality far greater than anything that could be attained by mere conventional portraiture. The spectator is left with the impression that if he has not actually seen Miss Dentifrice herself, he has at least had a very narrow escape of doing so.

No. 47, a companion work to this, by the same artist, is an equally striking study of *The Rev. Longwind Spalding*—a presentation work, which has, we understand, been subscribed for by the congregation and churchwardens of St. Somnolent's, Chelsea. Here the rather cold treatment of the architectural setting is finely contrasted with the pew-full of semi-recumbent figures in the foreground. The whole effect is a realization of the rev. gentleman's tireless and impressive personality such as for once deserves the often misplaced epithet of a "speaking likeness." By a regrettable blunder the picture was originally catalogued as "*Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer*"; but we are glad to see that the error has been timely perceived, and that this very striking example of the New Portraiture is now given its correct title, as above.

Yet another exceedingly happy achievement is No. 111, *Sir Jacob Bumpus, Bart.* The sensation of a just-finished interview with the distinguished City magnate and financier could indeed hardly be better conveyed than it is here, by what is at first sight a simple study in still life. Gradually, however, the subtle treatment of the closed door, marked Private and obviously still quivering from its recent banging behind the master, produces its effect upon the observer. Silence, the palpable silence that follows the last word of authority, is in every line of the picture. So masterly is the handling of this that the eye scarcely needs such contributory details as the torn ledger—some error in which has obviously but a moment before raised Sir Jacob's justly-famous indignation—or the enlarged tail of the office cat protruding from beneath an overturned desk in the foreground. The man, one feels, *has been there*—and of what ordinary portrait could the same be truthfully said? As a remarkable study of a forceful and impetuous personality, No. 111 well deserves the attention that it will certainly receive.

Perhaps, however, the gem of the whole collection is to be found in No. 396, *Henrietta, wife of John Smallweed, Esq.* By an interesting converse of the method followed in the previous example, the artist has here found his conception of his subject in the opening door that heralds her arrival. The movement of this,



"JANE, I'VE TOLD YOU OVER AND OVER AGAIN, I WILL HAVE CLEANLINESS; YET WHY IS IT I'M ALWAYS FINDING COBWEBS ON THE DRAWING-ROOM CEILING?"

"I THINK IT MUST BE THE SPIDERS, MISS."

shown through a heavily tobacco-laden atmosphere, together with the hypnotised stare of the male figure engaged in hurriedly extinguishing a half-smoked cigar, convey an impression of the lady and her domestic régime that is hardly short of a work of genius. Here is no yielding to the impulse of flattery; the whole subject is treated with a frankness which verges on the brutal, but is none the less fascinating for this. It is an interesting task to compare this presentment of Mrs. Smallweed with her full-length portrait by Mr. Pink Glow, R.A., at Burlington House; though it can hardly be doubted which of the two comes nearer to that absolute truth which is the ultimate aim of art. No visitor to the Academy could have the faintest idea that she objected to tobacco.

Perfidious Albion.

"Thursday, Dec. 7.—The State entry at 10 a.m. Deception of the Chiefs 3 to 5 p.m."—*Times of India.*

CUPID AND CAUTION.

[It is suggested that when young people become engaged, an agreement should be drawn up fixing the damages to be paid if the engagement is broken.]

PRISCILLA, at present I'm purposed to kneel

Right down at your feet on the carpet,
The while in a passionate burst I reveal
How dear to the poet you are, pet;
But ere on this amorous project I start,
Or ever one syllable's spoken,
Pray tell me at what you will value
your heart

If by action of mine it is broken.

Supposing perchance some unfortunate day

My constancy happens to falter,
Supposing that poetry failing to pay
Forbids me to come to the altar,
Will you reckon the breach of my
promise a thing

That calls for a cash consolation?
Or, if I don't ask the return of the ring,
Will that be enough reparation?

In settling the sum to be paid when I plead

That in love I've been making a
miscount,
The cost of the lawyers you'd otherwise
need

Should go to the bard as a discount;
So fix on a figure sufficiently low,
All greedy temptations tabooing,
And, caution cast off, I will let myself go
And gaily get on with the wooing.

Beneath a quoted testimonial we read:—

"This expression of unqualified approval was entirely voluntary and unexpected, as the order had merely been executed in Messrs. —'s usual manner."

What *did* they expect?

The Journalistic Touch.

"A cordial Anglo-German understanding would be worth its weight in gold to both countries."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

What is the exact troy-weight of an understanding? On paper it can't be very much.

THE GOOSE OPERA.

WE had heard so much of them, their intelligence, their operative instinct, their adaptability to the conditions of bird-life as understood on the Covent Garden stage. They represented the chief motive, so we gathered, of HUMPERDINCK's new opera; his heroine was a goose-girl; he had written his work round them. *And they practically did nothing.* In the Second Act they appeared in the background beyond the town gates, lingered for a few moments, but took no intelligent interest in the action of the drama (except that one stood on his toes and flapped his wings), and then stampeded into the right wing. According to the stage directions they were to be a marked feature of the opening of the First Act. "Twelve wild geese," so I read, "are scattered about. Some are splashing in the pond [there was no pond except a painted one where you couldn't splash]; others are plucking at the grass, and others are smoothing down their feathers with their bills." If they did all this, it must have been behind the Witch's house or the pump, for they were barely noticeable from my stall. One, a grey goose, had been selected for special duty. He was to receive the *King's Son's* crown on his neck and secrete it till required. None of the highly trained corps was found equal to the task, and a dummy had to be substituted. Altogether, as an exhibition of animate poultry, the show was very disappointing.

As for the other birds, I cannot write about them without an emotion of pain. Such instructions as "A turtle-dove flies out of the hole in the trunk of the linden-tree and pecks at the window of the hut," or "more doves fly round the Fiddler," were totally ignored. A strong effort, it is true, was made by one dummy to simulate the "gobbling up" of millet-seed, but it took the form of saltatory spasms, during which his beak never came within practicable distance of the ground. Their subsequent flight was executed on the well-known wire-system, the effect being prolonged in one case by a desolating hitch in mid-air. When will Signor MARCONI invent a wireless bird for operative use?

Before passing from the subject of stage-properties, I must mention the Witch's poisoned "loaf" (or "cake" or "pasty"), which directly caused the death of the starving *Königskinder*. In the First Act, having been cooked in cold water at an incredible pace, it had the semblance of a large white chalk-stone. By the Third Act it had matured in colour, and looked like a

colossal railway-station bun. Nothing short of the claims of deadly hunger could have given the *Königskinder* the frenzied strength required for the breaking and chewing of it. In such cases I prefer a doctored beverage as being more in the spirit of romance. How should we have felt if *Tristan* and *Isolde*, instead of drinking together from what they took to be a poisoned cup, had shared a physicked railway-station bun?

The plot of *Königskinder* is of the most unsatisfactory. The impossibilities of fairyland magic I accept with proper resignation; but on the human side I like a fair show of reasonableness. Here I never could make out how the *Goose-girl* came to be of royal blood if her parentage on both sides was



This is a goose who is not much good at laying golden eggs, but can mislay golden crowns with anyone.

Gänsemagd Frau GURA-HUMMEL.

connected with the hangman's trade. The *Fiddler's* cryptic statement (which I translate literally) leaves me still wondering. "The hangman's daughter," says he, "and the hangman's assistant were genuinely royal (*königsecht*) in their loves and sorrows." However, her pedigree did not matter much, though, since the opera has the name *Königskinder*, it would be pleasant to know what right she really had to be one of them. But, what was far worse, I could not discover why the *King's Son* ever left his home to wander about in rags; nor why nobody could recognise him from his portraits in one of his own towns; nor why he couldn't find his way home again when he tried to; nor why, if his father was dead some months ago, as the Argument asserts, he is worried because he cannot get back to hold his hand (*zur Vaterhand*).

When one is asked to weep over a tragedy, one likes to know where one is in regard to the material facts that lead

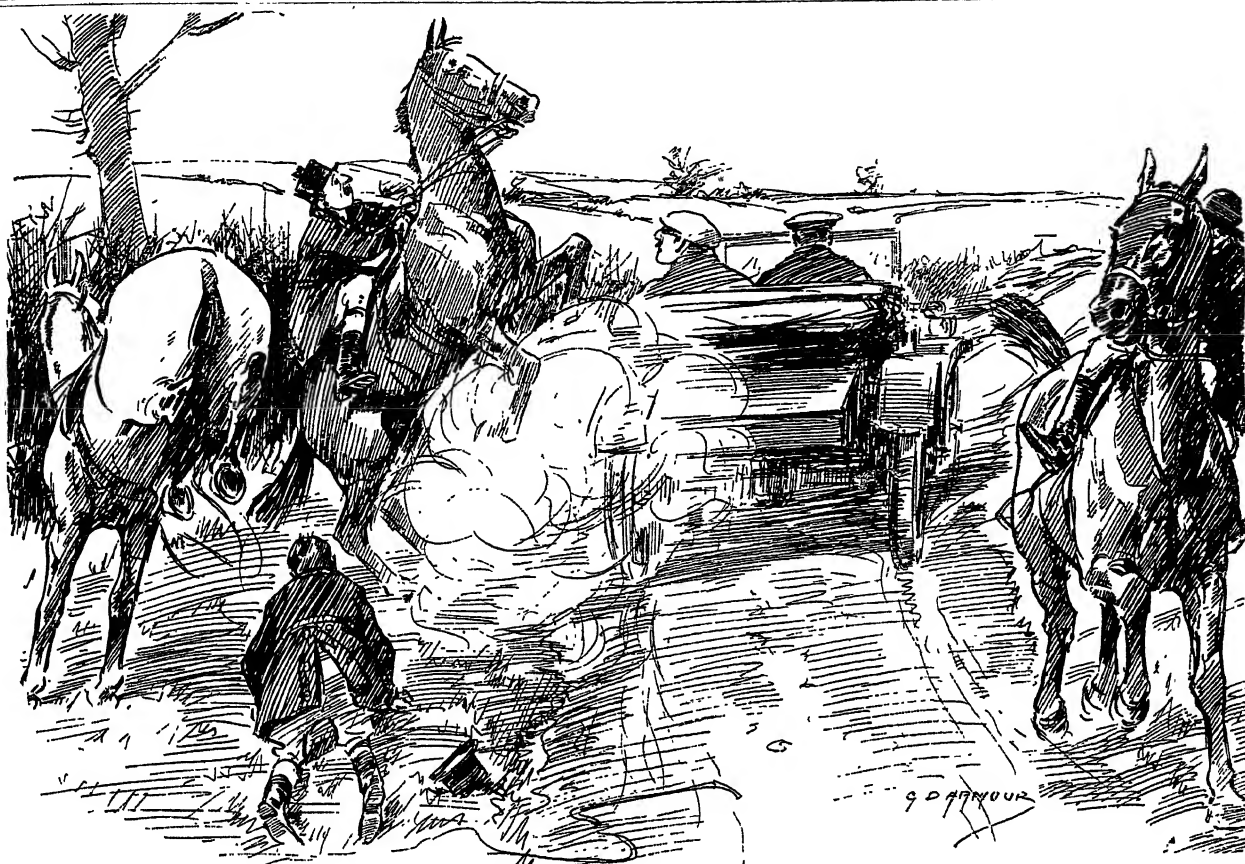
up to it. Here the whole scheme is wantonly obscure and arbitrary; and the best music in the world cannot compel emotions from which the reasoning powers of a rabbit would revolt.

HUMPERDINCK's music, fresh and sincere, was duly mixed of sweetness and strength, and was always faithfully interpreting the action without delaying it. But it spent itself wastefully on an artificial theme. The most appealing feature of the opera was the pathetic loyalty of one child (played with a charming docility by little Miss BECKLEY) who, when all others save the *Fiddler* were incredulous, had the instinct to recognise the royalty of the *King's Son*, and held staunchly by him to the end.

As the *Goose-girl*, Frau GURA-HUMMEL sang cleanly and sympathetically; but the text stipulated that she should be fourteen (I speak of years, not stone-weight), and she looked more than that. In the First Act, where youth and irresponsibility were demanded, Herr OTTO WOLF, in the part of the *King's Son*, took himself too Wagneresquely. My suspicions of him, as a sportsman, were aroused by the length of his hair, and confirmed by the careless way in which he threw his cross-bow down on the hard boards. His interlude with the little girl who invited him to dance a *Rosenringel* with her was very attractive. But I had more joy of the voice and personality of Herr HOFBAUER as the *Fiddler*, though his air of noisy good-nature in the First Act gave no promise of the poetic feeling which he subsequently developed. Herr FÖNSS and Herr BECHSTEIN provided a subsidiary touch or two of humour in the Teutonic vein.

The scenery was excellent—in particular the wintry landscape of the last Act. Here the effect of the temperature upon the performers was spasmodic. At one time they could think of nothing but their cold hands; at another they behaved as if it were jolly boating weather with the glass at 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The falling snow, too, was very desultory and partial. I sometimes wonder why makers of opera never have the courage to invent weather that is out of accord with the sentiment of their dramatic situations. Of course I know that, if your people have to starve, winter is the best season for a lack of food-supplies; and if you must cover their corpses with snow you have practically very little choice of seasons. Yet I cannot help feeling that a bright crisp autumn day would have been more effective, giving a pleasant note of irony to the funeral proceedings.

O. S.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 5.

Disengaged Occu'ant of Car. "SIT, WORTHY FRIENDS; MY LORD IS OFTEN THUS."—Macbeth.

LOOKED IN THE MOUTH.

HENRY, I do not doubt you mean it kindly,
I doubt not that the mare's a perfect treat,
And that most fellows would accept her blindly
For Saturday's—or any other—meet;
A fencer fast and bold,
She's worth her weight in gold,
You say so, Henry; still the statement leaves me cold.

Briefly, I've had some; haply you remember
The bucking, bellicose, bald-visaged bay
You forced me up on, one day last December?
You meant it kindly, Henry, I must say;

Yet still in dreams I spy
That flattened ear, that eye—
Henry, once bitten, twice (in fact, quadruply) shy!

"The kindest beast that ever looked through bridle,"

Thus you described your ramping kangaroo,
That started with a disconcerting sidle
And had me down inside the avenue;
Then, from his burden freed,
Showed quite a turn of speed.

"The children hunt him always." Do they? Oh, indeed!

I'm glad I don't. Frankly, the huntsman's bellow,
Or, if you will, the music of his cheer,
Heard over pastures of a wintry yellow,
Strikes with a note of menace on my ear;
Although I must confess
A certain tenderness
For the brave scarlet as an aid to evening dress!

Yet, Henry, while I shirk your stable's treasure,
I'm not the chap to leave you in the lurch,
And I will come, say Christmas week, with pleasure,
And help Dorinda decorate the church;
A seasonable joy
Lies in such mild employ—
And you've some of that port left, haven't you, my boy?

A Paradox.

"Biplane designed by Mr. Wilcox and made for him in the fall of 1910."
Country Life in America.

May it not be broken for him in the fall of 1912.

The Encouragement of Crime.

"A Reward will be given to the person seen taking BROWN MUFF from West End Car."—*Advt. in "Halifax Daily Guardian."*
Was it a wedding-present?

The Child is Father of the Man.

The Westminster Gazette on Christmas toys:—

"Other attractions are electric and steam railways in complete working order with a miniature dynamo of 1-16-h.p. generating the electricity. . . . For elder people there are the new games of 'Bombardo,' 'Scrimmo,' and 'Tipple-Topple,' which will cause many homes during the long winter nights to ring with merry laughter."

Little Ernest (generating electricity): Not so much noise there, Father. Can't you see I'm busy?

Commercial Candour.

"A long-felt want in Dehra Dun is a properly run Hotel and in charge of a professional Hotelier. This want you will find when coming to Dehra Dun and staying in the — Hotel."—*Pioneer.*

A FOREIGN LEADER.

I CAN'T help it: I must write a leading article on foreign affairs. My head is so full of noble phrases; I see in my mind's eye so many Chancellors, Prime Ministers, Foreign Ministers, Naval Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer, and they are all shouting and changing and writing and orating at so great a length and in such resonant, nation-shaking voices that, unless I get them out of my head, I shall certainly go mad and be prosecuted for running about the December landscape clothed only in loose sheets of *The Times*, the *Journal des Débats* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. I am compelled, therefore, to write a strong, patriotic, calm, stimulating and perfectly impartial leading article.

I shall not write this article for any particular paper, for I am not, I am proud to say, connected with any particular paper. Nor shall I send it to any paper on approval after it's done. I have no ambitions of that kind, and I don't want any of their money. What I shall write I shall write for its own sake and for mine.

One thing troubles me a little, and that is that I don't know anything about foreign affairs, except what I've read casually. I'm not behind the scenes. I've never met even the third cousin of an attaché or the great-uncle of a First Secretary. I only know what the man-in-the-street knows. However, I don't think that matters much. If I can manage to be at the same time pompous, scornful, deprecating, sagacious, uplifted and omniscient, I know I shall get on all right. All I have got to do is to wipe out Germany in a sentence and to support France by three strong and well-rounded paragraphs. There's another special point: if I want to refer broadly to the German Government I mustn't call them the German Government; I must say "the *Wilhelmstrasse* is again attempting to put us off with the usual pitiful plea." Doesn't it sound gorgeous? I feel much better already.

Similarly if I wish to refer to Austria—I don't quite see where she comes in, but still I might want to refer to her; you never know where these experts in foreign affairs are going to take you to next—if, as I say, I wish to speak about Austria I have a choice of two alternatives. I can call her "the Dual Monarchy," or I can get a snub in by speaking of her as "the Ballplatz." It sounds like a sneezing game, but it isn't. It's just another name for Austria-Hungary—until this moment I had forgotten all about Hungary, which shows how careful one has to be.

Then there's France. It sounds rather impudent just to call her France. If there's anything that's clearly required by the *entente cordiale* it is this: that France, when foreign affairs are *sur le tapis*—how insensibly one slips into that beautiful language—must be referred to as the *Quai d'Orsay*.

As to Italy, of course we don't need to bother about her. If she hadn't gone to Tripoli to teach dead Arabs at the point of the bayonet how to become good and humane and civilised Italian subjects, we might have had to speak of her as "the Quirinal," or "the third and not least illustrious member of the Triple Alliance;" but now she's in Tripoli with about 50,000 of her best Generals and she really doesn't count.

As to Russia, I know exactly what to say about her. She's "the Colossus of the North" whom it would be stark, staring lunacy for the Germans to arouse. She may move slowly, but think of the masses she can bring into line—"hordes of fierce riders from the Ukraine" and all that sort of thing.

Then there's Britain. She's got no special pet name like the others, but she's all there none the less. The

thing to say is that Germans (wilfully and blindly, poor beggars!) misunderstand us:—"The *Wilhelmstrasse* may know much, but the nature of the British people is a sealed book to the distorted vision of the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR. Those who mistake our calm for carelessness and see in the stern resolution of our attitude only an intention to abandon our friendships are preparing for themselves a rude awakening. The Ballplatz is too wise to be deceived by the clumsy attempts of those who have reckoned without the lucid explanations which have lately emanated" [hurrah for "emanated"—it's a topping word!] "from the Quai d'Orsay. No one knows better than the politicians of the Dual Monarchy what it means when once the Colossus of the North begins to move. Even FREDERICK THE GREAT—" But there, I've got them all in already. I shall finish the article to-night.

SIGNS OF WEAR.

[“When anyone finds himself worrying as to what clothes he shall put on, or what hat he shall wear, or which stick he shall carry . . . , he may be pretty certain that for some reason or another his nervous energy has become exhausted.”—*Nerves and the Nervous*.]

BELLA, when yester-morning's post
Brought me your charming invitation,
My manly breast became the host
Of an unusual sensation.
You bade me come that afternoon to tea;
So I resolved to knock off work at three.

But so unsettled was my brain
And so demoralised my mind's tone,
I could not, for my life, constrain
My nasal organ to the grindstone;
All day, revolving in my office chair,
I found myself debating what to wear.

First came a trying choice of suits
In re My Person v. The Weather,
And then the claims of *glacé* boots
As against shoes of patent leather;
An hour or so elapsed ere I could fix
On one of half-a-dozen walking-sticks.

And when, abominably late,
I burst on you in all my glory,
And you appeared disposed to rate,
I spun a most unblushing story:
My love, I swore, had urged me look my best;
And you believed, and hugged my fancy vest.

But, dearest, since I cannot slay
My conscience, with extreme compunction
I must request you not to lay
To your sweet soul that flattering unction;
I own 'tis no affection of the heart
Of which these curious symptoms are a part;

Nor yet a craving to compete
With those who fix the fashion's season;
Elsewhere my trouble has its seat:
If you would learn the actual reason
Of any change in me your eye observes,
Refer, my love, to Thingumbob on *Nerves*.

"Vile Plays at Cambridge," is the heading of a football article in *The Western Mail*. The matter is all right, for Mr. VILE did undoubtedly play for Newport against the University, but the form of it is in questionable taste at this moment when so much attention is being paid to the new Censor of Plays.



Large Policeman (who likes the credit of a fight and has made too easy a capture). "CALL YOURSELF A BURGLAR! CAN'T YOU DO NOTHIN' DESPITE? AIN'T YOU GOT NO PRIDE? LUMME, GIVE US A CHARNST; LAY DAHN AND KICK OR SOMEFINK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM tempted to describe CAROLINE GROSVENOR'S new novel, *Laura* (HEINEMANN), as a good, sound story, medium dry, with a fine nutty flavour, and a pleasant after-taste. It is about persons who are most of them alive, if perhaps not very agreeably so. *Laura* herself, the best drawn and most attractive figure, is a young person who starts life with several unromantic and practical theories as to the relative values of sentiment and a bank balance. But in fiction, when you find a heroine so emphatic at the start in her preference for Paris frocks and a reliable cook, you may still assume with safety that the last chapter will see her plumping for love in a cottage. Which, of course, is what happens to *Laura*; though just how I will leave you to discover for yourself. There is decided cleverness in the way in which the impecunious girl, who sighed for an income and power—as represented by a marriage with the rising politician *Lord Westown*—is made to give up both, refusing *Westown* and renouncing the fortune left her by old *David Cumming*, at the bidding of the better nature whose existence she has all along studiously denied. One can't help caring a little for *Laura*; but the rest seem to me, as I say, rather a shabby lot. By the way, I was amused to discover a very subordinate character named *Charlotte Verrinder*—a lady whom I last met enjoying devilled oysters in *The Magistrate*. Probably the name is an instance of unconscious cerebration on Mrs. GROSVENOR'S part; certainly

the combination is one unlikely to have been invented by two writers independently.

How *Zuleika Dobson* (HEINEMANN), of the music-hall stage, came to Oxford and, on the last night of the Eights, proved herself, like Helen of Troy, "a hell to ships and men," is told by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM with a daring cynicism all his own. The other protagonist is the *Duke of Dorset*, *in statu pupillari*. Peerless both, they have hitherto gone through the world conquering and to conquer; yet ever have remained "passionless 'mid their passionate votaries." Humiliated by the emotions which *Zuleika* excites—emotions that he has never before permitted himself to experience—he declines to give any sign of his subjugation. But her frank confession that she is uniquely enamoured of him as being the sole man who has ever ignored her charms, leads to an admission, on his part, of the true state of his feelings. The spell is broken: he has become a common thing in her eyes. But he can still undertake to die for her, a tribute of affection which she gladly accepts with the determination to keep him to his promise. The Duke is the glass of fashion and his intentions, rapidly bruited abroad, find an infatuate echo in the universal dark-blue breast, all Oxford vowing to follow his example and die for love of *Zuleika*. But the Duke's ancestral motto is *Pas si bête*, and his pride, stung by the lady's callous brutality, revolts against a pledge that would cut him off in the flower of his beautiful manhood. Resolved, after all, to disappoint *Zuleika* and

remain extant, he changes his mind back again on the receipt of the following telegram from his family butler: "Deeply regret inform your grace last night two black owls came and perched on battlements remained there through night hooting at dawn flew away none knows whither awaiting instructions JELLINGS." This was the traditional presage of the death of the owner of the title. The Duke sees here the hand of the gods and yields to the only superior power he recognises. He answers on the reply-paid form: "Prepare vault for funeral Monday DORSET."

I have one or two complaints to make of this fascinating book. I think it was a mistake to attempt to develop a purely farcical idea on the lines of a full-sized novel. The charm of Max's literary caprices endures to the last, but the story as a story falls off before the finish. I am doubtful too whether he was justified in introducing magic (in the matter of the pearls) into a tale, however farcical, of human interest, and modern at that. But his worst fault is to have played to the bitter end his practical joke of suicide. It seems rather cheap and easy to employ your humour on a theme which by common consent forbids the trespass of frivolity. It is a little like the school-boy trick of letting out a rabbit in church. But MAX's manner, if any manner could, almost palliates this breach of propriety. It is rumoured that *Zuleika* is the carefully revised work of earlier years; and certainly, both in this matter of taste and in the archaistic methods which from time to time he affects (for example—"But would she ever meet whom, looking up to him, she could love—she, the omnibus-jugant?"), one seems to trace the relics of a youthful exuberance.

When Mr. E. F. BENSON wrote *Juggernaut* in serial form for *The Queen* he finished it off with a felicitous fall of masonry at Athens, which wiped out the principal male figure in the story. Whether Mr. HEINEMANN, his publisher, considered this catastrophe too crude for book-form I cannot say, but anyhow it has been omitted, and the novel ends tamely enough; the disillusioned wife, who has found her husband's passion for scholarship greater than his love for her, deciding that she must make up for this deficiency by an access of devotion on her own side. Personally I am sorry for the change of ending, because, with a considerable experience of objectionable characters in romance, I am inclined to award the palm, or oleaster-wreath, if he prefers it, to Mr. Arnold Leveson; and why on earth a nice girl like *Marjory* (one of the nicest Mr. BENSON has ever given us) should have fallen in love with this cold and conceited egotist, goodness alone knows. So heartily indeed do I dislike him that I am disposed to cavil even at his literary reputation. At the beginning of *Juggernaut* he is writing a beautiful book about THEOCRITUS, passages from which complete his conquest of *Marjory's* heart; yet in one place he speaks of "the shepherd-boys minding their flocks upon Attic hills," and in another of "the vault which

... Theocritus has spread for us above the stone-pines on the hills of Greece." May I be permitted to remind Mr. Arnold Leveson that THEOCRITUS was born at Syracuse, and that his songs are songs of Sicily? Nor am I at all certain that a really scholarly work on THEOCRITUS would be likely to capture the affections of a charming English girl, who should certainly have married her cousin *Walter*, even if a steam-roller had to be requisitioned in the last chapter to help her. And that, of course, would have made *Juggernaut* such a splendid title for the book.

As the title of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's latest book, *Irish Recollections* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), indicates, the area of his review is limited to his native country. Consequently there are lacking those personal touches of life in London which he was in peculiar degree qualified to give. One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the



AN IMPATIENT SWAIN OF THE TIME OF KING ALFRED AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF HIS LADY-LOVE AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE. THE CANDLE-CLOCK SHOWS HIM HOW LATE SHE IS.

absentee landlord, to whose neglect of duty Mr. MCCARTHY traces most of the ills that racked Ireland thirty years ago. On the subject of absenteeism, it may be genially hinted, he speaks with authority, not as one of the ordinary scribes. Though not a landlord, he has for the greater part of his busy life been absent from his native land and his much-loved "city of Shandon Bells." Meanwhile, he has been a welcome sojourner on this side of the Channel and a man of a multitude of friends on the other side of the Atlantic. It necessarily follows that his recollections of Ireland are most concerned with early years, including the period of the Famine. The times he vividly pictures are now passing away, Ireland being to-day, by common consent, in a condition of prosperity unequalled in its history. To this happy conclusion Mr. MCCARTHY has the satisfaction of knowing that by his public life and parliamentary career he

sensibly contributed. The sombre picture of Ireland prior to legislation commenced in 1868 is relieved by the flashing of many good stories illustrative of native character.

Mrs. WILSON Fox contrives to make Sir THOMAS MORE and his numerous family live again in *The Baron's Heir* (MACMILLAN), where she lays the earlier scenes of her story at Gobions, which belonged to the MORE family from 1397 to 1530. Faithfully she has reproduced the language and atmosphere of the period, and the contrast between the life of such enlightened people as the MORES and that of the rude barons is admirably shown. We have also a pleasing sketch of HENRY VIII., which will astonish those who have come to regard him merely as a monarch with an eclectic taste in the matter of queens; and above all there is a well-kept secret. Possibly Mrs. Fox insists overmuch upon the lessons she wishes to teach; but this is a small blemish in a sound book. Sensible girls will, I am sure, be glad to add it to their stock of Christmas presents, for although it contains a love-story in the bud there is no sentimental twaddle, and the author rightly thinks that nothing but the best she can give is good enough for children.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Government's opinion of the ability of the House of Lords has suddenly undergone a change. It is now considered capable of dealing adequately with all the provisions of the Mines Bill, the Naval Prize Bill, and the Insurance Bill in the short space of ten days.

* *

THE KAISER has decided that there shall be no Dover to Heligoland yacht race in 1912. We trust that there is no truth in the rumour that a contest of warships is to take its place.

* *

It has been suggested that the new battleship which is about to be laid down at Devonport shall be called *The Marlborough*, in compliment to the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. We believe that Mr. CHURCHILL has long been jealous of the compliment paid to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in the naming of *The Royal George*.

* *

MR. ROCKEFELLER has decided to devote the rest of his days to golf. He is, we understand, as a memento of his former activities, to be presented with his portrait in oils.

* *

Naturally, exception has been taken by the Rev. F. B. MEYER to Dean INGE for referring to the Nonconformist Conscience as greasy. We understand, however, that the use of that epithet was due to a side-slip of the tongue.

* *

According to Mr. CHESTERTON, under Socialism we shall have to be a wooden-legged nation. But before that, surely, we shall have to be a wooden-headed nation?

* *

The City of Chicago has decided to build a home for disabled poets. Such an institution has become more than ever a necessity in this age of motor traffic. Few persons have any idea of the number of poets who are run over each year while out for a walk composing their masterpieces.

* *

"Mr. Sam Apter," we are informed, "the Oval groundsman, has retired

after 24 years' service." That is one of the tragedies of advancing age: our figures begin to deserve the epithet "oval."

* *

The following, *The Express* tells us, is an extract from an obituary notice in a French provincial journal:—"The deceased was an excellent wife and mother, and had buried her fourth husband only a few weeks before her own death." So different from the butterfly wife who buries only two husbands and mislays the others.

* *

When, a few days ago, a lady violoncello player at Dinat Powis, Cardiff, found that there was no music-stand available, a boy scout stepped forward



"THE ONLY THING THAT COMES BETWEEN US, MOTHER, IS THIS WRETCHED MUSIC!"

and allowed the artist to pin the music to his back. We trust that the obliging youngster will not get into trouble for failing, for this once, to face the music.

* *

Reading that a red chequer homing pigeon, wearing a blue enamel ring marked 1911 L.8945, had been found at Ewell, Surrey, an old lady remarked that it was terrible how the love of jewellery appeared to be spreading among all classes.

* *

Some persons evidently steal from a mere love of stealing. A porter confessed last week, at the Marylebone Police Court, that he had stolen three coloured Christmas supplements from a bookstall.

* *

"My Aunt!" is just now KING ALFONSO's favourite imprecation.

THE APT COMPARISON.

["Paddington possesses a fine and imposing roof, and although the station is not so large in area as some of its neighbours it handles more milk cans than any other London Terminus, the number averaging 3,000 a day."—*The Observer*. The italics are Mr. Punch's, who has been emulated to further statistical comparisons.]

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC and Mr. CHESTERTON share the palm of corporeal superficialities among British literati. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, although possessing a beautifully thatched roof, is smaller in area, but he discovers more immortal geniuses than any other critic, the number averaging two per week.

The parentheses in Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN's shortest novel would, even if disconnected from his theme, stretch from London to Teheran. Russia's ultimatum to the same place was considerably shorter, and has been much condemned by Persian critics in the vernacular.

London's new mammoth emporium is the most monumental and glorious architectural triumph since KING SOLOMON'S temple, always excepting Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S Homburg hat. The French pastry supplied at each luncheon to the staff would build the Pyramids, with sufficient surplus to erect a castellated refuge for

Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD on the vacant site in Aldwych. In comparison with Blankleys, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is a mere retail provider, but he still has the monopoly of "rare and refreshing fruits."

The Daily Mail has the largest circulation among all patriots, sea-dogs, muscular diplomatists, Teuto-wha-nexts, whole-caraway cakery, and indignant housemaids. *The Daily News* costs no more; but, being composed of the Whole Nib and Nothing but the Nib, is more sustaining.

The highest point of Mr. EUGENE WASON, M.P., has not yet been surveyed, but it is believed to be exceeded only by Mount Everest and the Unionist majority at Hitchin. LITTLE TICH is demonstrably smaller than any of the above.

A DEAN TO HIS TWEENY.

(Not necessarily the Dean of St. Paul's.)

THE trivial accident of birth
Which, in our fleeting lives on earth,
Tends to outweigh intrinsic worth
Has severed you and me by quite a distance;
Not often, save at family prayer,
Where all may breathe a common air,
Have I been sensibly aware
Of your obscure and underground existence.

On such occasions, if your mind,
Mostly to menial tasks resigned,
Has for a moment left behind
The duties incident to daily dinners,
It may have very well occurred
That your arrested ears have heard
Some Scriptural passage which referred
In the same breath to "publicans and sinners."

Where'er the phrase your fancy caught,
I blame you little if your thought
(Of ancient parlance recking naught)
Pictured a publican as one who waxes
— Fat on the sale of stout and beer,
A man of alcoholic cheer
Due to a bibulous career,
And not a person given to gathering taxes.

But whether you conceived that he,
Mixing with men of low degree,
No better than they ought to be,
Issued demand-notes or purveyed strong liquor,
The bare idea that such a name
Could be applied to me (for shame!)
Would flush your brow with honest flame
And cause your weltering heart to creak like wicker.

Yet that reproach I soon must win!
'Tis true I shall not keep an inn
Where men consort for joy of sin,
Where for a Bacchic rout the barman caters;
But still, for so the horror gripes,
If I could choose from these two types,
I'd almost sooner deal in swipes
Than stoop to tax-collecting (O my gaiters!).

To think that I should so demean
The gifts on which my clergy lean!
That I, a scholar and a dean,
To whose instructive guidance (under Heaven) you
Owe all you have of inward light,
Should be reduced to this low plight,
And have to spend my sermon-night
Extracting threepenny-bits from out your revenue!

So runs the Bill that now is sent
To earn the Lords' ill-feigned "Content"—
A social Disestablishment
Which, if I read the future right, my tweeny,
Means that the Ministry must fall;
Already (in the servants' hall)
I read the writing on the wall,
A menace tantamount to "MENE! MENE!" O. S.

Commercial Candour.

From a house-agent's catalogue:—

"Sandy soil. Electric Light. Septic Drains."

A CHINESE LEADER.

TO-DAY I am going to write a leading article on Chinese affairs. When events so tremendous are happening, and when they are so intimately connected with gorgeous and high-sounding names it would be a coward's part to refuse to deal with them. One thing I must observe by way of preliminary: I do not guarantee the spelling of any single name that I shall use, whether it be the name of a district, a town, or a man. All I am certain of is that my names will be just as good and instructive as the most accurate names that the most learned Chinese scholar could devise. My own impression is that these Chinese names have no real existence in humanity or geography, but that correspondents and leader-writers invent them as they go along to fill up gaps and give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. At that game I am ready to meet them on their own ground. Forward, then, my trusty pen and my well-filled ink-bottle, and let us get to work:—

"Affairs in the Celestial Empire seem to be going from bad to worse. Yesterday we published intelligence that the sacred City of Kunchau, long renowned as the seat of Chinese Imperial culture, has been four times recaptured by the revolutionaries after having been twice sacked and twice burnt by the loyalists under the command of the veteran Min-Choo-Kio. To-day comes the grave news that Pin-Tong has fallen for the seventh time after an heroic resistance of five hours. It is true that British and American missionaries are reported to be marching in overwhelming force to the relief of Foo-Loo, but the movement is tardy, and, in any case, the destruction of the bridges over the Yangtse-Kiang must throw insuperable obstacles in the way of this column. The whole of the fertile province of Lun-Chon has thus fallen into the power of the Republicans, and recruits, some wearing the purple button, are said to be flocking to their standard.

Under these disastrous conditions no course but immediate flight would seem to be open to the Tsung-Li-Yamen. The Regent is in tears, while the Child-Emperor has issued his nineteenth edict pleading for forgiveness on the ground of his tender age, and promising, if the Revolutionaries will retire, to see that their demands are immediately incorporated in the Chinese constitution. It is not likely that the fierce and exultant warriors, who have seen the hosts of the green-and-yellow jackets flying in confusion from Hy-Son and Oo-Long, will be satisfied with verbal promises. Indeed, Pi-Jon-Pi, their leader, has intimated his intention of inflicting the punishment of the Thousand Slices on the Emperor, the Regent, and their General, Yuan-Shi-Ki. The struggle has thus become one of life and death, and those who wish well to China can only hope that the Ming dynasty will be allowed to have a fall as bloodless as the circumstances will allow. Some punishment there must be, but those who know SUN-YAT-SEN best are confident that he will not disgrace the triumph of his cause by inflicting unnecessary pain on those who have not hitherto seen eye to eye with him. One thing alone is certain: China is crumbling to pieces, and no hand seems strong enough to arrest the process of decay. With the republicans in undisputed possession of Man-Hang, Woon-Ki-Bong and Pol-Kang it is hopeless for the Court to resist with effect any longer. By taking refuge in Jehol they may postpone the evil moment, but they cannot possibly avert it."

How does that strike you? For my part, I am amazed at my close acquaintance with Chinese customs and Chinese nomenclature. But the fact is, nobody can know, until he tries, how easy it is to write a Chinese leader.



AS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

BRITISH LION (*to Russian Bear*). "IF WE HADN'T SUCH A THOROUGH UNDERSTANDING I MIGHT ALMOST BE TEMPTED TO ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING THERE WITH OUR LITTLE PLAYFELLOW."



LE MOT JUSTE.

"I REGRET, MADAM, THAT WE DO NOT STOCK 'BLUE DANUBE' SOAP."
 "WE CAN OBTAIN IT FOR YOU, MADAM."

"CAN YOU GET IT FOR ME?"

COMING HOME TO GET MARRIED.

(With acknowledgments to the author of "Going Out to get Married," in "The Daily Chronicle" of December 5th.)

MARRIAGE is at best a lottery. But marriage of which the preliminary period is robbed by distance of its opportunities for mutual knowledge is beset with terrific perils. An Anglo-Indian or Anglo-Burmese engagement means usually two or three years of love-making by letter only; and though the pen may be mightier than the sword it is no less dangerous a weapon. Hong Kong, British Columbia, or Australia often sever betrothed couples for four or five years, when it would be far better for them never to meet again. But a tragic sense of loyalty too often impels the lover to come and fetch his lady. For a long time the nervous, shy and blushing bridegroom has been out-of-date. Fashion nowadays decrees self-possession, and the needs of the Empire have evolved an heroic type. Men who ultimately come home to get married have to be brave indeed. Now

and then, however, well-substantiated reports will reach the returning bridegroom and the match is broken off. Even at the eleventh hour rumour has saved the victim from taking the fatal step.

Thus a man coming home to get married in Manchester overheard a great deal of strange talk regarding a certain Miss B. Before reaching Aden incontrovertible proofs were forthcoming that this was *his* Miss B., and that she was not the sort of girl he could possibly wed. With heroic promptitude he disembarked, ceased his homeward journey and returned to India, where he married a wealthy Begum. Miss B., who never returned his presents, though she was already engaged to another man, cabled her grateful congratulations, and is now a happy matron at Chowbent.

In another authentic example the instinct of the returning bridegroom served him well. Four years earlier he had plighted his troth to a slim young girl, winsome, *svelte*, and deeply religious. He landed—every arrangement had been made for the wedding on

the following day—and a mountainous creature weighing fourteen stone hurled herself into his arms. Disengaging himself from her embrace he looked at her straight. "Mabel," he said in fearless tones, "I'm sorry, but I cannot commit bigamy, for you're twice the woman you were when I promised to marry you. I shall book my passage by the next steamer to India." Most men would have quailed before such a task, but this man—he was an indigo planter with an iron constitution—was as good as his word. Mabel was shortly afterwards registered to a stock-broker, and ultimately died in extreme affluence.

Truly the bridegroom coming home has need to be of the stuff of heroes.

The Glasgow Herald, describing the KING-EMPEROR's reception at Bombay, says:—"Over the dais was a canopy of royal blue silk surmounted by the crown." Is Delhi behind Bombay? We do not hear of any grand-stand enjoying so exceptional a point of vantage at the Durbar.

LOOKED IN THE MOUTH.

WITH a view to see not only what I might give to other people for Christmas, but if there should be anything that they might give me, I have been loafing in Bond Street and Regent Street; and the harvest of this quiet eye is curiously barren. But, when it comes to the thing that one wishes neither to distribute nor receive, how profuse a crop!

The peculiar feature of "Xmas presents" seems to be a perverse and dainty superfluity. Every man, woman and child, for example, was provided at birth by a thoughtful Providence with a stamp-licking apparatus at once neat and efficacious. Yet half Bond Street is devoted to silver and gold mechanisms for relieving the tongue of this trifling burden.

Possibly the activities of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE have led to the increase in these machines, although few persons keep enough servants to be caused any serious inconvenience. Supposing anyone were to give me a stamp-damper, what should I do with it? It would go at once into the limbo of inoperative gifts; and this being so am I likely to give it to anyone?

The assistant next showed me a number of beautifully made articles in precious metal, all of which I have spent valuable years of my life in learning to do without so completely that were any of them to be given to me now they would not only utterly disarrange my scheme of pockets but dislocate my very existence. Cigar-cutters, for example, of gold, in the shape of the guillotine—a pretty thought. My own cigar-cutter is either a very shabby knife or, like my stamp-damper, a device of nature's own invention: two rows of teeth, imperfect, I admit, but adequate, since they are still able (bless them!) to meet on the tip of the cigar and tear it from the body quite well enough for the purpose required. What should I do with the golden guillotine?

Again, silver-mounted safety-razors are useless to me since I use one of the old razors. On informing the shopman of this regrettable piece of obscurantism on my part, he at once produced a charming case of leather and silk, which would be no disgrace to a beauty's boudoir, containing no fewer than seven razors, each lettered with the day of the week.

This, as a desirable addition to my toilet table, after twenty years of fidelity to one black-handled hollow-ground. "But supposing," I said, "that by mischance I should shave myself with Tuesday's razor on Wednesday, what then?" It didn't matter, the shopman assured me. "Ah, yes," I said; "but have you no superstitions, man? Suppose that on Wednesday it was Friday's razor I used by mistake? That would give me two unlucky days in one week."

This seemed to impress him, and he switched me hastily on to an egg-decapitator. There are men, it seems, youthful residents in chambers for the most part, who want egg-decapitators. Well, let them direct their generous relatives to Bond Street, for I saw a shopful; but if anybody were to send me one I should emigrate. These things are made of silver—naturally—

What else did I see—all labelled "useful," of course? I saw in one window off Piccadilly briar pipes of immense age—older than the choicest brandy, almost, and dearer—pipes dating from 1810 and 1820, which you may possess and smoke for a trifle of five pounds apiece. These are called "Gifts for Gentlemen." I hope that no one will think me gentleman enough to own one, for it would be a ceaseless responsibility. I should either have to fix a chain to it or forget it and enjoy my tobacco.

One thing, however, I did see which at once I realised would make a good present, not for me but for my nephew Robert. A pocket electric lamp. For what a godsend it would have been to us, in my day, I thought. How we would have read under the clothes half the night through by the light of things

like that, instead of perilous lumps of phosphorus in a bottle! The Ballantyne or Kingston or Stevenson that had to be laid aside so regretfully at bedtime could have gone on delighting for another hour or so.

But I didn't buy it. I thought of Robert's eyesight and the discipline of the school. Not mine the rôle of encourager of forbidden practices.

And so I left this district of stamp-dampers and egg-openers and cigar-cutters and Bradshaw cases and walking-

sticks with cigarettes in thow, and umbrellas like Malacca canes, and chestnut-roasters and all the other pretty superfluities which are ranged so alluringly under tickets describing them as "Yule Tide Gifts," realising that presents are for the young. The middle-aged and the old wait for no anniversaries: they buy what they wish when they want it.

Seen on a pillar-box in Ireland:—

"POST NO BILLS."

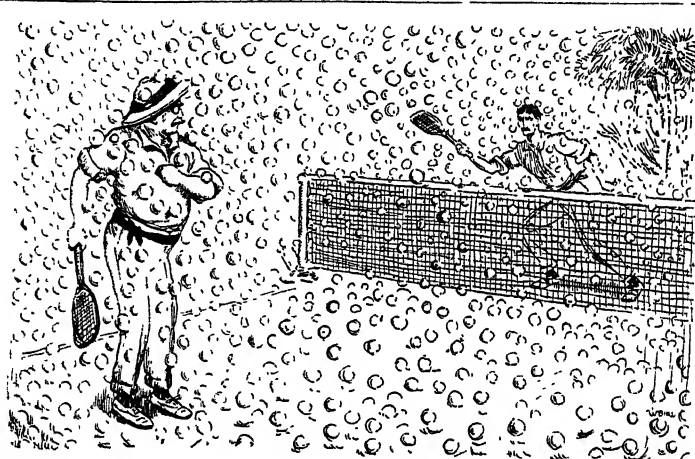
An excellent suggestion for the Christmas season.

"The horse trappings of the Indian rulers, their attendants and escorts were gorgeous in the extreme."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Our contemporary has invented just the word for the occasion.

"With the down trains horse de combat (if one may use the phrase), there was a shortage on the other line."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

We gladly give the writer permission to use this rather unusual phrase.



DURING A STORM IN INDIA THE HAIL-STONES WERE SAID TO BE "AS BIG AS TENNIS BALLS." VERY CONFUSING!

and they cost quite a lot. Heaven knows how you use them, but they are to bring radiance into many a heart this Christmas, if the shopman is to be believed. "Quite the rage," he assured me. "Wonderful what a trouble some gentlemen's eggs are to them; but now—" His silence plainly said that here was the oval millennium.

He next held up a choice golden box, which turned out to be a sovereign case, with compartments in it not only for sovereigns but for half-sovereigns. "There," I said, "that is really something like! Anyone who wishes may give me that—so long as he endows it. Surely you have blank endowment-deeds to go with every case?" But this kind of humour is useless in the West-End, where the basic understanding is that everyone who enters a shop not only has too much money but has a car waiting outside. "Shall I send it, or is your car waiting?" is a question heard on every side.



G. O. MORROW

OUR POLYTECHNICS.

Enquiring Parent. "MY BOY WISHES TO BECOME A LION-TAMER. HAVE YOU ANY CLASSES IN THAT SUBJECT?"*Secretary.* "NO, NOT AT PRESENT; BUT IF WE COULD GET TOGETHER A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF PUPILS—SAY TWENTY—THE BOARD MIGHT BE INDUCED TO ENTERTAIN THE IDEA."

A STRAIGHT TALK TO A COLD.

COLD, hast thou ever thought, I wonder,
How earnestly for thee men toil,
What woods, what wildernesses plunder,
To rid them of thy coil?

How the fell bane that here hath
gripped us

Makes hunters, lean and spare,
In lands afar (whose name has slipped us)
Follow the frightful eucalyptus
Into his low-dug lair?

How chemists, snatching up the pestle,
Ammoniate the mild quinine;
How many a jujube-laden vessel
In London docks is seen;
How men buy comforters and pin 'em
on,

How Scotchmen in the Fleet
Are heard to say to waiters, "Dinna,
mon;
I'll tak' a twa three draps of cinnamon,
And no the whuskey neat?"

(Not that I've ever heard 'em do so
But still I rather like that rhyme.)
O Cold, surrounded by thy trousseau
Of handkerchiefs, what crime

Have I committed that thou huggest
This bosom in thy hold?
Was I the fondest form, the snuggest
To cling to, and defy the druggist,
Thou fair and cruel Cold?

In vain the menthol and the camphor,
The mustard and the Shetland shawl;
These things thou dost not care a dam
for,
Thou hast me in thy thrall;
What art thou, Cold, and whence
arisen?

How did I take thee first?
Whose eyes of old didst thou bedizen
With tear-drops, and what brain im-
prison,
O sorceress accurst?

Was it, in fact, some total stranger
From whom I caught this vile catarrh?
Or was some loved one the exchanger?
'Twere comfort from afar,
Howe'er so obstinate the chill is,
To dream, to muse, to think,
"This was the cold of Amaryllis
That makes my cheeks as white as
lilies,
My nose as salmon pink."

But no! Importunate arrival,
I may not track thee to thy start,
I may not shorten thy survival
By drugs from any mart;
This much remains, with spice and
essence
And odours of the East
To modify thy effervescence
And make men cower before thy
presence;
That is some fun at least. EVON.

"Ald. W. R. Parker moved that cereb-
spinal fever and acute poliomyelitis be made
compulsory, which was agreed to."

Kendal Mercury.

We suppose *The Daily Mail* is too
busy with its compulsory insurance
protest to start a movement against
this. We are therefore compelled to
organise the opposition ourselves, and
are hiring the Crystal Palace next
Tuesday for the purpose of a mass
meeting.

"The Vicar will give a short address, whilst
the anthem will be 'The Two Acrobats.'"

Blackpool Times.

Our favourite anthem.

AN INFORMAL EVENING.

DINNER was a very quiet affair. Nobody drew my chair away from under me as I sat down, and during the meal nobody threw bread about. We talked gently of art and politics and things; and when the ladies left there was no booby trap waiting for them at the door. In a word, nothing to prepare me for what was to follow.

We strolled leisurely into the drawing-room. A glance told me the worst. The ladies were in a cluster round Miss Power, and Miss Power was on the floor. She got up quickly as we came in.

"We were trying to go underneath the poker," she explained. "Can you do it?"

I waved the poker back.

"Let me see you do it again," I said. "I missed the first part."

"Oh, I can never do it. Bob, you show us."

Bob is an active young fellow. He took the poker, rested the end on the floor, and then twisted himself underneath his right arm. I expected to see him come up inside out, but he seemed to be much the same after it. However, no doubt his organs are all on the wrong side now.

"Yes, that's how I should do it," I said hastily.

But Miss Power was firm. She gave me the poker. I pressed it hard on the floor, said good-bye to them all, and dived:—I got half-way round, and was supporting myself upside down by one toe and the slippery end of the poker, when it suddenly occurred to me that the earth was revolving at an incredible speed on its own axis, and that, in addition, we were hurtling at thousands of miles a minute round the sun. It seemed impossible in these circumstances that I should keep my balance any longer; and as soon as I realised this the poker began to slip. I was in no sort of position to do anything about it, and we came down heavily together.

"Oh, what a pity!" said Miss Power.

"I quite thought you'd done it."

"Being actually on the spot," I said,

"I knew that I hadn't."

"Do try again."

"Not till the ground's a little softer."

"Let's do the jam-pot trick," said another girl.

"I'm not going under a jam-pot for anybody," I murmured to myself.

However, it turned out that this trick was quite different. You place a book (MACAULAY'S Essays or what not) on the jam-pot and sit on the book, one heel only touching the ground. In the

right hand you have a box of matches, in the left a candle. The jam-pot, of course, is on its side, so that it can roll beneath you. Then you light the candle . . . and hand it to anybody who wants to go to bed.

I was ready to give way to the ladies here, but even while I was bowing and saying, "Not at all," I found myself on one of the jam pots with Bob next to me on another. To balance with the arms outstretched was not so difficult; but as the matches were then about six feet from the candle and there seemed no way of getting them nearer together the solution of the problem was as remote as ever. Three times I brought my hands together, and three times the jam-pot left me.

"Well played, Bob," said somebody. The bouncer had done it.

I looked at his jam pot.

"There you are," I said, "'Raspberry—1909.' Mine's 'Gooseberry—1911,' a rotten vintage. And look at my book, *Alone on the Prairie*; and you've got *The Mormon's Wedding*. No wonder I couldn't do it."

I refused to try it again as I didn't think I was being treated fairly; and after Bob and Miss Power had had a race at it, which Bob won, we got on to something else.

"Of course you can pick a pin out of a chair with your teeth?" said Miss Power.

"Not properly," I said. "I always swallow the pin."

"I suppose it doesn't count if you swallow the pin," said Miss Power thoughtfully.

"I don't know. I've never really thought about that side of it much. Anyhow, unless you've got a whole lot of pins you don't want, don't ask me to do it to-night."

Accordingly we passed on to the water-trick. I refused at this, but Miss Power went full length on the floor with a glass of water balanced on her forehead and came up again without spilling a single drop. Personally I shouldn't have minded spilling a single drop; it was the thought of spilling the whole glass that kept me back. Anyway it is a useless trick, the need for which never arises in an ordinary career. Picking up *The Times* with the teeth, while clasping the left ankle with the right hand, is another matter. That might come in useful on occasions: as, for instance, if having lost your left arm on the field and having to staunch with the right hand the flow of blood from a bullet wound in the opposite ankle, you desired to glance through the paper while waiting for the ambulance.

"Here's a nice little trick," broke in Bob, as I was preparing myself in this way for the German invasion.

He had put two chairs together, front to front, and was standing over them—a foot on the floor on each side of them, if that conveys it to you. Then he jumped up, turned round in the air, and came down facing the other way.

"Can you do it?" I said to Miss Power.

"Come and try," said Bob to me. "It's not really difficult."

I went and stood over the chairs. Then I moved them apart and walked over to my hostess.

"Good-bye," I said; "I'm afraid I must go now."

"Coward!" said somebody, who knew me rather better than the others.

"It's much easier than you think," said Bob.

"I don't think it's easy at all," I protested. "I think it's impossible."

I went back and stood over the chairs again. For some time I waited there in deep thought. Then I bent my knees preparatory to the spring, straightened them up, and said,

"What happens if you just miss it?"

"I suppose you bark your shins a bit."

"Yes, that's what I thought."

I bent my knees again, worked my arms up and down, and then stopped suddenly and said,

"What happens if you miss it pretty easily?"

"Oh, you can do it, if Bob can," said Miss Power kindly.

"He's practised. I expect he started with two hassocks and worked up to this. I'm not afraid, but I want to know the possibilities. If it's only a broken leg or two, I don't mind. If it's permanent disfigurement I think I ought to consult my family first."

I jumped up and came down again the same way for practice.

"Very well," I said. "Now I'm going to try. I haven't the faintest hope of doing it, but you all seem to want to see an accident, and, anyhow, I'm not going to be called a coward. One, two, three . . ."

"Well done," cried everybody.

"Did I do it?" I whispered, as I sat on the floor and pressed a cushion against my shins.

"Rather!"

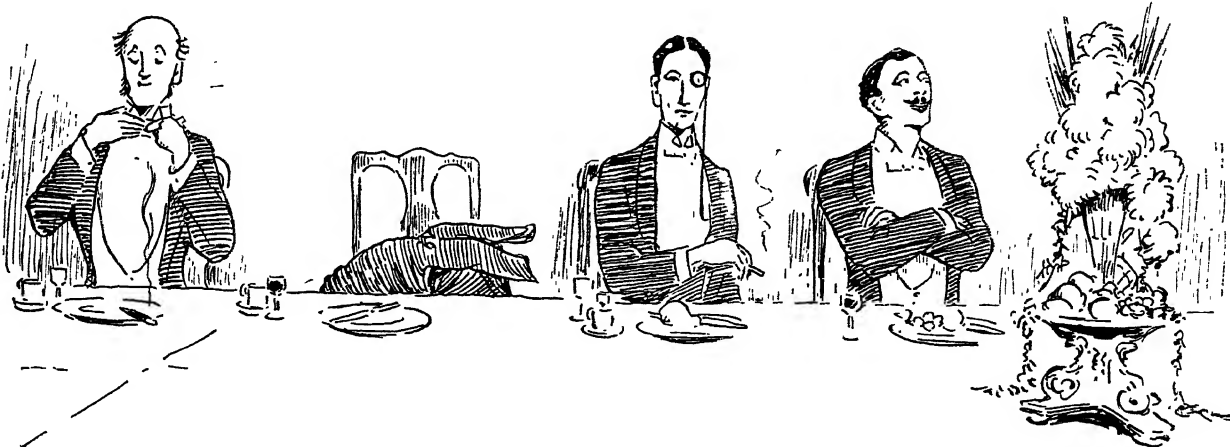
"Then," I said, massaging my ankles, "next time I shall try to miss."

A. A. M.

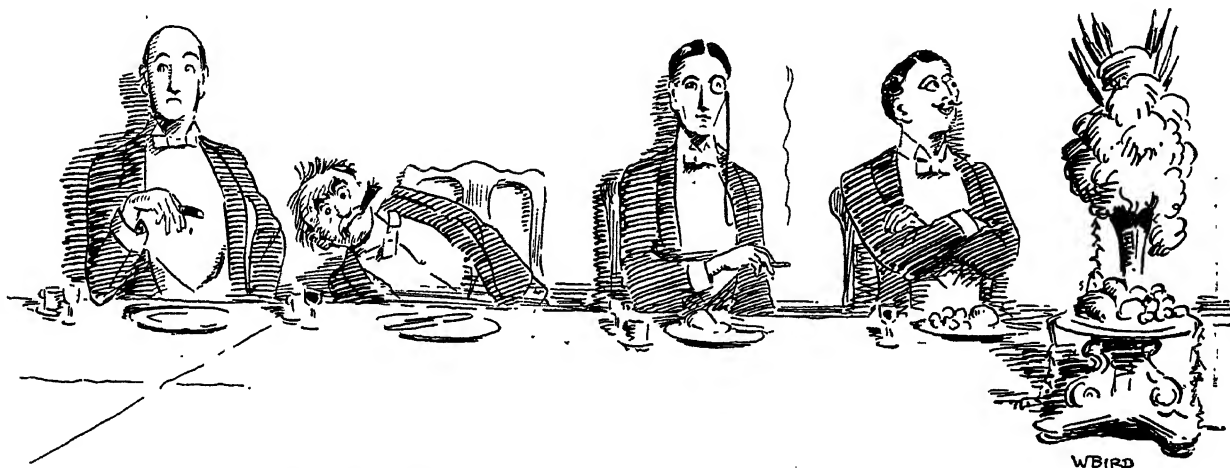
The Evening Times, speaking of the Chartered Company, says—

"It would be difficult to officially split the shares."

Far easier just to split an infinitive.



THE EXPERIENCED PUBLIC DINER-OUT, IF HE DROPS HIS CIGAR, DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO RETRIEVE IT—



JUST AT THE MOMENT WHEN THE FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH IS BEING TAKEN.

MUSICAL NOTES.

IN his recently published work on Musical Composition, Sir CHARLES STANFORD offers a vigorous plea for the retention of Italian as the universal language for marks of expression. This deplorable adhesion to the old-fashioned Italianate school has, we rejoice to see, found a doughty opponent in Mr. PERCY GRAINGER, the distinguished pianist and composer, who has recently brought out a piece of chamber music which he describes as a "foursome for strings," while the expression marks are all given in English. Thus *crescendo molto* becomes "louden lots" or "louden hugely," and all the other nuances of expression are rendered into equally nervous English.

We understand, however, that Mr. GRAINGER is not content—and why should he be?—with the importation of the golf terms "foursome" and "sixsome" as titles of pieces. It is his

intention to re-name all the instruments of the orchestra after the implements employed in the Royal and Ancient Game. Thus, the violin is to be called the "driver," the violoncello the "bulger," the trombone the "brassy," and the tuba the "niblick." The piccolo, because of its high register, is happily re-christened the "lofter," and the bassoon the "baffy."

Mr. GRAINGER, we gather, proposes to call changes of key "hazards," and to replace the cumbersome phrase "double-bar" by the simple monosyllable "tee." The word "dormy" is applied to passages of a languorous character, and instead of "coda" he proposes to employ an infinitely more suggestive term—the "putting green." The innovation has been, on the whole, well received, but it is only right to say that ANDREW KIRKALDY, on learning of the new use to which it is proposed to turn the terminology of his beloved game, expressed himself with some

asperity. "Hoots, man," he observed in his broadest Doric, "it's eneuch to mak' auld TAM MORRIS turn turttle in his grave."

A more curious outcome of Mr. PERCY GRAINGER's epoch-making departure is the extraordinary coincidence which has been revealed by his choice of the phrase "louden lots." For it appears that there is a distinguished singer, Mr. LOUDOUN LOTT, who is strongly opposed to the employment of his name in a purely instrumental connection. We understand, however, that the matter has been referred to Sir GEORGE ASKWITH for arbitration, and it is confidently expected that some *modus vivendi* will be discovered by that irresistible diplomatist.

Cricket Notes.

"Strings are being worn again on bats both large and small."—*Daily Graphic*.
So are splices.



STEEPLECHASING IN IRELAND.

Well-primed Old Professional (to starter who is being very particular). "OH, LET US GO, CAPTAIN, DARLINT, LET US GO, BEFORE THE WHISKEY DIES OUT AV US!"

THE JOY OF BATTLE.

LIFE, from my standpoint, can't be too exciting;
I love a fight (when others do the fighting).

It's sweet to watch a boxer showering blows
Upon his adversary's shattered nose.

It's good to hear two disputatious neighbours
Slanging away with tongues that cut like sabres.

And in political affairs it's fine
When rows are seething all along the line.

The languid lure of silence may enamour
More timid souls; for me, I like a clamour.

And that is why the storms of recent years
Permeate me with bliss too deep for tears.

The Servant Tax, which breeds so much resentment,
Produces in my breast a rich contentment,

When the whole nation seeks opposing camps,
And all the countryside resounds with stamps.

It's fine, again, when mingled stones and threats
Pour in a flood from shrieking Suffragettes.

And then the frantic Papers! Happy reader,
With virulent abuse in every leader!

And, looking on, I mark with calm elation
Prospects of yet increasing altercation—

Home Rule, The Suffrage, Disestablishment,
And others in one glorious turmoil blent.

Christmas approaches, too, and its adjacence
Lends a propriety to my complacence,

Because these rumpuses impending fill
My joyous heart with peace and right good-will.

Startling things happen in the West almost every day, of which the Londoner is left in complete ignorance. What reader of *The Times* or *Morning Post*, for instance, knows the true story of the Husband's Bag? It has been left to *The Devon and Exeter Gazette* to give the full particulars to the public for the first time. Listen:—

"The recent experience of a Devonian was singular. He left home for a few days on a visit to a seaside resort, leaving his wife in a rather disconsolate mood because she missed a much-valued ring, which she wore constantly. On the morning of the day of his return, the Devonian found the lost ring in his bag, in which it must have fallen when his good wife was packing things in readiness for her husband's departure. Not only did he restore the ring to his wife, but he also displayed to her admiring gaze a prize (the first) he had won in a whist drive, being his initial participation in such a game."

"Mr. Samuel added that the number of new overhead wires would be comparatively small, and placed underground."—*Daily Graphic*.
This looks bad for our heads.

"A lady recommends her Parlourmaid; leaving because butler being engaged."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

It is, of course, useless staying if the butler is already affianced.



THE KING-EMPEROR.

DELHI DURBAR, DECEMBER 12, 1911.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 4.—Noble Lords will remember how, in course of debate on historic occasion, the late Marquis of SALISBURY was perturbed by, as he phrased it, "a vision of the housemaid crossing my mind." This evening, in Commons, we have spent quite a pleasant time with the charwoman. She entered at Question-hour, leaning gently but firmly upon arm of ROWLAND HUNT. At moment CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER undergoing Catechism rather Longer than Shorter on details of Insurance Bill. With pretty bow of courtesy and what the Agents of the Railwaymen call "recognition" bestowed on his companion, ROWLAND enquired "whether a charwoman employed regularly at 3s. a day for one, two, or three days in each week would have to pay the full 3d. a week?"

McKINNON WOOD, whose knowledge of domestic economy has grown to be extensive and peculiar, answered in the affirmative.

Dead silence fell over House. Looks of sympathy bent upon charwoman, mopping her eyes in protest against this fresh testimony of man's inhumanity to woman. Pained pause broken by SNOWDEN, who, with dim recollections of the problem of a woman who in succession married seven husbands creating embarrassment at a future indefinite period as to which she actually belonged to, put another conundrum.



ROWLAND HUNT'S PROTÉGÉE.

The charlady "mopping her eyes in protest against man's inhumanity."



A TRYING JOB FOR A HEAVY BARITONE.

Mr. McKINNON WOOD has to worry through "Home, Sweet Home—under the new conditions!"

"Suppose," he said, "a charwoman to be under contract with five different employers will 3d. be deducted by each of the five?"

"No," said the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY emphatically.

House breathed again. ROWLAND HUNT, arming the charwoman out, presently returned accompanied by a foreign waiter and another poser for McKINNON WOOD. Now wanted to know "whether, in view of the fact that many foreign waiters work here for their food and lodging, without wages, relying on gratuities from customers, they will pay anything under the National Insurance Bill, and what will their employers pay?"

McKINNON WOOD worked out sum showing that the employer in such cases will certainly pay 7d. a week and may (Heaven helping him) recover 4d. from the wageless waiter.

Reply had remarkable effect upon PIKE PEASE. Not what you would call an emotional man by nature. Sits by the hour ruminating at Gangway end of Front Opposition Bench. Has never got over the shock of finding BROTHER JACK seated on Treasury Bench immediately opposite. Admits that, advancing from post of Whip to Presidency of Education Board with seat in Cabinet, JACK has done pretty well. PIKE himself, going over to Unionists, never rose above grade of Whip, a post he resigned last year. Is at present, like foreign waiter, wage-

less. Possibly that touch of nature made him kin with alien victim of Insurance Bill. Rising slowly, ponderously pausing for a moment before he spoke, he asked—

"If no wages are paid, how can anything be deducted?"

Captain Bunsby at his best never exceeded the clarity and force of this enquiry. Almost literally floored FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY.

Business done.—Insurance Bill passed Report stage.

Tuesday.—New LEADER OF OPPOSITION, recognising increasing triviality of majority of Questions, absents himself during three-quarters of an hour devoted to their purposes, gratefully utilising precious time that would otherwise be wasted. Still necessary for form's sake that the Opposition should be authoritatively represented during this function. Happily, we have ROWLAND HUNT ready to act as *locum tenens*. His vitality is equalled only by his versatility. No sign of weariness clouded his massive brow when, after his tourney yesterday on behalf of the supertaxed charwoman and the wageless waiter, he rose half-a-dozen times this afternoon to ply Ministers with questions.

In the main his attention is directed to foreign affairs. Is concerned for proper shaping of Arbitration Treaty with United States. Further, is not satisfied with Declaration of London and position of "neutral vessels carrying food-stuffs to Bristol, Liverpool and



A RIVAL TO "CAPTAIN BUNSBY."

"Rising slowly, ponderously pausing."
(Mr. H. PIKE PEASE.)

Glasgow which are liable to be captured or sunk when this country is at war."

Canny EDWARD GREY, seeing these Questions on the Paper, has gone off to Plymouth, he "won't say for rest, but for a change." In his absence UNDER SECRETARY ACLAND is put up to reply. And very well he does the work.

In some degree ROWLAND HUNT finds his parallel on benches opposite in person of MACCALLUM SCOTT. That eminent but modest statesman takes the wide world under his care. Just now disposed to concentrate attention upon India, with intent to show how lamentable is its case under British administration. Thus across floor of House deep answers deep, ROWLAND HUNT followed by MACCULLUM SCOTT.

Touch of pathos given to scene by spectacle of WILFRID ASHLEY, restless on otherwise desolate Front Opposition Bench. Time was when he rejoiced in honoured sobriquet of "MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS." A private Member, it was his custom of an afternoon to put down on the Paper minimum of a dozen enquiries, running total up to a score by supplementary interrogations graciously permitted by the SPEAKER. In moment of weakness accepted invitation from PRINCE ARTHUR to join staff of Opposition Whips. Place of junior Whip is either in the Lobby or the Whips' Room. Rarely found seated in House, still less familiar at Question hour.

That period has irresistible attraction for WILFRID. Throughout is invariably found on Front Opposition Bench. Now and then, as happened to-day, in spite of resolute self-control cannot resist old temptation. Interposes with question followed by the inevitable "supplementary," and relapses once more into pained silence.

Business done.—Coal Mines Bill passed through Report stage and, with compliments to MASTERMAN READY's skilful piloting, read a third time. Among beneficent clauses is one for protection of ponies condemned to life-long servitude in mines. For this long-needed charter HARRY LAUDER may take to himself some credit. At dinner given early in Session by HENRY DALZIEL, at which something like a hundred M.P.'s met PRIME MINISTER, HARRY LAUDER came in to sing how he "loved a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie." Seizing exceptional opport-



MASTERMAN INSPIRED BY HARRY LAUDER.

unity, he, from personal knowledge acquired when a pit boy, later told the PREMIER and the more than a quorum

of Members clustered round him how grievously pit ponies, some fresh from the freedom of Dartmoor, suffer in the narrow, winding, pitch-dark, jagged-walled byways of collieries. Result seen in clause of Bill passed to-day, which the Lords will surely welcome.

Wednesday.—After long fight National Insurance Bill passed final stage by thumping majority and sent across to other House, by whose golden gateway noble Lords stand with outstretched arms ready to receive the bantling. (This, of course, as seen in the mind's eye, Horatio.) Two months' debate on subject full of details, arithmetical or technical, has in the main been slackly attended, usually dull. Tonight, in expectation of the end, benches fill up and interest quickens. To this end LLOYD GEORGE contributes rousing speech. HARRY FORSTER, official spokesman for the Bill from Front Opposition Bench, concludes conspicuous service by moderate, reasoned speech in support of an amendment indefinitely postponing passage of Bill.

This CHANCELLOR describes as "a verbose, shifty substitute" for the time-honoured motion, identical in effect, that "the Bill be read a third time on this day six months." PREMIER in smoother phrase takes same line. Comments scornfully on policy of Opposition in supporting Amendment and refraining from voting against third reading. There is no halfway house, he protests, between Yes and No.

Exciting scene follows on CHANCELLOR's rebuke of ROBERT CECIL for alleged misrepresentation of the Bill in recent election at Hitchin. The Hitchin Bantam, nothing loth, promptly steps into cock-pit. Has set-to with the Treasury Gamecock watched by the fraternity with keen interest. Strident cheers and counter cheers resound.

At half-past ten guillotine falls. House divides on FORSTER's amendment, Unionists bringing up 223 supporters. Government triumphed by majority of 97.

On Question put that Bill be read a third time, seemed for moment as if stage would be passed without dissent. KEIR HARDIE and his friends insisting on a division, BONAR LAW led his men forth. After their withdrawal third reading carried by majority of 303.

Business done.—Insurance Bill sent on to the Lords.



BUNTY REDMOND PULLS THE STRINGS.

[Mr. ASQUITH, according to the Daily Press, has been three times to see *Bunty Pulls the Strings*.]



Arthur Norriss

Farmer. "AS THER BIN ANY GREAT NOOS IN THE PAPER, SIR, THIS LAST FEW DAYS? I BIN AWAY IN LUNNON, SO I 'AVEN'T SEEN MY 'COURIER.'"

EUPHEMISMS FOR SKINNERS.

OUR readers will be relieved to learn that, after no less than two years spent in deliberation by a Special Committee, the Great Fur Question has been solved. In future—if we take the precaution of keeping by us the published list of "permissible" descriptions—we shall know what we are buying. The list itself makes the most delightful reading; indeed, we find we can hardly lay it down. There we learn that Dyed Rabbit may *not* be sold as Sable or French Seal. That designation is "publicly denounced" by our Committee as incorrect. But what do you think is the correct and permissible designation? Why, Sable Coney.

Next we come to "Rabbit, Sheared and Dyed." This is a little puzzling. The mere layman might be pardoned for supposing that a Sheared Rabbit would be more adapted to the manufacture of leather than to that of furs. But it is not so. It seems that it may be converted (by the dishonest) into Seal, Electric Seal, Red River Seal, Hudson Seal, or Musquash. All these misleading designations are barred by the new restrictions. It must be called Seal Coney or Coney Musquash—and then you know where you are.

Leaving, however, the question of

Rabbits—which we do with real regret—we go on to find (which does not surprise us) that Dyed Goat may *not* be sold as Bear. But it does surprise us exceedingly to learn that it may be sold as Bear Goat. That disposes of the Goat. But the Kid is much more adaptable. He has played many parts in his day, according to our list. There we read of him masquerading as a Lama or a Broadtail Mink, while

"For those who preferred a more forcible word He had different names for these—" . . .

Skunk, to wit, or Russian Sable. But all this is over. In future he must appear as Caracal Kid, and is in no small danger—one would say—of being pushed out to the glove department.

After all this sort of thing it is a mere anti-climax to learn that Wallaby Dyed Skunk must be sold as Skunk Wallaby. One might almost have guessed that. But we cannot leave this fascinating subject without one or two humble suggestions of our own. For we observe that neither Cow nor Dog is dealt with. It surely cannot be right to go on selling these as Persian Lamb or Japanese Black Fox? May we not suggest, as a "permissible" solution for the latter, Belvoir Pup, and for the former, quite simply, Lamb Cow?

For although we feel bound heartily to commend the list as a whole, regarding it as an important step in the direction of Commercial Candour, we cannot but think that it will press heavily upon dealers in what we may call our native furs. The Kitten, the Ferret and the Weasel cannot hope to attain success, any more than an operatic singer can, without the *cachet* of a foreign name and reputation. While freely admitting that these must not continue to be sold as Genuine Russian Sable or Silver Fox, we should be sorry nevertheless to see them excluded altogether. We therefore hope that the following additions will yet be made before the list comes into operation:—

Plucked Kitten—"permissible" designation, Swansdown Tabby.

Weasel, Pulled and Scorched—"permissible" designation, Scotch Skunk.

Ferret, Boiled and Crimped—"permissible" designation, Astrakhan Stot.

From a story in *The Japan Chronicle*:

"She turned quickly to find an obsequious door-porter looking rapidly in a hushed voice. She listened for a moment, then screamed and reeled back into the room. It was Jasper! She recognised him by the impediment in his eye."

THE CHARWOMAN PROBLEM.

[It is understood (or misunderstood) that the insurance tax for employes of charwomen will have to be paid by the person that employs her earliest in the week.]

Miss Lætitia Chaddock, "Sunnyside," Burwash, to Mrs. Gibbs, No. 1, Love Lane.

OWING to an alteration in her domestic arrangements, in future Miss Chaddock will expect Mrs. Gibbs to come and wash on Tuesday, and to clean on Thursday and Saturday, instead of on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, as at present. The new régime will commence next week.

Mrs. Gibbs to Miss Chaddock (per Master Harry Gibbs).

MADAM,—Tewsdays, Thursdays and Satterdays I am engaged to Mrs. Brunt, at the Lawrells. Not being wishful to make trubble will you speke to her yourself?

Yours respectful ANN GIBBS.

Miss Chaddock to Mrs. Brunt, "The Laurels."

MY DEAR MRS. BRUNT,—Looking out of my window this morning at your dear little ones disporting themselves on the lawn I was impressed by the number of clean garments they must need in a week. It struck me forcibly that it would be a great help to you if you had your washday on Monday, so that your maid would have the week before her for the ironing. I must apologise for my apparent unneighbourliness in not suggesting this before, but you know how my frequent headaches often prevent me from thinking connectedly for days together. I now feel it to be my duty to propose an exchange of days. Mrs. Gibbs is eager for this, and I think that we should both benefit by having a contented charwoman. Kiss the dear children for me. Yours affectionately,

LÆTITIA CHADDOCK.

Mrs. Brunt to Miss Chaddock.

MY DEAR MISS CHADDOCK,—I should be delighted to agree to your most kindly and thoughtful arrangement, but unfortunately my husband has taken a most prominent part in opposing the new Servant Tax. Publicly—in *The Daily Mail*—he has pledged himself to pay nothing to the Welsh myrmidons—as he cuttingly described Mr. Lloyd George's underlings. This new tax, which applies to charwomen, has doubtless escaped your notice. I am so much obliged to you for your kind offer, which only Mr. Brunt's prominence as a political leader hinders me from accepting. Yours affectionately,

MABEL BRUNT.

Miss Chaddock to Mrs. Gibbs.

As your other employer has discourteously declined the alteration in days which was suggested solely for her benefit, Miss Chaddock begs to inform Mrs. Gibbs that, as she has conscientious objections to paying the iniquitous tax imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the payment for washing on Monday will be reduced from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. Miss Chaddock does this with the greatest reluctance, but she feels it her duty to bring home to the democracy the abyss down which Great Britain is being propelled by a Welsh solicitor.

Mrs. Gibbs to Miss Chaddock.

MADAM,—My husband says he to has scrupels against paying any tackses so plese take notice that for Monday's wash I shall want two and nine. Trusting this will suit you,

Yours respectful ANN GIBBS.

Miss Chaddock to Mrs. Gibbs.

After your impertinent letter, which shows the lack of gratitude in the human heart, it is scarcely necessary for Miss Chaddock to say that she will not require your services again. Miss Chaddock strongly recommends you not to give her name as reference.

Miss Chaddock to the Manager, "Labour Exchange, Burwash."

Miss Chaddock desires to say that, as she is overwhelmed with taxes from which she derives no personal benefit, she proposes to make use of a government institution instead of paying fees at a registry office. If this should ruin the proprietors of registry offices Miss Chaddock can only express her regret. Will you please send her at once a charwoman for Mondays (washing), Wednesdays and Fridays? Persons applying must be honest, sober, Church of England, respectable, truthful, hard-working, civil and good-tempered. Miss Chaddock will pay 2s. 3d. (per diem) for washing, and 2s. for cleaning, to a suitably qualified person.

The Manager, Burwash Labour Exchange, to Miss Chaddock.

MADAM,—The only charwoman on our list with Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays vacant is Mrs. Gibbs, of No. 1, Love Lane. We are instructing her to call on you, and trust she will prove suitable. Her present employer is Mrs. Brunt, "The Laurels."

Yours truly, S. SMITH (Manager).

"Mr. —'s interest in sport showed itself while he was still at Eton, where he became one of the shooting eight."—*The Times*.

This would be in the pre-Territorial days, when dog-shooting was a recognised form of sport.

THE BAUM-RABBIT.

A Lullaby.

["Baum-Rabbit: a phantom rabbit which haunts the Manchester cloughs."—*Dialect Dictionary*.]

OH, hush thee, my child! in the twilight
The bedroom looks eerie and queer,
And I know from that shape on the sky-light

That the little baum-rabbit is near;
As a rule she's in hiding till midnight,
But to-day she is early astir,
The little baum-rabbit who hunts for her habit,
Her trim little habit of fur.

She lurks in the daytime in garrets,
In darksome and desolate ways,
And dreams of the turnips and carrots
She nibbled in happier days,
Or ever he caught her and skinned her,
That soul-less and dissolute rough,
And the little baum-rabbit developed the habit

Of haunting a Manchester clough.

At night 'tis her custom to wander
Through factories silent and vast,
To patter through workrooms and ponder

O'er tippets that tell of a past,
And when, mid her labours, the morning
Breaks grey on a vista of furs,
With a queer little stab it comes home to the rabbit

That none of these relics are hers.

She grinds her diminutive molars
As she searches in vain for her pelt
On a mountain of skeleton bowlers
Or a pile of Mancestrian felt,
Till a watchman comes soft round the corner,
Gives chase to a shadow and falls
In his effort to grab it—this little baum-rabbit
That glides through the factory walls.

But to-night 'tis the gladdest of creatures

That squats on the nursery tiles,
'Tis a rodent whose raw little features
Are lit by the sweetest of smiles,
Who knows that her troubles are over,
That her ghostly manoeuvres may cease,

For the little baum-rabbit discovers her habit
Adorning my baby's pelisse.

More Sweated Labour.

"I have had paid to me in America £550 a week, but I have had my own expenses to pay out of that."

MR. HARRY LAUDER's pitiful story will bring the tear to many an eye. Even the actual cigars he smoked had to be paid for by himself.



A DECADE'S PROGRESS.

I.—MRS. BROWNE, MRS. BROWNE JUNIOR, AND MRS. BROWNE JUNIOR'S LITTLE GIRL AS THEY WERE IN 1901 AND—
 II.—AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

CRACKERS FOR 1911.

IN view of the near approach of Christmas the manufacturers of crackers have been working day and night for some weeks past in the endeavour to cope with the rush of orders; and our readers will doubtless be interested to learn of some of the many striking novelties that are being put on the market this season.

It will be found that the 1911 cracker has not escaped the wave of Orientalism by which Society has lately been overtaken. In place of the usual pantomimic caps will be provided turbans and yashmaks of genuine design, while the presence of frankincense in the explosive portion will waft at least one of the perfumes of the East across the British dinner-table.

In the "Miniature" cracker (the tiniest on the market) will be found a complete music-hall dancer's costume.

Those who suffer from the disturbing effects of Christmas fare will be particularly pleased with the "Antidote" series, containing dainty little boxes of pills, digestive tablets and other prophylactics. There should also be a considerable demand for the "Lloyd George" brand, with which is presented a Sickness Insurance coupon.

Millionaires are adequately catered for by the enterprising firm of De Luxe & Co., who are selling a special line of crackers in which is secreted an 80 h.-p. motor-car. No really expensive dinner-party during the festive season will be complete without these little gifts, and it is surprising how much the pleasure of the guests is increased thereby.

Labour circles will be interested in a clock which only goes for eight hours a day and strikes at unexpected moments.

A determined effort is being made to substitute something of a higher order for the insipid verses and mottoes which are generally included in the contents of the old-fashioned cracker. For this purpose a selection has been made of the most up-to-date *obiter dicta* of statesmen, police-court magistrates, popular preachers and other famous people, of which we are privileged to quote a few examples:—

"When a husband insists on beating his wife with a poker every Saturday night, domestic relations are almost bound to become strained."—MR. PLOWDEN.

"No land can avoid destruction whose history is one of strong beginnings but of week-ends."—FATHER VAUGHAN.

"The Arab of the desert is my brother."—GENERAL CANEVA.

"Under Socialism a man will not be able to call even his false teeth his own."—MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

"It will be a happy day for England when our public men court the rays of the searchlight rather than of the lime-light."—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"In the concert of Europe I am content to play the harmonium."—THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

"Since we have a Government of grandmothers, it is clearly woman's business to teach them what every grandmother ought to know."—MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"I have never been censored in my life, and if I can help it I never shall be."—MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.

"Domestic servants have already sufficient assurance of their own; they require no State assistance."—EARL WINTERTON.

"It is incompatible with the wise governance of a mighty Empire that its ruler should invariably have to go to bed at six."—THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"The world is going to the dogs, and the dogs have my sincerest sympathy."—DR. INGE.

"In the name of sanity, let us have a little less talk."—MR. G. BERNARD SHAW.

Certainly the youngsters are being well provided for this Christmas.

THE TOWN COUSIN.

My wife and I live in London; my wife's cousin does not. And yet, as the result of having the latter to stay with us for a week at our flat, I have very deliberately described her as appears in the title of this—call it narrative or protest, as you like.

"We will give her," said I to my wife, before the guest arrived, "the time of her life. What to you and me is the daily round, the commonplace of metropolitan life, shall be to her a perpetual marvel. We will, in fact, show her round. We will educate her in shops, teach her the fashionable routes, instruct her in the subtle art of eating food at the right place; show her the resorts of the elect, acquaint her with the best theatres and, if there is time, take her to the Tower, Madame Tussaud's, the Zoo and other places of historical and traditional interest."

"I shouldn't worry about the last lot," said my wife.

"Nothing will be too much for me; and, besides, I am not proud."

"I was thinking of my cousin," said she. And her thoughts, as far as they went, were right.

* * * * *

Disillusion began at tea. The cousin,

newly arrived, announced her intention of buying a new hat for herself on the morrow. My wife offered to guide her to Bond Street for the purpose.

"Oh, but I want the very latest thing," said the cousin.

"And what later than Bond Street?" I asked.

"Cursitor Street," the cousin informed us, naming, as I may not, the actual shop. Perhaps she was right; perhaps she was wrong. Anyhow, my wife and I could not dispute it. We were at the disadvantage of not knowing exactly where Cursitor Street is.

Disillusion continued at dinner. "For to-morrow night I have stalls for *Kismet*," I announced.

"*Kismet*?" said the cousin. She had the trick of repeating one's last word with a query attached to it. Anyone can do that, but it takes a town cousin to attach a sneer to the query. I wish I had called her the Suburban Cousin.

"Yes, *Kismet*," I said with pertinacious joy. "It's none the worse for having run a little. Besides, it is OSCAR ASCHE and LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, you know."

"LILY BRAYTON, you mean," said the cousin airily.

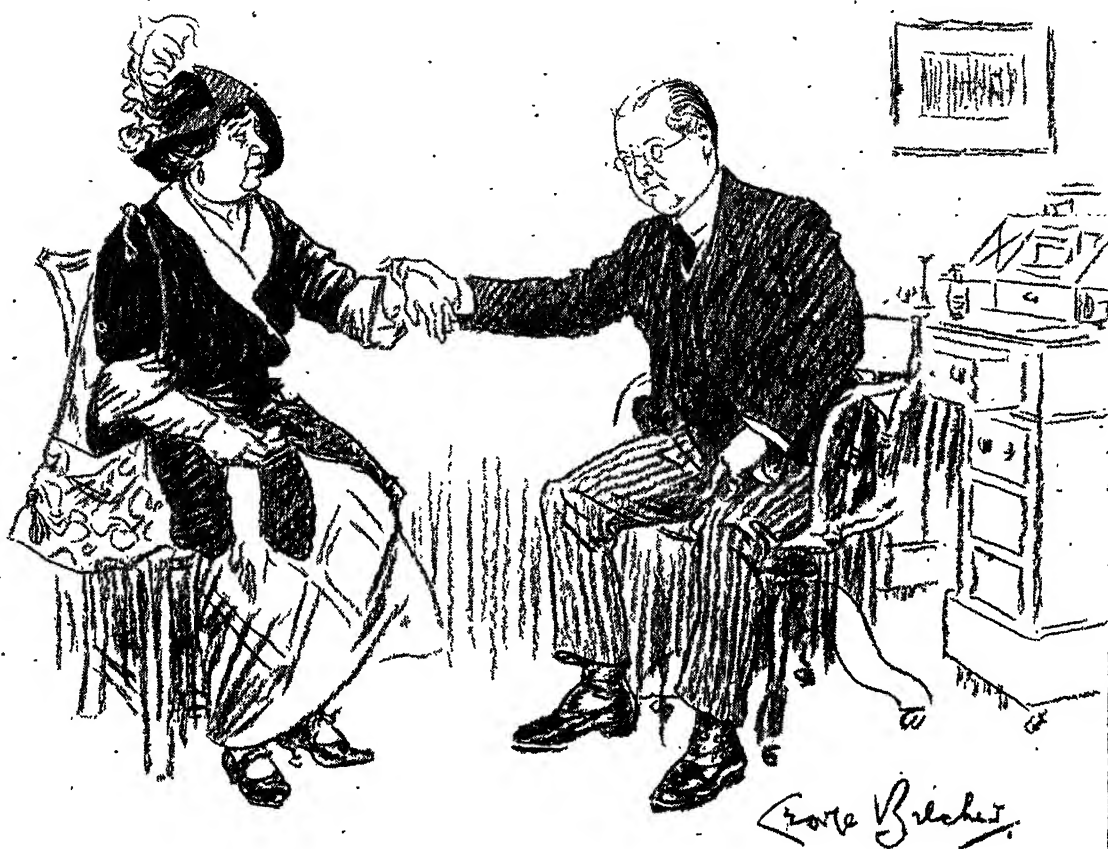
My wife undertook the burden of her next morning. What had been intended for an exciting education for the cousin, turned out to be a series of depressing corrections for my wife. The cousin, I am credibly informed, only asked one question and disputed the answer to that. In the afternoon I took my turn on. There was a delightful little place in the West, where we would take tea. Not many people, I explained, knew of it. The cousin was not in the least impressed. She did not state, but let me gather, that everybody knew of my tea-place a long time ago, but all the best people had since forgotten. After that it got steadily from bad to worse and ended in the cousin taking us out to lunch and pointing out to us MISS PAULINE CHASE, sitting at the next table but one.

* * * * *

Have you ever been shown round your own home by a stranger? If you have, you will find my summing up a just, if a rude one.

"Well, good-bye," she said, as she parted, with some of the most misplaced jollity I have ever been up against; "I have thoroughly enjoyed staying here and shaking you both up a bit. I don't know what would have happened if I had let you show me round. I do believe you think I ought to have gone to the Tower, for instance."

"For good," I corrected.



Patient. "I'VE BEEN AWFULLY TROUBLED LATELY, DOCTOR, WITH MY BREATHING."

Doctor. "HUM! I'LL SOON GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO STOP THAT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I NEVER met a spy yet but what he came to wish, before his story was half told, that he was not a spy. An inopportune tendency to virtue seems common to the trade. As soon as VIOLET JACOB informed me that *Flemington* (JOHN MURRAY) had gone into it, I guessed that he was a noble fellow at heart and foresaw an early repentance. "The first woman with a pretty face and a melancholy tale to tell will," I said, going into detail, "get the better of him." If I had not gone into detail, I should not have been so far out. Like all the other spies of fiction, he developed scruples at the important stage. As has happened in the case of no other spy I ever heard of, it was a man that converted him to better ways. Indeed, in everything but the one essential, he is an original, being neither an unexceptionally admirable hero nor a wholly base villain, but just an ordinary human creature, with rather more than his share of brains and quiet humour and a proper proportion of merits and demerits. His story and the other people in it are as out of the way and as well done as himself; the whole book, none the worse for its foundation of fact in Jacobite history and its innocence of pink cheeks and bright eyes, is, in the language of its own country, "unco' guid" (Scotch).

Thanks to the feeble good-nature and incipient senility of its house-master, who by the terms of his appointment

was an irremovable fixture, Russell's had become a blot on the good name of Bradminster. Two things in particular were points of honour in the *esprit de corps* of this house—to be slack at games and to make the life of the house-tutor (or "mug") intolerable. How *John Scott*, a Cambridge Blue, entering almost straight from the University on this invidious office, set himself to the task of reform, and stuck to it till he had seen his team win the House-Cricket Cup, is told by Mr. CHARLES TURLEY in *The New Broom* (NELSON) with that sympathetic insight into the hearts of boys and masters which is his unique and inalienable possession. It is matter for marvel with what freshness of eye and firmness of hand, after the many stories of school life with which he has delighted us, he can still observe and reproduce the very nicest distinctions of character. There are here at least a dozen clear-cut portraits of boys with hardly anything in common but their boyhood. In *Mansell*, the self-constituted terror-in-chief of mugs, a nature strangely mixed of good and evil, Mr. TURLEY has justified himself of a very difficult essay in character-drawing, though I admit that I was staggered at first by the boy's astounding impudence. But then Russell's was an exceptional house. It produced *Brant*, for instance, whose natural gift of stupidity in class was combined with a most versatile fluency of ideas out of school hours—a wholly delightful creation. The inspired thought which prompted him, after wiring the result of the cricket final to everybody outside the school that he could think of, to announce it also by wire to one of the boys in his house who

didn't "seem to be half excited enough," makes an admirable finish to a book that sparkles with fun on almost every page. Never obvious or trite (except perhaps in the case of *Mr. Russell's* sister-in-law, *Miss Mellersh*, the virago who runs the house for him—a type so conventionally improbable that I almost suspect her of having been drawn straight from life) the story's chief novelty lies in the fact that it takes the stand-point of a schoolmaster who is himself little more than a boy. As one who, in his time, has been both boy and master, I thank Mr. TURLEY very sincerely for the joy he has given me, and hope that it will be shared this Christmas season by all, of any age, who are still young of heart.

Everyone knows the famous definition of American novels as "dry goods;" but, if things continue as they are at present, "sweet-stuff" will become a more appropriate term. The work that has started me upon these reflections is *Mothers to Men* (MACMILLAN). Warned by previous experience that readers in the U.S.A. now take their fiction with, so to speak, more molasses to it than I can easily digest, I am bound to confess that the perusal of Miss ZANA GALE's native press-notice led me to approach her present story with a certain amount of distrust. Only fair to admit, however, that before the end of the book the charm and humour of her manner had to a large extent, if not quite wholly, won me over. Of course the thing is sentimental; every incident in the history of Friendship Village and its mothering by the women of the community is so turned to favour and to prettiness that the total effect is rather cloying; but there is plenty of common-sense and laughter between whiles to leaven the rest. No one, for example, can read the chapter that tells how the ladies of Friendship remedied all the abuses of the place (by the simple expedient of buying the proprietorship of the local paper for a day, and blackmailing the delinquents with threats of printing articles about them) without being very heartily amused. It should be added that the book is written throughout in the broadest American, a language repugnant to the sensitive ear. But, for anyone who can put up with this, *Mothers to Men* may be recommended as a pleasant entertainment.

Miss MARY J. H. SKRINE takes so long to get properly under weigh with *A Romance of the Simple* (ARNOLD) that I was at first in some danger of abandoning it as chaotic and stupid. About chapter ten, however, when *Symeon Morris* returned to his native village unrecognised, and met again his aged mother and half-witted *Crack*, his brother, the drama of the situation began to grip me; and before the end of the tale I was as interested and as profoundly

depressed as the heart of novelist could desire. There you have at once the strength of Miss SKRINE's book and its drawbacks. For my own part, I cling, perhaps a little desperately, to the belief that village life is not quite the gloomy thing that realistic writers would have us suppose. Old *Patience Barfield*, with her deafness, her poverty and her jealous care for the idiot son (whom she must shield from the dread notice of the "believing officer"), is a central figure both touching and heroic; but, as the lady remarks in *Engaged*, she is "not a cheerful object, and that's a fact." The same is generally true about most of the other characters, so that I couldn't be altogether sorry when *Patience* died in the house of her prosperous son (shamed at last into declaring his identity), and poor bemused *Crack* was left to burn himself and the cottage in an effort to settle the problem of existence. Perhaps I am doing less than justice to the author's treatment of *Crack*; it is, I willingly admit, both tender and sympathetic; but oh, how dismal!

I have a sort of idea of what was in Mr. HAMILTON FYFE's mind when he went out to the Cape to see the Duke of CONNAUGHT open the first Union Parliament, and to write a book on the country. I seem to hear him telling himself that he was in for some of the most marvellous sights he had ever seen, that he was going to inspect a land with a future, and find in embryo all the factors of that future. His book, *South Africa To-Day* (NASH), proves that his conjectures (as I conceive them) were right, but it also proves that he was perhaps a little too ready to be amazed. Even in Brobdingnag there were some things which *Gulliver* could contemplate unmoved. Mr. FYFE's wonder at the dia-



Lover (to his reflection). "IT'S NO GOOD, OLD MAN. EVEN IF SHE LISTENED TO THE PROPOSAL, YOU HAVEN'T THE MONEY, AND THEN THERE'S YOUR FACE!"

mond mines, for example, does not ring quite true. I find it difficult to believe that he had no suspicion before he went to Kimberley that diamonds were worked by machinery. Another instance occurs in his account of General HERTZOG. As a preliminary he mentions two very similar personalities—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in English politics and Mr. BOURASSA in Canadian—who combine, in his view, unbalanced judgment and violence in public speeches with charming qualities in private life. So that when, with these two men in his mind, he finds a third in General HERTZOG, and says he was never more surprised in his life, the surprise fails to communicate itself, as it should, to me. This ingenuousness is a blemish in a book which is full of interest as a rapid survey of a vast district.

"The city is now at the mercy of the assailants, who are placing big guns in position preparatory to a bombardment."—*Western Daily Mercury*. The city, however, is determined not to surrender until its last rock-cake has been hurled.

CHARIVARIA.

Germania, the organ of the Roman Catholic Centre Party, has published a cordial invitation to France to desert England and join Germany and Austria in a new Triple Alliance. France, however, regrets that previous engagements prevent her accepting the kind invitation.

* *

We are requested to state that, in spite of the disturbed condition of China, the Pekin Palace Dog Association will hold a show, as previously arranged, at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, in January next.

* *

After all, a Washington cable tells us, the Commission of Enquiry has found that the battleship *Maine* was blown up by an explosion from the outside and not from the inside. This means that the Spanish-American War holds good and will not have to be cancelled.

* *

In spite of many inducements, our new 32,000-ton floating dock for *Dreadnoughts* has refused to leave the shipways of the yard where she was built. Evidently it is not every dock that takes to the water.

* *

A great sigh of relief went up from the Nation last week upon receipt of a telegram from Mr. CHARLES URBAN, at Delhi, stating that satisfactory cinematograph films had been taken of the events there. It would have been too terrible if the trouble and expense devoted to the preparation of these ceremonies had been wasted.

* *

Describing the recent mishap to the *Mauretania*, *The Liverpool Echo* makes it clear that while everything else may have been as it should be, the vessel's siren, anyhow, was out of order. "When the misfortune was discovered," our contemporary informs us, "the liner's siren was blown at the acme of its power, blast after blast being omitted continuously."

* *

The luncheon given by our Judges to Mlle. MIROPOWSKI, the famous French barristress, seems to have been a great success. All were charmed by the fair advocate, and she, in her turn, pronounced at least one of the judges a Darling.

Mr. Justice RIDLEY, who, at the Birmingham Assizes, was hit by a stool which a prisoner aimed at a witness, will, it is said, shortly take an active part in the movement in favour of Universal Service, as being likely to improve the marksmanship of the nation.

* *

We note among the many interesting announcements made on the occasion of the Durbar one to the effect that all holders, present or to come, of the unwieldy titles of Mahamahopadaya and Shamsululama are to receive annual pensions. This seems to be an elementary act of justice.

* *

The Globe, in its "Hints on Health," brings glad tidings to sufferers from chilblains. Our roseate contemporary

Chinese Extravaganza now running in Berlin we are scarcely likely to see this play produced over here, for one of the three comedy rôles is that of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD would never suffer that to pass.

* *

Australia has decided to buy the freehold of the Strand-Aldwych site, and to erect on it Government buildings. It is, we suppose, the old tale of the march of civilisation—a jungle to-day, bricks and mortar to-morrow.

* *

A Curate writes to *The Express* to say that curates do not desire to come under the provisions of the Insurance Bill. "They are," he declares, "the healthiest section of the community."

This is a valuable tribute to the spinsters of Great Britain, whose services in keeping curates supplied with carpet slippers, woollen mufflers, and smoking caps have never been adequately acknowledged before.

* *

A lady who had been serving a term of imprisonment in Maidstone Gaol for libelling the Member for Canterbury stated, on her release, that she had had "a most luxurious time" in prison. It would not be a bad

idea if all our gaols were to keep Visitors' Books wherein such testimonials could be entered—as is done at many other hotels.

* *

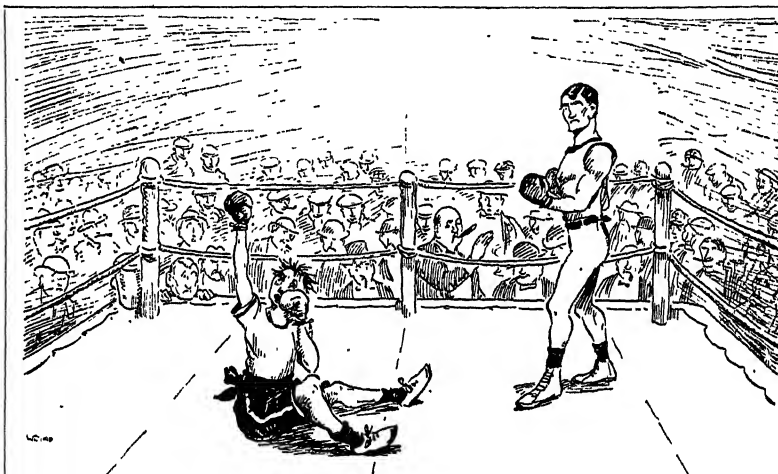
Extract from a string of attractive paragraphs in *The Daily Mail*, written with the view of advertising "Winter Health Resorts":—

"FOLKESTONE.

As a result of the recent gale which swept the south coast, a large portion of Lord Radnor's splendid new marine parade has been destroyed, the Victoria Pier had its large landing-stage washed away (this is the second time this has happened this year), and on the S.E. and C.R. pier a large truck was literally derailed by the tremendous seas which swept over it from the western side."

* *

While condoling with the PRINCESS ROYAL and her daughters on their experiences in the wreck of the *Delhi*, we cannot help thinking that it is rather nice that even in this prosaic age it should still be possible for princesses to have adventures.



Stricken Pugilist.—"Hi, POLICE, STOP THIS SPARRING MATCH; IT'S GOING TO DEGENERATE INTO A PRIZE-FIGHT!"

informs its readers that this complaint may be referred to as "Erythema Pernio." We tried it the other day. We informed a friend that we were suffering from Erythema Pernio, and it was most gratifying to receive loving sympathy in the place of a callous jest.

* *

The new Post Office Money-Box differs essentially from the ordinary child's money-box, we are told, because fathers cannot rob it when they run short of beer money. Frankly, we think it a mistake to put fathers on their metal by publishing statements of this kind.

* *

A photograph of a trout yawning from indigestion was shown by a lecturer at the Camera Club last week. This, of course, is a symptom of indigestion not infrequently to be met with at lectures.

* *

To judge by an account in *The Observer* of Herr MAX REINHARDT'S

AN INDIAN LEADER.

TO-DAY, I, too, shall write a leading article on India. Everybody has been doing it, and I may be told, therefore, that my own article lags superfluous. I disagree. My point is that hitherto nothing has been written in this line that can be laid up for ever and referred to in future as the perfect exemplar of what an Indian article should be. Great and brilliant efforts have been made, but the results have not been quite commensurate with the anticipations of the writers or the loyal feelings of the readers. There will be other Durbars as the years revolve and, when these come round, Fleet Street and the surrounding journalistic district will want a working model. That is exactly what I intend to provide, and I shall do it not for any profit of my own, but out of a feeling of altruistic benevolence towards my fellow-writers—in fact, out of that spirit of unselfish devotion which has made Englishmen what they are.

First of all let me see what I've got to get in if there is to be the real Indian flavour about the article. Here is a short list:—

- (1) The GREAT WHITE RAY.
- (2) The KING-EMPEROR and his gracious CONSORT.
- (3) The spectacle of unparalleled splendour.
- (4) The dusky feudatories.
- (5) Their baughty and be-jewelled retinue.
- (6) The scarred veterans of our innumerable wars.
- (7) Turbaned hosts with their flashing scimitars.
- (8) Little did CLIVE think, when, at Plassy—
- (9) Princes whose history reaches back into the turbulence of the remote past.
- (10) A land that still echoes with the deeds of **AURUNGZEBE** and **AKBAR**.
- (11) Fierce Pathans and learned Bengalis joined in one exultant acclaim of loyal devotion.
- (12) Delhi, the Imperial City, the storehouse of noble traditions.
- (13) What would **WARREN HASTINGS** have thought if—
- (14) Those silent representatives of the British genius for administration and government.
- (15) There was a time when, to use an expressive phrase now become obsolete, Englishmen thought only of shaking the pagoda tree. That time has gone for ever.
- (16) If the **GREAT MOGUL** could have risen from his grave beneath the palms and minarets—
- (17) Hindus and Mohammedans have vied with one another—
- (18) A shout that drowned even the crash of the guns thundering out the Imperial salute.
- (19) India is not as England is, and until the sentimentalists and visionaries rid themselves—
- (20) India with her teeming millions.
- (21) Warlike Mahratta chieftains in armour of burnished gold.
- (22) The sacred river in whose waters generations of pious devotees—
- (23) It is in no spirit of vain self-complacency that we point with pride to yesterday's stupendous ceremonial. No other nation—
- (24) Mere strength could never have consolidated such an Empire or deserved such loyalty. Though strength can do much, it is by wisdom and benevolence—
- (25) If the great administrators and officials of the East India Company could for a moment revisit the scene of their labours, we may be sure they—
- (26) It was well said by Lord—
- (27) The historic Maidan never saw a sight more glorious—
- (28) East is East and West is West, but the twain—

Having thus set down the essentials it seems to me, on second thoughts, quite useless to fill in the trivial gaps. Those who study my list and employ it will be able to write an Indian leader of the very highest quality. But if anyone still hesitates let him drop me a line and I will send him the thing complete down to the very smallest detail. I will even tell him the value of a lakh of rupees in English money.

PEACE FOR PESTERED PEDAGOGUES.

WHY continue to cudgel your brains at the end of each term for suitable "remarks" for terminal reports? Send us in confidence the subject-teacher's candid opinion of the child in question and we will despatch suitable translations by return of post. Fees moderate. Apply

LUBRICANTS, LIMITED

(Literary Department),

1536A, Good Old Broad Street, E.C.

Examples appended:—

PRIVATE OPINION.

PUBLIC EXPRESSION OF
SAME.

English.

English.

Hopeless slacker.

Must not allow his undoubted talents to be wasted for lack of thorough application.

Pure Mathematics.

Pure Mathematics.

Cribs unblushingly—unprincipled little cad.

Fails to appreciate the value of honest, painstaking work.

Applied Mathematics.

Applied Mathematics.

Dodges every problem—learns like a parrot.

Book-work excellent, but is lacking in initiative and must learn to *apply* the knowledge gained.

Classics.

Classics.

Could do something, perhaps, but won't.

Has not yet altogether fulfilled the expectations formed of his undoubted capacity.

Modern Languages.

Modern Languages.

Mon Dieu!

Shows marked originality.

Natural Science.

Natural Science.

Takes a faint interest in earthworms.

We note with pleasure his interest in elementary biology.

Music.

Music.

Might conceivably be worse.

Much better than at one time seemed probable.

Dancing.

Dancing.

A bull in a china shop.

Uses his natural gifts with considerable effect.

General Remarks.

General Remarks.

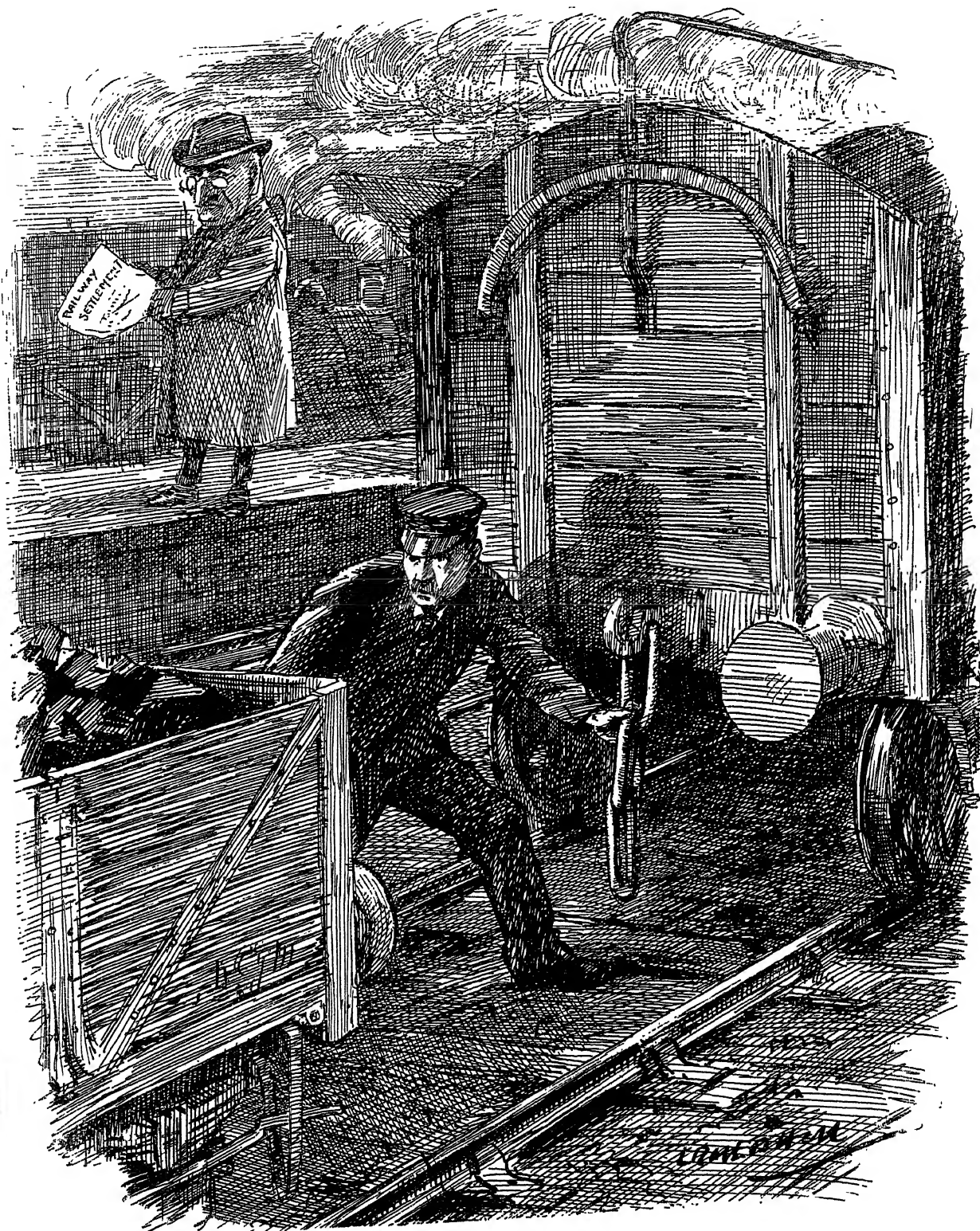
Pleasant ass.

Invariably courteous in demeanour; a conscientious little worker.

Songs sung by the Worcester Glee Club (according to *The Worcestershire Echo*):

"The Wind-deep,
God Save the Mill,
Rocked in the Cradle of the King."

None of which do we remember to have heard before.



AN OLD REPROACH.

MR. PUNCH. "GLAD THEY'RE SETTLING THE QUESTION OF HOURS AND WAGES;
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE QUESTION OF LIFE AND LIMB?"

[Railway returns show an appalling number of deaths and injuries among shunters. This number might be enormously reduced by the introduction, as in America, of automatic couplings.]

HUMANE GIFTS.

A CONTEMPORARY, in a page devoted to notices of advertised Christmas gifts, remarks pertinently, though without the italics, for which *Mr. Punch* is responsible:—

"A blunt razor will take the edge off the happiness of any man, and at Christmas Time this is particularly undesirable. With a — razor, however, a man may enjoy the luxury of a speedy and perfectly painless shave, and *even if his hand should tremble, through living 'not wisely but too well,'* he will stand in no danger of cutting himself. It is, no doubt, *for these reasons* that the — has become so popular a form of Christmas present."

Mr. Punch, recognising the merits of a humane spirit in the selection of Christmas presents, himself offers a few hints to the generous.

"What to give Father" is a crucial question at Christmas time. It must be inexpensive, or he will grumble that he has to pay for it. It must be useful, and yet appropriate to the season. Why not give him a "Suaviter," the City-man's fountain pen? The only fountain pen that is constructed to stand the strain of the Festive Season. The "Suaviter" ignores ill-treatment — will write fluently whether filled with ink or port wine, does not leak when its owner is upsidedown, and will enable him to write your Christmas cheque even when he is comatose.

Another always acceptable present for the menfolk is one of Messrs. Bond and Burlington's "Aftermath" hats — made in every variety of styles. Nothing so spoils the bloom of a Boxing-Day morning as a hat that feels several sizes too small. The "Aftermath" hat is fitted with a triple-expansion gear that permits the Society man to circumvent this little foible of Father Christmas. This clever apparatus is quite invisible, as is also the refrigerating chamber round the brim, whence (by pressure on a bulb in the waistcoat pocket) the head may be sprayed at will with cooling lotions. The "Aftermath" Topper is a *vademecum* for the *bon vivant*, containing in its roomy crown a mince-pie disintegrator, a minim tip-measure, a misletoe bough and a lilliput drug-cabinet which contains a

perfect little pharmacy of Yuletide antidotes.

A case of "Ante-Noël Inoculators" makes an original and charming present. These little surgical toys serve a double purpose. Prick yourself lightly with one of them, and you are sterilised against all the ills of Christmas, physical and financial. The needles are treated with a serum (the discovery of a Scotch scientist) of the active bacteria of Thrift and Haggis. The Thrift bacilli devour any rash proclivities of your red corpuscles towards Christmas benefactions; the Haggis bacilli have peptic properties that will fortify you against the inclemencies of the traditional fare of the season.

Just the present for your husband is



Youthful Guide. "OH, I SEE THERE'S A HIGHLAND BULL IN THIS FIELD, AUNTIE. SHALL WE—SHALL WE LET HIM REST?"

a pair of those wonderfully intricate "Gordian Braces." His holiday hours will be fully occupied in amusing attempts to don, and retain fixity of, these fascinating and educative puzzles. Once conquered, they are marvellously adaptable to the Expansive Season. It is a point in their favour that their breaking-strain is gauged to prevent him from hanging himself.

No Christmas gift will command such universal approval as a box of Messrs. Cabbaggio's "Vindicta" Cigars (Rockefeller's Supremas, 1911). These truly Brobdignagian cheroots are packed in gorgeously-labelled boxes, and rejoice in undetachable bands that recall the cummerbunds of Caliphs of *The Arabian Nights*. Every band is emblazoned with the Cuban proverb, which is the motto of this famous brand, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."

We are assured by Messrs. Cabbaggio that, despite the scarcity through last

summer's drought in their Hounslow plantations, nothing but the whole leaf has been used. But the greatest appeal of this cigar to lucky recipients has yet to be told. By a secret process, acquired from an Eastern fakir, it is able to asphyxiate the generous donor, however far away. Messrs. Cabbaggio have just received a testimonial from Lord ROBERT CREIL: "Despite pretenders, *yours* is the only ninepence for fourpence."

THE UNWANTED GHOST.

IN order to consider recent Press statements to the effect that the ghost is no longer a popular attraction (a question raised a few weeks ago in these pages in connection with Christmas Numbers), a mass meeting of the Ghosts' Friendly Society was held one midnight last week, in the ruins — kindly lent for the occasion by the Gibbering Nun — of an obsolete abbey. There was a full attendance of effreets, kobolds, ghouls, barrovians, shrieking and other spectres; while several distinguished family ghosts occupied the sarcophagus, and the Chattering Head of Chichester took the urn.

The Howling Ghoul of Deadman Hill said there could be no doubt that the advent of the motor-car had done much to spoil out-door work. This was

an age of rush and hurry (Hear, hear) and the day of the solitary horseman and the belated traveller was over. The motorist, owing to his insensate speed, was unable to appreciate the niceties of localized horrors. It had been his own custom, for two centuries, to haunt the cross-roads at the foot of Deadman Hill on moonless nights, and to wave his arms and howl. Formerly he had been a celebrated nuisance, but now the horns of cars made more hideous discordance than anything he could compass. Either he was passed without notice or insulted. Quite recently a motorist asked him if the road was right for Salisbury, while another called out to him to know if he wanted a lift.

The Driver of the Phantom Hearse concurred. Motorists tooted for him to get out of the way, or drove right through him without a qualm. It was more than phosphorescence and wind could stand.

The Coal-Eyed Cavalier put the present state of things down to the

Government, and especially to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whom he proposed to haunt as soon as he was out of office and could be got into a quiet corner unattended by a deputation. The mansion where he had been in business since 1645 had been brought into the market owing to the new taxes, and no one came to the oaken gallery, at the end of which he had been accustomed to appear with eyes flaming, except sightseers or people sent by house-agents with an order to view. A gentle-spook could not demean himself to disgruntle such poor trash as that, and he had left.

The Whispering Woman of Grosvenor Square cited the rise of democracy as the cause of the present slump in business. This was the day of the *parvenu*, who cared nothing for tradition and did not know a ghost when he saw one. She had always frightened in the best families, but the present embodied tenant of her house was a rich soap-boiler, who had so many servants, and changed them so frequently, that he had mistaken her in a dark passage for a housemaid. When she put an icy hand to his head he indignantly gave her a month's notice to quit. That sort of thing was discouraging.

The Creeping Butler of Bloomsbury also complained of changing fashions. When he installed himself in Bloomsbury in 1850 his house had been considered modish; now it was cheap flats, and every foot of space was utilized. His favourite corner—a dark alcove at the head of the second flight of stairs—had been converted into a kitchen, with a gas-cooker. (Shame.)

The Grue of Gargoyle Grange deplored the growth of modern luxury. Formerly he had succeeded in scaring people into fits, but an electric light installation had cooked his bat for him. A candle could be snuffed unexpectedly by a slithering, detached hand, and lent itself admirably to horrifying shadow-play on oak ceiling or arras. (Hear, hear.) He could do nothing with electric bulbs.

A somewhat stormy scene was occasioned by the Hairy Incubus, who noisily maintained that business was as brisk as ever. The thing to do was to catch folks napping. (No, no.) So long as mince-pies were a feature of Christmas there was a wide field for him.

The Coal-Eyed Cavalier pointed out that the speaker was neither a member of the Society, nor, properly considered, a spook at all. The Incubus, being dislodged from his seat with difficulty, was then ejected.

In a thoughtful and reasoned dis-



COLLAPSE OF YOUNG BLOOD ON RECEIVING FROM HIS FIANCEE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF TIES, WITH THE REQUEST, "WEAR THESE FOR MY SAKE."

course, the White Wraith of Wastewater Mere traced their present unpopularity to the Psychical Research Society. The essence of their success lay in mystery and surprise. If they were examined in cold blood, if their appearances and peculiarities were docketed and indexed, people got to consider the study of them a branch of science. Hence they were voted tedious, stodgy (loud laughter) and instructive—something on a level with Blue Books and statistics. She urged her listeners to do all they could to baffle research, as tending to lower them to the status of commonplace facts.

At this juncture a member of the Psychical Research Society was re-

ported to be concealed on the premises, note-book in hand, and the meeting broke up in consternation before a resolution could be put from the urn.

The Road to Ruin.

"He played in orchestras, and thus met people whose means were above his. At Windsor he cut a dash by riding up to a stationer's shop and ordering visiting cards."—*Police Court Report in "Daily Express."*

"There was astonishment at the magnitude of the response which had been made to our appeal. 'Wonderful,' 'magnificent,' 'incredible,' were the monosyllabic comments of the majority."—*Evening News.*

Our polysyllabic comment is "Rats."

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful girl who lived in a mansion in Park Lane with her mother and her two sisters and a crowd of servants. Cinderella, for that was her name, would have dearly loved to have employed herself about the house sometimes; but whenever she did anything useful, like arranging the flowers or giving the pug a bath, her mother used to say, "Cinderella! What do you think I engage servants for? Please don't make yourself so common."

Cinderella's two sisters were much older and plainer than herself, and their mother had almost given up hope about them, but she used to drag Cinderella to balls and dances night after night, taking care that only the right sort of person was introduced to her. There were many nights when Cinderella would have preferred a book at home in front of the fire, for she soon found that her partners' ideas of waltzing were as catholic as their conversation was limited. It was, indeed, this fondness for the inglenook that had earned her the name of Cinderella.

One day, when she was in the middle of a delightful story, her mother came in suddenly and cried:

"Cinderella! Why aren't you resting, as I told you? You know we are going to the Hogbins' to-night."

"Oh, mother," pleaded Cinderella, "need I go to the dance?"

"Don't be so absurd! Of course you're going!"

"But I've got nothing to wear."

"I've told Jennings what you're to wear. Now go and lie down. I want you to look your best to-night, because I hear that young Mr. Hogbin is back again from Australia." Young Mr. Hogbin was not the King's son; he was the son of a wealthy gelatine manufacturer.

"Then may I come away at twelve?" begged Cinderella.

"You'll come away when I tell you."

Cinderella made a face and went upstairs. "Oh, dear," she thought to herself, "I wish I were as old as my two sisters, and could do what I liked. I'm sure if my godmother were here she would get me off going." But, alas! her godmother lived at Leamington, and Cinderella, after a week at Leamington, had left her there only yesterday.

Cinderella indeed looked beautiful as they started for the ball; but her mother, who held a review of her in the drawing-room, was not quite satisfied.

"Cinderella!" she said. "You know I said you were to wear the silver slippers!"

"Oh, mother, they are so tight,"

pleaded Cinderella. "Don't you remember I told you at the time they were much too small for me?"

"Nonsense. Go and put them on at once."

The dance was in full swing when Cinderella arrived. Although her lovely appearance caused several of the guests to look at her, they did not ask each other eagerly who she was, for most of them knew her already as Miss Partington-Smith. A brewer's son led her off to dance.

The night wore on slowly. One young man after another trod on Cinderella's toes, trotted in circles round her, ran her violently backwards into some other man, or swooped with her into the fireplace. Cinderella, whose feet seemed mechanically to adapt themselves to the interpretation of the Boston that was forming in her partner's brain, bore it from each one as long as she could; and then led the way to a quiet corner, where she confessed frankly that she had *not* bought all her Christmas presents yet, and that she *was* going to Switzerland for the winter.

The gelatine manufacturer's son took her in to supper. It was noticed that Cinderella looked much happier as soon as they had sat down, and indeed throughout the meal she was in the highest spirits. For some reason or other she seemed to find even Mr. Hogbin endurable. But just as they were about to return to the ball-room an expression of absolute dismay came over her face.

"Anything the matter?" said her partner.

"N-no," said Cinderella; but she made no effort to move.

"Well, shall we come?"

"Y-yes."

She waited a moment longer, dropped her fan under the table, picked it up slowly, and followed him out.

"Let's sit down here," she said in the hall; "not upstairs."

They sat in silence; for he had exhausted his stock of questions at the end of their first dance, and had told her all about Australia during supper; while she apparently had no desire for conversation of any kind, being wrapped up in her thoughts.

"I'll wait here," she said, as a dance began. "If you see mother, I wish you'd send her to me."

Her mother came up eagerly.

"Well, dear?" she said.

"Mother," said Cinderella, "do take me home at once. Something extraordinary has happened."

"It's young Mr. Hogbin! I knew it!"

"Who? Oh—er—yes, of course.

I'll tell you all about it in the carriage, mother."

"Is my little girl going to be happy?"

"I don't know," said Cinderella anxiously. "There's just a chance."

The chance must have come off, for, once in the carriage, Cinderella gave a deep sigh of happiness.

"Well, dear?" said her mother again.

"You'll *never* guess, mother," laughed Cinderella. "Try."

"I guess that my little daughter thinks of running away from me," said her mother archly. "Am I right?"

"Oh, how lovely! Why, running away is simply the *last* thing I could do. Look!" She stretched out her foot—clothed only in a pale-blue stocking.

"Cinderella!"

"I *told* you they were too tight," she explained rapidly, "and I was trodden on by every man in the place, and I simply *had* to kick them off at supper, and—and I only got one back. I don't know what happened to the other: I suppose it got pushed along somewhere, but anyhow, I wasn't going under the table after it." She laughed suddenly and softly to herself. "I wonder what they'll do when they find the slipper?" she said.

* * * * *

Of course the King's son (or anyhow, Mr. Hogbin) ought to have sent it round to all the ladies in Mayfair, taking knightly oath to marry her whom it fitted. But what actually happened was that a footman found it, and, being very sentimental and knowing that nobody would ever dare to claim it, carried it about with him ever afterwards—thereby gaining a great reputation with his cronies as a nut.

Oh, and by the way—I ought to put in a good word for the godmother. She did her best.

"Cinderella!" said her mother at lunch next day, as she looked up from her letters. "Why didn't you tell me your godmother was ill?"

"She wasn't very well when I left her, but I didn't think it was anything much. Is she bad? I am sorry."

"She writes that she has obtained measles. I suppose that means *you're* infectious. Really, it's very inconvenient. Well, I'm glad we didn't know yesterday or you couldn't have gone to the dance."

"Dear fairy godmother!" said Cinderella to herself. "She was a day too late, but how sweet of her to think of it at all!"

A. A. M.

From *The Times Index*:—

"RELIGION, EDUCATION, CHARITY, HEALTH. Bishop bitten by his dog. . . . Page 8." Which is this?

TO ADD ZEST TO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Our children already have their bazaar, where they are served in character. Why not extend the idea?



THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR.



IN THE TOBACCO DEPARTMENT.



BUYING FURS.



A CHEERY WINE ORDER OFFICE.



Lady (who has had the misfortune to fall into a very unsavoury ditch on the outskirts of an Irish town). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! I'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GO NEAR MESELF FOR A WEEK!"

MUSICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Press.)

OFFLEY TOSHER'S SUCCESSFUL SONG.

Mother England's Stewing (words by Bletherly) will be sung by Mr. Emery Pulvermacher at Bootle, Mr. Widgery Boffin at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Mr. Ian Goldstein at Saffron Hill, Mr. Tarley Bindells at Brasted, and by Mr. Iago Plimmer at the "Welsh Harp" THIS DAY.—*Goosey and Co.*

RURIK VAMP'S TERRIFIC NEW SONG.

Macushleen (words by Toschemacher) will be sung by Miss Happy Jubb at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Miss Fritz McQuirk at Ballybunnion, Madame Joscelyne Smirke at Bacup, Miss Millie Molar at Buntingford Halt, Miss Poppy Strugnall at Bostock Parva, and by Miss Malvina Pippett at Southwold THIS DAY.—*Goosey and Co.*

WANLESS DORMER'S HORRIBLY HUMOROUS SONG.

The Scavenger's Sweetheart (words by Athalie Rothenstein) will be sung by Mr. Jenery Jee at Golder's Green, Mr. Dudley Muter at Woking, Mr. Angus Szlumper at Barking, Mr. Timothy Shiplake at Haverfordwest,

and by Mr. Samuel Sludge at Holloway THIS DAY.—*Goosey and Co.*

HOMER POPPLE'S DEVASTATING DITTY.

Weary Willie Wants Me (words by Oona Bleet) will be sung by Miss Dearie Binns at the Elephant and Castle, Miss Duckie Bodger at Clapham Junction, Madame Plummie Duff at Baron's Court Refreshment Rooms, Miss Chirpie Chickering at the Kilburn Cocoa Tavern, and by Miss Baffie Bulger at the Marble Arch Coffee Stall THIS DAY.—*Goosey and Co.*

LUTHER DE PONCK'S PRICELESS INANITY.

Wow-Wow, Pussy (words by Scarlatti Jamrach) will be whistled by Mr. Dermot O'Dooley at Leadenhall Market, cantillated by Signor Olio Graffiti in the Dover Street Tube Lift, hummed by Mr. Joshua van Stosch at Torrey and Dams, and played on the Pianola by Lord ROSSLYN at Bexhill-on-Sea THIS DAY.—*Goosey and Co.*

"RIDING-BREECHES OF ENGLISH CUT AND MAKE.

The only man is Fryer, Sarmiento 431. The words Riding-Breeches to remain in the same type as at present."

Advt. in "Buenos Aires Standard."
FRYER mustn't lay down the law like this. We shall have whatever type of riding-breeches we choose.

THE VERY LATEST.

NEW GAME FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

NO SKILL REQUIRED.

ANYONE CAN PLAY

BLINDFOLD BILLIARDS.

NO ELABORATE PREPARATION.

A BANDAGE AND A CUE.

LONG BREAKS DONE AWAY WITH.

GRAVITY REMOVED.

SEND FOR THE RULES. 5s.

BLINDFOLD BILLIARDS.

Testimonial—

STEVENSON writes: "It is a very Treasure Island of mirth. I could play it till I became Gray."

BLINDFOLD BILLIARDS.

"As at present advised, His Majesty's Ministers propose to disintegrate the United Kingdom, to disestablish and disendow a Church which has witnessed for Christianity in Wales for three thousand years and more."
—*Globe.*

A little licence is allowed to leader-writers, but *The Globe* takes too much. However, as long as its readers get the idea that the Church has been there for a good time, the accuracy of the figures doesn't matter much.



THE WOLF THAT WOULDN'T.

RED RIDING HOOD (*Mr. Lloyd George*). "HULLO, GRANNY; HASN'T HE TRIED TO EAT YOU?"

GRANDMOTHER (*Insurance Bill*). "NO—NEVER EVEN TOUCHED ME."

RED RIDING HOOD. "GOOD! BUT ALL THE SAME THIS ISN'T THE STORY I'VE BEEN BROUGHT UP ON."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, December 12.—For sudden dramatic turn of events House of Commons still holds its own against the theatres of the world. Through first hour of to-day's sitting proceedings touched lowest level of the inane. Question Paper crowded. Supplementaries in great force. End of session in sight. Now or never Members must get the cheap advertisement which testifies to watchful constituents that, like Freedom, harped in Tara's halls, "still they live."

At a quarter to four, the long list unfinished, process automatically stopped. Resources of the self-advertiser not exhausted. According to Standing Orders, notice of intended question must be given in time sufficient to have it printed and circulated with Orders of the day. Furthermore it is ordained that the question may not be read, the Minister's attention being called to it by reference to its number on the Paper.

That seems nice and orderly, calculated to push through business in shortest possible time. In depending upon Standing Orders, House forgets the advertiser. Instead of putting his question on the Paper, as others do, this gentleman rises to ask a question of which he has "given the right hon. gentleman private notice." Thereupon, having fastened on himself the attention of the House, he reads aloud his precious sentences, and the Minister replies.

It was after this farce, equally transparent and dreary, had been gone through, that PREMIER advanced to Table. Thought he was about to make ordinary statement about course of business. In low voice, with crafty assumption of having nothing particular to say, he announced momentous news of the despoiling of Calcutta of the long-worn robe of Viceregal Court, and the re-creation of Delhi as the capital of India's Emperor-King. Mentioned as mere detail that, by abrupt modification of policy established by Lord Curzon, Bengal is to undergo a fresh partition.

Form in which communication was made added to effect. When great stroke of State is projected, usual for Parliament to be notified of Ministerial intention, and arrangements made for discussion of the necessary Bill or Resolution designed to carry intention into effect with consent of both Houses. Here was a Royal Message flashed from distant Delhi over land and under sea declaring that "We are pleased to announce to Our People that We have

decided upon the transfer of the seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to the ancient capital, Delhi."

The crowd of silent unresponsive Members felt they were back in Plan-tagenet times, listening to a message from CŒUR DE LION journeying in Palestine, or from the Fifth HENRY triumphant at Agincourt decreeing, absolutely enacting, a new departure in State affairs.

This aspect, of course, illusory. New departure has been taken in ordinary way after discussion in Cabinet Council. Nevertheless the effect, possibly



"THE CAP'EN" RESUSCITATUS.

Capt. TOMMY GIBSON BOWLES executes a *dance de triomphe* over the rejection of the Naval Prize Bill by the House of Lords.

artfully designed, remained. It was that the KING-EMPEROR, clothed in regal state, throned in Durbar held in the city of the ancient Moguls, holding out his sceptre, had of his own free will, on his personal initiation, recast the framework of the Government of India.

In its secrecy, its swiftness, its completeness and its irrevocability it is a *coup d'état* as striking as that which, sixty years ago in this very month of December, transformed the Government of France.

Business done.—Lords throw out Naval Prize Bill. Commons sit up till morning dealing with Report stage of Budget.

Thursday.—When Members decided to vote themselves salaries of £400 a

year, the MEMBER FOR SARK (who, by the way, has invested his annual salary in annuities for his cousins once removed) pointed out the inevitable deterioration of tone and style that would follow on the revolution. Curious example of what was sure to happen just now manifests itself. Rumour got about that there is vacancy in ancient and honourable post of Officer of the Pipe. No one knows exactly what are its duties and emoluments or who is its present incumbent.

KEIR HARDIE, who has travelled in the East and brought back with him a suit of white drill reach-me-downs, says that when he comported with Princes of high estate in India—or was it in China?—he observed an officer of state in close attendance upon the Personage. He carried and kept alight a hookah, the stem of which from time to time at convenient moment, he placed in mouth of his princely master, who took a puff or two. Then the officer withdrew it and kept it going till his Highness was ready for another puff. Might that be the job of the Officer of the Pipe?

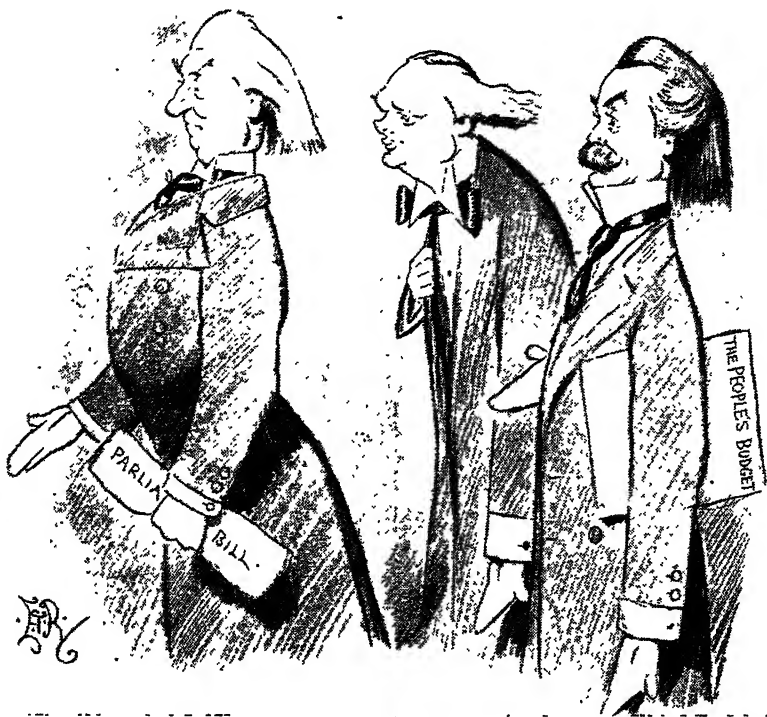
Compensious and indispensable *Who's Who* is silent on the subject. It seems just the sort of thing devised in earlier, happier times as a comfortable berth for favoured person not otherwise capable of earning a living. Presume that, being a paid State office, it would necessitate application for that other ancient, honourable, but unhappily unpaid post, Stewardship of Chiltern Hundreds.

JOWETT, not knowing why JOHN BURNS should have monopoly of loaves and fishes, volunteered to question FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY on the subject. This the more generous since he does not seek place of profit for himself. Is simply moved by consideration of desire burning around him.

Result rather chilling. A Mrs. Harris among paid State officers, there is to-day "no such person" as the Officer of the Pipe. Seventy-six years ago he drew his last whiff or swallowed his last draught, as the case may be. Anyhow, in 1835 office became extinct. There lingered round it halo of perpetual pension. Five years ago this was commuted for cash paid down, and the Officer of the Pipe, his post and his pension, have disappeared from the earthly scene.

Business done.—Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Friday.—Curious how some men getting a certain lift up the ladder of life spring at a bound to topmost rung. There, for example, is BONAR LAW—beg his pardon, BONNER. For



The mingled joy and surprise of the effigies of Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the approach of the newly-added and lifelike *simulacrum* of Mr. BONAR LAW. (A purely fancy picture.)

years he sat, whether on the Treasury Bench or on the Front Opposition, his exceptional merit overlooked. On one he ranked as Under-Secretary, seeing others picked out for promotion when opportunity presented itself; on the other, he was relegated to second or third place when the Party sorely needed help in crucial debate. By unexpected turn of fortune's wheel he, after fashion not unfamiliar at the Vatican in recent years when rival claims of candidates for Pontificate threatened embarrassment, found himself Leader of Opposition in House of Commons.

And now a place has been assigned to him at Madame Tussaud's!

Interesting to know in what attitude he is presented. At Table of Commons he impresses by absence of pose. Characteristic of BONNER that, with instinctive impulse to make as little of himself as possible, he hides right hand in trouser-pocket. Only other instance of this habit I remember was case of TIM HEALY. When, thirty years ago, he found opportunity of catching SPEAKER'S eye, he habitually thrust two hands in trouser-pockets and scowled at Mace. Differing from BONNER'S, the little mannerism was not indicative of desire to efface himself. It was his artless way of indicating his patriotic contempt for an Assembly of which he once declared that he didn't care two pins whether he was in it or in prison.

TIMOTHY HEALY, Esquire, K.C., Bencher of Gray's Inn, keeps his hands out of his pockets when addressing the Chair. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION might do well to follow his example. Contrary habit, innocently, doubtless unconsciously adopted, not either graceful or dignified. Hope Madame Tussaud has not stereotyped it.

Business done.—LORD CHANCELLOR hauled over coals in matter of his appointment of borough and county magistrates. PREMIER gallantly defended his colleague. NEIL PRIMROSE'S vote of censure negatived on division. MUNRO FERGUSON carried amendment approving action of LORD CHANCELLOR.

Saturday—Prorogation, and quite time for it. With brief interval have been hard at work since February. Worn-out Members resolved that in no circumstances will they consent to autumn session next year. At least, if insisted upon by indomitable PREMIER, they will strike for increased wages. When they signed on at £400 a year it was understood that a session should run, as in old times, from first week in February to second week in August at worst. If they work overtime it must be paid for at due rate.

"Ashby Union.—Tenders for Eating Potatoes required by Dec. 15."—*Buxton Chronicle*.

Our own modest tender of six a day came too late.

DIES IRAE.

Oh days of cumulative sorrow
When everything goes wrong!
To-day was such a day; to-morrow
I shall be stern and strong;
To-day the razor's edge dripped blood,
Far caracoled the fallen stud,
My hat blew off and found some mud,
My eggs were boiled too long.

And when I sought my railway ticket
A monstrous female stood
(Her hat was like a flowery thicket
When April stars the wood)
Conversing with the poor young clerk
About the way to Regent's Park
(Most probably she'd missed the Ark);
She should be slapped, she should.

I lost my train—I lost a person
I simply had to meet;
All day my anguish seemed to worsen,
Misfortunes dogged my feet;
Red was the glowering sun at noon,
The heavenly lyre was out of tune,
And both the laces of my shoon
Came down in Fenchurch Street.

I thought I never saw a city
So stained with vice and sin;
Hopeless, I went to call on Kitty,
And found she was not in;
The people passed me, senseless clods,
Unheeding, it made no odds
To them that I blasphemed the gods,
None of 'em cared a pin.

Wearied at last I sought the river
To ease me of my woe;
I watched the glamorous lights that
quiver
Athwart its turbid flow;
They seemed to cry, "Pop in! forget!"
I leaned across the parapet;
It looked abominably wet,
And "No," I murmured, "No.

"I shall not perpetrate self-slaughter;
That is a coward's deed;
Better to pull the lyre-strings tauter
And have a rare old feed,
And then go homewards and complain
In sad wild numbers." Hence this
strain.

I suffered, but I share my pain
With you (poor souls!) that read.
EVOE.

From a column in the *Dyersburg State Gazette* headed "Chic":—

"Elias Smith is right sick at this writing."
We cannot blame ELIAS. It makes us
sick too.

"When first published as a book in 1895
Miss Cartwright had for an illustrator Mr. A.
Quinton."—*Westminster Gazette*.

It is not often given to us to say of a
woman that we can read her like a
book.

SERVICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

ADJUTANT OF TERRITORIALS.—Your speech referring to the distinguished War Service of your Brigadier-General, at the Annual Dinner, was a little unfortunate. The miniatures he was wearing were: "Jubilee, 1887"; "Diamond Jubilee, 1897"; "Coronation, 1902"; "Indian Durbar, 1903"; "Coronation, 1911"; and the "M.V.O." He has no War Service.

SUBALTERN (ALDERSHOT).—We cannot tell you why a "Staff Ride" should be called by that name. Doubtless, originally, the Ride was intended for the Staff. Nowadays these gentlemen have far too much work to do at home, so the regimental officer plays at being on the "Staff." It should be considered a great privilege.

IMPRESSED (MARGATE).—Guns are painted "funny colours" to deceive the enemy. You have no idea what a 9-2 gun looks like from the sea, through a powerful telescope. We are told that it closely resembles, in one light, a zebra feeding, and, in another light, a carrot.

DESTROYER (PORTSMOUTH).—We are delighted to hear that the new 'First Lord' is so universally popular. Want of space alone prevents us from printing your appreciation. Testimonials are, we believe, forbidden by King's Regulations.

FORGOTTEN (TUNBRIDGE WELLS).—We are sorry we cannot tell you the meaning of the "Grand old Constitutional Force." You may be able to find out on inquiry at the British Museum, or perhaps one of the waiters at a Service Club may be able to tell you.

COMMANDER (PORTLAND).—Please see answer to "Destroyer (Portsmouth)."

HOPELESS (DOVER).—Really you seem very impatient. The War Office, only two years ago, promised that something would be done shortly for the more antiquated fossils among the R.G.A. Subalterns, and they are sure to keep their word sooner or later. It is only a question of time.

FLAG-RANK (PLYMOUTH).—Please see answers to "Destroyer (Plymouth)" and "Commander (Portland)."

PERPLEXED (SYDENHAM).—No, we do not know the answer to the riddle, "What is the difference between a 'Red' Marine and a 'Blue' Marine?" It is probably a question of colour.

MIDSHIPMAN (SHEERNESS).—Please see answers to "Destroyer (Portsmouth)," "Commander (Portland)," and "Flag-rank (Plymouth)."



Hungry Englishman (who prides himself on his French). "J'ai une faim énorme."

French Waitress. "Vraiment, m'sieu? Mais votre femme, ce n'est pas mon affaire!"

FRISONS.

[*"The Life of a Tiger," by S. BARDLEY-WILMOT. It would be difficult to over-emphasise the fascination of this tale, which not only records the *vie intime* of the tiger family, but introduces the whole life of the jungle in a series of vivid and kaleidoscopic pictures.*—*Mr. Edward Arnold's Publishing Announcements.*]

LAST night I had a dreadful dream
About the tiger's *vie intime*.

That is—if you will pardon me—
The tiger visited *chez lui*.

(The Gallic tongue is, to my mind,
More delicate and more refined.

If I put that in crude and curt
English—well, tigers might be hurt.

And I'm extremely anxious not
To touch the tiger's tender spot.)

So so; but maybe you'd prefer
The tiger à l'intérieur?

Or, somewhat geographically,
The tiger seen *dans son pays*?

Or would you rather I should say
The tiger interviewed *de près*?

Or would you think the words less
weak—
The tiger's *foyer domestique*?

Or, if that phrase you rather hate,
How's this—the tiger *tête-à-tête*?

Does that convey the true *frisson*?
Or this—the tiger *au dedans*?

There are, of course, more fancy
ways,
E.g., the tiger à son aise.

Or, if affectionate you'd be,
There's still the tiger *en ami*.

These variations ought to do;
Should they impress you—*Bon!*
C'est tout!

AT THE PLAY.

"BELLA DONNA."

For what it sets out to be—a sort of superior melodrama—*Bella Donna* is all that the British heart could desire. It would be idle to pretend that it raises any moral problem, apart from the old doubts as to the recuperative powers of damaged womanhood; or any social problem, unless *Dr. Isaacson's* assault upon medical etiquette can be credited with this intention.¹ Idle too to claim that the play attempts to grapple with the highest task of the dramatist—to develop character rather than exhibit it ready-made. The chief persons of the play remain at the end pretty much what they were at the start, except that *Armine* has probably learned to modify his chivalrous ideas of the sex, and that *Bella Donna* has gone a stage further on the primrose path than was originally dreamed of in her philosophy of hedonism. But in her case, at any rate, the processes—and they are everything—have been largely omitted. At one moment we see her about to be married to the best of fellows, and with at least an off-chance of social regeneration; at the next—presto!—she is the well-established mistress of a coloured financier. What in the meantime she has had to overcome in the shape of physical hesitancy or calculating worldly wisdom, is left to our vivid imaginations.

But if an acquaintance with the original book is necessary for the negotiation of this yawning gulf, still, as a series of episodes and situations, the play is sufficiently lucid and logical. I cannot indeed see how the adapter, Mr. FAGAN, in the conditions of time and space that were imposed upon him, could have done his work better. Except, perhaps, in the interview with a patient at the opening of the first Act (and something negligible had to be done while the audience was getting noisily into its seats, a process which unfortunately overlapped the delivery of some much more important dialogue that follows), there is scarcely a word wasted in the whole play. And, if he did not altogether succeed in reproducing the atmosphere which Mr.

¹ Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, in what a contemporary describes as his "chatty brochure" (entitled "*Bella Donna: The Authors, the Play and the Players*," and given away with the programme), has a lot to say on this subject. I quote his own words, lest their literary quality should be sacrificed in paraphrase: "It must occur," he says, "quite frequently in every-day life that a medical man . . . is hung upon the horns of the dilemma, on the one hand, of professional etiquette, and on the other of a human life endangered by a professional desire not to interfere."

HICHENS² achieves by force of world-colouring and an inveterate gift of insistence, well, that was in the nature of things. To say nothing of the necessary brevity of its effects, the direct visual appeal of the stage is apt to discourage the art of suggestion.

It was unfortunate that several scenes in the novel, very vital to the sequence of things, had unavoidably to be omitted, the scenes in particular where *Bella Donna* comes in contact with one of the native women of *Baroudi's ménage*. The loss of the final scene on *The Loulia*, where he dismisses the English-woman with contempt in the presence



Dr. Isaacson (Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER) to *Bella Donna* (Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL). "On the floor is a poisoned cup which has hitherto escaped my notice. In another moment I shall detect it, and then where will you be?"

of the other, was greatly to be deplored. The parting with *Baroudi* outside the villa made a very tame and inadequate substitute for this terrible scene. At the same time the cutting-out of these and other episodes in the relations between the white woman and the black man helped to mitigate the repulsiveness of the theme.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, as *Dr. Meyer Isaacson*, had the sort of part which shows him at his best—but one. Self-contained, unimpassioned, resourceful—as befits a corrective Providence—he was excellent throughout. But, even

² Mr. HICHENS will appreciate the intention, if not the idiomatic style, of the following eulogy by Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT: "His *mis-en-scène* are invariably photographic: . . . he never writes of places, persons or phases in life concerning which he has not first troubled himself to become fully acquainted."

in a black wig and moustache (the latter concealing the smile so fatal in moments of crisis), and though he decanted the poisoned coffee as if born to the manipulation of test-tubes, I will not say that I ever quite mistook him for a specialist in toxicology, though I cannot tell you off-hand exactly how a specialist in toxicology ought to behave. It was not his fault if I went through an awful time of apprehension while the poisoned coffee stood in its little egg-cup on the floor, right under his nose, and it seemed as if he would *never* notice it. Even then, when he did, I was disappointed that he omitted to dip his finger in and try the taste of it, but waited till he could analyse³ it "off."

As *Bella Donna*, Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was wonderful always, but in the First Act simply adorable. At the cost of one more proof of her incomparable versatility I could have wished that she might have remained ever thus in a delightful mood where cynicism was mixed with the almost childlike desire to make the best of a bad life.⁴

In the part of *Nigel Armine*, Mr. CHARLES MAUDE failed to persuade me of his quixotic ideals, but for the rest, and within his natural limitations, he played a difficult part very soundly. Mr. ATHOL STEWART was something more than passable in the thankless rôle of the American doctor; and Miss MARY GREY, as *Mrs. Marchmont*, gave me, in the London scene, the sense of confidence which I rarely feel (except in the case of dowagers) when a Society woman is presented on the stage. Mr. SHIEL BARRY was a very attractive *Ibrahim*; but Mr. CHARLES BRYANT had too much the air of a clean-built Englishman to impose upon me as an Oriental scamp. Still, by help of paint and a fez and an accent, he contrived to import a manner very tolerably suggestive of an exotic origin; and if he could not help modifying the natural offensiveness of *Baroudi* perhaps that was all to the good.

The play, as I saw it on the third night, ran perfectly, and everyone, from

³ The results of that analysis are not revealed to the invalid till he is in a state of advanced convalescence in the last Act. "It is a moment," says Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, "such as this which culminates in a burst of passionate horror that brings to a play of this kind its measure of human interest on an absolute top note of emotion."

⁴ It is of this phase rather than of her subsequent career as a poisoner that Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT is thinking when he hints of his own wide experience of this type. "In many respects," he says, "Mrs. Armine is a typical specimen of the modern fashionable woman one encounters so frequently in the London drawing-room."



Minus Twenty (to Minus Twenty-four, who is playing for a half and has twice over-run the hole). "STAY WHERE YOU ARE, OLD MAN; HERE'S THE GREEN-KEEPER—HE'LL MOVE THE HOLE!"

actor-manager to scene-shifter, had a hand in its success. Though the plot must have been familiar to many, the action was always arresting, and the play is certain to prove widely popular with a class of audience not too exigent of intellectual profundity. O. S.

THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES.

There are no music-hall comedians at the Aldwych, no diversions of performing seals and handcuff kings to interrupt the six fairy stories to which we have come to listen; and you may surmise that the evening, however artistically correct, is in danger of being dull. This, let me confess, was what I feared at the end of *Little Red Riding Hood*. It is not a good story for literal presentation on the stage; any story, in fact, in which two of the principal characters are eaten by the third makes a bad play, for the reason that realism, hampered by modern convention, breaks down at the one great dramatic moment. There was a compromise at the Aldwych—*Granny* and *Red Riding Hood* being eaten off the stage, but emerging whole from the decapitated wolf. It was then that I feared that the evening might be too crudely simple for any but the youngest of us.

But *Puss in Boots* revived me. The Ogre was more like an ogre than any

I have ever met, and *Puss* herself was superb. The debonair *abandon*, the *élan*, in plain English the "side" of this cat was everything that the story



A HUGE SUCCESS.

The Ogre
The Hare

... .. Mr. J. M. EAST.
... .. Master HAROLD BARRETT.

had led me to hope. However, there were even better things to come; and it is the Second Act, showing *Cinderella*, *Snowdrop* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, which will draw both children and grown-ups in thousands to the Aldwych.

Miss MARY GLYNNE is the little girl who plays *Cinderella*, and anything more sweetly pretty than that *Cinderella* has never been seen on the stage. Of the two triumphs of the evening hers was the first. When her little play was over I would gladly have said a "*Nunc dimittis*" and have left the theatre; but fortunately duty kept me, and in *Snowdrop* I had my second thrill. This was from another child, Miss ELISE CRAVEN, whose dancing left me simply breathless with happiness. I hand all other dancers over to anybody who wants them. CRAVEN for me.

There are other players who should be noticed—particularly Mr. ALFRED LATELL, who took all the animal parts. I have spoken of his *Puss in Boots*, but he was also a captivating bull-dog in *Cinderella*. I cannot begin to mention all the people to whom we are indebted for the costumes, scenery, armour, stage paintings, &c., but in *Snowdrop* and *The Sleeping Beauty* they excelled themselves.

Altogether a delightful evening. M.

THE CHRISTMAS SCHEDULE.

"I HATE Christmas!" said Maisie suddenly at the breakfast-table, *à propos* of nothing at all.

Edward, who was reading an article in *The Times* on "Recent Advances in Actuarial Methods Considered from the Autochthonous Standpoint," murmured a vague "Yes" and continued down the column.

"I wish you wouldn't say 'Yes' when you don't mean it!"

"Very well, my dear, just as you like."

"You're too aggravating for words! I hate Christmas because there's the horrible worry of choosing the right presents for the right people. It doesn't affect you; you only pay for them—that's the easy part."

Edward showed signs of interest. "Why don't you work it by schedule?" he suggested briskly.

"Don't be shoppy!"

(Edward, it may be explained, is in the Schedules at Somerset House. He has a natural talent for the work.)

"I'm quite serious. It's *always* the best way. It will save you no end of trouble. Get me a pen and paper, dear, and I'll show you. And a ruler."

"But I haven't got a ruler. I hate rulers."

"Then I'll use the back of a knife, but a ruler would make a better job of it."

It was certainly a very neat piece of work when Edward had finished it, though it hardly satisfied his critical taste because of a slight slip in double-ruling where the ink had spread from one twin line to another. He proceeded to expound it to his wife:—

"The first column is headed 'Name,' and under this, of course, you write down the names of all the people to whom you wish to give presents; then come columns for 'Age' and 'Occupation,' the latter being a valuable aid and requiring care in filling in the correct designations; the next column, headed 'Married, Single, Widowed or Divorced,' should be self-evident without further explanation on my part; then come columns for 'Hobbies and Preferences,' 'Dislikes and Prejudices,' and 'Former Presents'; and finally a wide column for 'Remarks.' This last will give you opportunity to insert any relevant particulars which may not fall conveniently under any of the other headings, and also the suggestion for this year's present. Is that all clear?"

"Yes . . . I think so . . . But what am I to do with it?"

"Fill it in at your leisure to-day, carefully and thoroughly, and then to-night we'll go over it together."

It was a very scribbly, scrawly, ink-blotty production which Maisie showed to her husband in the evening. He frowned involuntarily. Had it been the work of one of his clerks, that clerk would have received a severe wiggling. Work badly done cut him to the quick, but, as it was Maisie's, he tried to say a few encouraging words:—

"Of course it's the first time for you."

. . . It's certainly promising. . . .

Next time it will come easier. It's a

matter of practice. . . . Yes, I think we'll manage all right with this."

Maisie pouted, but said nothing, and Edward proceeded to adjust his glasses and read out from the schedule:—

"Aunt Maria—Age: 58, I think, but of course she never will acknowledge it, so we had better put it down at 50 and please her?" . . . My dear, it's scarcely necessary to insert all that; it would be quite sufficient to put down 58, and in brackets next to it a note of interrogation."

"I thought you wanted me to fill it in carefully."

"Yes, of course; but I didn't mean all that. However, let us proceed: 'Occupation: An old cat . . . Maisie, how *can* that help us?"

"That's just what I say, but you told me to fill it all in."

Edward proceeded with a pained expression:—"Married, etc.: You know she has been a widow for a long time, long before we were married. She wanted to divorce her husband, I believe, but she could never catch him—at least that's what Mama says. Hobbies and Preferences: Parrots and funerals. Dislikes and Prejudices: You and I, but she mostly dislikes everything and she is horribly prejudiced. Former presents: Last year we sent her a set of poker patience. She sent this back without putting a stamp on the parcel, with a note saying that she strongly disapproved of low American gambling games. Remarks: I'm sure I don't know what to suggest. . . . My dear Maisie, what is the use of all this rubbish?"

"I don't mean to be unkind, but look at this matter seriously. How *can* it help us? What on earth's the use of writing down that 'Uncle John dislikes any highly-seasoned dish and has a particular prejudice against barrel-organs'? Or that 'Reggie is single but it is high time he got married and settled down, because he is getting too selfish for words'? Or that 'Mrs. Harringay likes to stay in bed until lunch-time and sometimes does not get up until three or four in the afternoon, and that her husband ought to give her a thoroughly good shaking'? My dear Maisie, how *can* it help us?"

It was at this point that Maisie retired from the unequal contest.

Edward gazed blankly at the slammed door. "It takes a man to understand schedules," he said.

THE LATEST FILMS.

["A NEW PROFESSION is that of writing scenes which can be produced as Bioscope Pictures; fresh good ideas are well paid for on acceptance."—*Times* Advt.]

WE have ourselves secured a few scenes calculated to excite far more interest than the present dreary episodes, alleged to be comic, in the lives of French and American grimacers.

(a) A day in the life of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER between the second and third readings of the Insurance Bill in the House of Lords. His rising at 4.30 A.M. to work at last night's arrears of correspondence, with intervals for jotting down, by dictation, any new ideas that may occur to him as to additional taxes possible for the Insurance Bill; the arrival of the morning post, read while snatching a hasty meal from a more or less free breakfast table; consideration of various new amendments to the great measure which the post has brought; brisk motor ride to Billingsgate and stroll through the market for inspiration; practical examination of consignment of stamp gum from different makers with a view to see which tastes the best; reception of deputations from medical men, hot-cross-bun-bakers, snow-sweepers, steeplejacks, sword-swallowers, and so forth, all claiming special treatment and all obtaining satisfactory guarantees and leaving immensely impressed in the CHANCELLOR'S favour; quick lunch; walking to the House of Commons, in the usual cinematograph way, one foot before the other much too fast; entering the House amid the ribald sneers of the constables on duty imperfectly disguised under an outward show of respect; replying to countless questions and unloading his scores off the Opposition; attendance to hundreds of letters in his private room; hasty dinner; return to the House and engagement in intricate and fatiguing debate; bed at half-past one. The whole to be accompanied on the piano by a fantasia on the theme "For he's a jolly good fellow."

(b) Mr. BOURCHIER growing a new beard.

(c) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL "scrapping" Admirals.

(d) Miss M—C— cabling her congratulations to the Viceroy of INDIA on the choice of a capital which rhymes to her name.

(e) Mr. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS making two runs. (Film 1,800 yards long).



Hairdresser. "Ah, THAT IS A WAX, SIR. YOU NEED NEVER WORRY ABOUT THAT COMING OFF YOUR MOUSTACHE WITH THE DAMP WEATHER. I'VE HAD ONE LOT ON MINE FOR A MONTH—BELIEVE ME, SIR, ONE MONTH—INCLUDING A BATH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MODERATELY safe to assume that, if a book called *The French Revolution* had not been written by THOMAS CARLYLE, I should not now just have finished the perusal of another, by Sir JAMES YOXALL, called *The Courtier Stoops* (SMITH, ELDER). It bears, by no means unpleasantly, the influence of the Sage in every chapter. "A grating noise had begun to be audible; the south gate was scraping open. Out of spaces of distance and time the foot had come to the sill"—you see, very obviously, whose is the inspiration for such passages as this. The foot was that of *Captain Machour*, posting, a discredited and ridiculed monitor, throughout Europe in 1790, with his warning of the change that was to break up old systems and governments. The man who heard and half believed his message is the central figure of the tale, Councillor of the tiny, sleeping German state of *Ilmenar*—a figure famous enough, and but thinly disguised by the author under the abbreviated name of *Johann von Wolfgang*. It is of his life, mental rather than bodily, and of the influence upon it of the troubled times, that the story treats; incidentally giving a clever and impressive picture of the little toy-kingdom, one of so many presently to vanish before the news that came rushing out of France. All this is excellently done, up to the final catastrophe of Valmy, which shows the hero, GOETHE confessed, riding into the dance of the cannon-balls, and

making his famous experiment in "cannon-fover"; last of all, amid the crash and roar of these same cannon, wedding the peasant girl *Christiane*, whom the ruin of the old caste-ideals has rendered possible as a wife for a well-born. An unusual and scholarly story, well worth reading.

"Seems so" is what you say in Devonshire if you have made a particularly positive statement and yet are moved by politeness to concede that the other fellow may have some right on his side. In *Seems So* (MACMILLAN) the other fellow is described as "The Likes o' 'They'"—that is to say, gentle reader, the Likes of Us; and the joint authors of the book, STEPHEN REYNOLDS, the scribe who would a-fishing go, and his mates BOB and TOM WOOLLEY, tell us quite plainly just what the working-man thinks of us and our politics. If I were a hand-working instead of a brain-working man I should probably be with them heart and soul in their condemnation of the fussy benevolence of the law. I should hate—I know I should—to have my life and my home and my children and my public-house constantly interfered with and inspected by a pack of prying officials. Life must be pretty intolerable when you can't call your kitchen-sink your own. And it is because of that sort of thing that the likes of us—Tories, Radicals, Tariff Reformers, Free Traders, Lloyd Georges, Bonar Laws, Sidney Webbs, Bishops, Temperance and Educational Reformers, Sanitary Inspectors, Officers for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Magistrates and Policemen—seem

to the working-man to run the country and make or execute its laws to suit our private ends. They think that we do not properly understand their needs, their rights, their feelings and their pride. And, apparently, there is a great deal to be said for their point of view. I counsel you to read the REYNOLDS-WOOLLEY manifesto and see if it doesn't "seem so."

Trippers who come back from the Durbar with the notion that Viceroy's of India are just picturesque figure-heads whose business in life is to organise pomps and pageantry for the demands of Oriental imaginations, had better correct this error by a study of Mr. LOVAT FRASER's *India under Curzon and After* (HEINEMANN). It is a record of Herculean toil. The bitterest of Lord CURZON's opponents could not, after reading these pages, call in question the sacrificial devotion with which he laboured, unsparing of his health, for the bettering of the condition of the native races and for the strengthening of all branches of the finest of the Empire's services. Mr. LOVAT FRASER's long experience of India and his freedom from official influence have enabled him to speak at once with authority and detachment. His style is the easy and fluent style of a writer so conversant with his subject that he can afford to dispense with the embroideries of superfluous rhetoric. Though his sympathies nearly always incline him to take Lord CURZON's point of view, the tact with which he has handled the differences between the VICEROY and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF furnishes sufficient proof of an impartial attitude of mind. In the light of recent pronouncements, his enthusiastic and reasoned approval of the partition of Bengal is of peculiar interest. Whatever the future may have to say upon this or any other policy of Lord CURZON's, every chapter of the book is an eloquent justification of his tireless efforts to realise those ideals which are summed up in the noble and moving speech that he delivered on the eve of his final departure from India:—"To fight for the right . . . to care nothing for flattery or applause or odium or abuse—it is so easy to have any of these in India . . . to remember that the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs, in whose furrow the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, and to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism, a dawn of intellectual enlightenment, or a stirring of duty, where it did not before exist—that is enough, that is the Englishman's justification in India. It is good enough for his watchword while he is here, for his epitaph when he is gone. I have worked for no other aim." "So," says Mr. FRASER, "he passed from India with head high and courage unflinching, having shed fresh lustre upon the name of Englishman, and done no single thing to stain it."

John Harrington was a reviewer of books, and he slated Mr. Karswell's "History of Witchcraft." Mark the sequel.



AT THE AGE OF 5.—Hans Andersen.



AT 65.—Guide to Investments.

FAIRY TALES

Three months later John was chased along a country road by a fearful Thing, which ended by treeing him and breaking his neck. Mr. Karswell, a man who had a short way with critics, had "cast the runes" on him. Now, it may be that Dr. M. R. JAMES, in whose *More Ghost Stories* (ARNOLD) this awful example occurs, cannot cast runes, and would not if he could; but I am taking no risks. I wish to place myself on record as unreservedly recommending *More Ghost Stories*. Fortunately, in this case, as it happens, honesty need not be sacrificed to prudence. That delightful blend of antiquarianism, quiet humour and ingenious creepiness which characterised the earlier stories, has suffered no falling off. It is Dr. JAMES' method that makes his tales so fascinating. As he puts it in his preface, a ghost story ought to be told in such a way that the reader shall say to himself, "If I'm not very careful something of this kind may happen to me." That is Dr. JAMES' secret. A spectre in a ruined castle leaves us cold, or, rather, does not leave us cold, because we seldom pass an evening in a ruined castle. But in one's bedroom? Aha! The thought chills the marrow. In a Dr. JAMES bedroom practically anything may happen. A sheet starts into life and springs at you with an "intensely horrible face of crumpled linen." You feel under the pillow for your watch; you touch "a mouth with teeth and with hair about it, not the mouth of a human being." You lock the door; a "thin voice among the bed-curtains says, 'Now we're shut in for the night.'" And through the window you see "a horrible hopping creature in white, dodging among the trees." B-r-r-r-h! Bring me the bromide. Steep me in narcotics.

MACJAMES hath murdered sleep!

Miss BRADLEY's pleasantly discursive and observant studies of *Children at Play* (SMITH, ELDER), and other things, may be commended to the discerning reader. Evidently one realises how happy in the matter of environment are the little ones of Siena and Florence, as compared with their brethren of Spitalfields and the Commercial Road; while the Sisters of the Hospital *degli Innocenti* are by another method more efficient than the most active of Care Committees, and ever so much more picturesque. It is a pleasant note of these sketches that their author has in many significant ways deinsularised her vision, and in particular can see no trace of a 666 on veil and soutane. Her impressions of her friends, the children, and of the general happy accidents of travel (as far afield as Corsica), are put in with touches light and sure.

The Child's Guide to Knowledge.

"A home safe is a locked steel receptacle for money, so constructed that coins dropped into it cannot be taken out until it is unlocked."

Daily Telegraph.

The next question we answer will be, What's a corkscrew?

"At Brentwood, on Tuesday, James Huntley and George Palmer, laborers, no fixed abode, were each sentenced to seven days' hard labor for begging."—*Essex Weekly News*.

Somebody might have given them a biscuit. But there—what's in a name?



THE LONG ARM OF EMPIRE.

First Schoolboy. "I SAY, HAVE YOU READ ALL THIS JAW ABOUT ALTERING THE CAPITAL OF INDIA?"

Second Schoolboy. "ROTTEN, I CALL IT! MORE GEOGRAPHY TO SWOT UP!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE widow of Mr. E. H. HARRIMAN, the late Railway King, has, we are told, been greatly worried by begging-letter writers. The total amount asked for is £28,000,000. This is twice as much as Mr. HARRIMAN'S estate has realised, and it looks as if the letter writers will have to be satisfied with a dividend of 50 per cent.

Although we have never regarded Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as an archangel, we consider that some critics are unfair to him. While it is true that he has spent £350,000 to collect £15,000, it should be remembered that at the same time he has done something to remedy unemployment by finding a number of posts for land-valuers, tax-collectors and the like.

We give the rumour for what it is worth, but it is stated that the Gaekwar of BARODA was only persuaded to send an apology for his bearing at the Durbar by a threat that, unless he did so, his title would be officially changed to the Gazeka of BARODA.

"Nine-tenths of the beauty of most buildings," says Mr. A. C. BENSON, "depends upon their abandonment to the influences of usage and weather, even to a noble and not disrespectful neglect." The persons responsible for the upkeep of the façade of Buckingham Palace are delighted at this tribute, tardy though it be, to their prescience.

Realism still seems to be the leading note of the American drama. A negro minister found guilty of murder has been hanged on the stage of an Opera House in Georgia.

Meanwhile patriotic murderers in this country, who insist on British material being used for their execution, are getting nervous, for the last remaining firm of rope and twine makers in Poole has been compelled by foreign competition to close its works.

The notorious Count ADALBERT STERNBERG, who fought against us in the South African war, has been sentenced to a fine of £200, or forty-eight hours' imprisonment, for referring to one of the Austrian Deputies as "the

scum of humanity and the greatest scoundrel in Austria." That comes of forgetting oneself.

The age of specialism! A pick-pocket who was arrested in Paris last week mentioned that he only exercised his profession on the irresistible pockets of persons watching an aeroplane.

"The scheme of Lord ROBERTS," says Lord HALDANE, "falls between two stools." These must be two of the office stools in the War Department.

According to a poultry expert the way to make hens lay freely in winter is to give them plenty of exercise—and the absurd sight of a suburban poultry owner leading his hen to the City by a leash is likely to become a feature of our streets.

Mr. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT, the richest young man in the world, was, it is announced, "married quietly" to Mrs. McKIM last week. You would have thought that such an exceedingly wealthy man would have had at least one brass band on such an occasion.

A RESOLUTE CHRISTMAS.

We made up our minds some time ago we were going to enjoy Christmas, every little bit of it, and when you make up your minds like that, of course you go and do it all right.

It was Peggy, aged eight, who began it. She said she knew who Santa Claus was; she had seen dad's nose quite plainly—it wasn't a bit of use making it so red—and she knew his voice; nobody could take her in any more—in fact it was years ago since she had believed in Santa Claus; but she was going to believe like mad this year because it was such fun believing. The plum-pudding tasted better if you believed, and—

"But it's a real plum-pudding," said Helen, who is apt to be sarcastic from the height of her twelve years. "It isn't an old pretender, like Santa Claus. Anybody can believe in plum-pudding."

"Well," said Peggy, "I shall believe in plum-pudding, too, and turkey and stuffing and sausages. I'm going to believe in everything."

Rosie, who is ten, thought this was silly. "I shall believe in some things," she said. "I shall believe in presents and being allowed to come to supper and putting ribbons round the necks of the dogs and standing under the mistletoe; but poor old Santa Claus, you know, you can't believe in him. Dad just goes and puts on his old dressing-gown and a red cap, and chalks his big boots, and then he comes dancing in and laughs 'Ha-Ha'—but it was good fun years ago."

"I don't care," said Peg; "I think we ought to help him. He'd be very sorry if he thought we knew him."

"You didn't know him last year. You shivered with fright when he came near you," said Rosie.

"I pretended to shiver—did it on purpose to please Dad, and I'm going to shiver all over this year—you see if I don't."

At this moment John came in, and the sisters said "Hush." John believes implicitly in Santa Claus, and his belief must not be disturbed, for he is only four and a half.

"John dear," said Helen coaxingly, "do you think you're going to see Santa Claus?"

"I seed him last year," said John. "He's tall's a ephelant and got a long beard. I seed him this morning."

"This morning?" came in a horrified chorus from his sisters. "You didn't. He'll only come next week."

"Well, I seed him," said John. "He's asleep in one of Dad's drawers where the stockings are. I think he's nearly dead, 'cos he's got no eyes."

"He's opened the drawer and seen the mask," said Helen in a stage-whisper. "Never mind, John, he'll be here to-morrow all right, and he'll have eyes then."

"No, he won't," said John; "I put a button-hook in them."

The result of all this was that the three ladies, having scolded John for his cruelty, agreed to believe firmly (for John's sake, of course) in Santa Claus. Then the mysteries began to spread darkly over the whole house. Helen was embroidering a handkerchief case—HANDKERCHIEF in violet silk, with sprigs of roses in pink and green—an elaborate and careful piece of work which was hustled away whenever I came within a mile of her. Rosie was at work on a pocket-book, also an object of terrific secrecy. Peggy was laboriously hemming a doll's shirt. John alone was guiltless of any preparation for presenting anything to anyone. He was an acceptor, not a giver. On Christmas Eve they all went quivering to bed, the one believer and the three who had forced their faith. The four stockings were duly in place; and on Christmas morning there were yells of delight in the passage. Santa Claus arrived after breakfast,

and never had a more whole-hearted success. John said, "He's got his eyes back;" and the old gentleman gave a howl of laughter.

"Don't make him angry," said Peggy firmly.

"Saints don't get angry," said Rosie.

"This Saint sometimes does," said Mother.

But Helen said, "No, never." She was believing hard.

We enjoyed the whole day—every bit of it.

THE PASSING OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

To Thomas, gone ski-ing.

How oft, O friend of early troth,
Ere yet the Hours had taken toll
Of that superbly tufted growth
That crowns the adolescent poll,
Far back in days still full of fine illusions,
Still flushed with boyhood's lingering glow,
Together we compared our hearts' contusions,
Watching the Old Year go.

Time then could never move too fast,
Too soon renew its annual pledge;
No memory of a barren past
Had dulled ambition's eager edge:
Still freshly painted in a crude vermilion
The future, with its fame to win,
Smiled on us as we heard the clashed carillon
Pealing the New Year in.

For three full decades, off and on,
We kept the ancient custom up,
And talked of times to be, or gone,
Over the temperate wassail-cup;
Hand locked in hand, serenely raised the question,
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
And poured contempt upon the vile suggestion,
Saying that it should not.

And, since to songs of good Auld Syne
Some local weight the scene supplies,
Now by your hearth we met, now mine,
But ever under home-grown skies;
Here by the climate's help that so enhances
The loyal patriot's private cheer,
Next to ourselves we thought of England's chances
In the ensuing year.

But all is changed! And this our own
Tight little island, where we two
So long had greeted, now has grown
Too little and too tight for you;
Spurning your country's claims at such a season,
Yearly you go to risk your scalp,
With what, I think, amounts almost to treason,
Upon an alien Alp.

There New Year's Eve shall see you trip
To strains of some exotic band;
As midnight strikes, you'll take and grip
Two perfect strangers by the hand;
And hint that naught (for Auld Syne's sake) shall sever

The bond that twines you with the twain
Whom you have never met before, and never
Desire to meet again!

O. S.

Retaliation.

"The Stipendiary eventually committed him to prison for seven days, and was then removed by a police officer."—*Birmingham Daily Post*. It seems only fair.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARISETTE.

[Lord HALDANE, Sir EDWARD GREY and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE compete for the Championship of the Women's Cause.]

MILITANT SUFFRAGIST. "NOW, LET ME SEE, WHICH OF THESE THREE IS MY BEST FRIEND, THAT I MAY HURL THE
ABDITE AT HIM?"

THE ALMANAC SCOURGE.

BOXING-DAY was dragging out its weary length.

"Will it ever stop being Sunday?" asked Ursula.

"My dear girl," I observed, with the note of pleasant severity that I sometimes adopt towards my wife, "you should not begrudge the overworked shop-assistant his or her trifling vacation. For my own part I find the enforced leisure of this festive season not only restful but stimulating."

"You would," said Ursula. "Besides, tobacconists are always open. You've been out to one already this morning."

"Whilst you have been—— By the way, what on earth have you been doing?" I glanced towards Ursula's writing-table, now hidden beneath a drift of small parcels and envelopes.

"Yes," said Ursula, the bitterness I had already noticed in her adorable voice becoming more pronounced, "you may well ask. I've been trying to sort the calendars, and see who sent them. That's work enough. Do you know that between us we've been saddled with fifty-three. And that's only counting big ones that tear off."

"Ah," I said, "that's three and a half for every room in the house, and four over. We might put those in the garden."

"It's perfectly idiotic. Why can't LLOYD GEORGE or somebody invent a tax on superfluous almanacs? There would be some sense in that!"

"Yes," I said, "it is indeed the Dickens."

"About half of them are," corrected Ursula. "That big pile in the corner. If anything could make me tired of his books, having little disjointed texts thrown at me every day would be it. Then there's SHAKESPEARE, of course—he's one of the worst. There are six from *Macbeth* alone this year."

"Those'll be all right for the spare bedrooms. Fancy the effect of 'And when goes hence?' on a disagreeable guest."

"I know who you're thinking of. But we'd have to give her 'Daily Helpings,' because she sent that herself." Ursula pointed resentfully at the work in question. Viewing it, I took a sudden resolution.

"Ursula," I said, "can you swear to me that you do honestly object to ordering your life according to the suggestions of these haphazard anthologists? Seriously swear, I mean, so that you can't blame me afterwards?"

"Of course, darling. But why?"

"You'll see. Are there any of these

contrivances that restrict themselves to telling the day of the week, with possibly some item of cheerful or interesting information, such as 'Royal Exchange Burnt,' or 'Quinine First Ammoniated?'"

Ursula indicated a heap of about a dozen. "Then," I said, "here goes for the rest!" and I gathered them into my arms. The study fireplace is fortunately large, and the fire was burning well at the time. Ursula watched the destruction, half frightened, half fascinated. "Oh, but," she said when it was already too late for the protest to have any effect, "you shouldn't do that. They're presents!"

"They were," I said; "they're *pasts* now!"

THE REALISTS.

"One of the chief incidents in the opening days of 1912 will be the staging of Sophocles' drama of *Edipus Rex*. . . . The floor of Covent Garden is to be specially built up in order to convey to the spectator the feeling that he is really participating in the scene before him. The great feature of the play is the enormous crowd who will surge upon the stage through the opening which is now the well-known central entrance to the stalls."—*The Sphere*.

WONDERFUL effects are promised by Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE in his revival of *The Tempest*. The whole interior of His Majesty's is to be lined with tarpaulin and decorated with barnacles and jetsam. Sir HERBERT, always considerate for the comfort of his public, will rescind the *rigueur* of evening dress, and allow mackintoshes, cork swimming belts and other protections against the wrath of the elements. He has also engaged the famous Deal lifeboat to stand by for rescues. In the scene of the wreck a veritable cyclone will rage, not only on the stage, but in the auditorium. Real forked lightning leaps across the house from hidden batteries of tremendous voltage; tons of water descend from above; a tornado of winds howls from Titanic steam-driven bellows at the back of the stalls. The audience will be battered by hailstones (pure ice, Messrs. GATTI), and buffeted by driving salt spray (Messrs. TIDMAN). The veriest Philistine will realise that, terrible as Nature is in her fury, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE is yet more cataclysmic.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER is also enthusiastic for a closer *rapprochement* between stage and audience. In the Second Act of his proposed adaptation of Sartor's grim drama, *The Wrong Suit*, is an amazingly powerful drawing-room tea-party, which will be allowed to spread all over the stalls. To add to the poignant realism of this beautiful

picture, real scandal concerning well-known people, exclusively obtained and changed each week, will be discussed by the characters. During this scene a limited number of ladies of the audience will be permitted to take tea with the company. Teas 9d., with cucumber sandwiches 1s.; with *sotto-voce* remark about the weather from Sir G. A. 1 guinea.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER has revived *King Henry V.* with incredible realism. Robust though his interpretations have always been of the heroic king, he has long chafed at his inability, owing to the pusillanimity of supers, to suit action to his words. If even Mr. WALLER's audiences feel a fever to fly at each other's throats when *Henry* shouts like a clarion, what restraint must the actor himself be putting upon his martial ecstasy? But restraint in the present revival is unnecessary—the fighting is *real*. In Act. III. the walls of Harfleur frown over the footlights and dominate the house. The English attackers are a picked force of League footballers, Army reservists, peaceful pickets, and Bashi-Bazouks, with a stiffening of militant suffragists. The defenders, equally resolute and reckless of life, have a leaven of Potsdam Grenadiers to excite the English to rage.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER has ransacked the armouries of Europe for contemporary weapons. Harfleur, last night, was a volcano of mediæval missiles, and flights of arrows and javelins darkened the auditorium. The final assault—from the rear of the pit—was led by Mr. WALLER in a transport of eloquence. The audience, maddened by their losses from front and rear, joined in the fray. Those who hesitated were trampled by pike-men; cravens who sought the bar or exits were driven to the front by Mr. OSCAR ASCHIE as *Mullen*. The scene culminated in a triumph of actuality. Boiling lead was hurled from embrasures, masonry toppled on the besiegers, the very theatre rocked with the fall of Harfleur, and the groans of the wounded and expostulations of the orchestra made a terrible finale.

Owing to slight wounds Mr. WALLER was unable to conclude the play. Next week he hopes to be in the field again, and requests that such of his audience as survive Harfleur will resume their seats and await yet more startling realism at Agincourt.

What our Suburbs Talk About.

I. BROMLEY.

From a tradesman's circular:—

"Our pigs are the talk of Bromley."



THE FRESH-AIR FIEND.

A DEVICE TO PREVENT HIS SPOILING A BRIDGE-PARTY BY INSISTING ON HAVING ALL THE WINDOWS OPEN.

THE INFORMATION BUREAU.

He was one of those men who know everything; I am one of those women who know nothing. It appears to be easy for a man to know everything, but it is next to impossible for a woman to go on knowing nothing. Sooner or later she will find herself sitting next to one of the encyclopædic, and she will never meet a man who knows everything but he will insist on telling her. Nature, however, has afforded me protection, by giving me a couple of ears, so that what cannot be prevented from coming in at one ear may make an emergency exit of the other.

In this instance it was at breakfast, and there was a honeycomb on the table. There is no subject more fatal to the Know-alls than bees.

"Honey varies peculiarly in colour," said this one, by way of preface. "Some is quite white, other almost black. I wonder why."

He only wondered, because I would not do it for him. I saw his fell purpose, and determined to check it, if possible.

"Some bees are tidy and clean," I said dogmatically, "and other bees are not."

Nevertheless he came out with all the true facts.

"Has it ever occurred to you to

wonder," he said later, "how the little fellows build the comb?"

"I never wonder," said I, and thereupon he came out with some more of the facts.

"But," I interrupted, as soon as I got a chance, "I am prepared to wonder just once, to please you. Isn't it very sticky inside the cells?"

"It is," he informed me.

"Well, this is what I wonder. How do the little fellows, as you call them, having once got inside to deposit the honey, manage to get out again?"

He took a deep breath, arranged with precision his knives, forks and plates, and slightly raising his voice, "I should say . . ." he began.

"Oh," I said wearily, "I thought you *knew*. I gathered from your conversation that you had once upon a time been a bee yourself. Pass the marmalade, please."

He passed it as one who acted against his better judgment. "Clearly," he said, with the contempt of superior knowledge, "you don't know how marmalade is made, or you would not eat it. I once happened to watch. . ."

"And that means," I supposed, "that I have got to hear all about wasps now."

POPULAR PANTOMIME SONG.—"Has anybody here seen Delhi?"

BLIGHTED BAYS.

Dick, when you deigned to come and spend

The half-term holiday with me,
You said a thing that helped to mend

My world-worn self-complacency:
I overheard you tell your pals
(Thinking my study-door was shut),
"He's awfully decent—Uncle Hal's
A nut!"

But now I hear, these holidays,

Upon your fickle lips a new
And loftier term, I fear, of praise;

You say some fellow's treated you
(Usurping a good uncle's place)

To *Peter Pan*, with grub *ad lib.*,
And call him, to my jealous face,

"A nib!"

"Two guns bagged in one day one hundred and twenty-eight couple; one of them knew the ground thoroughly and the other shot seven-fifths of the total."—*The Asian*.

The man who knew the ground thoroughly ought to ask the other to explain the 50-odd couple which were never counted in the bag.

"The Rev. Dyfnallt Owen . . . dealt at length on the virtue of Kindness, Theft, Joy, and the various other qualities necessary to build up character."

Cardmarthen Weekly Reporter.

This bears out the popular legend about Taffy. . .

JOKES KEPT FOR A SEASON OF WOE.

I HAPPENED to mention to Dick Hubberstall that I had nowhere to go to at Christmas, whereupon he instantly invited me to spend it with him and his people at Stonecrop Hall. From his eagerness to nail me, coupled with his warning not to expect a very lively party, it was plain that he was counting on me to make them cheerier—and I accepted with some misgivings. Because I neither dance nor sing, and do not know any games or ghost stories. Indeed I had all but decided on wiring an excuse at the last moment, when, as luck would have it, I came across an illustrated catalogue of "up-to-date Christmas jokes and surprises," from which I gathered that, by expending a very few shillings, I might become the life and soul of almost any circle. So, provided with a selection of the latest devices, I went down to Stonecrop on Christmas Eve. That first night, however, I hid my light under a bushel.

I was content to be thought even a little on the dull side, since it would render the surprise I had in store for them all the more effective. When I went up to my room I had so many parcels to do up and address, that it was rather late before I got to bed, but I was down long before anyone else on Christmas morning. It was necessary for my purposes to have an interview with the family-butler. In time the entire party were assembled round the breakfast table, and I realised more strongly than before that to rouse such a gathering to irrepressible hilarity would be a triumph indeed!

The hall-door bell clanged, and presently the butler entered with a tray loaded with neatly-tied-up packets. I had instructed him to say that an old gentleman in a fur coat and white beard had just left them with his love and apologies for not coming in, as his reindeer were a trifle fresh that morning.

Whether the fool of a butler funk'd giving this message or forgot it, I don't know, but either way he forfeited the half-quid I'd promised him. I kept as straight a face as I could while the parcels were handed round, the first being opened by Dick's youngest sister, aged five, whose eyes sparkled with delight on discovering a large iced cake, on the top of which "A Happy Yule" was traced in what appeared to be pink sugar. Her mother's decision that it should be reserved for nursery tea being coldly received, I artfully suggested that I should like a slice then and there.

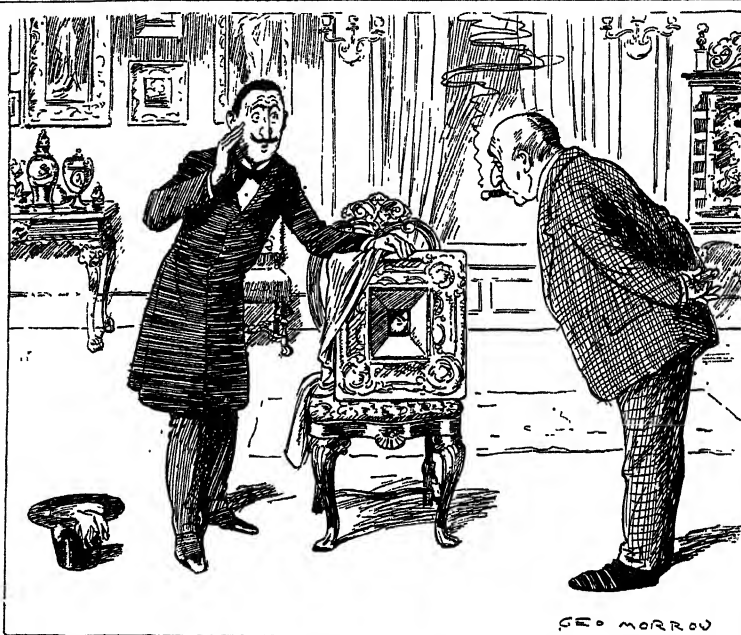
According to the catalogue, the Collapsible Christmas Cake is "an immense joke"—but somehow it fell decidedly flat that morning. I fear little Joan is naturally a greedy child. Dick received a knife, the point of which was that the blade wasn't made to open; his father, the Squire, a most amusing patent cigar-piercer, which pricked your thumb

instead of the cigar. An aged female relative—a great-aunt or something—found that her parcel contained a neat travelling inkstand which shot out a beautifully articulated little skeleton. For Dick's elder sister I had chosen what the catalogue described as "an elegant velvet-covered case, which to all appearances looks like a jewel-case, but, when opened, goes off with a bang, to the great surprise and amusement of the recipient." It did that—but she expressed no amusement. Indeed, she made a rather unnecessary fuss, considering the Season, because it happened to have burnt a hole in her blouse.

So, for that matter, did Dick's elderly Uncle, a retired colonel, who got a match-box about which the catalogue stated that, "when, all unsuspectingly, he presses the knob, he gets his match in the way of a loud report." This came off all right—but where the catalogue went wrong was in predicting that it would be "the source of much laughter." Of course, if people will use inflammable hair-dye, it's their

own look-out, and, after all, he was jolly lucky in only losing half of his moustache!

I give you my word that not a single one of these gifts raised so much as a smile, let alone "roars of laughter." Dick's "kiddy" brother certainly seemed to appreciate his present—a little musical instrument called a "Rooter," "the delight of the boy" (to quote the catalogue once more) "who can scare others with a terrible noise he can make with it." But the poor little fellow wasn't allowed to keep it long! I got so disheartened that, when his elder brother—a precocious young prig in his first half at



Unscrupulous Picture Dealer (in New York). "S-H-H. THIS IS THE LEFT EYE OF LEONARDO'S 'MONNA LISA.' YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS."

Eton—remarked (after turning the handle of the "pocket Mutoscope" allotted to him, and discharging a large and lifelike serpent), "I say, what silly rotter has been giving us all these putrid things?" I would gladly have remained unknown—if they hadn't all guessed. Where I made my mistake was in omitting to include a gift to myself—but one can't think of *everything*. I could only murmur that it was Christmas-time.

I still had something up my sleeve—a surprise which, if *anything* could set a Table like that in a roar, could be safely trusted to do so. My hostess, intending to order fresh toast, touched the electric table-bell by her plate, entirely unaware that it was so ingeniously constructed as to drench any person who pressed it with either water or perfume. I had substituted this for the original before breakfast and, wishing to do the thing handsomely, had charged it with scent. As I now know, even the cheapest perfume contains a high percentage of alcohol, which, if absorbed into the eye, may produce irritation. It certainly did on this occasion. I never got my hot toast!

After breakfast there seemed to be so general an impression that I should prefer to have the morning to myself, that, although I should have rather liked accompanying the



Fair Guest. "BUT, IF YOU IGNORE ALL SOCIAL RANK AND PRECEDENCE, HOW DO YOU MANAGE, FOR INSTANCE, IN ARRANGING GUESTS FOR DINNER?"

Prominent Leader of Socialist Community. "LET THE HUNGRIEST GO IN FIRST."

others to church, I felt it would be bad manners to persist. At least by remaining indoors I gained freer access to the dining-room, and, even assuming that the assortment of realistically modelled rubber insects (six varieties) which I managed to introduce in the horse-radish sauce and lemon barley-water failed to excite the "long loud laughter" guaranteed by the catalogue, I had every reason to hope that the Magic Foot-pad I secreted in the Great-Aunt's chair, a little cushion "which, if pressed, will emit a nerve-racking blood-curdling yell," would strike the true Christmassy note.

I will not refer to what took place at lunch, except by stating that I was distinctly over-sanguine. But even then I would not acknowledge defeat. For the Christmas dinner I had furnished myself with "three funny coloured comical false noses, black, white, and flesh-tinted," which, assumed in rotation between the courses, I trusted would, if not actually promote gaiety, at least provide subjects for conversation. Whether this hope, too, would have been frustrated, I shall never know, because, from Dick's casual mention of a very convenient up-train at 6.37, I found I wasn't expected to stay to dinner. I left coals of fire behind me in the form of a splendidly imitated Yule log, fitted with best selected squibs and crackers, which I deposited in the drawing-room wood-basket. But I never had so much as a line to thank me for it! I'm afraid the Hubberstalls, though worthy and excellent people in their way, lack what I always maintain is the one thing that makes existence endurable—a sense of humour.

F. A.

GLADYS'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

ETCHINGS and pastels, maxims from the sages,
Lyrics that warm the cockles of my heart,
Are shrined within the album's tinted pages,
All gems of potted art.

"Flo" paints an artificial arum lily
("Gather ye rosebuds" are the words beneath),
And, overleaf, I find—"With love from Willie"—
Sprigs of anæmic health.

"Maud's" "Venus Rising from the Ocean's Vapour"
Is classic in severity of line,
But carping critics hint that carbon paper
Assisted the design.

I know that "Hilda's" sketch, "A Street in Tunis,"
Was started at The Myrtles, Clapham Grove,
And signed within the confines of the munic-
ipality of Hove.

"Sid Smith's" long poem, "To a Haunted Mansion,"
And "Amy's" effort, "On a Bunch of Thyme,"
Show signs of their supreme contempt for scansion,
But very often rhyme.

Here, too, a sonnet opens (may I quote it?)—
"When Time shall tinge these raven locks with
snow";
And Time has tinged 'em, Gladys, since I wrote it
Some twenty years ago.

STRAIN OF AL-FRESCO ACTING.

TALK WITH MR. ARTHUR BOUNCER.

(By our Unscrupulous Reporter.)

PURSUE Mr. A. Bouncer to the interior of the charming little theatrette where he was passionately rehearsing the astounding sketch which he is about to produce to-day, I asked him where, in his opinion, exuberance told most—on the variety stage or in the *al-fresco* drama.

Without removing the bird-call from his mouth the gifted actor at once replied in a high falsetto on the fourth ledger line, "Here, of course. The variety stage has too long suffered from the banefully repressive influence of the legitimate drama—the theory of reserve force. In the *Punch and Judy* show, *per contra*; a man must exuberate or he is lost. The open-air audience is the supreme test of a man's vitality and resiliency. An actor in the theatre can muddle through a play without being found out. But there is no room for mediocrity in the *Punch and Judy* show. Here he has, as it were, to cut his part out of a piece of agate with a glittering diamond. It must be cut as clear and sharp as the Pyramids cut themselves against ALEXANDER'S crimson Egyptian skies."

"I suppose you mean ALEXANDER THE GREAT?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bouncer with a stentorian shriek, "the great actor-manager. But even he, with all his gifts, is not exuberant enough for the rôle of the cosmic villain, *Punch*. For it is not given to everyone to realize the elemental passion of *Punch's* world-squal."

"I suppose it is rather severe on the lungs?"

"Tremendous. I have studied laryngology, so I know what I am talking about. But it is worth the effort. Think of the human voice reinforced by the *timbre* of the cockatoo, the peacock, and the piccolo! 'Eternal passion, eternal pain,' as MATTHEW ARNOLD says."

"Are the audiences more appreciative than the ordinary theatre audience?"

"Rather! You see they don't pay in advance; they pay if and when they feel inclined to. And their payment is monumental in its bulk, being mostly in bronze: *cere perennis*, as old HORACE says. And that reminds me what a stand-by HORACE is to the actor! Give me HORACE, a bird-call and *Punch's* baton and I will face all the buffets of outrageous fortune with equanimity."

"Do you think exuberance is identical with personality?"

"Of course I do. It is sheer lonely personality and individuality that tell most with the *al-fresco* audience. Lonely because the actor is concealed behind the curtain and cannot see the effect that he is making on his audience. He can hear it and sometimes he can feel it."

"I suppose you mean in floral tributes?"

"Yes; but the curtain breaks the force of the impact—somewhat. For, mind you, a *Punch and Judy* audience is more homely than a stiff theatre audience. People bring their refreshments with them—bottled porter, cucumbers, tomatoes and baked potatoes. That is what makes this form of entertainment a microcosm of life. But what is so tremendous in the *Punch and Judy* show is the fact that the individual performer's personality is always confronted by the personality of the audience. You remember what Mr. BOURCHIER said about it in *The Chronicle* to dear old RAYMOND BLATHWAYT?"

"No, I am afraid I don't."

"Well then, listen to it attentively, for it is one of the most poignant and compelling passages in modern prose. 'It is an awful thing—that giant personality of the audience. A man steps before the footlights with his own poor weak personality, and there before him is this giant, made up of men and women, young and old, rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, and he has to get hold of that personality and dominate and reconcile it with his own. It is no chimera of the imagination, this that I am telling you. It is real, it is true, it is life itself.' That goes to the root of the matter, doesn't it?"

"It does. I wonder how he gets it off his chest like that."

"Personality again. Or rather the clash of two giant personalities—BOURCHIER'S and BLATHWAYT'S—resulting in an epoch-shaking explosion. All the same, *Punch and Judy* is the greatest thing in drama. It contains all the eternal verities, and you are trying it on the dog all the time."

"ENGLISH TAILORS, under entirely new Management and with First Class London butter."—*Advt. in "Het Vaderland."*

Manager (supplying the butter): "You see, Sir, a fine figure like yours pays for good tailoring."

The Daily News on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE:—

"If you are lucky, he will give you a nigger song that he has learned from little Megan. Is 'lucky' quite the word?"

THE PETALS.

A Memory of Summer.

YOURSELF in bed
(My lovely Drowsy-head)
Your garments lie like petals shed

Upon the floor
Whose carpet is strewn o'er
With little things that late you wore.

For the morrow's wear
I fold them neat and fair
And lay them on the nurs'ry chair;

And round them lie
Airs of the hours that die
With all their stored-up fragrancy.

As a flower might
Give out to the cool night
The warmth it drank in day-long light,

So wool and lawn
From your soft skin withdrawn
(Whereon they were assumed at dawn)

Breathe the spent mood,
Lost act and attitude,
Of the small sweetness they endured.

Ere all turn cold
No garment that I hold
But shakes a vision from its fold

Of little fest,
That vainly would be fleet,
Tangled about with meadow-sweet,

And of bent knees
When Betsey, kneeling, sees,
In the parched hedge-row, strawberries.

Such things I see
Folding your clothes, which be
Weeds of the dead day's comely,

The while I pray
Your part may be alway
So simple and so good to play,

And do desire
Your life may still respire
Such sweetness as your cast attire.

"Some of the mottoes and inscriptions need elucidation at times for the benefit of everybody. The initials G. R. and M. R., for instance, might mean many things well as George Rex and Mary Rex, and so on."—*Advocate of India.*

M. R., for instance, might mean Midland Railway, and G. R. might mean George Regina.

"Our readers may remember that *The Spectator* suggested that the Powers should say to King Leopold, &c., &c.

Unfortunately this suggestion, though so plainly made, did not call forth any response in Germany."—*Spectator.*

But don't let's be too hard on Germany. Perhaps it didn't appreciate the true position of *The Spectator*.

TASTING BLOOD.

I APPROACHED the pessimist with the slightly self-conscious air of one who anticipates a greeting effusive, even overwhelming.

The pessimist regarded me with a sombre eye.

"Awfully glad, old chap," I began, "that I was able to give you the straight tip about those 'Rainbow Mines.'"

"Why?" inquired the pessimist.

I shook my head, intending to convey the melancholy experienced by one whose infallible advice has been ignored.

"So you didn't buy any, then?"

"I bought five hundred," returned the pessimist without enthusiasm.

"By Jove! Then you've made a clear thousand! Splendid!" I tried to look as if I were not his benefactor.

"Made a clear thousand?" repeated the pessimist drearily; "what an extraordinary idea! Do you seriously believe that anyone has ever made money without sweating for it?"

"I shan't give you a good tip again," I said, aggrieved.

"Thanks," said the pessimist with some feeling.

"Most people would be glad enough to get a thousand pounds for nothing," I added.

"Get it—yes; but who can? The great charm of unearned money is its elusiveness. It is like a beautiful woman; you can never know that it is really yours—it never is. If you have stolen it the great bony hand of the law reaches out blunderingly, clumsily, yet surely, till it wrests the treasure from you. If you have made it on the Stock Exchange, the race-course or the roulette table, no bank is strong enough to hold it, no army strong enough to guard it."

"Have a cigarette, old man?" I said soothingly.

He ignored me. "Back, back, back it must go to the earth or the turf or the green cloth that conceived it," intoned the pessimist. "No man can ever say that he has made money by gambling: it is not his, it belongs to the great god of Chance who is jealous of his own."

"Look here," I interrupted, "if you put your thousand into Consols it will be yours all right."

"Never," returned the pessimist passionately. "Who can rob me of the knowledge that the money is still the child of chance, inheritor of all that such parentage implies? How can I elude the fact that it is crying aloud to go back to its true environment? What man can resist that cry?"



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

First Old Lady (in whisper—the commissionaire having with much difficulty procured a taxi). "Now how much do you think, my dear?"

Second Old Lady. "Oh, my dear! He's far above a tip."

"I know a man," I said, "who made fifty pounds and handed it straight over to his wife."

"Afterwards," said the pessimist with concentrated melancholy, "he persuaded her to put it all into 'a good thing,' and lo! it was gone!"

"Well, that's curious," said I. "I had no idea that you knew the Robinsons."

"I don't," returned the pessimist.

"You guessed?"

The pessimist shrugged his shoulders. "You may call it guessing," he returned with gloomy significance.

"Well then, there's another man," I urged, "who, to my certain knowledge, made fifty thousand in rubber."

"Is he dead?" asked the pessimist with a gleam of interest.

"Of course not."

"No one has ever made money by gambling until he is dead," replied the pessimist drearily, "and then, by

the law of God and man, he has lost it."

His voice sank to a murmur and his sombre contemplative eyes rested on me. "What are you doing with your 'Rainbow' shares?" he asked.

"Oh, I? I've taken my profit, and I'm just looking round for something safe to put it into." I tried to keep out of my voice the sense of triumph and virtue that I experienced.

The pessimist nodded, silent and thoughtful. "Let us walk on together," he said. "Where are you bound?"

"I was going to look in at Cook's office," I said. "My wife and I thought of taking a little trip this winter to Mont—er—to the South of France."

The pessimist's reply, which terminated our conversation, was so utterly inconsequent that it need not be recorded.



Irate Owner. "NOW THEN, WHAT THE — ARE THOSE BEATERS DOIN' HANGIN' BACK ON THE RIGHT? KEEP THE — LINE, CAN'T YOU? WHAT IN THE NAME OF — DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR? NO MORE — USE THAN A LOT OF — HEDGEHOGS!"

Keeper (to beaters). "THE GENERAL SAYS, HURRY UP THERE."

MR. COX.

THERE is a pious name, all unrecorded
By the biographers of this proud isle,
A soul whose poignant gifts were not rewarded
By popular applause or noble style,
Yet, 'mongst the lords of Science and Invention,
Oh, more enduring than the basic rocks
Should be the fame of him I'm proud to mention,
The unassuming genius, Mr. Cox.

He lived unknown, as far as one can gather;
We know him only by his labour's fruits;
Who's Who did not expend a lot of blather
Upon his wife, his clubs and his pursuits;
This, to one smaller, might have been depressing,
Not so to him; alone he chose to live,
Triumphed alone, and won that tardy blessing
Which it is now my privilege to give.

We may not learn what patience he expended
On the life-labours that enrich us now,
How greatly he contrived, how much amended,
What pensive weight oppressed that kingly brow.
Beauty he added to internal sweetness;
Colour with form he tenderly conjoined;
And, having wrought the whole to full completeness,
Probably found the profits were purloined.

For did he win to wealth? I gravely doubt it.
I trow he had no patent for his wares.
Those were around who made no bones about it
But filched his secret, and the gain was theirs.

They learned his lore; they packed in crates and boxes
His golden spoil, to swell their ill-won gains;
One thing alone he had—the name of "Cox's"
Clung like a label, and to-day remains.

And now, when all old bonds are being broken,
Sweet Cox, in thee we find a common tie.
Our systems quarrel; angry words are spoken;
Mean politics have set the land awry;
Wealth is at war with envy, church with chapel;
But this one touch of kinship heals our ranks—
That every true-born Briton loves an apple,
And, for his "Cox's Orange," gives thee thanks.

DUM-DUM.

"After killing a foxhound in Hampton Moss, hounds failed to account for a good traveller ousted from Maesfen, and lost at Bickley, with Cholmondeley as his point. Morgan then took hounds to the Wyches, and in that trappy country a ripping fox was pushed out from the Cae Dae cover, which gave hounds plenty to do as he flapped around the surrounding covers before taking a line for Iscoed. Reaching there a desperately hard-fought fight ensued right away to within a mile of Fenn's Bank Station, where hounds snaffled him in the back-yard of a cottage after a spanking run of some sixty minutes."

In his spare time (when he is not killing foxhounds) the writer should try his hand at a translation of the *Iliad*. It would give more scope for the exercise of his special gift.

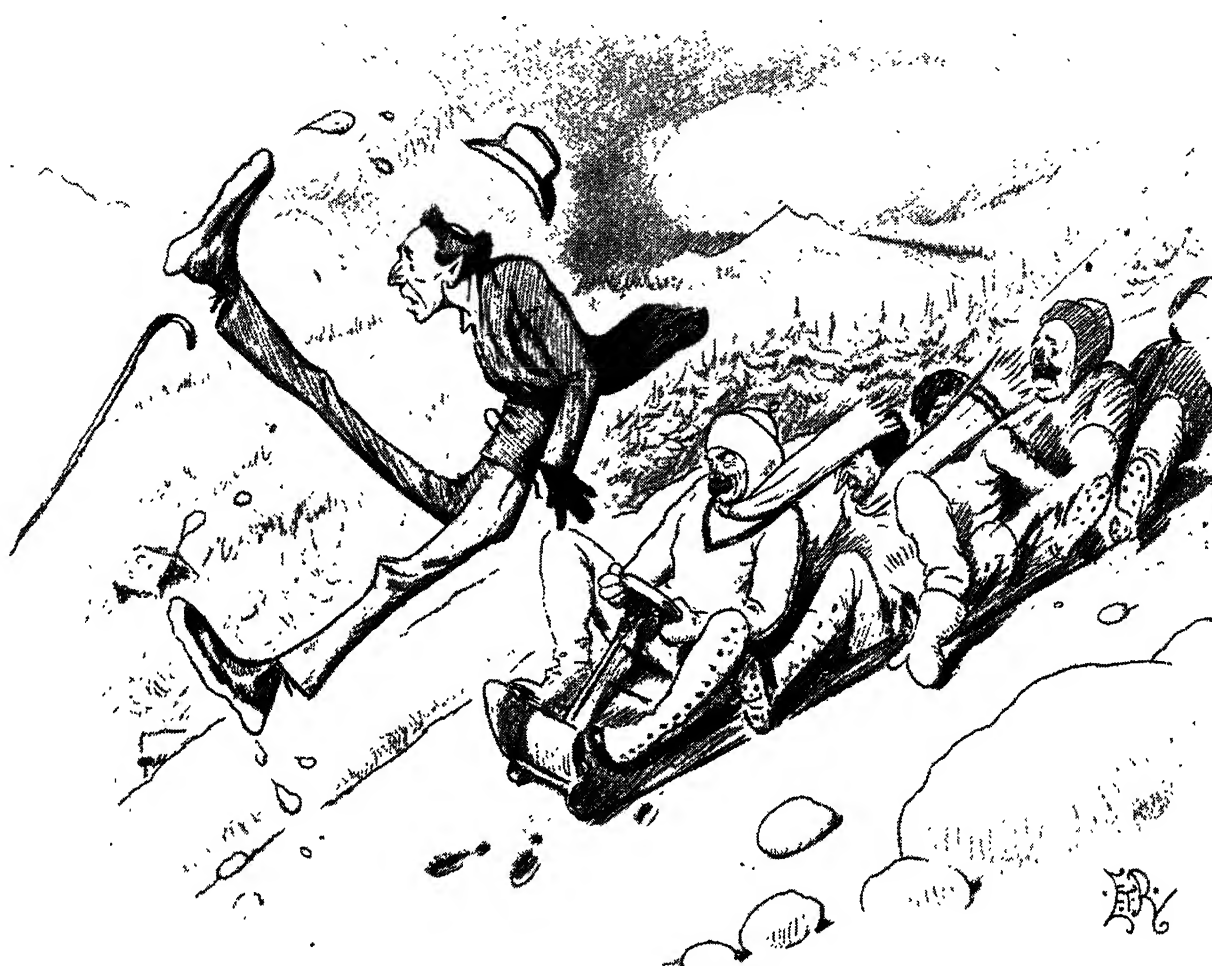
"But the particular ball which bowled Woolley very likely pitched just outside his leg stump, and Woolley, thinking that the ball was going to break, pats his legs."—*Evening News*.

If WOOLLEY does this every time he thinks the ball is going to break, it is a mannerism of which he would be very well rid.



BERNARD
PARTRIDGE

EXIT ANNUS MIRABILIS.



SUGGESTED WINTER SPORTS FOR POLITICIANS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE GOES OUT BOB-SLEIGHING (AS HE FACETIOUSLY PUTS IT.)

[Lord Robert Cecil, however, so far from being slain by the impact, makes a good recovery.]

COCK ROBIN.

O ROBIN of my early youth!
My Christmas-cardy hero,
The saintliest of birds, in sooth,
Whose faults were fixed at zero;
And gentle mate, methought, of "Jenny
Wren,"—
I deemed you loved by all good birds
and men.

For was not yours the pious bill
That strove, with leaves, to
cherish
Those "Babes" the villains dared
not kill,
So left alone to perish?
How then, I thought, could even a
rascal sparrow
Brag he had biffed you with his bow
and arrow?

And then your song: how sad a
thing!

It set my bosom aching,
It seemed to have the hopeless ring
That told a heart nigh breaking;

I always felt there lurked within your
breast
Some deathless grief, despite that
fancy vest.

Bird of those bygone days and
books,
And of my nursery legends,
Now that my study-window looks
Close where the meadow-hedge
ends,
I watch your tactics, Robert, day by
day,
And know the broken heart is *not* your
"lay."

I hear you heave the old vocal sigh,
Then some chap wails an answer;
Next, it would seem, you send reply
As wistful as you can, Sir;
Till suddenly you close in furious
fight—
You were just slanging him with all
your might!

Or, do I cast the morning crumb,
You're first to thrust your nob in,

And finches, sparrows, all who
come—

Beware my saintly robin!
Those Chippendaly legs may not be
stout,
But, my word, Robert, they can barge
about!

So when you sit now, as of yore,
Perched on my garden paling,
Sad eyed, pathetic, and once more
Like "Dismal Jimmy," wailing,
I understand that spadger long ago,
And why he upped at last and grabbed
his bow.

"The ascent beyond the Lelek then began
until a razor-backed rock was reached after
which one of the steepest descents I have ever
made was undertaken. Those unskilled in hill
climbing had resort to the use of hands and
legs."—*Pioneer*.

Novice (to expert coming down on his
head): It's no good—the back of my
neck is worn out. I shall have to use
my legs after all.



The Grey Lady. "GODS BODDIKINS, SIR UGHTRED, DID NOT YOUR MOATED GRANGE STAND HERE?"

The Spectre Knight. "BY MY HALIDOM, YES; BUT A MILLIONAIRE'S BOUGHT IT AND SHIPPED IT TO AMERICA."

The Grey Lady. "WHY DIDST NOT GO WITH IT?"

The Spectre Knight. "IN SOOTH, I'M SUCH A BAD SAILOR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF it is excitement you are after, you will find what you want and more also in Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN's latest, most appropriately entitled *No Limit* (F. V. WHITE): Here are horsewhips, cigars, champagne, poisonous drugs, any amount of racehorses and love, and every modern convenience of melodrama. *Paul Venables* is the musical comedy king, and holds all the money; *Robert* is the incomparable manservant and blackguard, who executes infallibly all the eavesdropping; *Marie O'Malley* is the spotless heroine who undergoes all the misunderstanding, and *Jim Smith* is the disreputable husband, inopportunely appearing and reluctantly dying, who does most of the drinking. *Marie* has only to appear on the boards of the Ingénue Theatre to take all London by storm; she has only to appear in this book to become at once the victim of all its perverse circumstances and complications, the object of all the naughty machinations of its people. It is true that these last refer to attempted murders, forgeries, abductions, turf swindles, and bogus funerals as "their little games," but that is only their modesty. It is true also that in the earlier stages they "reply affirmatively with a monosyllable," where the ordinary business man would merely have said "Yes," but that is before they have got into their stride. Things are soon speeded up, and the movement, when it begins, continues to the end in a breathless crescendo. What regard one has for this sort of thing must necessarily be sneaking, but few will start reading it and retire before the finish. For me, who saw it through at one sitting, the least that I can say in common fairness is, that it is not so bad.

The Island of Enchantment—so

The thirteen charming tales are named
Which Mr. FORMAN, having framed,
Dispatches (per WARD, LOCK AND Co.).

Old robber knights and modern kings—

We find their doings all displayed—

The fights they fought, the loves they made,
And other fascinating things.

Pure fiction all, but fiction such

As glows with life, so true it seems,

So dextly Mr. FORMAN schemes,

So firm yet delicate his touch.

From an interview in *The Liverpool Daily Post* with an S.P.C.A. official:—

"Besides torturing or terrorising an animal, does it not now become an offence to infuriate it?"

Yes; the Act forbids the infuriation of any animal.

Is not 'animal' a word of wide interpretation under the Act?

Indeed it is; 'animal' includes any domestic animal, of whatsoever kind or species, not merely quadrupeds, but birds, fishes, or reptiles, which are either 'domestic animals,' or in captivity, or which are by any means hindered from escaping."

In most country houses now you will see a notice in the water-garden: "Please do not infuriate the goldfish."

Answers to Correspondents.

"UNEMPLOYED." It is difficult to advise you in the choice of a *métier*, but we believe that, since the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act, Professors of Neurasthenia have been making a lucrative thing of it.

"GALLANT LITTLE WALES." No; the Welsh Disendowment Bill will not affect Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's salary.



IN a vast building (so old that its walls were grumbling to pieces) were gathered together a number of persons in the throes of bad temper and dismay. They were typical English men and English women, all as gloomy as deans, whose one bond was that they hated the Insurance Bill; and they were met in the Hall of Discontent (for such it was) to protest against it.

All of them, it must be understood, approved of national insurance, and thought there was nothing better than that provision should be made by the State for the sick and infirm, and that some burden of personal obligation should fall upon the participants in such a scheme, and upon their employers; but all were agreed that nothing could be more inept than the actual scheme which had been devised. Being thus agreed, they had assembled in this famous and much over-worked building in the best of bad tempers and were exchanging their grievances with every variety of animation tinged with fury and disgust.

Here were doctors who saw their time so occupied in attending to the poor at a ruinous rate of pay that they would have no leisure to make both ends meet by securing adequate remuneration from the rich. Here were butlers who had each been for many years with some wealthy family, and, having themselves had every attention during that service whenever they were ill, were wholly unable to see why any servant should be so suspicious of his employer as to wish for any other guarantee against illness or old age than that employer's affluence or good nature. Here were servant-girls whose one thought was the privation that would be caused to them by forfeiting threepence a week when in good health for any benefits that might accrue in the extremely problematical contingency of their being ill. Here were mistresses whose tongues clicked and ached in anticipation of the tedium and weariness of licking two or three stamps a week, and who keenly resented the notion of any State control of their domestic affairs.

Here, too, were Members of Parliament, worn out with the exacting task of supporting the Bill at the beginning, attacking it in the middle, and voting for it at the end; and other Members of Parliament, whose abstinence from voting caused them equal misery. Here were patriots, up in arms against the introduction of an Inquisition made in Germany; Individualists who loathed the idea of being dragooned into the discharge of the common duties of humanity; and Statisticians who had satisfied themselves that the foundations of our national credit were irretrievably undermined by Georgian finance. And here, finally, were stalwart men of England whose arms were suffering from writer's cramp induced by signing petitions against the Bill.

Such were some of the numerous company assembled in the Hall of Discontent, all brought thither by the enormities of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But as a matter of fact, although their objections to the Bill were certainly as stated, these were by no means all. That there was an Insurance Bill at all was, it is true, a great offence; but as all men, save Mr. BERNARD SHAW, are illogical animals, there was still an even deeper cause of

complaint in the fact that, since it called itself a National Insurance Bill, it did not complete the programme and insure the nation against everything, and, in particular, against discontent.

"For after all," as one of the more brainy of the company said—probably a member of the staff of *The Daily Mail*, which had gone further than the other enemies of the Bill by collecting money to fight it—"for after all there is sickness of the mind as well as sickness of the body, and why doesn't the CHANCELLOR, if he is so jolly clever and embracive and benevolent, protect us also from that?"

"Exactly," replied another; "if it did that I would support it—as I have always supported the spirit at the back of it."

"Of course," said a third; "what I want is provision against low spirits."

"Depression," said a fourth.

"That tired feeling," said a fifth.

"Want of interest in life," said a sixth.

"Joylessness," said a seventh.

"Pessimism in the pulpit," said an eighth.

"Melancholia from loss of form at golf," said a ninth.

"Grief at the departure of the Russian dancers," said a tenth.

How much longer this dismal chorus would have continued cannot be said, for at that moment the door opened, and through the Hall of Discontent ran a quickening impulse as though sunshine had burst through a bank of clouds. Everyone looked up to see who had brought about this change, and behold there was *Mr. Punch* with his face irradiated by smiles, and beside him his faithful *Toby*, harnessed to a toy waggon which bore a considerable load.

"Good day to you all," said the genial new-comer; "I am here, I fancy, just in time, judging by the remarks I caught as I was entering. So you want," said he, "not less insurance, but more. You can tolerate being looked after when you are ill, only if you are also looked after when you are in the dumps? Well, it is perfectly simple. *Mr. LORD GEORGE* did not put it in his Bill because he left the matter to me. 'I'll see to the sickness of the body,' he said, 'if you, *Mr. Punch*, will see to the sickness of the mind.' And we struck the bargain. He has given you his half, and you don't like it. Now take mine," and so saying he turned to *Toby's* waggon and lifted from it its burden.

"You ask," he went on, "for insurance against melancholy. I have it here in the mass. You can also have it in weekly instalments. It is not free; the deadly threepence again makes his horrid appearance; but it is worth its weight in gold. Allow me, as a sample of the boon, to offer you my

One Hundred and Forty-First Volume.





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